

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

In Memory of My Beautiful Mother,
Lucille Marie Morrone

January 28, 1919-May 3, 2014

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

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Luke 6:27 to 6:49

All Bible quotes are from the confraternity edition of the Bible.

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Prologue

“...I see Christ.”

The age of two taught me three things I could never forget. The first is that loneliness can cause physical pain; the second is that being with the wrong people can be worse than being alone; the third is that a terrible experience can uncover who you are, and you can learn to love the emotional scars. I learned this lesson because in the early 1960's, at the age of two, I was hospitalized with encephalitis, left alone for several days, and traumatized by a medical test. After the terrifying medical test, I had a vision of Christ. He stood above my head and talked to me. He said that something special was going to happen inside my mind. When I returned home, I suffered from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, and only God knew it. Throughout childhood, the traumatic memories festered, and as an adolescent, in 1975, the terrifying medical experiences caused feelings from the hospital to explode inside my mind. The emotions tormented me day and night. It was as if at the age of seventeen, I was once again two years old, experiencing the terror of the hospital, except this time I could never leave. I Wrote:

“...I GUESS IT'S MY FAULT. But it hurts. I'm trying to feel better, but it doesn't work. It's almost like God wants me to suffer. It's like God wants the thorns of my life to come up and poke me. So they'll hurt more. So I will bleed. So my wounds will become infected and gangrene will set in. So I will hurt—I have hurt. I have hurt to the deepest soul.”

However, as the emotions emerged, the influence of Christ followed. I wrote: “It's possible something else besides me is thinking...I'm getting strength from somewhere...” The images of Christ sat inside my mind, and for God's glory, I fulfilled his prophecy. I looked upon the drapes in my room, and wrote, “I see Christ.” But still, “...I remained alone like the charred remnant of a destroyed world...” And concerning the hospital, “...The memory of the test vibrated like noise blasting my ears...”

L.A. Morrone, 2021

Chapter One

Chapter one describes the genesis of the adolescent crucible and how I got into the mess of having mental demons inside me. I describe experiences that got stuck in my head, changed all others, and dictated how the simplest of things would be seen for my entire life. I describe thoughts that became forgotten, yet remained present; thoughts that were unseen, yet relevant; thoughts that were over-looked, yet of utmost importance; like the circuitry of a machine, these thoughts became components of my mind, part of a cruel and grotesque anatomy that infested every moment of my life.

The Hospital echoed in my mind, but the memory of Christ sifted out slowly, like the sand of an hourglass. I wrote, "He supported my thoughts, my mind, like a tree stake, he held me up, as if I was strong." This book details the several years I fought the demons. "I was empowered, bolstered; his thoughts were in my head. He breathed pure reason into the veins of my consciousness." I didn't get counseling or help from any human being. I took no medicine or drugs. I only got help from Christ. I wrote, "Christ's words fell like a soft, consistent rain; gentle, yet powerful, like the waves of a tranquil sea; I felt his power."

In 1975 I was on a long bike ride with the Hoover-Lincoln Bike Club, a group of High School students. On the last day of the 2500-mile bike trip I dreaded coming home because somehow I knew that the path of my life included facing a dreadful challenge. I wasn't just coming home, but was returning to face my problems. As we approached the Santa Clara Valley, we stopped for lunch at a park in Fremont. It was July 30, 1975. I wrote:

"12:18 P.M. A cloud of wonder over my head? No, only home. I can see the brownish, grayish smog in the sky. It clusters over San Jose, only 17 miles away."

After riding a bicycle 2500 miles, through British Columbia Canada, Washington, and Oregon, and down through Northern California, at the age

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of 17, it came to this. I saw the smog of the city 17 miles away, and sensed the demons over the 17 years of my life. I couldn't hide behind the bike ride anymore. All that was left was the demons clustering over my head like the brownish, grayish smog hovering over my home. I wrote of myself:

The future looks bright today,
although I know,
the world is to decay.

Wherever you go, you follow.
Whatever you see, you see.
Whoever you're with, you're with them.
The feelings are invisible walls
that separate you.
Although unseen, the walls are as real as
stone.

You can reach out to another, but the person won't help. People don't understand. They don't see. They don't feel. They don't get it.

People are your enemy;
they laugh, talk behind your back,
ostracize, and think you're weird.

No one wants to be seen with you. You are the sewage of the world. You are human, like them; that makes them hate you. If you were a dog, or a rodent, or something, they might be nice. But since you are human, they can't stand the sight of you. You are one of them and they don't want to be reminded.

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he Hospital

The trauma from the age of two banged around my head like a consistent, throbbing pain, but slowly, as I faced it, the memory focused in my mind. After the bike ride, on May 17, 1977, I wrote in my journal:

“I gave my all at that hospital. I was scared, then horrified; then I was terrified, worse and worse. I gave my all, but couldn’t take it. I was beyond terrified. Every muscle, my whole body was into it. No one thought to tell me what was happening...”

Unfortunately, the trauma was too much to feel at such a young age, so I blamed myself for it, denied it, and shoved it out of my mind. I felt guilty for what happened and thought I had committed a horrible act. This caused me to relive the past over and over. The experiences described below took over my mind like a demonic weed. They slowly grew and took control over every thought, terrorizing me each and every waking moment...

After tremendous struggle, like walking barefoot over a barren desert, I remembered suffering from encephalitis at the age of two. I remembered my hands burning like they were on fire, and my mother not knowing what to do. She took me to the doctor and I landed up in the hospital. I was left alone without knowing what was happening. I was confused because I had never been left alone before. My first day in the hospital was like a dog’s first day at the pound, it not knowing whether or not it had been abandoned forever. It was a cold, bland building. I was among strangers, wondering if I’d ever see anyone I loved again. I knew my mother would return, or so I kept telling myself, but the thought that maybe she wouldn’t was painful. This was the beginning of the demon called the lava, the fiery ball on my forehead. I had nothing to do but think thoughts that would get me into trouble. There was nothing else to occupy my mind. I was tense with fear, so much fear that the feelings hurt. I cried and cried and cried, but

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couldn't absorb the feelings all at once—like a river clogged by falling trees, the feelings backed up, and sat on my forehead.

The gasps for air between my cries filled my lungs with the cold, antiseptic smells of the hospital, as the nurses, like prison guards, walked by, and routinely observed my tearful pleas for attention. Nothing from my past could prepare me for the isolation and lack of warmth. My hands felt like they were falling asleep, and tingled and tingled, until they ached. The nurses occasionally held them, which made them feel better, but they would say they didn't have time. They had a lot to do and holding my hands for as long as I needed wasn't possible. So they left me crying, which drove them nuts hearing me all day. I was pissing people off and making things difficult, and the nurses were keeping score. There was a competition concerning which nurse would get stuck holding my hands. I felt guilty for selfishly requiring too much attention. A better child wouldn't have done that to them.

If this was all that happened, I might have been okay, but one day I was taken and rushed into an examination room. It was like being abducted by space aliens. The feelings of the first day were intensified—more fear, more anxiety—the feelings backed up, and burned on my forehead. I thought I saw my mother for an instant, like a brief flash of hope—but the people were strangers in uniforms, and as appealing as the antiseptic smell of the hospital. I understood nothing, only that there was a flurry of orchestrated, robotic movement as medical instruments probed my body. I distrusted these people with every inch of my soul. They touched me without introduction and put wires on my head. They didn't say anything and didn't explain what they were doing or even speak to me. I couldn't figure out what was happening. The feelings of the first day amplified—more fear, more anxiety—the feelings grew larger, and burned on my forehead.

I watched the terror and questioned if the fear was justified. The feelings were out of place, like they weren't a part of me, and worse than the experience. So repugnant, they didn't belong. They sat and ached, but why? After all, it wasn't all that scary. It was just some strangers, nothing to be concerned about. Someone else would breeze through this. I should breeze through this. I was weak. I told myself I didn't have to be scared, and that everything would be okay. If I could survive what was happening, I'd see my mother again. It was stupid to think she wouldn't return. But the uncertainty

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was emotionally anguishing. Maybe she'd show up, but what if she didn't? The lack of knowledge was a great psychic pain.

Over and over, I felt a lack of knowing, a lack of knowledge. I knew there was more but couldn't think of it. If I weren't so young, I'd possess the experience not to be scared. It was like having a part of the brain removed, the part that recalls the past and long-term memories. I was old enough to be scared, but not old enough to know not to be scared. I was stuck in the middle, pleading for a past, but couldn't retrieve the memory, so I experienced the test in abject terror.

Before I go any further in the description, I'd like to point out that my mom was actually there. Unfortunately, for a two-year old, out of sight is as good as not being there. Seeing her for an instant wasn't good enough. It is important in situations like this to always maintain a position where you can be seen. Physical contact like holding hands would be best. Years later my mother told the story of being in the room, but unfortunately, a specialist came to talk to her. The specialist explained that a child my age had just died down the hall of encephalitis and they needed to find out how far the illness had gotten into my brain. Hearing this, she walked out of the room and fainted in the hallway. So now I continue the description...

It was at this point the worst thing that I've ever experienced happened. Begging for my mother to come save me, I looked to the side and saw her walk away. The loving image of my mother shattered into fragments of resentment, betrayal, abandonment, anger, and hatred. I couldn't trust her! She stabbed me in the back! I thought I was forsaken, and that she no longer cared for me—I'd never see her again! I felt an all-encompassing void—like I was falling off a cliff and grasping upward for life. It was as if the sadness of a lifetime was compressed into a few brief moments. However, through the dread, I declared I would survive! I'd make it alone! In my mind's eye, I was strong, and could stand above the powerful emotions! The past came to mind. But unfortunately, I began to reason. I thought since she abandoned me, I wouldn't be seeing her anymore. Since I wouldn't be seeing her anymore, she was dead! The conclusion that she died exploded in front of my mind like a mushroom cloud. This was the birth of the smoke, the feeling of utter hopelessness and no reason to live. Dead were the chances of a familiar caress between the mechanical touch of strangers. Dead were the chances of ripping the wires off my head and escaping. Dead was the ambition to push forward and not let go. Dead was control over my body. I

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could see my eye sockets shaking. It felt like being in a crashing container box with no control--smashing, banging, and tumbling down, down, down... Everything was chaotic but the thought of her death--my body and mind focused on the only thing to be sure of: She's dead. She's dead. She's dead. The doctor repeatedly shouted, "It's almost over, it's almost over," but I had no control over what he did. I couldn't take myself out of the hospital. His voice was loud like thunder, but I could only watch with no understanding. I couldn't remove the wires from my head. The painful tingling in my hands spread to my entire body—as if a thousand needles poked every inch of skin—my vision blurred, and the room got darker and darker as the doctor's screams grew fainter and fainter, and my consciousness felt like it shifted from the room and burst into a numb, vacant state of abject absence—for a moment the slate had been cleaned.

Afterward, I remained alone like the charred remnant of a destroyed world, staring upward, trying to comprehend the isolation, poverty, and emptiness. I noticed I was conscious, and felt surprised, because when the room dimmed, I appeared to have stopped thinking, as if I no longer existed. I had seen myself fall, give up, and lose everything, and was intrigued that there was still thought in my mind. I reasoned that a floor existed when it seemed there was none, and it served as a safety net, and caught me. This floor was my thoughts. The image of a king came to mind. The king had lost everything, yet he was okay. I thought if he could lose everything, and be okay, perhaps I could also. I reasoned there might be hope. Images of three podiums came to mind. I saw three men in debate. The winner of the debate would rule the civilization. As the three stood before a jury of wise men, two of the contestants argued. The wise men watched in shock, for they realized they no longer had three choices, but one. The man that did not speak had won the debate.

I reasoned that my only hope was for God to bring my mother back to life. I prayed harder than I could ever again pray. I begged God to bring her back to life. "Bring her back, and I'll do anything you want," I pleaded. I repeated this promise over and over. There was no self-determination. Everything depended upon God, nothing upon me. I was broken, waiting to be fixed. I thought of the messenger that came to the king and asked him to be reborn. The king agreed. Several moments passed, and my mother popped into the room like a jolt of love: praising, consoling, supporting. It was a miracle! I won the lottery! I could never again feel such joy! While she was with me,

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things were great, but then she left. I was again alone with my thoughts—but now I struggled with both the fear of the hospital and the memory of the test. The memory of the test vibrated like noise blasting my ears—ALONE, ABANDONED, MOTHER DEAD! ALONE, ABANDONED, MOTHER DEAD! ALONE, ABANDONED, MOTHER DEAD! I shouted inside my mind, “Shut it off, shut it off!” But no, the torment was there and wouldn’t leave—MOTHER DEAD! MOTHER DEAD! MOTHER DEAD! MOTHER DEAD! The memory was like a separate thing, apart from me—it roamed the battlefield of my mind like a monster—DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! I thought of the king’s wife who danced like a glowing dolphin when she was united with him.

I wished for time with my mother, so she could make everything okay. She could explain what happened and end the fear. But no, I was alone as before, only now haunted by what happened—and not up to fighting both the fear of the hospital and the memory of the test. I thought of the king and his wife dwelling together for 8000 years.

I reasoned that what happened didn’t happen. My mother never died! Although this was true, the thoughts were in my head. **The awful feeling was lodged in my forehead like an unwanted intruder.** It weighed upon me like holding a dumbbell above my head without having anywhere to set it down. I held, held, and held, but where do I put it to rest? There wasn’t anywhere, so I blamed myself.

“I made big mistake,” I thought. I thought of the king obsessed with worldly possessions.

At this point in my description of what happened, I’d like to point out that a two-year-old is a thinking person and you can’t put their mind on a shelf and forget them. The thoughts of a two-year-old can be profound, but the two-year-old has fewer ways of articulating them. They may have no way of communicating what’s on their mind. I believe a two-year-old can think like an adult in that an adult will mix truth with emotion to create faulty conclusions, like superstitions. Adults believe in prayer. Adults don’t know everything. Adults become scared. Adults will abhor thoughts concerning sexuality and religion, and deny them. So below, you’ll see that as a two-year-old, I began several habitual thought patterns that would become a big problem. A child believing he lost his mother would be as traumatic as an

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adult losing the whole world—It'd be like being fabulously rich one day and in abject poverty the next. Shunning these thoughts was to demonstrate a common error in human thinking, the idea that some thoughts are inferior, and therefore, should be ostracized. As an adolescent, shunning thoughts became second nature and dominated my personality. Later in this book, you'll see that as an adolescent, I was able to understand the harm denial created, and this allowed me to unlock the torment. If I could have stopped thinking as an adolescent, I might have been in less trouble, but like a two-year-old, my mind couldn't be put away like a physical possession... So now I continue the description of the hospital experience... Slowly the consequence of my thoughts sunk in. My mother never abandoned me, but the terrifying feelings were stuck in my head. I couldn't stop thinking about her death. The more I tried to avoid the thoughts, the more I thought them. I wished to redo the regretful moment and not think she was dead—I had committed a horrid, sinful act! Unfortunately, I couldn't go back and redeem myself. A thought can't be taken back! I continued to think too much. I believed thoughts could come true. It was an epiphany. The thoughts of her death would make it more likely that she would in fact die. Thinking something can make it happen. It's to want it. It's like a prayer. A prayer is a thought repeated over and over. The feelings lodged in my forehead were a death prayer. THEY COULD KILL MY MOTHER. It seemed so, of course it was true--the logic was clear! If not, why do people pray? To continue to think these thoughts would be unspeakably evil! I wished to un-think the thoughts—there existence was proof that I had failed. I was distraught with disappointment in myself. The shame exploded and engulfed my myopic, self-righteous view of the world. My senses were devoured, as if by a cloud of smoke. I could no longer hear, or see, or touch, or smell, or taste. All that mattered was that I had thought the wrong thing. I thought of the king who died with regret.

I didn't distinguish between the medical test and my thoughts. The medical test, a memory, became my thoughts. Like feelings of love, joy, and security, the feelings of terror became a part of me. Like decaying leaves and debris become a part of soil, my thoughts became an aspect of me. I was bad because the test was bad. I pitted the truth—she didn't die—against the thoughts of her death. It was as if there was a verbal brawl between the fact that she didn't die, and the truth that I thought she did. "She didn't die," I thought. "How could you think she did?" This was the worse act of my life! I

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could never tell anyone I did this. I asked myself, “What kind of bad person would think his mother was dead?” I couldn’t live with these thoughts. It was as if I was in a life raft and there was no room for the thoughts that mistakenly believed she died. I was committed to destroy the thoughts. Each conclusion nailed down the verdict: “If it weren’t for my evil, stupid thoughts, I wouldn’t be suffering as if she died. I wouldn’t be tired, and unable to deal with the feelings. Without my thoughts, I’d be able to withstand the fear of the hospital. It’s all my fault.”

The self-hatred created what I would later call the lizard. I was the lizard! It was me, trying to survive, trying to last, through the most horrible moments of my life. “A good person wouldn’t think his mother was dead,” I thought. I damned myself. I denied myself. I defended honor. “It’s my stupid thoughts that got me into this mess,” I reasoned. I was ashamed before God. I repeated over and over and over, “Didn’t think it, didn’t think it.” I shoved the regrettable thoughts out of my mind, thinking they’d go away, but the feelings pushed back, and vibrated inside my consciousness. I pushed them out again, and once more, they returned. And so, within the room of my mind, began the fight inside myself, which allowed the seeds of the adolescent crucible to germinate. This battle is documented in my journal, which describes how the feelings mutated, and almost destroyed my life.

The rest of the hospital stay, I was afraid to be awake. I was afraid I might see something terrifying. Sleeping was an escape from the place. At first sleeping worked, but in time, it became more difficult. When I’d wake up, I was alone; and every moment, I felt the lava and the smoke. “Didn’t think it, didn’t think it,” I’d repeat. I shoved the feelings away and replaced them with the thought that she returned. “Oh no, not me, I could never think such a thing,” I assured myself. I yearned for things to be the way they used to be. I thought of the greatest civilization in the history of the world.

My mother visited off and on. I believed there was a correlation between my thoughts and when she returned. She seemed to return when I believed strong enough that she would. When she wasn’t there, I blamed myself for not thinking right. I was terrified of the thoughts of the test; thinking the thoughts would cause her to stay away, or worse. When I thought of her death, I felt like she’d die—it seemed like avoiding the thoughts allowed her to return. I thought

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about the king standing at the field of souls, the place where souls stand before they descend into the body.

I became very tired of the fear, and the intense, uncontrollable, exaggerated emotions of the hospital. I was tired of yearning for security and telling myself everything would be okay. I remembered before the hospital, when everything seemed to be okay, and vowed to never again be alone without my mother. This was a yearning like going without water and imagining what it would be like to finally drink—I idolized her—she was the perfect mother. No one could have a better mother. This image was branded into my consciousness. This image existed with the lava and the smoke. And there they sat in my mind, like the sun, the moon, and the stars; and the lizard stood watch, and allowed no one to enter.



he First Vision

It was during this time that I had a vision. I was looking up at the sky and saw shapes in the clouds. I began seeing things in the clouds. I saw an amphitheater. I saw a small building that held the writings of the greatest thinkers in the world. There were scholars standing around this building. They came to converse and talk about their knowledge and discoveries.

I saw three podiums. Three men stood in debate. The victor would become the supreme ruler of the civilization. The man on the left was the most formidable, powerful man in the civilization. The man in the center was also very powerful. The man on the right was a successful commoner, who had risen in financial wealth. The man on the left and the man in the center viewed each other as their serious competition. The man on the right wasn't regarded as having a chance of success. There was a jury of wise men who would oversee the discussion and determine their leader. The man on the left and the man in the center turned to each other, and verbally attacked each other. The discussion was very heated, and within minutes each of them had lost his

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composure. There was a verbal brawl. The wise men were shocked. They called an emergency conference for a brief discussion. Suddenly, there was only one choice. Suddenly, the choice was not between three, but one. The man on the right was the only one who could now become the supreme ruler. Without speaking a word, he had won the debate. He was the Ultimate Supreme Ruler.

The Ultimate Supreme Ruler owned everything. He owned the land. He owned the businesses. He owned the cattle and fruit and clothes. He owned even the people. He reasoned that the value of owning everything is valueless. He gave every family the dwelling they lived in. And then, he reasoned the value of owning the people is valueless. This raised a particular problem. The past rulers and their militia had all subjugated the people. There were two factions in the population. If the people were freed, they'd kill each other. The Ultimate Supreme Ruler then called the militia into the innermost sections of the city. The people became anxious with fear. The previous rulers used the militia to enslave them. This new ruler was calling the militia in closer to have a tighter grip on their lives. For what evil purpose could this be?

The Ultimate Supreme Ruler waited until the military had a full grip on the civilization. He then used one of the greatest political postulates to come out of his rule: The militia could be used not to subjugate the people, but to protect them. Knowing the two factions would fight if they were freed, the militia would be used to protect the people from themselves. With the militia's tight grip on the civilization, the people were freed and were safe from each other! Everyone was full of love and joy!

One day the Ultimate Supreme Ruler was standing near a cliff overlooking a beautiful beach. He noticed an inlet and how the contours of the water conformed to the shape of the land. He then thought of one of the greatest economic ideas in the history of the world. He concluded that given a plane of water adjacent to a plane of land, the removal of planned areas of land would cause the water to follow. The water would conform to the shape of the land. He then instructed his people to remove areas of land adjacent to the water.

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To the amazement and thrill of all, the water followed and conformed to the shape of the land. Using this concept, the people built huge waterways that reached deep into the most remote areas of the civilization. The waterways acted like veins supplying life support to every inch of the civilization. The civilization prospered and became the strongest economic power in the history of the world. Goods and services were quickly and efficiently delivered using the great system of waterways.

The Ultimate Supreme Ruler was 57 years old. He had never been married. He respected the rights of his people, so he didn't take the wife of another. Instead, he chose a young 17-year-old woman to marry. She was very slim. She had long, straight, black hair, and very dark skin. Her face was petite and beautiful. She was devoted to him.

He placed his warn and wrinkled hand on her thin, supple waist. His arm slowly moved around her body. Her eyes were like small, dark beams that glowed only onto him. Looking at her was like taking a journey to a land of wish fulfillment. Every urge was addressed; every urge was fulfilled. Touching her opened his senses to a waterfall of pleasure that he never knew existed. Every kiss, every caress, every touch, every moment was greater and more sensual than could be imagined. Her breasts were like living works of art, covered with silk, and soaked in honey. Her thin, luscious legs were like pillars chiseled by the greatest craftsmen and designed by a great genius. Her shoulders were like rolling hills that touched his soul. Her neck was like a fountain of sweet fruits. Her face was more beautiful than the sun, the moon, and the stars. This woman gave him all the pleasure a woman was meant to give. Being with her fulfilled all the desires and fantasies any man could imagine...One morning, he awoke after a wonderful night of being with her. He was standing outside his body. At first, he wasn't sure what to make of it, but then, he realized he had died. His wife was there, yet he couldn't touch her. He couldn't be with her. He couldn't talk to her. He would never again experience the ecstasy of her body. A great, deep sadness came over him, a huge, moaning sorrow. He realized his whole life was spent on work. He never had a family. He never had children. He had only just begun to

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enjoy his wife. He realized he had missed so much! He considered coming back. Maybe he could enter the body of a newborn. Maybe he could once again meet with his wife who he loved so much! But no, he thought. How would she know it was him? And he would be so young, and she so old. It wouldn't work. He stayed for a few days while the entire civilization was in deep mourning. They paraded his body through the streets. People followed the body moaning in pain. Never in the history of the world was a leader more loved. After a few days, he left the earth. He traveled to a place people never go. He saw the souls of many, and where they rested. He came to a great ballroom where many souls partied, but realized such a place wasn't for him. He kept going further and further until he found a nice place. It was a small room. Transparent. With a small desk. But he could look down and see the earth, and watch his people.

The Ultimate Supreme Ruler's wife assumed the duties as ruler of the greatest civilization in the history of the world. For forty years she ruled, and the civilization prospered. People from all over the world traveled to the civilization to trade, and marvel at its wonders. The greatest poets, scientists, artists, craftsmen, and thinkers all lived in this civilization. One day a great flood came. The entire civilization was destroyed. All remnants of the civilization were forever lost to the bottom of the ocean. The name of the Ultimate Supreme Ruler was erased from the earth. It was as if he was never born. The Ultimate Supreme Ruler's wife died along with all the people in the civilization. She came to him. When she arrived at his room, she danced like a glowing dolphin, swimming in the sea. She was so happy to be reunited with him! There in that room, at a place where you can look down and see the world, they dwelled together for 8,000 years.

The Ultimate Supreme Ruler did a lot of studying. He loved wisdom. He became known as one of the most learned people in the universe. Sometimes great events would occur on earth, and people would ask if he'd like to travel and watch closer. He'd say no, he was happy where he was. The earth years seemed to go by incredibly fast. First one century, and then the next, would pass. It was hard to comprehend how 8,000 years could pass by, but once it did, it was just another fact.

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The “now” of this century is the same as the “now” of the first, second, third, and so on.

There is no motion within consciousness. Or at least, the motion that exists is at an extremely reduced rate of speed. On earth, motion is an intricate part of daily life, and therefore, time effects people every day. When physical motion doesn't exist, the conscious mind perceives time differently. Time is something that happens somewhere else. Time is observed. Watching time is like watching a fish swim in a bowl. You can see the fish, understand how it's living, but not live in the water.

A messenger from God approached the Ultimate Supreme Ruler. He was asked to be reborn. It was optional because there were two others capable of doing what needed to be done. There are other planets that humans inhabit, and he was surprised that he was asked to return to the earth. He thought about how his name had been erased from the earth, and how no one knew he existed. This was why God was giving him first chance. He asked if his wife could return with him, and the request was accepted. He decided to return.

He needed to prepare for his work on earth. He needed to overcome something so people would know who he was. He needed to overcome great things. He was given a book to study. This book came from a different part of the universe than the earth, and was part of a body of knowledge the intelligentsia of the universe called Eclectic Knowledge. He studied very hard because he'd have to recall the information after he was born. This is a difficult task, but if he failed, his mission on earth would fail. He learned about 1-2 thought. He learned about 1-4 thought. He learned the relationship between 1-2 thought and 1-4 thought. He learned how to produce memory.

There was a search for a birthplace. The Soviet Union was an option, but was rejected. There was a search for a body. The body needed to last long enough. When it was time to be born, he walked to the earth with another gentleman who would precede him in birth. They met up with a group of souls that were traveling to the earth for the same

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purpose. The souls were awash with emotion at the sight of the Ultimate Supreme Ruler. Several had died in the great flood. The souls had gathered around a prestigious General who was admired by the intelligentsia of the universe. When the Ultimate Supreme Ruler and General were introduced, they shook hands, and looked into each other's eyes with steadfast determination and mutual respect. Before they reached the earth, his wife hurriedly approached. She was to be born after him and had not yet set off for the earth. She was upset. She explained that she would be born deaf. She pleaded with him to talk to someone, and get it changed. He said he had no time because he was about to be born. She replied that she would therefore, not return. She would wait for him where they resided for 8,000 years. There would be a replacement for her.

He stood at the field of souls, a place where souls stand before they descend into the body. He saw many souls descend. They looked like glowing fish, majestically spiraling downward—one after the other, like balls of light, falling to the earth. When it was his time, he slowly went down into the body. He thought about all his knowledge. The intelligentsia of the universe respected him for his great knowledge and wisdom. He became worried about becoming obscure. No more respect, no more admiration, suddenly lost in a sea of humanity! What if something goes wrong and he's stuck down there? As he entered the body, his knowledge and memory faded. His knowledge and memory slowly separated from him, and drifted away. He panicked. He tried harder and harder to remember who he was. He felt a great psychic pain. He regretted being born. Over and over and over with all his psychic energy he repeated that he was a king. But suddenly it was over. He had forgotten. He looked up and saw a dim light in the middle of two dark shafts. He had been born.



he Second Vision

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There was another vision. This was a vision I would think about much more often. This was a vision that would inspire me to overcome the emotional scars. This was the energy that held me up during my weakest moments. This was the energy that allowed me to be weak, yet strong, young, yet old, ignorant, yet wise. This was a vision of Christ. At first, Christ looked like a cartoon figure walking toward me, five feet above my head. As he got closer, he was flesh and blood. He looked to be about 19 or 20 years old. Christ said I would overcome the emotional scars. Christ's words fell like a soft, consistent rain; gentle, yet powerful, like the waves of a tranquil sea; I felt his power. While asleep, the rays of his thoughts gently stroked my mind. While awake, staring into his eyes, his thoughts soothed me.

Christ showed me the future. He was with me confronting the emotional scars. He supported my thoughts, my mind, like a tree stake, he held me up, as if I was strong. I was empowered, bolstered; his thoughts were in my head. He breathed pure reason into the veins of my consciousness. "What will happen inside your mind is very important," Christ said. "People will study your life." Although the hospital was a lonely, terrifying, and sterile place, Christ comforted me, stared into me, and I stared back. He said God stopped the illness from entering my brain. "That which will seem against you, will be for you," he said.

Christ showed me many wonderful things. I was so excited. I couldn't wait for the future! But then he said he was leaving and wouldn't return in my lifetime. But before he left he wanted to prove who he was and leave me a sign so I wouldn't forget. He reached down and touched me on the right side. There was a flash of light. I felt a rush of positive feelings like I was special and nothing could take it away. And then he seemed to change. He didn't seem so nice anymore. A sour look showed on his face. I felt confused because he had seemed so nice. I didn't expect this. He warned that if I didn't overcome the emotional scars, none of the wonderful things would happen. He was very stern and serious, warning over and over that failure would change everything. And then, before he vanished, he said, "At first you must suffer." And that was it. I was again left alone.

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Perhaps witnessing Christ's consciousness gave me the yardstick in which, in later years, I could judge my own. Correct consciousness was imprinted upon my being; I felt it, saw it, and was possessed by it. There was always a burning light, no matter how bad things were, because the glow of Christ's consciousness was in me.

After I got home from the hospital, I remembered the desperate cries for someone to be with me. I remembered the nurses saying they wished they had time. I remembered thinking my mother was dead. The memories echoed like a distant, faint noise inside my mind. "She came back, she came back," I'd repeat. I clung to this memory like a desperate swimmer clutching a rope during a storm at sea. "Oh no, I could never have thought she was dead," I'd assure myself. My mother told me to admit the bad experiences at the hospital. She said if I denied my feelings, something terrible would happen. But she said these words like an afterthought, like she didn't know what was happening inside me; besides, I was incapable of expressing the emotions, and due to Christ's visit, I figured the rules didn't apply to me. I felt special and denied that Christ spoke of suffering.

As time went by, and the distant memory drifted farther and farther into the past, I was faced with the task of denying what I no longer remembered. This meant denying more and more things, and each denial caused the noise to increase, and vibrate more violently through my thoughts...I would either become a mental survivalist, or my life would be over.

Chapter Two

Age Seventeen

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High School Graduation Picture, 1977

The future looks bright today,
although I know,
the world is to decay.
The future looks bright today,
although I know,
Satan is coming to play.

Fifteen years after the medical examination room, I had forgotten it, and barely remembered the hospital. I had survived childhood and made it to the age of seventeen, and was a student in High School looking forward to the rest of my life. The hospital was like an old possession stashed in the attic and hardly remembered, and wasn't a part of my life. I had moved on, or, so it seemed. Unfortunately, the passage of time, the emergence of adolescence, and the years of denial opened the door to the attic, and allowed the terrifying emotions to rush back into my world and take on a life of their own, like demons, and become mind- controlling. **THEY RETURNED LIKE THE GHOSTS OF A HORROR MOVIE.** They behaved as if I had returned to the medical examination room, and there was no convincing them otherwise. I had no control of them. I tried to gain control, but the feelings were too strong. Several powerful images protruded into my

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mind; I named one smoke because it blinded me to any hope in the world; and another I named lava because it capriciously popped onto my forehead and burned like fire. Below, I document that although I forgot the medical examination room, the terror returned and slowly ruined my life. Many difficult moments are described. Yes, the images and feelings from the age of two were forgotten, but they were nonetheless present, and I began to make decisions based upon them and react to them. Sounds crazy, but, due to Christ's influence, I was able to stand above the wall of feelings and intruding thoughts, and figure out how to overcome the emotional scars. I didn't get therapy and didn't take drugs. I only had the vision of a better future solidly fixed in my mind. I hope that by studying this book, your mind will become illuminated, as my mind was freed by the power of the universe; and, I hope that you will begin a journey of self-discovery, and become closer to God.

On Jan. 13, 1976, fifteen years after the hospital test, I wrote: "I can't think. It's because of the emotional scar from Christine—I think. I can't remember things—especially not in school. My mind feels like a cloth singed by a hot red iron. There's a smoldering log stuck in the front part of my mind. It burns and burns in front of my eyes..."

The hospital test was long forgotten, but the images, feelings, and thoughts, like an old movie replaying over and over, chronically projected into my consciousness. The fifteen years of denying the fear and terror festered in my mind and burned on my forehead, just like the feelings backed up onto my forehead at the age of two. The pain felt like it was getting worse and worse, and seemed like a physical substance. I thought about getting a knife and cutting it out of my head. I worried that if the pain got any worse, I'd have to kill myself.

I went on to write: "...I GUESS IT'S MY FAULT. But it hurts. I'm trying to feel better, but it doesn't work. It's almost like God wants me to suffer. It's like God wants the thorns of my life to come up and poke me. So they'll hurt more. So I will bleed. So my wounds will become infected and gangrene will set in. So I will hurt—I have hurt. I have hurt to the deepest soul."

It became difficult to interact with people. Sometimes when I looked at them or thought about them, the pain intensified. I didn't

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know what thought or action would cause the feelings to worsen. I thought if I could win a girl who jilted me, Christine, or get another girlfriend, the pain would go away. It seemed like if I had a girlfriend, all my problems would be solved. I tried to get another girlfriend, but was unsuccessful. I pushed everyone who wanted to be my friend away, and looked for friendship with those who would reject me. I grew more and more despondent as one after another, my advances were shunned:

“Another girl has evaporated in front of me. Who will be the next? This one seemed so sure, the surest of them all! Yet she turned out to be as cold as the coldest—or maybe not that bad, but still she poked into my life, and tore into my mind—and now she’s gone—just like Christine.”

I became more and more confused, and thought God said he’d find me a girlfriend. When the girl didn’t come, I felt betrayed. This brought on feelings from the hospital; only then I thought it was God who had abandoned me, God who had stabbed me in the back and God who had forsaken me! I thought God lied. I couldn’t understand how he could lie. I reasoned I couldn’t rely on anyone, not even God. That was the day I became a mental survivalist.

How did I overcome the emotional trauma? Keep reading and I’ll explain!

After leaving the hospital, the traumatic feelings never left my mind, and as time passed, as the shade of memory dimmed, I saw the hospital differently every few years, like riding down a road and seeing a mountain from different angles every few miles. I saw the hospital differently at age three than at age six, differently at age nine, differently at age twelve, and so on... At the age of seventeen, the several views exploded into a frightening image, recreating the experience in my mind. I was once again at the hospital, experiencing the test. It had taken fifteen years for the feelings to go full circle. At first, there was some success in denying the feelings, then, slowly, I gave up more important things, and finally, it was taking everything.

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The smoldering log stuck in the front part of my mind was immovable, like a solid object, and was like a separate thing, apart from me. The molten log couldn't be denied, for it lived and thrived independently of my thoughts. It lived by its rules, not mine. It wouldn't leave me alone. No longer did it inflame because of personal relationships—it exploded on a whim, or no whim, for no reason. Its presence was the norm—it had infested my mind like a demon.

How did this happen? The hospital was like an open wound that wouldn't heal. Like a physical pain, the longer it was there the more it demanded attention. Like a toothache that starts slowly, the throbbing pain became less and less bearable, and at the age of seventeen, I became obsessed with avoiding it. I desperately wanted to think about something else. It seemed like it was my fault that I couldn't stop thinking about the feelings. It seemed like I must have done something wrong, but I didn't remember the hospital.

"It's my fault, it's my fault," I thought. "I'm guilty, okay, I'm guilty, but, for what? What did I do?"

I felt the emotions of believing my mother was dead, but didn't remember the thoughts behind the feelings. I justified the guilt by thinking about God and how I mustn't be good enough. I was Catholic and thought as a good warrior against evil I was supposed to give my life to God; but the thought of priesthood made me sick to my stomach. Giving my life to God would be like throwing my life away. I figured Satan was making me feel this way, and Satan was thinking my thoughts. That's why on July 30, 1975, I wrote, "Whose thoughts are in my head, are they mine? Or, is my mind being crushed as if it was stuck between two stone pillars?"

God stirred up hospital feelings, like begging for my mother to come back to life. On Aug. 2, 1977, I wrote, "I didn't want to take a chance on being bad. I needed to be good. I became religious. 'God' was the feelings from the hospital of my mother coming back..."

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Looking back, I was in a real mess because there weren't any good choices and no decision allowed me to avoid the feelings. I wanted to grow-up, assert and define myself, and break free from old ways of thinking and the malaise of my thoughts. I was an adolescent, isn't that's what they do? Unfortunately, I hadn't done the roadwork needed to get to adolescence. I hadn't faced childhood. I hadn't faced the thoughts and feelings from the hospital. As an adolescent, how could I face the hospital when I no longer remembered it? How could I admit thinking my mother was dead when I didn't consciously know I thought it? How could I face the terror when I didn't remember it? Everything was buried deep in my thoughts. Instead of memory, there was guilt. The lack of memory allowed the terror to be confused with Satan. I feared Satan as I feared being alone in the hospital. Although twisted and not valid, there was logic to the thought. On July 30, 1975, feeling the weight of the guilt, I wrote, "...Enough with it! Let not the devil betray me once more, and make me believe my thoughts are my own..."

Images and feelings from the hospital popped up in my head and lingered in my mind as if they belonged to someone else. I made room for them but kept a safe distance, navigating in the least scary, most safe, least painful direction possible, taking care not to step too close or the wrong way. I was terrified of my thoughts. "Go away!" I'd think. "I'm not thinking that," I'd assure myself. But they were present. In each moment, more and more, they consumed me. In order to avoid the feelings, I began to make decisions based upon when they might pop up or how not to think them. There was an unraveling of sound reasoning and one act to avoid lead to another, which led to one lie and the next, and another and another, like tumbling down a hill faster and faster. I thought Satan was thinking my thoughts, therefore I wasn't thinking God's, and therefore I was guilty of an unspeakable crime. The feeling of being alone and abandoned in the hospital burned on my forehead, and I toyed with the idea of getting a knife and cutting it out.

I felt the pain on my forehead without knowing whether it was mental or physical. It wasn't always easy to know from where things

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came. Did a sound come from my mind or the world? From where did hatred come? From where love? Anger? What I saw got confused with what popped up in my head. I saw myself between two worlds, each valid and each separate, yet both related. I touched, heard, saw, tasted, and smelled not knowing whether it happened in the world or in my mind. Did I like her? Did I hate him? Did I think it or did someone else?

Desperate, I made the decision to fight the torment and through necessity became a mental survivalist. I believed that feelings come from thoughts and concluded that my thoughts could change and that I could overcome them. So the battle for survival began. So as you continue reading, I ask you to ask yourself a question. How did an adolescent know how to overcome what I overcame? How did someone with no help figure out on the one hand, and then overcome with the other, such powerful emotional scars? Well, I'd like you to remember the vision of Christ. The vision of Christ was a part of the hospital experience, forgotten along with it, yet burning inside me. There is something about the vision that was visible to me like the tip of a great Ice burg is visible in the sea. There was a remnant, a sign of the vision that I looked at as I wrote the journal. I wrote in the journal, "...I see Christ." Please keep this in mind in every word you are about to read. Deep in my memory was the hospital, but active in my life was the vision of Christ; look for it, for the vision is there in my words and in what is written below. **This is why what happened inside my mind is a miracle.**

You may ask yourself what does becoming a mental survivalist and overcoming the above trials and inner demons have to do with you. Well, I think it's got a lot to do with you. You may face related or similar challenges of different degrees in your life and need to become a mental survivalist. You may know someone who has similar challenges. Learning about me can help you understand yourself and other people.

The Journal

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Below, I share poems and excerpts from my personal journal that prove what happened inside my mind. I also inserted relevant writings and commentary between the journal entries. The journal documents that it took approximately 2 ½ years to overcome the fire and describes the techniques I used to do it.

Jan. 20, 1976

To be or not
To be?
No...
To realize
what you are
and believe in it.

It's possible something else besides me is thinking when I'm writing. It's very hard to tell though, because if there is, it works through me. So as I can almost think it's me (or visa-versa). It's highly possible it's me, but the only thing is that a lot of my most beautiful writing comes as if I'm remembering it. It pops into my head much like you'd suddenly forget you didn't bring your keys—it's in that manner. At least it seems to be. The whole thing is very difficult to determine. I could be utilizing my subconscious mind at times. It also could be God helping me.

It could be that I'm being dictated to in my sleep, and don't remember. I do at times remember loud micro-phonic voices in my mind as I sleep. They tell me stories, and once I remember being taught a little psychology. But it's hard to determine. It could be myself playing tricks on me! I believe at times when I write the spirit of God helps me.

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The tree in the backyard is talking to me. It shows me a photo of a man with dark, olive colored skin. The face is old. Long wrinkles flow down from his eyes. He is balding. "This is you," says the tree.

I'm floating underwater. I hear a micro-phonic voice. The voice flows through me. It is understood that I will learn. I slowly emerge up through the water. I see the air. I see the clouds. Ten feet from the surface. I begin to feel a burning pain. I can hold my breath no longer. I hear a loud noise, like a vibrating motor. I'm awaking...but then, I stop. I'm suspended in myself. The vibrating motor buzzes back and forth on my forehead. I can't breathe. This goes on for a few minutes, maybe longer. I then awake. I'm very tired. There is a depressing feeling, it's like sandpaper rubbing against my forehead.

Feb. 3, 1976

It feels like a log stuck in the front part of my mind. It hurts super bad. It's like a log burning and smoldering in front of my head. It blocks my eyes so I can't see.

People think I'm stupid. Today I was so messed up I couldn't think. That's why I'm not doing good in school. I can't listen. The feelings sit like physical objects anchored to my mind. They appear to be matter, not thought. I can't think of anything but my love for Christine. My love for her seems to have become inflamed—possibly because of the poems I'm writing. I got my feelings out and now they won't leave. Teachers think I'm stupid. I'm going to show those bastards who aren't smarter than me! I must not defeat myself. My only enemy (God?) is myself, if I don't do what I'm capable of doing—anything.

How do I express the dreams I see tonight?

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How do I express the stars above tonight?
How do I express the tears I shed tonight?
Willowing whispers tonight—in that I may
see tonight, greater dreams than I once
dreamt—greater hope than I once hoped.
Greater stars tonight, I hope I see.

What dam within can stop this feeling
within? What strength within can make
me feel no more? I don't know. I wish there
was a strength. But it seems if there is, it
never shows. Never helps. Never gives.

The river flows—this retched thing of my
pitiful self. This power I cannot control, this
feeling that is mine—my love for those who
don't love me. My care for those who don't care for me.
How can I stop loving? It hurts so bad. It takes all my
mind—it gives nothing back—it never does.

Who is there in my darkened corner?
Is it my lover?
Who else could it be?
For who else could bring me so low?

Who is there in my highest palace?
Is it my lover?
Who else could it be?
For who else could bring me so high?

What else could make me feel so
low, yet make me feel so high? For in my
lowness I'm seeking solace from my lack of

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highness. My lack of my loved one.

I wanted to become a writer and was doing a lot of writing. Expressing feelings was like opening the door to a lion's cage. I let the lion out, but couldn't put it back in.

My virtue seems
to be a valley in
the dark—it's there
but I can't see it.

I see it, and
Satan fears,
and Satan spreads
this fear on me like butter.

Thoughts appeared like a rabbit out of a sleeve, and I'd write them down and make poetry. Unfortunately, behind the poetry lingered ugly feelings. I shared my mind with these things like someone running in a maze of hallways, never knowing when I'd encounter them, or when I could escape them.

God won't help me. I've got to survive this myself. I'm going out for track. I don't know if I'll be able to take the emotional pressure, but I'm going to try. I'm going to push myself. I didn't go out for football because of the emotional problems. It's time I don't run from them. The way I'm going, in time I won't be able to take the pain. The pain seems to be intensifying as I get older.

I don't know what I'm going to do, but I'm not going to let the world defeat me. I'm not going to end up in an insane asylum, or dead. I'm going to fight this thing. I'm going to solve my problems. Emotions come from thoughts—that means I can defeat them. The emotions are my thoughts. I'll have to grow stronger and not think the way I do. If I can change my thinking, I can change my thoughts,

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and therefore, my emotions. Somehow, I must believe I can do it—somehow, I must.

I figured that feelings come from thoughts; therefore, the molten feeling was created by my thoughts—it appeared that some sort of incorrect way of thinking created bad feelings in me. I pleaded with myself to somehow figure out how to change my way of thinking, saving me from a ruined life. Also, I couldn't trust in God. Sitting around waiting for God to save me was too risky, and so far hadn't worked. I was through with God as far as I could see, at least when it depended upon depending. Surviving the feelings meant doing all the work myself. These were my thoughts, not God's, and he doesn't run for me, bike for me, play chess for me, or think for me. All these things I do for myself. Going out for track was an important decision, unlike with football, where I figured relinquishing control would allow the ball to fall into my hands. Running track reversed the tumble, and increased physical and social activity. The physical and social activity was like mental exercise.

The Coach and the Prayer

...In the description of the hospital experience, I spoke about prayer and superstition and how these and similar ways of thinking are related to the thoughts of a two-year-old. I said that at the age of two I had begun several dangerous thought patterns in that I believed thoughts could come true. To think a thought, I concluded, was to want the thought. To think about victory, is to want victory. To think of death is to want it, and so on...

Every day we hear about a coach who wears a shirt or piece of jewelry for good luck, or a ballplayer doing the same, attributing significance to objects otherwise of no significance, creating a relationship and giving value to an object that has no relationship and no value to the goal at hand. This is a way of thinking that is common for people. A perfume present during a notable experience will be remembered and noticed when smelled again. A person from the past will create feelings that have no relationship to the person at hand.

How much more powerful will be a thought contemplated at an early, vulnerable age? A thought in the future that is comparable to this thought

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will stir great emotions, for it will be treated as similar or the same as the original. The coach who keeps the good luck charm is thinking like the traumatized, associating two unrelated things, one victory, and the other an inanimate object. So when I stated: "...My love for her seems to have become inflamed," I was associating two unrelated things, the trauma from the hospital and the interest in a girlfriend. I was thinking like a coach or athlete associating victory with a sock, ring, or any number of mostly unrelated things.

This thought process acted in me reflexively, not consciously. So as I thought like a coach or athlete, I sunk deeper and deeper into trouble as more and more powerful thoughts and feelings were related to those of the present moment. I sunk deeper and deeper into the quicksand of the past.

The traumatic thoughts from the past acted like a prayer because they were dwelled upon, meditated upon, over and over, albeit, like the throbbing of an aching wound. Consequently, this begs the question, "What kind of person would think such a thought? And repeatedly, for that matter!" Well, it's logical to conclude that a person of less virtue would, since of course, the thoughts are undesirable, and if not immoral, the thoughts are socially unacceptable. So here I am again, rhetorically speaking, and here are the traumatized, thinking like a child and believing some thoughts are good and some are bad, which causes guilt by association.

And so you can see the difficult hurdles before me as I launched my attack against the torment. It was these things and much more that I had to visualize, conceptualize, and conquer! Please understand that clinging to an object or thought becomes habitual. For me, changing the habitual thinking required understanding the process that created the dangerous thought patterns and lashing out at the traumatic thoughts infesting me. This meant growing out of my comfort zone and standing up for greater ideals and correct thinking.



The Chess Tournament

During this most difficult time, I had a memory to draw strength upon. It involved thoughts and the power of God. In the eighth grade, I went undefeated at the Santa Clara Valley Chess Tournament without having played for a year.

Every year the junior high schools of Santa Clara Valley had a chess tournament. The previous year, I practiced chess every day after school for two or three hours. I studied chess books and played the best player I could find every day. One player on my chess team, named Peter, I could never beat. My teacher, Mr. Miller, brought together an excellent team, and we won the championship. Unfortunately, I under-performed terribly, and lost several games. Mr. Miller dropped me off that day and I could sense his disappointment in me. I allowed self-doubt to take hold, and the feelings of the hospital distracted me, and ruined my concentration. The feelings weren't extremely powerful at this point, but they were still a distraction capable of ruining my play.

The next year, I stopped playing chess. I didn't play a single day after that terrible experience. Mr. Miller used to watch me from his classroom playing football after school. When it came time for the annual tournament, Mr. Miller asked if I'd still like to participate. The team wasn't as strong this year, and he needed to recruit players. I reluctantly agreed to come along. Mr. Miller had a belief in me. He was my math teacher and knew that although I wasn't the best math student, I always tried. He admired this.

When we showed up to the tournament, there was another team that seemed better. They mouthed-off a little and it pissed me off. I remembered the previous year and how the feelings devoured my ability to concentrate. I became angry, and when the feelings returned, I shouted inside my mind, "Damn you, bastard! In the name of Christ, be gone!" At the chess table, as I played game after game after game that weekend, I fought two battles, one against the chess opponent, and one against the emotions. Thinking five to six moves ahead, with countless variations of board positions, thoughts entering consciousness were dealt blows of anger. "Damn you. Damn you. Damn you!!!! You aren't getting me this

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year, bastard!” My mind appeared freed and clear; I thought like lightning. I felt old inside, like I wasn’t really a junior high school student. I kept a picture in my mind that I was a great chess player. Thoughts contradicting this were shot down with a barrage of hatred.

The last game of the day would determine which school won the tournament, the wise guys, or Hoover. I was to play an opponent who had beaten Peter, the classmate who I had never beaten. Mr. Miller turned to me and told me this guy’s brother had just written a book on chess, and he had already beaten Peter, but I should do the best I can.

It was Sunday afternoon. I had already spent Saturday playing grueling hours of chess, and all morning Sunday. It was getting tiring. I sat down that afternoon fighting to maintain anger. Move after move passed, then an hour and more. We fought deadlocked. Mr. Miller was stunned that I could play for so long and so many games against quality players, and still not be beaten. Finally, the opponent made a mistake! I seized upon it! I was winning! My opponent stood up and offered me a draw! Mr. Haro, another instructor, advised me if I accepted, Hoover would win the championship, but I would only take fourth in individual competition. I told Mr. Haro that I didn’t come to personally win, but for the team to win. He smiled, and I accepted the draw that gave Hoover the championship! Mr. Miller clapped with joy and hugged me. He kept repeating over and over, “He’s been playing football all year! He hasn’t played for a year!” He kept pounding his fist on a table, as if to convince everyone who couldn’t believe it. Mr. Miller said I was going to have a great future! One day afterward, Mr. Miller looked at me with a stunned look on his face, and said, “Louis, there is something in you!”

I came away from this experience believing there wasn’t anything I couldn’t do. It was a sarcastic feeling remembering Mr. Miller’s words and seeing myself at the age of seventeen.

There was another experience that made me believe I could overcome the obstacle. In the fourth grade, in catechism class, I wrote a poem. It went something like this:

People create gods by the
way they interpret the Bible.
god is a golden calf.

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god is love.
god is vengeance.

There is one road, yet many traveled,
one Heaven, but many described,
one God, but many worshipped; all created by
the interpretation of Holy Scripture.

My teacher stood in front of the class and looked at what I had written. Her face turned white as if she had seen a ghost. Over and over she said, "I can't believe a fourth grader wrote this!" She went to the nuns and showed them the poem. The nuns came to my house and told my mom I shouldn't be living where I was living. I remember standing outside the house and seeing my mother telling them to leave.

At the age of seventeen, these memories were glimmers of hope that seemed far, far away. Telling someone about the problem was not possible. To tell someone of the problem would be admitting I thought my mother was dead. I would kill myself before I did that. I was alone with only what was inside to help. And so I wrote "...I'm going to show those bastards who aren't smarter than me! "(A teacher had insinuated that I was stupid).

I was alone, but I believed in myself. I was in a war that meant life or death. The emotional scars were worsening. Several years had passed, and the intensity of feelings heightened because of Christine. I predicted the feelings would intensify, every year, until I'd succumb. It was from this isolated vantage point, cornered, with no good choices, I launched my attack against the torment.

An additional experience that I'd like to share is that in the fall of 1975, at the age of seventeen, I took an existentialism class. The teacher asked me what I thought of her class and I told her she didn't know how to teach it. So she said, "Fine, you teach it." So for one class period I taught the class. She was quite impressed. I taught that existentialism wasn't about some far out thoughts, but were about thoughts and feelings that we deal with in our everyday lives. She had us keep a journal and I'd like to share one of the entries:

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“You foolish clans; you foolish brides; you foolish people. Although your lives are underserving and your pleasures unbelievable, I have made available to you certain information concerning the deceased. That is, which follows:

You foolish fellows—how do you think this way? You tardy about in ditches.”

“No, not us.” They screamed. “Our minds.”

“So it has been with your fathers’, and fathers’ fathers’, you poor bunch of mindless siblings.”

“Tell us, tell us.”

“The dead Sartre has died, ten years after his own death.”

“How, you savage thing of a man, tell us.”

“You wish to know, but haven’t you always? So be it, I will tell you.”

“Master, Master.”

“This obsolete thing of a man—never-the-less, I shall tell you. His thoughts live on paper! The thoughts that must become yours if you wish to understand.”

“Rely on yourself, trustworthy fellow people. To whom it may concern? Not I! Nay! Not myself—Submerge, submerge, what seemed to be truth and is. It emerges alien unto yourself.”

“Then we can go sir, we can.”

“This is true, you foolish fellows; go, go see what you wish and die if you must.”

“This person is said to roam about in his death.”

“This person is no more laid high in the sky than a dead martyr. Yet you say, ‘He, he is the one.’ No, no he isn’t. He’s not even in existence. He has died! I have come out of this house and have seen the truth—beware I plead, beware, your love for him will be shot down like a shooting star.”

The two entered entirely into the house of the dead Sartre...It came to pass. These fools visited Sartre high in the sky...in the house of five rising suns; they entered and saw him—the dead Sartre.

“Oh my,” they screamed. “Oh God!” For as they saw his body, walking about as if alive, each saw as if through a mirror, himself.

Feb. 19, 1976

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I've always been able to analyze myself and pinpoint where emotional problems began. Sometimes years after they started. But this one seems to be quite baffling. Almost like it popped up from nowhere. It could come from being self-centered.

About two months ago, I asked "I Ching," a book written thousands of years ago, about my feelings (The book is like astrology or an Ouija board. You throw two sided objects and get answers.) It said something like: Great fortune and luck. It talked about fire burning and seemed to be pretty accurate to my case.

Do not cry about the life you have lost, rather cheer the life that is coming. Don't utter a word about age. For what seems to be a quarter-century is only a moment. And a moment is forever what your life is.

Thinking about a quarter-century being only a moment soothes my consciousness. It's as if my soul has roots that grow into a spring of deep thought. This type of thought seems to be linked to the first vision. Without this type of thought, I probably wouldn't have overcome the emotional scars.

Feb. 21, 1976

I must learn to face my challenges straight on. If they're much larger than me, I must admit it. I must be honest with myself, as to not lie, not imagine of her, and not make things worse.

There are pictures created by my thoughts. I can't hide them. If there is a weakness in me, like being afraid, I mustn't feel guilty, or attempt to hide it. I must admit the exact picture my thoughts are creating of the obstacle. Then, working at my truest self, I must attempt to overcome.

I'm playing a game I didn't choose to play, but I guess I'll have to play it. No choice!

I'm telling myself what I need to do. It's as if one part of me is teaching the other part what to do.

Feb. 22, 1976

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I'm not really doing all that well, but compared to as bad as it would get before, it seems I'm doing good. I've now transformed my feelings for Christine onto another girl and think of her as if she is Christine. It's depressing. I think of her day and night and can't get her out of my head. I know the feelings for this girl aren't the feelings for Christine, but can't stop myself. It's like a powerful gravitational force. It's as if I've been involved and loving her for years, but I don't even know her. I've got to find a way out of it. I suppose it comes from sheer desire, but I've never been able to escape these things, not until a severe depression afterwards.

In track, I'm doing really great! They call me the Italian Stallion. I'm the fastest guy in the school. I think the pain I suffer while running will help me formulate pictures in my mind so I can use them with Christine. Feeling pain makes you believe you can't run faster. All I want to do is believe I can run faster, although the pain is present. In this way, I'm overcoming doubt, and possibly, it'll help me overcome Christine. The goal isn't necessarily to run faster (although I want to), it's to believe I can run faster, and naturally, if I believe I'll run faster, I WILL RUN FASTER. I know it!

Whether the picture is of overcoming the emotional scars, or, of running faster, it's still a mental picture. Very possibly, by formulating mental pictures of overcoming pain and running faster, I was practicing the skills necessary to overcome the emotional scars.

Feb. 23, 1976

I would rather die straightforwardly by my thoughts, than live a life of following unknown thoughts (emotions.)

I was sick of making decisions based upon emotions and vowed to live or die based upon conscious thoughts.

Feb. 26, 1976

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Everything must be judged from within. If I succeed with a mind controlled by emotions, I lose. If I don't succeed with a clear mind, I win.

I'm setting a standard that allows me to judge my mental condition. This is a source of strength. Consciousness must be guided like a ship with a rudder. If not, it drifts helplessly.



he Powerful Impression

March 6, 1976

Yesterday I showed up for track practice and time trials and was standing in the middle of the football field inside the track, and powerful feelings came over me. It was like a heavy weight swooped down and landed on my forehead. My attitude went from optimism to dread in about one second, as if I was lying on the ground without a hope in the world, when actually I was just standing there. I felt like bursting into tears and crying my eyes out, but why? And then I was supposed to run track, and it was like I felt guilty for ignoring the feeling and didn't like to look at anyone. They might be smiling or want me to smile. They all seemed to have smiles painted on their faces, insinuating that life was wonderful, but it was difficult to avoid eye contact and not look weird, and so when I smiled, I felt like a phony liar.

"I hate this fucking shit," I thought. "I know people think I'm weird. They smirk when they look at me and whisper to each other."

This experience left a powerful impression on me because I didn't start out feeling terrible. It was like a flu that strikes suddenly and with powerful shivers. One moment you feel okay, the next your body shakes with a high temperature; no warning, no time to tell anyone you'd better go home because you're sick. I was stuck in the middle of the track field, trying to act normal.

Seeing people interact, seeing them smile, created an intense feeling of isolation. They seemed happy, and the happier they

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appeared, the more out of place I felt. They seemed to associate with ease; their interactions were effortless. But for me, my social relations seemed labored and complicated. Smiles were planned, but seeing one was offensive, for a smile expected something in return, something I couldn't give, such as a meeting of the minds—or, the acknowledgement that life was wonderful.

The fun of track isn't nearly worth suffering every week the most dreadful feeling I've ever felt in my life, especially when it is voluntary, and only a stupid race is at stake. I get nervous which causes the feelings to come; I try to avoid the feelings, but there is nowhere to hide.

“People don't like me. They never invite me to their parties.”

March 7, 1976

I'm faced with a terrible, dreadful decision. I wish I didn't have to make it, but I do. To cast myself into the horridness of horridness, or to banish myself from it. I'm thinking about quitting track because of the horrible feelings. I know I don't want to experience the horridness, but on the other hand, I don't want to be a coward. Wouldn't that be giving up? Besides, quitting football didn't help. I wish the whole thing would become oblivious.

I quit football to avoid the nervous feelings before the game, the butterflies, and the burning lava on my forehead. I figured it would be too much and it was better to deal with my problems than the distraction of football. I've only got so much energy. Things haven't worked out so well since now a lot of people are mad and a lot of people who liked me now don't. I was popular on the football team. A lot of girls paid attention to me and now they ignore me. People look at me and snicker. I didn't realize the negative reaction, nor the erroneous ideas about being in the stands cheering rather than on the field. I let the school down and I'm known as giving up an opportunity to be the star running back, like I'm yellow or something. Sometimes I dream about what it would have been like to run for the touchdowns. It was a once in a lifetime opportunity and I threw it away. There's no

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bright side to this. My coach saw me the other day and looked at me with sadness, and said, "Louis, I could have made a star out of you."

March 10, 1976

I've decided to stay with track. It's Wednesday, and Friday is the track meet. I don't know how I'm going to do. I guess I'll have to wait and see.

This was a very important decision. If I didn't stay with track, I might still have overcome the emotional scars, but it probably would have been harder.

March 12, 1976

Today was the track meet. I did totally fantastic as far as the feelings! I felt pretty much uninfluenced! As far as the races go, I did okay. But the big thing is that I had a clear mind! Knowing that time is non-existent helped me in my victory. I suppose mostly it was God just letting me win.

March 28, 1976

Friday we had a track meet—I hadn't ran for two weeks, and I won the 440! There is no room for error, nor any excuse.

April 6, 1976

Knowing that consciousness starts at a point of reference gives me the ability to overcome the bad feelings.

May 25, 1976

I feel fucked.

May 26, 1976

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What you can do with thoughts and the help of God is unbelievable.

June 1, 1976

This game I'm playing quite forcefully is terrible and ruthless. I'm being made to see something that others can't see, but it hurts so bad. I have no choice. I must play the game or kill myself! Why me? Why Me? It's ruthless and merciless. It waits until I make mistakes, and then without mercy a molten needle presses against my forehead.

Sometimes it happens when I look at someone special, but I can't control when. If I want to ask a girl out it'll happen. Walking into a crowded gym and feeling like everyone is staring will make the fire come, or the nervousness before a football game or track meet. But I never know. Sometimes I think right. Sometimes I out-think it and avoid the fire. But a mistake will cost, that's for sure. I don't know what to say, I have to say something. If I don't say anything they'll make fun of me. Saying the right things makes people like me, if not they think I'm weird. They'll laugh and there's the fire. If I think correctly the fire doesn't come, and people like me. I can play billiards or bowling or whatever. I'm good at things when I think right. People like me. I don't tell them about the fire, besides, if I did, it would come.

Sometimes I sit at the dinner table with a knife, visualizing the act of cutting out my forehead. It's a last resort for sure, only to be done if nothing else works, but how long do I wait? I've been thinking about it more and more, and the more I think it the more everyday it seems. I'm holding out, but no amount of effort or attempts at positive thinking seems to work.

"Maybe I don't kill myself because I'm a coward," I thought. "Someone with the balls would have done it a long time ago."

June 7, 1976

I'm not sure if there is God. I'm not sure if God exists. God is a liar.

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“He said he’d find me someone, but he didn’t,” I thought.

Just as I believed my mother abandoned me, I believed God abandoned me because I didn’t have a girlfriend.

June 10, 1976

Nothing’s glad, everything’s sad. Nothing’s right, everything’s wrong. My writing looks bad. I have no job. I don’t know when I’m going to get a car. I’ve got nothing to live for. Everything looks stripped of anything good. If it doesn’t change, I don’t know if I’m going to make it. God I know has abandoned me. If God exists, he’s not a personal God. I’ve got no chance for anything. You sow what you reap. I can’t help it because I’ve always got these depressing thoughts in my head because of Christine. I pray with the depressing thoughts on my mind, and what I pray for doesn’t happen, but the depressing thoughts do.

“It’s hard to pray with all this shit in the head.” I thought.

Well I asked God to prove he existed tonight (after having cried miserably for the third time in the last two days) and he did. I prayed that he show me a sign, and as I prayed, the picture on the wall beside my bed became detached on one side, and began rocking back and forth, making a creaking sound. I feel a lot better now and have a source of comfort that I needed so deeply. Thank God!!!

As I kneeled and prayed, head bowed onto the bed, the picture on the wall suddenly rocked back and forth. This gave me the inspiration to fight on.

Chapter Three

 he Room

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...The gasps for air between my cries filled my lungs with the cold, antiseptic smells of the hospital, as the nurses, like prison guards, walked by, and routinely observed my tearful pleas for attention ...I found myself being wheeled into an examination room...the people were strangers...If I only knew what they were doing to me! ...The lack of knowledge was a great psychic pain. I watched the terror and questioned if the fear was justified...I didn't distinguish between the medical test and my thoughts. The medical test, a memory, became my thoughts...

...The Hospital, 1961

I was two years old when I was rushed into the examination room. At the age of seventeen, the experience was either going to destroy me, or I was going to rise above it. Things had gotten ugly. The memories were not only bothering me, they were tormenting me. I had no choice but to become a mental survivalist.

When I was battling the memories, I did a lot of self-examination, and kept a journal. I didn't talk to anyone and didn't seek help. But I had the journal. I talked to myself in the journal. In the journal, I told myself what to do in order to save my life. So here, in chapter three, I share personal writings, and examine them. The writings were written to help explain what happened and describe the effect of the powerful emotional scars. The traumatic feelings and thoughts were a part of me, but not me. They were a part of my consciousness, but not my consciousness—like a hand is human, but not a human being. In a way it was like the traumatic experiences happened to someone else, but unfortunately, the person was inside my head. I was both the antagonist, and the protagonist, and took part in a type of battle inside myself.

The protagonist in me wrote about his experiences with the antagonist in these writings. The antagonist was a child, but unfortunately, the child was dangerous. The child wasn't just a cute little boy. He was a traumatized child. A child that would get what it wanted, even if that meant ruining my life. It's like if someone is drowning and you try and save them. They can end up

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pulling you under the water. In this case, the child in me was pulling me under the water. In a way, I was its host, and it was feeding off me. I was a parasite, feeding off myself. I was me fighting for and against me. It's like the foundation of a building supporting the apex of a building. If there is a problem with the foundation, there's a problem with the apex. If things go wrong early in life, like at age two, by the time you get older, things only get worse. To fix the apex, you've got to fix the foundation. To fix yourself at age seventeen, you've got to fix what went wrong at the age of two.

Studying these writings provides insight into how thoughts from the hospital, fifteen years earlier, affected my thinking at the age of seventeen. As I overcame Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, I got very good at looking at my consciousness. I'd examine my consciousness like it was a separate thing. Looking at the feelings was like looking up to the sky and seeing massive bodies, similar to looking up to the sky and seeing the sun, the moon, and the stars. I lived with these things whether I liked it or not, and had to deal with them every moment. So I got very familiar with them and how to deal with the problem.

Have you ever been tired of where you are? Maybe it's a classroom, a friend's house, home, or a waiting room. It could be anywhere. It could be an open field, the wilderness, or the downtown of a large city. It doesn't matter, if you're tired of where you're at, and don't leave, you're feeling a special feeling. You're feeling the way I felt when I had Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. I couldn't leave my feelings. I couldn't leave my experiences and thoughts. I couldn't leave myself. When I had PTSD, it wasn't as easy as standing up and walking away. It's not easy to walk away from yourself, in fact, it's impossible. That's why I wrote the following:

My eyes are the portholes to the world. Seeing is like standing in a room and looking out to the world. But unfortunately, I can't go outside. I must remain inside. There is nowhere to rest, escape, or vacation. I'm in and can't get out. This is it. This is my destination. I'm behind the walls.

I can lose myself by concentrating on something. I can see a sports game, watch a movie, go for a bike ride—lots of things, but it always comes down to the truth. I always return here, to myself, looking out the portholes to the world.

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Before I thought myself out of mental illness, I often felt like I was stuck inside a room, staring at a wall. I could spend days staring at it. The worse the feelings were, the closer the walls of the emotions came, and when the feelings were really, really powerful, I felt devastated. Powerful memories echoed back through my senses, creating the illusion that I was once again alone in the hospital. I was once again a crying child. I was once again wondering if I really needed to feel so bad. Like at the hospital, I didn't distinguish between the medical test and my thoughts. The medical test, a memory, became my thoughts. I was stuck with the feelings and thoughts. They wouldn't leave. Resistance was futile. I was forced to wait it out until the feelings left. Unfortunately, that could be several days, and in the meantime, I was left with bad grades in school, awkward social situations, and not feeling very good about myself.

The traumatic thoughts echoed back through my senses like a curse. They felt like physical matter lodged inside my head. A familiar sight, sound, taste, touch, or smell was like a door to the past, and haunted me like a recurring nightmare. That's why I wrote sarcastically about senses. The senses were the enemy:

The bustle of the city is a monotonous conspiracy: car noises, random chatter, radios, TV's, animals and ambulances. It's a constant flow. It's so repetitive that the senses are taken for granted; they blur together, change, and disappear. In time, the bustle is heard, but not noticed, seen, but not discerned.

Tomorrow takes away a part of today.

The senses of sound, sight, and touch paradoxically confine because they define. A part of the senses are lost each day. They are misplaced in the complexities of the mind and become like walls, limiting the world, revealing only a part of reality and denying the rest. I can only see what I'm allowed to, hear what I'm allowed to hear, and feel what I'm allowed to feel. In time, what defines is dominated by what is overlooked rather than what is noticed and perceived...

I sense the chains.

But there are five inner senses. With them, I see more than I see, hear more

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*than I hear, and feel more than I feel. **Similar to the impressions of the city, the senses linked to powerful memories define the world.** They're always present, like the street noise of urban sprawl. They're monotonous, often ignored and overlooked; so common, they're taken for granted. Like the impressions of the city, they blend together, change, and aren't discerned. **But unlike the vibrations of the city, the senses linked to powerful memories dangerously mutate and increase in power.** They aren't an innocuous flow of activity. They become askew, open the door to the past, and lock you in like an incarcerated slave.*

Senses are taken for granted, but experiencing a sensation, any sensation, is a profound experience. The blue sky above the city is an incredible sight, yet how often do we take a moment to marvel? Experiencing the five senses is important, but because they're always there, we often don't think about them. The same thing happens inside our minds. We have feelings, thoughts, and memories that are there for so long, we fail to notice them! I thought myself out of mental illness because I examined the sky inside my mind, and realized that I had been reacting to things I had overlooked.

Painful thoughts and emotions are easy to avoid, difficult to accept, and are ostracized. The stronger the desire to reject, the larger the rift between the feelings and what is confronted, the more PTSD festers, and gains influence over our thoughts. That's why I wrote the following:

The mind is its ecosystem, and our thoughts are its sustenance. It's the other kind of sense. People are afraid to talk about it. It's avoided, misunderstood, and shunned. It quietly and secretly exists, making the mind its home, and pushing aside the self. People feel uncomfortable with it, but in the enclosed, dark areas of our thoughts, it breathes and flourishes, and thrives like a lizard basking in the summer sun.

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder occurs because of an emotional injury, a cut or tear in consciousness, a wound that screams to be noticed like a physical ailment. It's not a physical injury, but it's an injury none-the-less. The pain echoes through the senses—PTSD jumped uncontrollably into my mind and became real like seeing, smelling, touching, tasting, or hearing. It became a part of my environment like street noise. I lived with the

interference for many years, but in time, it interfered more and more, and caused powerful depression.

The Equation of Thought

The Equation of Thought occurs in the mind due to emotional trauma and represents a mathematical expression that can be graphed. Using the mind's eye and visualizing the graph exercises the mind, gets stagnant thoughts moving, and increases stability, strength, and confidence. Below, some of the preliminary ideas concerning the equation are described. In this book, under the heading, Types of Thoughts, several other thoughts that are included in the equation are listed.

Thinking 1-2 thought is to see yourself as separate from your thoughts. The thoughts of the medical examination weren't who I was. They became a part of me, but my sense of self, the ONE, was separate from them, the TWO. The recollection of the doctors putting wires on my head is 1-2 thought. My sense of self, the ONE, was separate from the traumatic thoughts, the TWO. The traumatic thoughts happened to me. I watched the thoughts like watching a football game, the wind blow, or anything else. The horrible experience wasn't me, it was just an experience fate put me in. Think of the worst thing that ever happened to you. The experience isn't you; it's just something that happened to you. It doesn't define you. Only your conscious decisions define you. Overcoming emotional trauma is big on personal responsibility. I began to improve when I decided I couldn't depend on anyone, not even God. I could only depend on the ability God gave me. No one will do for you what you need to do for yourself. Once traumatized, it's all about you and your thoughts. Society is a distraction.

The number ONE represents "I am," self-awareness--the bare- naked-self stripped of thoughts, feelings, senses, and memories. In relationship to emotional trauma, the TWO represents thoughts, feelings, memories, and senses frozen in the mind, the part of an experience that's stuck in the head. Concentrating upon 1-2 thought and visualizing the ONE with the TWO constructively exercises the mind and gets the stuck parts moving again, prompting memories and insights. 1-2 thought is the most important thought in the equation, the thought that all others are built upon, the thought worth fighting for! I love 1-2 thought because it saved me from a

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horrible life! You'll see in my journal that when I realized the importance of 1-2 thought I became very excited. I had a tool to fight the fire.

Thinking 1-2 thought is to live in the now and face the moment. Think of reading these words. Acknowledge yourself, and then acknowledge how you feel. Acknowledge that you see these words. Acknowledge where you are as you read these words. Acknowledge thoughts as you read these words. Remember reading other books. This is 1-2 thought. True, it isn't traumatic thought, but it is still 1-2 thought. It is healthy thought. You may laugh and say it's too simple, so what? Well, I'd respond, how complicated is it to put one step before the next? How hard is it to put one foot on the ground, and then the next? Simple, but what if you couldn't? It's nice to have your feet on the ground. It is simple to take a cup, fill it with water, and drink. What if you couldn't? Thinking 1-2 thought, for me, felt like drinking crystal clean water. How about breathing? For me, thinking 1-2 thought was like stepping out of a stagnant room, and breathing fresh air. In my journal I wrote:

"...Conscious life is a string of microscopically attached 'nows.' Whatever is bothering you, it once was in the present moment. That is a very powerful thing this moment has in common with then. You can cry and cry and cry, but if you don't face this moment, this most powerful of all 'nows,' you'll never solve your problem. You'll never solve the 'now,' then."

It's common for people to talk about living in the now. People say things like, "The power of now." Well, for me, I ask, which now? Is it the now of this moment or the now of fifteen years ago? Perhaps you'll laugh at my question, claiming that, of course, it's the now of this moment that they mean. Well, I'd like you to know that I overcame the emotional scars due in no small part to having a profound respect for the now of yesterday. I fought very hard to get to the now of yesterday. Another question is, "Why is it that anyone even mentions the importance of living in the now?" Well, I believe it's because people don't live in this moment, but are stuck in the now of the past! So the more important question, and one that will be answered in this book, is, "How to move from the now of the past to the now of this moment, and vice versa?"

The moment includes every traumatic experience of your life. The moment waits for acknowledgement, for without it, you'll never become

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whole, you'll never become all you could have become. It's through the moment that the vibrations of emotional trauma move through the mind. The vibrations of emotional trauma create the Equation of Thought, and 1-2 thought is part of the Equation. Self-awareness is the ONE. Feelings, thoughts, memories, and senses are the TWO. Visualizing the ONE with the TWO creates 1-2 thought and constructively exercises the mind!

In relationship to emotional trauma, 1-2 thought is pure, clear, and concise—the first cube in the building blocks of thought and the most important thought in the Equation. 1-4 thought is the second cube in the building blocks of thought. 1-4 thought is the vibration of emotional trauma influencing present moment thinking. Usually when this happens, we don't acknowledge the 1-4 thought because facing it causes pain or discomfort. It's easier to push it away and try to forget it. Unfortunately, it's easy to blame ourselves for the traumatic feelings because they linger and become a part of our self-image, **and we allow them to define who we are.** For me, I was ashamed of the traumatic thoughts and feelings and denied them for so long that I lost track of them:

Looking through the portholes to the world, the sky is blue, the sun is warm, and everything seems perfect. It's a beautiful, sunny day. But in the mind there is the echo, the street noise.

The lizard (traumatic thought) moves where it pleases.

You mistake the noise for something different. It's a cold stare from a friend, a missed opportunity, or a failed relationship, anything but the truth. This is 1-4 thought, the second cube in the building blocks of thought.

1-4 thought is two thoughts combined. (The number four represents two thoughts, perceptions, memories, observations, or senses falsely combined to appear as one.) The present moment is influenced by the inner noise (past thought), creating a new perspective, 1-4 thought.

1-4 thought breeds 1-4 thought, and accumulates like fungus on the walls. What is has changed. Warm seems cold, cold seems warm. A cold day comforts the mind.

This is depressing.

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Depression sits in the mind like an old, worn sofa in the middle of a freshly painted room. The sofa isn't easily removed. In order to remove the sofa, both past and present thoughts must be identified, and simultaneously concentrated upon. Doing so will dislodge the thoughts, and release the energy that created the 1-4 thought.

To destroy the echo, one must gaze into consciousness, and remember its origins, but victory means more than just remembering. This is an athletic event, a competitive struggle—you must confront yourself, and the reason the echo exists. This is questioning who you are, and who you want to be. All assumptions must be carefully examined. Does righteousness enslave your mind? Do you assume some thoughts are good, and some bad? Should some thoughts be avoided? Think carefully. It's possible to avoid a thought and not know it.

An assumption is like a person who moves into your house, taking it for granted that they have the right to tell you what to do, but sometimes what they say isn't nice, and can ruin your life. An assumption can get into your head and settle what you'll become for the rest of your life. But what right does an assumption have? An idea has only as much power given it! A thought is only important if we believe it. Never assume you aren't capable. Look at me! The thoughts were batting me down, but I stood up and questioned them. I didn't believe in the bad thoughts, I believed in myself. I overcame the powerful emotional scars because I questioned the assumption that I couldn't! NO ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT I COULD HAVE OVERCOME THE EMOTIONAL SCARS USING ONLY MY THOUGHTS AND IDEAS! Look at all the miserable people in society who think there's no hope! Maybe they need to stop and believe! So I say, strip away assumptions, remove the suppositions, and reveal the thoughts beneath conclusions, ideas, and beliefs. Know what you think and why! See the sky anew! Don't assume what the stars look like, stare up and examine! I believe that doing so saved my life!

Why do you believe in God? Have you never thought about why? Children often believe in God, and as an adult, forget why, or never knew why to begin with. Knowing why can free you to decide to believe. I think questioning why you believe, even if it means realizing you don't, is very important. Not

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knowing why there is a belief is like a virus taking up space in a computer—sooner or later, the inefficiency will harm you.

A thought isn't like a piece of furniture. You can't decide it's ugly and remove it. But to avoid a thought, you must think it. Yes, think it! Sure, it's on your mind, but unwillingly. Willingly include the thought in your mind. Decide to think it. Go ahead, step aside and make room. The trauma depends on resistance to survive, so when it's embraced, it loses power. To avoid a thought is to draw it closer, and make sure it never leaves. Freedom from a thought is to hold it, judge it on merit, and decide its value. For example, I overcame the terror of the hospital by telling myself to shut up and let me feel the pain. There was nothing morally wrong with feeling the pain. The pain was my thoughts, and my thoughts didn't need moral scrutiny. My thoughts were home inside, and didn't have to prove anything. I needed to overcome the moral assumption that my thoughts were bad to leave the room. I needed to remove the needless ingredient from the old recipe, and destroy the virus—I needed to examine the inner sky, and criticize what I took for granted.

To love God is to judge the thought on merit, and willingly decide to love. God doesn't want to be worshipped because of guilt, shame, vanity, or ignorance. God doesn't want to be worshipped like the false idol in the story of Moses. If you're ambivalent about how you feel about God, it's best to admit the feeling. Thoughts and feelings must be free to explore, for if not, the devotion is counterfeit, and prevents communion with God.

Looking at consciousness is like gazing up to the stars. The vista is so massive, it's intimidating, but slowly, the truth reveals itself and insights appear like shooting stars. Overcoming emotional trauma is time-consuming work, but very rewarding. It'll return everything you invest and more. The more you look, the more you'll see, and luckily, the sky is always in you:

You're always looking out the portholes. Wherever you go, the memory follows. Being stuck with the noise is what will help you overcome: you can't leave the room. You must face your face; the emotions show up wherever your legs take you. The faster you walk, the quicker they follow; whomever you're with, the feelings pop-up. There's no chair to sit in and escape. All exits lead to the sky inside your mind.

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The inability to escape the bad feelings is horrible, but on the bright side, the more noise something makes, the easier it is to identify the source. If something is a mild irritant, it's easy to overlook, but if it's really loud, you can follow the sound and confront it! There is a silver lining. I believe that if I wasn't miserable because of the horrible feelings at the age of seventeen, I may not have been motivated to overcome them. I was fortunate because at a different age, later in life, the task may have been more difficult.

The first time 1-4 thought was seen in my mind as two separate thoughts was in July of 1976. I was looking at an image of insecurity and compared it to the feelings of infatuation I felt for a classmate. The thought of her brought to mind the image of insecurity, which I found tormenting. I compared the image to the feelings of infatuation, and showed myself that they weren't the same thing and pointed out the differences. The image stopped popping up when I thought of her! I felt freed! It was a great epiphany! A habitual thought pattern had changed, and I proved that the emotions could be defeated with ideas. I had experienced pure, clear, and concise thought! Everything changed, my world expanded, and I felt emboldened and in control. I looked at myself anew, and questioned senses, beliefs, memories, and conclusions. The vista seemed closer, like I could embrace the stars!

The July 1976 journal entry...

July 11, 1976

It appears that without a picture in front of my mind of what I'm doing, my mind is a scatterbrain.

It appears that I'm now over Christine, because four or five days ago, I suffered a severe depression over her. During this state, I thought the correct base thoughts, and nullified the depression. It was gone! It hasn't come back in any amount to worry about. Christine feelings were in front of my mind. I also felt insecure. I compared the two feelings. One was obviously from Christine; the other was obvious insecurity. I pointed out the differences in the feelings. I acknowledged both feelings simultaneously. The Christine feelings separated from

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the insecurity feelings! Christine doesn't follow the insecurity feelings anymore, and I no longer think about her all the time!

This was a very important moment for me. For the first time, I improved; a new door was opened—I proved I could overcome the emotional scars with my thoughts.

One depressing aspect of this whole thing is that I'm still insecure. I'm highly insecure. Deeply insecure. So insecure that the pain returns. Maybe not as before, because I'm over Christine, but the pain is still there. It's possible I'll grow out of it, and I hope I do. Maybe if the right things happen to me. I've got to find some way of strengthening myself. But the problem is, it's me! The pain is me.

Thoughts were alienated from feelings, feelings from thoughts, and thoughts from thoughts. You'll see that in my journal; but every time I brought one part together with the next, it was one of the most special, wonderful experiences of my life. The echo contained different parts of me—separate things, like stars and planets:

You then turn to the echo. It isn't just 1-4 thought; no, it's compressed thought. It's thought piled onto thought. This thought has accumulated like dirt on grimy walls. There are years and years of grime. This is much more than 1-4 thought. But it's the same principle—thoughts confused, on and on and on as far as you can gaze into the universe. It is a daunting sight. It seems unfathomable—no one could travel so far.

1-4
THOUGHT

IF A THOUGHT HAS BEEN BOTHERING YOU FOR A LONG TIME, IT CAN BECOME DANGEROUS. IT GATHERS DIRT AND GRIME. IT BECOMES MORE POWERFUL AND DESTRUCTIVE. AT FIRST IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY ONE THOUGHT, BUT AFTER FURTHER EXAMINATION, YOU'LL FIND THAT IT'S MANY.

The years of denying the medical exam sat painfully in my mind. I could feel the pain, if, in my mind's eye I looked toward, or anywhere near it. By admitting to myself that the feelings were present, I inched closer to the truth, and improved, but seeing the traumatic emotions didn't remove them:

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A Look into the mirror causes pain... But a look away gets you through the day. Unfortunately, life doesn't provide the choice to feel or not to feel. The choice to seek peace of mind was like the choice water makes travelling downhill, but for me, it cascaded into a dark pit (traumatic thought, like water, without reason, falls to the lowest point). I wondered how long the pain had been anchored like a knife? How long had it been ignored? There was no obvious answer; only the choice to stare into the mirror or pretend the feelings didn't exist...so the pain sat with me, like a companion sharing a park bench.

Once experiencing 1-2 thought, I wanted more. It's like taking a vacation and experiencing fresh air, or feeling what it's like to walk around without ten-pound weights strapped around the ankles. The idea that someday I could experience life without the torment was exciting and the July 1976 experience of the ONE acknowledging the TWO proved it. The emotional trauma never left my mind and habitually influenced my thoughts, but hidden in my thoughts was the ONE and the TWO. I knew it was so, but seeing the 1-2 thought in relationship to the 1-4 thought was like tediously untangling a ball of yarn. The more I experienced 1-2 thought, the more eager for it I became, but it was elusive:

The moment the 1-2 thought was separated from the 1-4 thought, the room inside my mind moved closer to the truth. But the truth is like a squirrel darting in front of me, forever avoiding my grasp. The truth is close, but always far. The truth owns a poker face and doesn't show its hand. And there is more. There are feelings entering and exiting the mind, like smoke covering my eyes. The feelings are soothing and more desirable than the lava, for although a dull ache, they're an escape from the agony.

At the age of seventeen, I had forgotten the hospital and the medical examination; therefore, the cause of the pain. You'll see in the journal that I sought to confront the pain. I thought about failed relationships, problems with parents, brothers, and bad experiences. Nothing grabbed. Nothing made sense. I thought it must be something deep into the past, far, far away—an experience long forgotten, but screaming to be told. That's why I wrote the following:

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There is no escaping the room. The feelings will scream whether denied or embraced, acknowledged or shunned. The question is, how to embrace something unknown? How to kiss lips long forgotten—hug someone who is no longer there? Trembling in frustration, desiring to be free, I stood below the stars, and felt the awesome power of the universe. This was the battle of the minds!

Below, I describe the mindset that allowed me to overcome Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder:

The first idea to consider is your approach to the problem. One can look at an elephant and see many different things. You can see crevices and dry terrain, a snake, or an elephant, all depending upon where you are: too close, at an angle, or at a distance. Additionally, you can be hanging on a cliff in an isolated area of Mount Everest and approach the issue with paralyzing fear, or relish a great challenge. I viewed overcoming my problems in a constructive way. I viewed overcoming my problems as a challenge from God. You can too. You must accept the challenge. I was called to overcome Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. The duel is a type of athletic event, a competition, a sport. The challenge is similar to skiing, boxing, mountain climbing, or a chess match. In all contests, you have an opponent, yourself, and the victor is the one that overcomes the other.

The winner over Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder is the one who overcomes both the inner world, with thoughts and feelings, and the outer world, with people. In both worlds, stimuli, influences, are touching the senses, and entering the conscious mind. Visualize both worlds. Visualizing them is very important because both worlds are a powerful influence, and capable of ruining a life. You must respect both worlds. Respecting both worlds is your ticket to enter the playing field.

Think carefully about people because personal relationships are like a window into the mind. Relationships are formed for a reason. If everyone seems against you, maybe you are against yourself. Remember, time doesn't heal emotional wounds, but the assumption that it does will leave you standing in a crowded room and feeling alone. People will say it happened a long time ago, so get over it. After all, they feel okay, shouldn't you? You're left alone like a person sunk at the bottom of the sea, unable to share the

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sights, feelings, and thoughts. Only you know how you feel, and you must respect that. You must stake your claim in your ocean, and proclaim it as a part of your life, regardless that no one else can see it.

It's easy to become angry because what happens with your thoughts gets confused with what is happening in the world. People don't understand and think you're weird. They seldom help because they've got their own problems and can't help themselves. Do you think people should be sympathetic just because you've been traumatized? They too have been traumatized. Often the traumatized are the least understanding because they're alienated from feelings and so can't recognize yours. Often their smile is a façade, and they lash out at you because you remind them of themselves. It's frustrating, but forgive them. It isn't their fault. Forgiving is practice for forgiving yourself; forgiving is important to end the anger. The moment I forgave myself for what I felt and thought was one of the most important moments in my life. Remember:

"For if you forgive men their offenses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you your offenses. But if you do not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you your offenses." Mathew 6:14-15

Whether or not you know why the feelings are present, acknowledge them. I started out not knowing why I had the feelings, and later, discovered why. If you already know what caused the feelings, consider that an advantage. Each time a feeling is acknowledged, and you recall the cause, or possible causes, more emotions will appear. This happened to me over and over and over, and I kept fighting. The enemy, the powerful experience that created the emotions, is hiding behind memories and thoughts. It may become frustrating, but be strong. Have faith in God. There is an end. Get ready for an onslaught of feelings, but don't worry, in the end, you'll win. This is a sport. In this sport, like in other sports, the best way to avoid injury is to stop worrying about getting hurt.

Ask God for assistance. Ask Christ for help: *"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. For everyone who asks, receives; and he who seeks, finds; and to him who knocks, it shall be opened..." Mathew 7:7-8*

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Skiing down a steep hill is both exhilarating and frightening. Concentrating on the snow directly in front and overcoming each obstacle cuts down the degree of fear, and makes the slope seem less steep. Instead of one huge obstacle, you have several small, more easily manageable obstacles. In this same way, you must approach Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder in steps. Each moment is a challenge and there will be many small victories. You won't beat it in a day. Don't expect to. It will be like walking down a flight of stairs, one step at a time. Twenty times you'll step down on a flight of stairs, not just once. Slowly, you'll discover yourself.

Viewing the obstacle in a constructive way, accepting the challenge, and acknowledging the feelings is the mind set which allows you to proceed. You are now like a boxer stepping out into the ring, the skier standing at the ridge, or a chess champ sitting at the table. It will take perseverance, tenacity, and all the strength you can muster. One promise of the mind is that you will have the strength to overcome anything inside it. You'll come to realize this, but I tell you beforehand, you've already beaten your opponent. Never forget.

In the CD, "YANNI LIVE AT THE ACROPOLIS," Yanni says that if one person thinks a great thought, we all can think it, because we are all the same. I think this book has great thoughts because these thoughts saved my life. Below, I discuss further the mindset that allowed me to overcome the emotional scars:

1. View the illness in a constructive way. Remember the snake, crevices and dry terrain, and the elephant. Step back, gather your thoughts, and see the problem in your mind's eye in as many ways as possible. Choose the most advantages way of looking at it. Below is a poem I wrote:

Who is there in my darkened corner?
Is it my lover?
Who else could it be?
For who else could bring me so low?

Who is there in my highest palace?
Is it my lover?
Who else could it be?

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For who else could bring me so high?

What else could make me feel so low, yet make me feel so high? For in my lowness I'm seeking solace from my lack of highness. My lack of my loved one.

The trauma creates bad feelings, but it also produces good feelings. Without the bad feelings, how can you appreciate the good feelings? Without the bad feelings, there may not be the good feelings. Take the good with the bad. I saw emotional trauma as an opportunity. It was an opportunity to experience something I couldn't have by any other way. I saw the moon, and thought it was worth reaching for. It was a challenge.

2. Accept the Challenge. Once viewing the problem constructively, you must accept the challenge. Without accepting the challenge, there is no chance of overcoming emotional trauma. You can see a hill and decide it's too difficult to walk up. If that's your attitude, you'll never climb it.

3. Acknowledge feelings. Acknowledge as many feelings as possible even if you don't know why they exist. Subsequently, when a feeling returns, identify it. In your mind, point it out, and say, "This was the same one as yesterday!" Or, "This is the same one as last week!" Remember as many times you've felt it as possible: "I remember it then, and then, and then and then." The more times the better. The feeling doesn't have to involve depression. It could be any feeling, such as self-doubt, or a feeling of sadness or happiness. Any feeling needs to be acknowledged. When it returns, it needs to be identified. It becomes a sport, and you're the competition. Remember, identify, identify, identify. Be diligent. Don't let a feeling pass you by! Like any sport, if you don't take it seriously, you won't be good at it.

We can't always control what life tosses at us, but we can control how to react to it. Whether it's a problem with an acquaintance, personal relationship, or depression, we can choose to hold are heads up, or hold

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them down, based upon a decision to push forward or become a victim. It's easy to be depressed about famines, earthquakes, the weather, wars, and the like, as if they have something to do with what pops up in the head. Or, it's easy to become distracted by petty, minor things. Either way, as stated above, depending upon the angle, one can see a snake, crevices and dry terrain, or an elephant. Although the mind is promoting depression, we can step back and look from a different angle. We can accept the challenge and acknowledge it, and admit that the sound is coming from inside.

People will smugly proclaim that science says I'm wrong. They'll say that the depressed should be spoken to with kindness and compassion and not told to decide to feel better. Well, sorry. Decide to feel better. Read this book and you'll see that you should decide to feel better, and you can. Expect more and you'll claim a better future. Be the student that requests more lessons, not less, because you know you can achieve great things. Don't be talked down to like a school child given less work.

When a problem is acknowledged it's seen differently. Emotions are often seen the same way for years because they aren't carefully looked at. Acknowledging the feelings changes the mental images, and therefore, the inner relationships. Acknowledging a traumatic emotion allows it to become familiar and less intimidating. You'll get to know it and even expect it. You'll learn under which situations the emotion pops up, and be prepared. Acknowledging the emotions may be the one thing needed to gain power over them. Additionally, if emotions aren't acknowledged, chances are, other problems aren't either, like those involving personal relationships. That's why it's important to practice the acknowledgement of problems in both the inner and the outer worlds.

Once acknowledging emotions, the slow and steady step toward yourself begins...In my journal you'll see how I sought to acknowledge emotions, and this was an initial step to recovery.



he Lava and the Smoke

The lava and the smoke were two awful demons that followed wherever I went. They were apart from me, yet me. Sometimes they'd roar with intensity, occasionally with a whimper, but always they threatened to flare-

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up, change my mood, and wreak havoc. I feared them, but in time, concluded that I had to face them before they destroyed my life. Before I overcame them, I questioned why they existed. I examined them and searched for answers. I reasoned that they were my thoughts; therefore, my thoughts could overcome them. That's why I wrote the following:

Are the lava and the smoke a symptom or a disease? Are they because of a problem, or the problem itself? Is there a physical entity that causes this pain? Should I get a knife and cut them out of my head? The smoke rolls about from one part of the head to another, sits on the forehead, and covers the eyes. The lava capriciously pops into the mind.

This is a battle of thoughts! If thoughts create them, ideas can overcome them. Delusion isn't a friend, and truth isn't the enemy. A feeling shouldn't be judged based upon how good it feels, rather, how genuine. Sometimes a bad feeling is good. Sometimes a sad feeling, confronted, feels good. The lava and the smoke! What caused them? Sitting on top of this pile of dung, I don't know, but continue the search, like an astronomer scanning the stars...

There was a relationship between the lava and the smoke. They were created due to emotional pain. From the emotional injury, the lava, came the reaction to the pain, the smoke. The emotional injury was an unwelcome visitor, sharing my mind, requesting polite respect, accommodation, and service. It asked the question, "Will you offer me something?" It expected to be treated like a special person, a favorite visitor, or a best friend. It sat meekly, waiting for my response. The disappointment that it had arrived, the smoke, lingered for as long as the lava wasn't treated as a respected, honored, and worthwhile part of me. Until I accepted the lava, the injury, the smoke lingered like a cloud over my life. I had to accept my thoughts. I had to think the unthinkable. That which I denied had to be treated with love.

If you've been emotionally traumatized, sit down with your visitor. Talk with your visitor. Give the visitor everything it wants. You'll find that the visitor isn't so bad, and everything it requests is what you've been longing to give. In time, you'll realize the pain isn't the visitor's fault, and invite the visitor to stay; you'll realize the difference between a bad experience and the reaction to it; you'll distinguish the difference between the cut and the cause. It's okay to feel bad. Hate the experience, not yourself. The visitor will become one of the most loved, important parts of your life.

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“...My thoughts were home inside. I could think anything and it was worthwhile—God doesn’t make junk thoughts. Previously shunned thoughts were gathered around the altar, like children during a Sunday Mass, and told they were valued and loved. I loved these thoughts more than any thought in my mind.” Excerpt from chapter five.



he Lizard

The lizard is a common demon that I believe lives inside almost everyone to one extent or the other. It found a home inside me because I made moral judgments and righteously placed blame for my thoughts and feelings.

The lizard was born in me at the age of two, and by the time I was seventeen, it had grown large and dominated everything important to me, threatening to ruin my life. The Lizard was me, me at a different time of my life, but me none-the-less. The most important feeling was the lizard because it encapsulated who I was, and therefore, who I am. I suspect that most people can identify certain aspects of the lizard inside themselves.

Born of self-rejection and hatred, the lizard was powerful thoughts of insecurity and inadequacy. The lizard avoided the lava and the smoke. To the lizard, not all my thoughts and feelings were welcome—some were vile and repugnant—to be shunned, pushed aside and forgotten—they belonged to the dark, bad side of me. They weren’t socially acceptable and shouldn’t be discussed. They were an ugly secret. The lizard rejected the truth, thinking that denial would create reality. It built walls, created a façade, sacrificed, and lied. It smugly and arrogantly thought it could pull off the perfect denial, and get away with it.

The lizard was paradoxical. It blamed the self, but denied the self. It deflected criticism and responsibility, but righteously assigned guilt. It was resolved to win, but was willing to lose everything. It loved, but hated. It was timid, but angry. The lizard was a crying child, managing what it could, forsaking what it couldn’t, and justifying why black was white. Looking at the lizard at the age of seventeen, struggling with the puzzle, was like looking through a fragmented prism, and seeing parts of myself scattered throughout time and space. I put the parts, screaming and crying, back together, but they habitually avoided me, fleeing from my thoughts and feelings.

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Whenever there is self-hatred, emotional pain, fear, insecurity, and self-doubt, the lizard can grow, gain strength, and thrive. The lizard matures with the warm rays of denial, and in time, its lies appear justified; in time, the lizard pushes aside reality, and thrives in the mind like a misplaced reptile bathing in the heat of the frozen tundra; it's never happy and never belongs, but feels satisfied; in time, wrong seems right, and right seems wrong; in time, its hateful and angry thoughts dominate the mind.

THE LIZARD IS HATING
YOURSELF FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOU. THE LIZARD IS BLAMING
YOURSELF FOR WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU. THE LIZARD IS
BLAMING YOURSELF FOR THE WAY
YOU THINK OR FEEL.

In the world, the lizard is self-righteous. To the lizard, its *truth* is truth. Its *God* is God. To believe differently is to be sentenced to hell. Vengeance flows through its veins. It doesn't seek compassion, but justice. It speaks of love but acts with hatred. It speaks of inclusion but is obsessed with differences. It quotes scripture, but only its scripture, and ignores the rest. It sees the truth, but only the part that serves a predetermined, self-serving end.

THE LIZARD IS SELF HATRED TURNED OUTWARD.

For me, the lizard began in one moment, almost invisibly, with a simple lie and childish thinking. It wasn't caused by something complex, but something simple; so juvenile, it was the thoughts of a two-year-old. Unfortunately, with every year, the hatred grew, and the lies became more profound. In time, the lizard began to consume everything, and I became obsessed with it. You'll see in my journal that if I didn't overcome the lizard, it would have destroyed my life.



He Blame for Thoughts

It's easy to blame yourself for your thoughts, because, after all, they're your thoughts. I often felt the way described below:

A good person wouldn't have the evil thoughts. Something has been done to bring the evil into the room. No one else can enter here, so the fault is the one who is. Other people don't experience the lava and smoke. Their lives are free. They associate with ease. It's better to conceal the lava and smoke—this is a dirty secret. It's better they never know. Why tell anyone of the evil within? Why let anyone know? Why degrade yourself? It's hard enough to make a friend.

I blamed myself for my thoughts, and didn't trust myself to think the right thoughts. I didn't respect my thoughts, and feared that at any moment, I

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could be thinking something bad. The inward alienation created feelings of distrust toward other people:

This is like being in a fish tank looking out to the world. Notice the way people live, laugh, and associate—they seem so foreign. Your reality isn't a part of theirs. They can't imagine what's happening inside you.

A thought can't be taken back. Once you think you've been abandoned, you can't take away the feelings, even if it was untrue. You can't change a thought any more than what happened two seconds ago. If you're two years old, and thinking wrong things, who can save you? Who can ever know you're in trouble? No one may even notice until years later, and at that point, they're grabbing at shadows. They'll justify your behavior with ideas of chemical imbalances, or fancy sounding diseases. The only thing helped is the observer's ego; but you're still in trouble, with no help in sight. In fact, you may be in more trouble, because then they fill you with justifications, and worse yet, drugs. But luckily, I didn't tell anyone I was in trouble. They couldn't harm me. I'm not saying people shouldn't take their medication. I know nothing about drugs, but I do know about thoughts. I had to deal with my thoughts to solve my problem.

It's difficult to know when to laugh, when to smile, when to speak, and what to say. What are they thinking? Your words fall on distrustful, self-serving ears—you speak your piece, but your piece isn't a part of the whole.

I felt alienated, but believed in perseverance, the strength in knowing I had myself, and would never give up. As long as I believed in myself and didn't give up, there was hope. I was incapable of admitting to people what was happening, but was able to slowly reveal the thoughts and feelings to myself. Once I began to make advances against the thoughts and feelings, I was encouraged and wanted more. I saw 1-4 thought as something that could be defeated and would be defeated—it was only a matter of time. In addition to feeling alienated from people, I felt separated from God. The inward alienation was taking over every facet of my life:

If there was a God, there wouldn't be this evil. God isn't in the room. God either doesn't exist or has left. No one can help. No one.

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Although I felt like God had abandoned me, I sensed that he actually hadn't. It was just that I had to do certain things for myself that only I could. Only I could change the way I thought and reacted to my thoughts. My thoughts were my responsibility. I had to decide to change, because only I could. God wouldn't decide for me. God wouldn't do for me what I had to do for myself. God gave me the ability to think, and I had to use it. I had to stop waiting for God to save me, and save myself. There's only a certain amount that God will do for you.

I realized that I shouldn't deny having a thought any more than lie about having a physical possession. Thoughts are possessions, too. Although I wasn't honest with people concerning my inner problems, I could be honest with myself. **I only needed to be honest with myself.** The problem was inside, and only those inside needed to know. Only Christ needed to know. Only God needed to know. I acknowledged the most painful and undesirable thoughts inside me. Only then could I please God and make constructive changes. Remember John 8:32 *"...and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."*

I didn't have faith that God would think for me. I gave up on that. Thinking was my job; however, I had faith that Christ would help me think. I had faith that Christ would provide the strength so that I could think. With God's help, I was able to think. With God's help, you can think, too. No matter the emotional obstacle, God can help you react differently to your thoughts. I created a mental image of Christ helping me think. I saw it in my mind's eye, and stared at it. This helped me change the way I reacted to my thoughts. If you're depressed, Christ can help you think constructively, and the way you react to the depression will change. If you suffer from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, Christ can help you overcome it. If you're confronted with 1-4 thought, Christ can help you understand it. If you have a mental disorder, create a mental image of Christ helping you, and he will. Read my journal and you'll see that it's possible. Remember, *"I can do all things in him who strengthens me."* *Philippians 4:13*

CHRIST CAN HELP YOU THINK.

What happened inside my mind was between God and me. I didn't need other people to solve my problems—sure, maybe, if the right person came along and knew everything to say, they could have helped—but for me, it wasn't in the cards; and besides, my problems seemed too embarrassing to discuss. No one will like you for having a mental problem. No one will say, "What a fun person, he's depressed." Or, "What an interesting person, he has powerful mood swings."

People feel uncomfortable around those with emotional problems. People avoid you like someone who needs to bathe, and you wonder why the conversation is cut short as they walk away. Society shuns the feelings in the same way the individual shuns himself. Fortunately, I didn't need to talk about my problems. I needed to think about my problems. I needed to open up to myself and allow my thoughts to reveal what was happening inside me. With Christ's help, I was able to do this.

As stated previously, I blamed myself for my thoughts. It was okay to blame myself because they were my thoughts; but, with Christ's help, I learned to accept the blame. I learned to love my enemy. I learned to stop shunning myself for my thoughts. I realized that guilt for thoughts is counterproductive. If a thought is deemed unacceptable, think it even more and it'll lose its power. Don't be fooled into thinking that condemning a thought will make it go away. Remember Christ's great words: *"But I say to you, love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who persecute and calumniate you."* Mathew 6:44

Remember the golden rule and apply it inside your mind: *"Therefore all that you wish men to do to you, even so do you also to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets."* Mathew 7:12 Treat yourself the way you want others to treat you. Treat yourself with respect, caring, and love. Be kind. Don't be vengeful. Listen, and take seriously what you hear.

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The Bible teaches that Christ cured illnesses: *“Now when it was evening, they brought to him many who were possessed, and he cast out the spirits with a word, and cured all who were sick...” Mathew 8:16* Christ can help you just like he helped me. A word was used to cast out the spirits. A word represents a thought. With the help of Christ, thoughts can be used to change dangerous thought patterns that ruin lives!

Previously, I mentioned The Equation of Thought. I was able to visualize the equation because I accepted the blame for my thoughts. This allowed me to succeed against the dangerous thought patterns that created the lava, smoke, and lizard. Christ helped me to visualize the equation.

“...And great crowds came to him, bringing with them the dumb, the blind, the lame, and the maimed, and many others; and they set them down at his feet, and he cured them; so that the crowds marveled to see the dumb speak, the lame walk, and the blind see...” Mathew 15:29-31

Read my journal and I believe you’ll marvel at the way Christ helped me think. You’ll marvel at my thoughts, and realize that Christ can help you, too.



he Blame for Feelings

The following is part of a poem I earlier shared about feelings:

What dam within can stop this feeling
within? What strength within can make
me feel no more? I don’t know. I wish there
was a strength. But it seems if there is, it
never shows. Never helps. Never gives.

The river flows—this retched thing of my
pitiful self. This power I cannot control, this
feeling that is mine—my love for those who
don’t love me. My care for those who don’t care for me.

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How can you stop a feeling? I overcame the emotional scars because I realized a feeling wasn't the genesis. A thought creates the feeling. To destroy the feeling, confront what creates it, confront the thought. Confronting the thought allows the feeling to dissipate, and provides opportunity for decision: Decide to think the thought that creates the feeling, or, decide not to. I can remember and feel the terror of when I was two years old, identify the thoughts that created the terror, and decide to think them, or decide not to. I create thought, my body doesn't; I create feelings, not chemical imbalances. On February 3, 1976, at the age of seventeen, I wrote and thought something I'll always thank God for allowing me to think, because this thought saved my life. Without this thought, I'd have nothing:

“Emotions come from thoughts—that means I can defeat them. The emotions are my thoughts. I'll have to grow stronger and not think the way I do. If I can change my thinking, I can change my thoughts, and therefore, my emotions.”

Reduce the feeling to thought. To locate the thought behind the feeling is to grab the steering wheel, and take control. The term chemical imbalance is a slogan for defeatism—it's like saying alcoholism is a disease, therefore, legitimizing weak behavior. When alcoholism is referred to as a disease, no one's at fault, no one's responsible, no one's to blame. Everything is okay because it's comfortable. But believing in a chemical imbalance won't solve the problem, nor, free the soul.

To have denied responsibility for thoughts, regardless of the highs and lows, and how the torment behaved, would have meant slavery, or worse. The emotions I suffered from behaved like chemicals, looked like chemicals, and felt like chemicals—they seemed like physical matter—but it was illusionary, and nonetheless, they were thoughts. That which quacks like a duck, walks like a duck, and looks like a duck, isn't always a duck. In my journal, I wrote: “...To have abdicated responsibility for the emotions in an esoteric explanation of what creates thought, would have meant failure. I create thought. My body does not...”

Good Feelings

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I went through highs and lows. I'd think I had my enemy defeated and was a success. I'd think I was almost there, only to realize my thoughts deceived me. That's why I wrote:

There are moments of joy that give days of exhilaration and satisfaction. Yes, the lava is here because of a disappointing relationship; it's all been solved, the problem is over! Joy! Everything seems wonderful!

After a few days, the lizard is back on the windowsill of the room, smirking and chuckling, the lava and the smoke right behind. It gets very, very depressing, as if the lizard is saying, "Ha, ha, you thought you got away!" You are thrown like an animal back into the room. The lava burns, and smoke covers the eyes. Everything is lost, and nothing makes sense. After a few days, maybe, you'll begin to feel better.

When I was fighting the mental obstacle, I'd often feel very good. Sometimes days would go by when my spirits were up. In time, I began to distrust good feelings. A feeling was a feeling, therefore, deceptive and potentially harmful. A feeling was the enemy whether it appeared as friend or foe, for counting on a feeling lead to depression. I learned to despise good feelings more than I hated bad feelings. It was better to willingly suffer than unwillingly feel elation. Hanging out with a bad friend was worse than no friend at all. Why take the sugar if you're only being deceived? By questioning good feelings, I was confronting lies and opening doors. Sometimes feeling good is counterproductive. That's why to find the truth, I'd often look for the opposite of what I previously looked for. Instead of seeking what felt pleasurable, I'd seek what felt uncomfortable. That's why I wrote:

But every defeat brought opportunity. Every defeat taught a lesson about the enemy. Every defeat opened a door to the truth, and taught me about myself. To be victorious, I paraded fear and pain about the room in unparalleled bravado. I welcomed the smoke. I greeted the lava. I invited the lizard to come and play in the room! I looked for the feelings and thoughts previously avoided. If a thought was painful, I looked for it. If a thought was scary, I thought about it. I reversed the thinking process. I shouted inside my mind, "Instead of hiding, seek; instead of seeking, hide!" It became a puzzle, a game!

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There are always different ways of looking at something, but there are only so many ways of looking at a thought or feeling in relationship to emotional trauma. If traumatized, it's as if a part of you freezes at a moment in time, and everything else is viewed in relationship to the trauma. In this case, there is a finite amount of thought in the mind. The most important is 1-2 thought, or base thought. This is the exact thought you are thinking this moment, or any moment. The second most important is 1-4 thought. This is base thought influenced by thought. Thoughts influencing base thought can be 1-2, 1-4, 1-8, 1-16, 1-32, or 1-64 thought. Childhood emotional trauma is like riding a bike past a mountain. If you are traumatized at the age of two, at the age of five, you don't forget, but look at the mountain differently. The mountain is in the distance; you see the trauma from a different angle. This different, distant view of the mountain is 1-4 thought. During different stages of life, you view the mountain differently. At age eight, the mountain is farther away than at age five. This creates 1-8 thought. Age eleven brings on a different view; this is 1-16 thought. Age fourteen brings on 1-32 thought. At the age of seventeen, you've completely forgotten the mountain; it's unseen, but as real as stone. This is 1-64 thought. It's like whispering a secret to a friend, who whispers it to another, and the other whispers it to another, and so on, six times. The last friend understands the sky is falling, but the first friend whispered that the sky was blue. Only in this case, the first friend whispered something awful, and the situation gets uglier. Anytime a feeling influences thought, the individual is experiencing 1-4 thought. The feeling could be from an original experience, therefore, 1-2 thought, or it could be a feeling from a different view of the mountain, thus, 1-4, 1-8, 1-16, 1-32, or 1-64 thought. Each stage of life, approximately every three years during childhood and young adulthood, brings on a different view of the mountain, and experiences the mountain uniquely, doubling the emotions, because as

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the new view emerges, the old is retained. It's as if the thoughts are reproduced liked molecules in a Petri dish. Therefore, the second number changes from 2 to 4, 4 to 8, 8 to 16, 16 to 32, and 32 to 64. This can be graphed, and represents the mathematical expression called The Equation of Thought. 1-64 thought is extremely dangerous. Senses and feelings from the original experience pop in and out of consciousness, causing confusion and disorientation. The person may hallucinate.

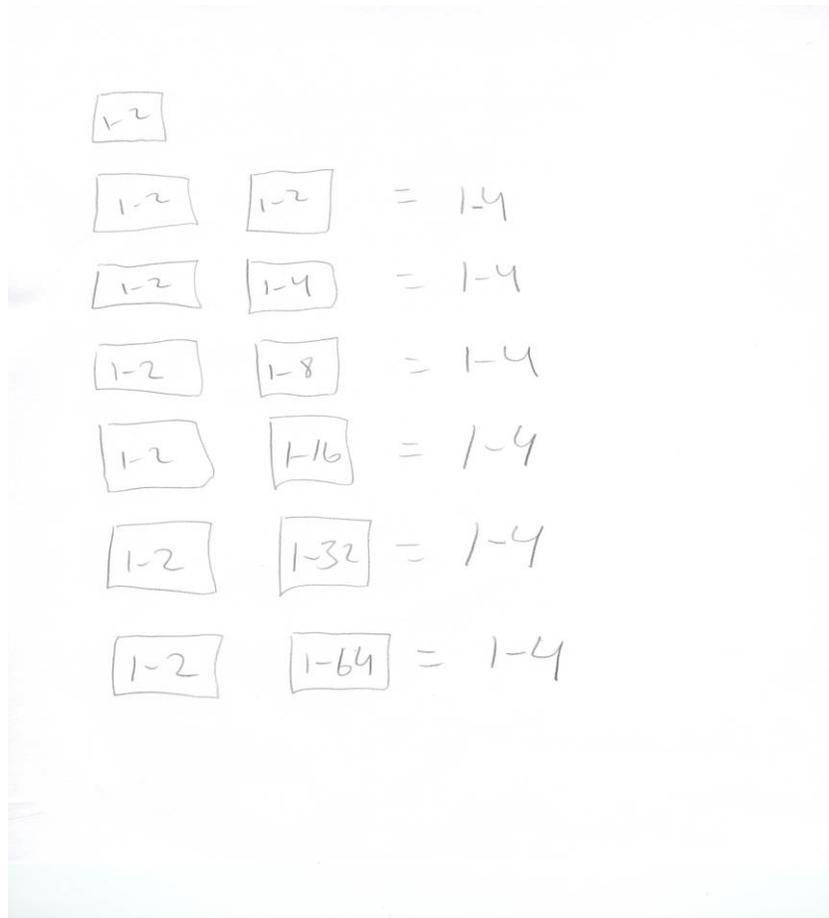


The relationship between trauma and thought is very important. Seeing how common thoughts react to feelings of trauma is to view the second most important thought, 1-4 thought. Each thought that reacts to the trauma is 1-4 thought. By identifying the 1-4 thought, and concentrating upon 1-2 thought, the individual begins the road to recovery. As an adolescent, I searched for 1-4 thought throughout my life. I searched for 1-4 thought from the age of two, through adolescence. When 1-4 thought was located, I concentrated upon 1-2 thought. As I located the 1-4 thought and concentrated upon 1-2 thought, energy was released, and more 1-2 thought was created. This made me healthier.

You'll see in my journal that when a feeling was present, the type of 1-4 thought was identified. It could have been 1-2, 1-4, 1-8, 1-16, 1-32 or 1-64 thought. As I identified the type of 1-4 thought, and concentrated upon 1-2 thought, the feelings were shaved away, until, I got to the essence, the vivid memory of the trauma.

Remember, the relationship between any two thoughts is 1-4 thought. A feeling influencing thought creates 1-4 thought. The following diagram is a depiction of the first cube in the building blocks of thought, 1-2 thought, confronted with different forms of thought, creating 1-4 thought. The second column of thoughts, with the different numbered blocks, represents different feelings or thoughts. As an adolescent, I searched for 1-4 thought, identified what kind, and overcame it.

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As an adolescent, I saw the above diagram in my mind. I acknowledged feelings and identified from which part of my past they originated. Once doing this, I concentrated upon thoughts in the now and 1-2 thought, and looked at the emotions. This brought to mind additional 1-2 thought, and allowed me to overcome the feelings. Concentrating upon 1-2 thought changed the way I reacted to the traumatic emotions and allowed me to permanently improve. You too can make permanent changes in your thinking by concentrating upon 1-2 thought. Try it, you'll like it. Just acknowledge yourself, the ONE, and your feelings, the TWO.

This can be related to relationships in the world because prejudice is similar to Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder and 1-4 thought in that a single idea or image is fixed in the mind and appears immovable. It's possible to overcome the erroneous thinking, just like I overcame Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, by examining the thoughts, thinking of other times they

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were thought, and confronting them. As stated above, "...Anytime a feeling influences thought, the individual is experiencing 1-4 thought. The feeling could be from an original experience, therefore, 1-2 thought, or it could be a feeling from a different view of the mountain, thus, 1-4, 1-8, 1-16, 1-32, or 1-64 thought." Freeing yourself from habitual thinking comes by concentrating upon 1-2 thought and looking at and confronting the related experience and experiences that caused it. And by the way, that's how I overcame the emotional scars!



Thought is like soil. Present moment thought, 1-2 thought, is like topsoil. The sedimentary layer below the 1-2 thought is 1-4 thought. The layer below 1-4 thought is 1-8 thought. The layer below 1-8 thought is 1-16 thought, and below 1-16 thought is 1-32 thought, and below 1-32 thought is 1-64 thought. It's possible to dig, as if with a shovel, down into the layers of thought. This was done with feelings, as explained above in the descriptions of 1-4 thought, and controlled anger. Feelings were removed to get closer and closer to the thought beneath them. Finally, after removing layer upon layer of thought, I came to the age of two, and the vivid memory of the trauma.

When topsoil is removed, the layer below becomes the base thought, the 1-2 thought. As stated above, "The controlled anger removed the stuck, unfelt feelings associated with the girl, one of several layers of thought that clouded my mind..." When the most recent layer of thought was removed, the layer below became the base thought. The weight had lifted because the total amount of thought was reduced. Below the base thought, what was originally 1-8 thought, was now 1-4 thought. Below that, what was once 1-16 thought, was now 1-8 thought, and so on. As I became healthier, the dominant thoughts in my mind were centered from earlier and earlier periods, because I shaved off, and bypassed, layer upon layer of thought. Looking at thoughts like soil is another way of visualizing The Equation of Thought.

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TOP SOIL = BASE THOUGHT = 1-2 THOUGHT

1-4 THOUGHT

1-8 THOUGHT

1-16 THOUGHT

1-32 THOUGHT

1-64 THOUGHT

DIG DOWN INTO THE THOUGHT!



Types of Pictures

A 1-2 picture is a clear mental picture. Think of a dog. Your mind makes a mental image of it. Look at this image. See the furry face and whiskers. This is a 1-2 picture. If an image of a cat were imposed upon the image of the dog, the image of the dog would be fuzzy. This would be a 1-4 picture. If an image of a bird were imposed on the image of the dog and cat, this would be a 1-8 picture. An additional image creating more distortion would cause a 1-16 picture. Yet another picture on top would create a 1-32 picture. One more picture superimposed would greatly distort the original, creating something completely different. The dog image may become a lizard, snake, or anything imaginable.

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When an unknown picture enters the mind, something special happens. Your mind is trying to tell you about yourself. Don't run from the picture, but remember the image. Identify the image and watch as it pops up during different moments of the day. Remember when it pops up, and determine under which circumstances it comes. Anticipate its return under similar circumstances. Wait for its return. Accept it as a part of yourself. This will strengthen the psyche and allow your mind to give more hints concerning why it's there. In time, memories will pop up concerning why the image exists, and you'll become closer to yourself. Remember, to deny the image is to deny yourself, become confused, and be a slave of the picture. I learned to love the images, and in return, was able to overcome the pain that created them. Keep in mind that there will be a finite amount of images and that in the end the solution is simple. In my journal I wrote a poem, and I want to include part of it here:

The devastation caused
seems so much more profound
knowing that such simplicity can wreak
such havoc.

Looking at consciousness and seeing 1-64 thought is like viewing a star cluster in the night sky. Upon close scrutiny, one star, 1-2 thought, can be distinguished. The relationship between the base thought and the other thought in the cluster is 1-4 thought. Viewing the 1-2 thought, concentrate on the 1-4 thought relationship (1-2 thought to 1-32 thought) within the 1-64 thought cluster. This creates memory and insights. Additionally, in a five-star cluster, 1-32 thought, distinguishing one star means seeing a 1-4 thought relationship between 1-2 thought and 1-16 thought. In a four-star cluster, 1-16 thought, distinguishing one star means seeing a 1-4 thought relationship between 1-2 thought and 1-8 thought. In a three-star cluster, 1-8 thought, distinguishing one star means seeing a 1-4 thought relationship between 1-2 thought and 1-4 thought. Distinguishing one star in a binary star means seeing the relationship between 1-4 thought and 1-2 thought. This may sound complicated, but it isn't. The relationship between two stuck feelings is 1-4 thought. If you know what one of the feelings is, concentrate on both simultaneously. This causes memory.

Time out for a journal entry...

A New Door Is Opened

July 13, 1976

I believe I may have solved, or have remembered, or have figured out, or something, the reason the pain is present. Say about first grade—one big thing I remember about those early years—I couldn't understand why other people didn't feel God like I did. In the front part of my mind, I felt God as a living reality. The exact place the insecurity or pain thoughts accumulate and form in me! Tonight, after thinking of that, I thought the thoughts I used to think, and created the feeling of God I used to know in the front part of my mind. The pain left! I'm not sure whether these thoughts of God—in which faith is needed to produce—are needed by some innate fact, or, if they resulted from a childhood experience in which I consulted God, and got the thoughts mixed up. I think I probably consulted God and got the thoughts mixed up for the following reason: These thoughts, these faith thoughts, are in the front part of my mind. Why in the front part like all my other emotions? It appears that when I was very young, I had a very bad emotional experience. I consulted God about it and had faith. The emotional scar from this experience was very strong, and always with me. But because I had faith in God—or had thoughts of God—I had a source of comfort that allowed me to live with the pain. Somehow, the thoughts from the bad experience were forgotten. This experience, I believe, was most likely to have happened when I was around two or three years old, and I believe I could quite possibly know it! Most likely, it happened when I almost died in the hospital of encephalitis. Imagine...a poor helpless kid thrown into the hospital! Separated from his mother, from his father, from his family. In a foreign room with foreign people. The problem is...if it was this experience, I don't really remember much. I remember a little, that is all. But one thing I know—what would a little kid miss most? His mother?

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This was another very important realization. I could see something going on in my mind, and it made sense. The puzzle of the feelings was slowly being solved.

Wri  ing

I can't say for sure, but it's possible I wouldn't have overcome the illness without the journal I kept. I used to write an entry and refer back to it months and years later. Expressing thoughts and feelings, whether it is to a person, a journal, or an inanimate object is vital to overcoming Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Sometimes there are things that are difficult to admit or share with another person, but can be expressed in a journal. This was definitely the case with me. I never would have shared with a person what I shared with my journal.

I believe it's healthy to express yourself in writing. The more clear and concise the writing, the better, because this gets the mind used to thinking in a healthy, organized way.

Eclectic Knowledge

The term Eclectic Knowledge is used by the intelligentsia of the universe to describe knowledge that is derived from civilizations from different planets. One civilization from one planet may have 20% of the knowledge needed to solve a problem. Another civilization may have the other 80%. Eclectic Knowledge brings the knowledge together to solve a problem. The study of how different thoughts interact involves Eclectic Knowledge.

The first vision, which is described at the beginning of this book, briefly touches upon Eclectic Knowledge. The Ultimate Supreme Ruler is given a book to study. This book was provided by the intelligentsia of the universe. I believe my inspiration was often the sense that the knowledge of how to overcome the emotional scars came from the intelligentsia of the universe. This knowledge provided strength because it provided hope. This knowledge provided inner stability in

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the same way a driver would feel secure about knowing the way home during a powerful storm.

Oops! I mentioned the Ultimate Supreme Ruler! The mention of him has a powerful effect on me. I often think about the Ultimate Supreme Ruler. Regardless of whether he was real or not, he has been an influence in my life, and has taught me things. Read the story. There is a part of the description of the vision that often plays inside my mind, like a popular song, with a tune that repeats over and over. I'll share it below:

“He stood at the field of souls, a place where souls stand before they descend into the body. He saw many souls descend. They looked like glowing fish majestically spiraling downward—one after the other, like balls of light falling to the earth.”

I feel uplifted when I think about this. The memory of standing at the field of souls and looking down on the world, like an astronaut viewing the breathtaking earth is intensely invigorating. One thing about the Ultimate Supreme Ruler is that when he lived, he wasn't a religious person. But in the end, he did the right thing. He did what some religious people wouldn't do. He realized the futility of material things, and focused on helping people. He didn't do anything for personal gain, or a reward in heaven; consequently, he became a great king. God respected this. God placed him high among the angels. The idea of a nonreligious person being placed high in the mind of God has a lot of meaning to me.

Chris ian Principals and PTSD

Christian principles are linked to overcoming Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. The number one, in the Equation of Thought, represents the most powerful thing inside us:

“But,” said Moses to God, “when I go to the Israelites and say to them, ‘The God of your fathers has sent me to you,’ if they ask me, ‘What is his name?’

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what am I to tell them?" God replied, "I am who am." Then he added, "This is what you shall tell the Israelites: I AM sent me to you." Exodus 3:13 to 3:14

Christ spoke of inner cleanliness, which to me is the most important reason to overcome emotional trauma, because it'll make you a better person and bring you closer to God: *"Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Because you clean the outside of the cup and the dish, but within they are full of robbery and uncleanness. Thou blind Pharisee! Clean first the inside of the cup and of the dish, that the outside too may be clean." Mathew 23:25 to 23:26*

Christ spoke of children, and I relate it to the child within: *And sitting down, he called the Twelve and said to them, "If any man wishes to be first, he shall be last of all, and servant of all." And he took a little child, and set him in their midst, and taking him into his arms, he said to them, "Whoever receives one such little child for my sake, receives me; and whoever receives me, receives not me but him who sent me." Mark 9:34 to 9:36*

And they were bringing little children to him that he might touch them; but the disciples rebuked those who brought them. But when Jesus saw them, he was indignant, and said to them, "Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for of such is the kingdom of God. Amen I say to you, whoever does not accept the Kingdom of God as a little child will not enter it." And he put his arms about them, and laying his hands upon them, he began to bless them. Mark 10:13 to 10:16

I speak of the danger of moral righteousness and the need to be humble to see your errors and improve yourself. Christ said: *"But many who are first now will be last, and many who are last now will be first." Mark 10:31*

In the Gospel of Luke, Christ said: *"Do not judge and you shall not be judged; do not condemn, and you shall not be condemned. Forgive, and you shall be forgiven..."* I had to stop judging, stop condemning, and forgive myself to overcome the childhood trauma.

While writing this book, I thought about the story of Moses. I felt inspired by Moses. Moses walked across the desert, and in a sense, I walked across the desert in my mind. Moses freed the Jews, and I freed myself for the glory

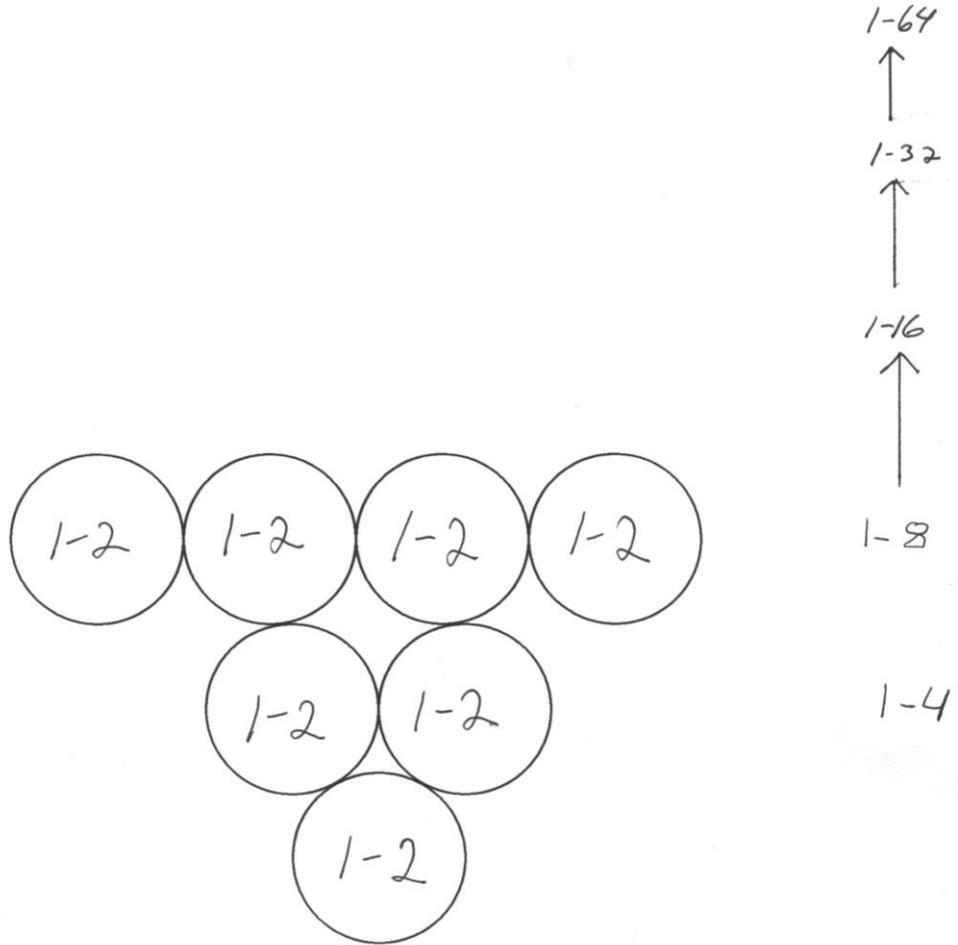
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of God. God talked to Moses. I picked up an old family Bible given to me by my mother; it dated back to the early seventies. I didn't know where in the Bible to find the story of Moses. I figured it was in the Old Testament, so it would be somewhere in the beginning. I placed my thumb on the thick book toward the front, and opened it. I opened the Bible to the book of Exodus, and the exact pages I'd been interested reading. "...I Am sent me to you," were the words I read. Throughout this book, I included Bible quotes where I felt inspired to place them. I hope the reader, like me, is also inspired by the great words of the Bible.

The following upside down pyramid demonstrates the Christian principal that the greatest among us will be the servant of all. The single circle represents 1-2 thought. Above the 1-2 thought is 1-4 thought. Above the 1-4 thought is 1-8 thought. The next group of circles would represent 1-16 thought. Above the 1-16 thought would be 1-32 thought. Above the 1-32 thought would be 1-64 thought. The greatest thought, 1-2 thought, stands alone at the bottom, and holds up the other thought. By concentrating upon 1-2 thought, an individual can transform the other thought into 1-2 thought. With the strength of 1-2 thought, the person can survive the other thought.

The first among us shall be the servant of all. The greatest people are those who do the most to serve humankind, and so it is inside; the greatest thought is the one that serves the mind, and allows an individual to overcome Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. The greatest people are those who are like a bridge to other people and nations. They allow different cultures to share in thought for the betterment of humankind. And so it is within, the greatest thought, 1-2 thought, allows different parts of the mind to communicate.

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Chapter Four

Correct hinking

It's your spiritual duty to diligently observe thoughts and seek improvement. The pursuit of inner improvement isn't a luxury, but a necessity. In my case, I believe, it meant a good life, or a ruined one. It's scary to think about where I'd be if I hadn't realized I needed to

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think differently, and hadn't gotten on the road to correct thinking. Correct thinking must be exercised like muscles—correct thinking is every bit as important, even more important, than physical exercise. You go to the gym and work out, well, you also must work out inside your mind! What good is a person with a mind that is full of flawed thinking? What good is a physically fit body, with a mind that is full of misconceptions and erroneous conclusions? Will bulging muscles save you from your thoughts? Bulging muscles would have done nothing for me. Will running a mile save you from yourself? I don't think so. Only your mind can save you. Only your thoughts can save you from yourself. Only the power of self-determination can create change. Fight for a better state of mind! Previously, I shared a poem I wrote during a very low moment of my life. I want to share it again here:

To be or not
To be?
No...
To realize
what you are
and believe in it.

Sometimes you need a gut check. You need to reach down deep inside and gather the strength that comes from knowing who you are. Know who you are. Know from where you come. If nothing else, you're human, like me. If I overcame a horrible mental torment, you can too! You can take charge, and create your future! You can stand above problems, and get on the road to correct thinking.

Correct thinking involves 1-2 thought, a thought process uninfluenced by 1-4 thought. Correct thinking involves thinking with thoughts, not emotions. Below, I've listed twelve points to remember. This list isn't meant to be conclusive, but only a sample of the way to looking at things.

1. Consider emotions, but don't make emotions the determining factor of a decision. The unbridled emotion has become our enemy. Of course it isn't smart to make a decision solely on them.

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2. Identify the different views of the mountain when looking at a feeling and recall other times you felt the same. Remember how the feeling was felt during different times of your life. This is a very important concept, part of the package of ideas that allowed me to overcome the emotional scars. I feel invigorated when I think about this concept.
3. Identify thoughts that influence thought and view consciousness like gazing up to the night's sky. See consciousness in your mind's eye and make note of the details. Make sure you know why you think what you think, and feel what you feel.
4. Never judge a feeling based upon how good or bad it feels, rather judge it upon how genuine it is. Never judge yourself based upon how you feel. What matters is how you think, not how you feel. In time, I got tired of good feelings and despised them more than sad feelings. Hanging out with a dishonest friend is worse than no friend at all.
5. Remain diligent. I'm not saying to be paranoid about thoughts, but try to keep an open mind and always consider other views. To be fixed on one way of thinking is a sure sign that you may have to re-evaluate your position, both in terms of thoughts, and issues in the outer world.
6. Distrust assumptions. An assumption is like a visitor who moves into your house and tells you what to do. An Assumption can dictate your future and ruin your life. Assuming things will be a certain way and not examining to find out the actual facts is always a danger.
7. Nothing within can harm you, unless you let it. Analyze condemnation and find its source. Never condemn yourself for a thought. Gain power over thoughts by discovering why they exist.
8. You can't free yourself from a thought by avoiding it. Just like in #7, don't avoid thoughts, but examine them.
9. Use anger like a tool, but don't let anger use you. Anger is like fire; it can warm the house or burn it down. The careful use of anger was one of the most powerful things I did. Don't forget what was written about anger under the heading, "The Metal Weight." Without anger, I couldn't have gotten far.
10. Keep the light burning and believe in yourself. Recall past successes. To reach a worthwhile goal, whether it is in school, sports, the arts, or any facet of life, is to succeed in the mind, and prove you've got what it takes to overcome emotional trauma.

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11. Don't ignore the plate in front of you. The vibrations from emotional trauma travel through the moment, the most powerful of all "nows." To face the moment is to face the past because the moment is the sum total of everything that ever happened to you.
12. Look at alternatives and choose the most advantages. In the outer world there are always different choices. In the mind, there are always different ways of looking at the same thoughts. The more choices and the more ways that can be identified, the more opportunity exists. Make the smartest choices and choose the best way of looking at things.

You'll see in my journal that these ideas, as well as many others, were used to overcome Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder and horrible emotional scars. As my inner world changed, the outer world improved. I overcame self-hatred, and saw the world differently. An influential person that promotes hatred is dangerous, and creates bad luck, misery, and bloodshed. The stronger in thought we become, the weaker they'll grow, for weeds can't thrive under a healthy forest.

Creating Pictures

As I overcame the mental torment, I often felt like I was at war and the winner would be the one who outsmarted the other. Below, I describe a predicament I was often in and how I dealt with it:

It's a beautiful day! The sky is blue, the birds are singing. It's warm and comfortable. Inside, I feel sad and dark. The lizard pops into mind. The lava and the smoke are hiding in the corner, soon to emerge. It's a sad, dreary, depressing, horrific day!

I stood in the middle of both worlds. The outer world was appealing. The inner world was horrific. Which to believe? Both influenced the mind. Both fed stimulus. I chose to believe in the outer world. I acknowledge the lizard. This created a picture. This was very important.

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The act of acknowledgement and subsequent mental picture is a natural mental act. Think, and your mind will create a mental picture. Think of a cat. You should see one in your mind's eye. Think of a dog, a house, or anything, and your mind will create a mental image of it. I thought of the lizard and acknowledged it. I then identified the mental picture created by my mind, simulating knowing what it was, just like thinking of a cat and seeing one in my mind's eye. The picture didn't reveal why the lizard was created, but I felt better. The lizard lost its influence and power over my thoughts. It was stopped cold. The lizard was left with no more effect than if I knew what it was. This made it easier to function with the feelings. I saw the beautiful, sunny day! I saw the lizard. I created a picture of the lizard in the sunny day!

Creating pictures allowed me to gain control. I chose to concentrate upon the sunny, beautiful day, and not become preoccupied with the lizard! An emotion that isn't acknowledged dangerously roams the mind. For me, ignoring emotions would have destroyed my life. I would have been at their mercy, and would have continued to be bullied and pushed around by feelings. I would have grown more and more scared of my emotions, and would have become reclusive, attempting to avoid them. One can dwell on a problem, or face it and look away. By simulating knowing why the mental images existed, I was able to battle the feelings, take control of my life, and appreciate the sunny day.

Acknowledging the feelings and identifying the mental pictures produced inner stability. By identifying different types of thought, such as 1-2 thought, the origins of the mental pictures were located. When the lizard made the world look bleak, the relationship between "I am," and the perception of the world was 1-4 thought, because the perception of the world was clouded by feelings. The correct action was to acknowledge the lizard, acknowledge the bleak world, and identify the feelings and thoughts that led to the depression. This created mental pictures of the lizard, the bleak world, and associated thoughts. This moved my mind from 1-4 thought to 1-2 thought, and created original thoughts in connection to the feelings. This allowed my thoughts to become a choice, regardless of the mental pictures, images, and feelings echoing from the past. You don't have to accept emotional condition; you can fight, create pictures, and control your life! Below, I discuss further the idea of creating pictures.

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The first impression is said to be the most important. If you want to impress someone, make a good first impression: dress right, be courteous, listen etc... If there is a bad impression, the person will look for other things they don't like. If they don't like your hair, they'll look at your shoes and notice they're dirty, or notice one thing or the other regardless of its validity or value. The point is, they'll look for other things to criticize and may decide they don't like you. The same thing happens in the mind with depression. People look for reasons to be depressed, and choose to think about depressing things. There will always be a reason to justify feeling bad. It's important to examine depression to see if it's due to a pattern of thought. If so, the depression can be overcome by choosing to think differently. When I was fighting PTSD, I was fortunate to think one of the greatest thoughts I've ever thought. I noticed that the feelings formed a horrible mental picture, and this picture was like an immovable object; to deal with the picture was to look for trouble, for dealing with the picture was like falling off a cliff. Above, I discussed acknowledging emotions, and identifying the mental picture created; here, something different was happening. My mind was creating pictures without me knowing it! I only later noticed. I wrote on July 21, 1976, at the age of eighteen:

“This thing I'm suffering from seems to detach from thought and live on its own. It becomes a mental picture! A picture of what my thoughts projected. Once the picture detaches, I can't get rid of it. No amount of positive thinking or good thoughts can counteract these powerful mind-controlling pictures. This explains why I suffer days of depression even when I'm trying to feel better. It seems easier to defeat these pictures by leaving them alone and not dealing with them. Instead, create a more favorable picture adjacent to the unfavorable picture and concentrate upon it.”

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Although I didn't know the thoughts that created the depression, I reasoned I'd take control and create a new picture with conscious thoughts—thoughts I controlled—thoughts more favorable, more optimistic and positive! Having faith in Christ, I created another picture adjacent to the depressing picture, and concentrated upon the new image! This is like overlooking the first impression, and giving someone a second chance! This is changing the thought pattern from looking at depressing things, to looking at optimistic things. This is breaking the chain.

Choosing to see depressing things leads to depression and worse. So how do we guard ourselves from falling into a dangerous thought pattern? As stated previously:

“It's your spiritual duty to diligently observe thoughts and seek improvement. The pursuit of inner improvement isn't a luxury, but a necessity...Correct thinking must be exercised like muscles—correct thinking is every bit as important, even more important, than physical exercise. You go to the gym and work out, well, you also must work out inside your mind!”

Thought is like physical motion. Both the way we move our bodies and the way we think our thoughts become habitual. Correct thinking is learned the same way sprinting is learned, a golf swing, or physical posture. Dangerous thinking is learned by forming bad habits. When thoughts get out of form, we must adjust thoughts like the golfer adjusts the swing, the sprinter perfects his style, and the person stands straight. We must examine thoughts, and form new, beneficial habits. This is our duty as a member of God's community, for we were created to think correctly, and to deviate is to move away from God.

Below I share an additional part of my journal including the entire July 21, 1976 entry...

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July 21, 1976

When the fire comes the pictures in my mind are disarranged, foggy, confused, mixed up, and controlled by feelings of insecurity. Now, it's simple. Once a picture is present in the mind, it has power! It takes more than just thoughts to get rid of the picture. If you've got an unfavorable picture in your mind, but want to think good thoughts, you can't. You've got to change the picture. Once you've changed the picture, it doesn't matter. You can think bad thoughts and sustain the good picture, and obtain good results.

It could be said that the above is utter nonsense. But!!! This thing I'm suffering from seems to detach from thought and live on its own. It becomes a mental picture! A picture of what my thoughts projected. Once the picture detaches, I can't get rid of it. No amount of positive thinking or good thoughts can counteract these powerful mind-controlling pictures. This explains why I suffer days of depression even when I'm trying to feel better. It seems easier to defeat these pictures by leaving them alone and not dealing with them. Instead, create a more favorable picture adjacent to the unfavorable picture and concentrate upon it. This way the control of my mind is being replaced by something good, rather than something bad!

I was simulating healthy thought, and by doing so, thinking healthy. This was drawing a line in the sand, and saying, "Okay, you can be over there, but not over here. You are a memory and no more."

It was like the pain experienced while running. Are you going to run faster dwelling on the pain, or thinking about something positive? Of course, you're going to run faster concentrating upon something pleasant. I did the same thing with the emotional scars. I acknowledged the bad feelings, looked away, and concentrated on a positive picture.

The picture in my mind is extremely important. In fact, it could be everything! But it mustn't be forgotten that pictures come from thoughts. The picture in my mind portrays my thoughts. But these

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thoughts seem to detach themselves very easily. That's why they're so vicious and dangerous. I must strengthen.

I'm sort of confused about it. I guess the real solution is that I've got to strengthen. Without strength, I can't hold any picture! I'm confused and I suppose I sound like it!! It's just me. That is the problem!!! My thoughts are creating this terrible picture, this fire. If it wasn't my thoughts, I could defeat it easily. It's just me. I'm weak. My mind is a battlefield of thoughts and pictures that come from them!!

I noticed inner weakness, and thought the lack of mental strength allowed thoughts to create painful pictures. I reasoned this could be countered by developing the inner strength to create more favorable pictures.

Aug. 18, 1976

I don't tell people about seeing the crucifixion because first of all, it would be stupid because I can't prove it. They'd think I'm crazy. I'm the only one that sees it, so why would someone believe it is there? Since I only see it, in a sense it isn't there. Second of all, I'm not exactly the most holy person in the world and don't want to live up to anyone's expectations of someone who sees the crucifixion. I'm sort of scared about it. This is a gigantic load to carry. I don't feel any different than other people. But I've seen it ever since I can remember. The crucifixion has always been there just like my arms and legs.

Aug. 28, 1976

A spurious multitude of colors and flashing lights streamed the house and sidewalks. "Nightmare, nightmare," each one screamed, each in their own way.

Engulfing the house, screaming to enter, "Let us enter, let us enter."

They domed the house—covered it—attempting to seep into the very least of cracks.

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“Hail, hail, you crimson haze—ghostly look—an awful nightmare. Look there! Across the room! There it is, there it waits—the nightmares nightmare.”

It stood alone in haunting madness—a tempting gate—an awful look. With screeching joy it hails its hands, its arms—its loving hate.

Its mouth all coiled and chapped. Its lips as a rubber sponge, wobbling and twisted about.

It entered not by mine, no, not by the will of mine, not by my will it seeped into this desolate room, this horrors gate, this thing.

This monster.

“Help me, help me”, I cried. But no, it entered.

...An entry from the existentialism class journal.

Last night, I looked out the window, and saw three spiritual beings standing on our neighbor’s roof. They appeared to be trying to figure out how to get in. One of them was cupping his hands, and looking through the roof. I looked inside our living room and saw a warrior twirling a ball and chain. One of the spiritual beings got into the house, and the warrior battled him. The ball smashed the spiritual being in the head, and they fought hand to hand. The spiritual being fled away, and the warrior stopped and noticed I was watching. He then faded away.

When I went to sleep, the phone was sitting on the floor next to my head. The receiver bobbed and made a thumping noise. The noise aroused me, and I began to awake. The receiver rose into the air and plopped loudly down on the phone, falling onto the carpet. I looked up and no one was there.

I got scared. I turned on the light in my room and picked up the Bible. I prayed that what was happening would stop. A fly began to buzz around the room. I swatted at it. Over and over, I attempted to kill the fly, but it evaded my efforts. This went on for a few minutes. I picked up the Bible and began to read. The fly buzzed near my right ear, and down near my shoulder. This startled me. I dropped the Bible and it slammed closed. When I picked up the Bible, the fly fell dead to the carpet. The fly had flown into the pages of the Bible, and was crushed.

I hate to say this, but there is an ever-increasing movement of objects—(or things such as) moving in unexplainable ways around me. Strange things

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are happening. It's possible it's not true, but I fear something, or some group of things (spiritual beings), are moving in around me. They know my thoughts. I mustn't take such game play as "cute" or "clever"...It could be very dangerous. It could be the beginning of many bad things. I must have much faith in God. I mustn't believe what these beings say. I could get myself into much trouble. That's all I need.

Looking up at the window shade, I see Jesus in the perfect profile position. I see this although it is night. I see this with the help of my lamp next to me, and the ceiling light above my head. As I look upon my desk, I also see him. As I look upon my hand, I also see him. As I look upon this notebook, I also see him. Please Jesus, let your will be done, no matter how terrible it may seem.

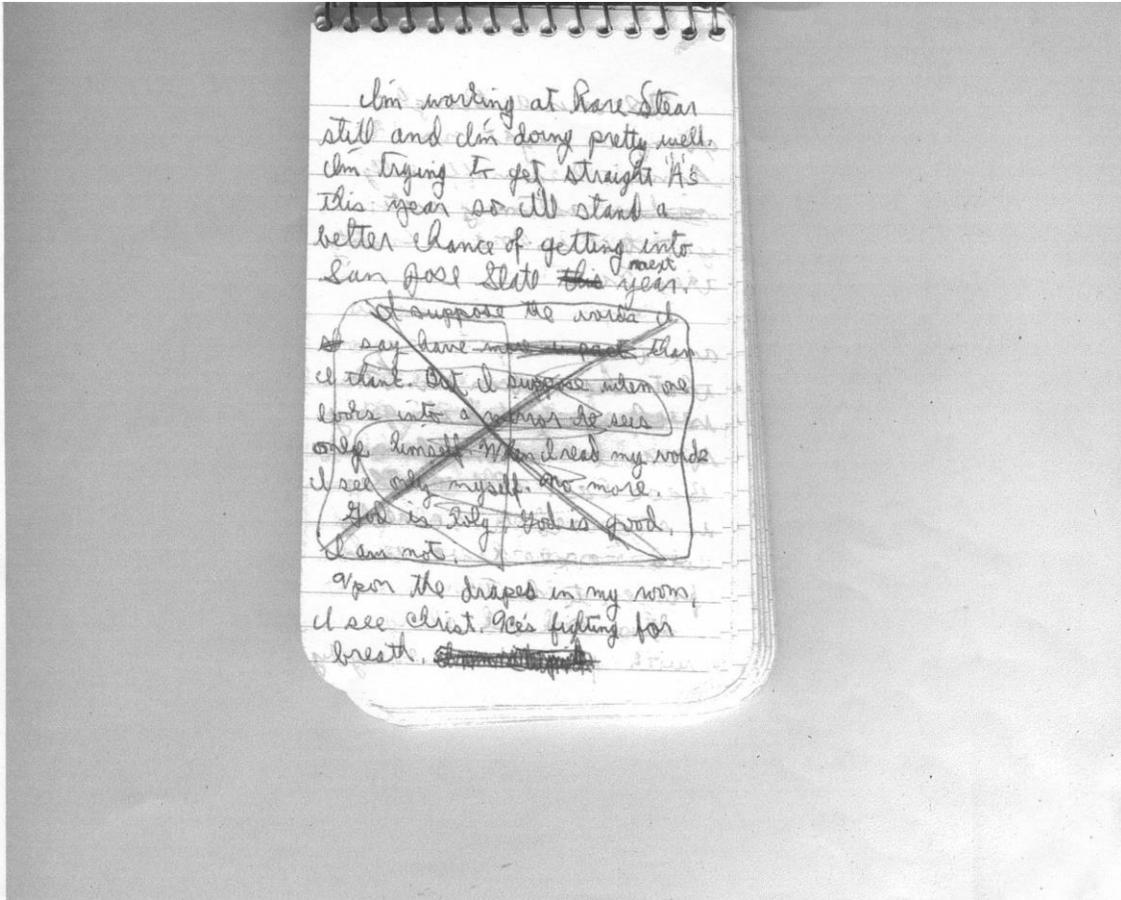
Sept. 27, 1976

Upon the drapes in my room, I see Christ. He's fighting for breath.

An earlier journal entry...Oct 27, 1975

When I look to the sky, I see a symbol. I don't even have to look up to the sky. I can be looking at the ground. It's always been there, and I suppose it always will be. I don't really know what it is—but, it moves, changes size, at times moves what appears to be its limbs. I SEE A PROFILE OF JESUS ON THE CROSS. He straightens his legs so he can breathe. It must have been awful. But then he sinks down into the position that is on a modern-day cross.

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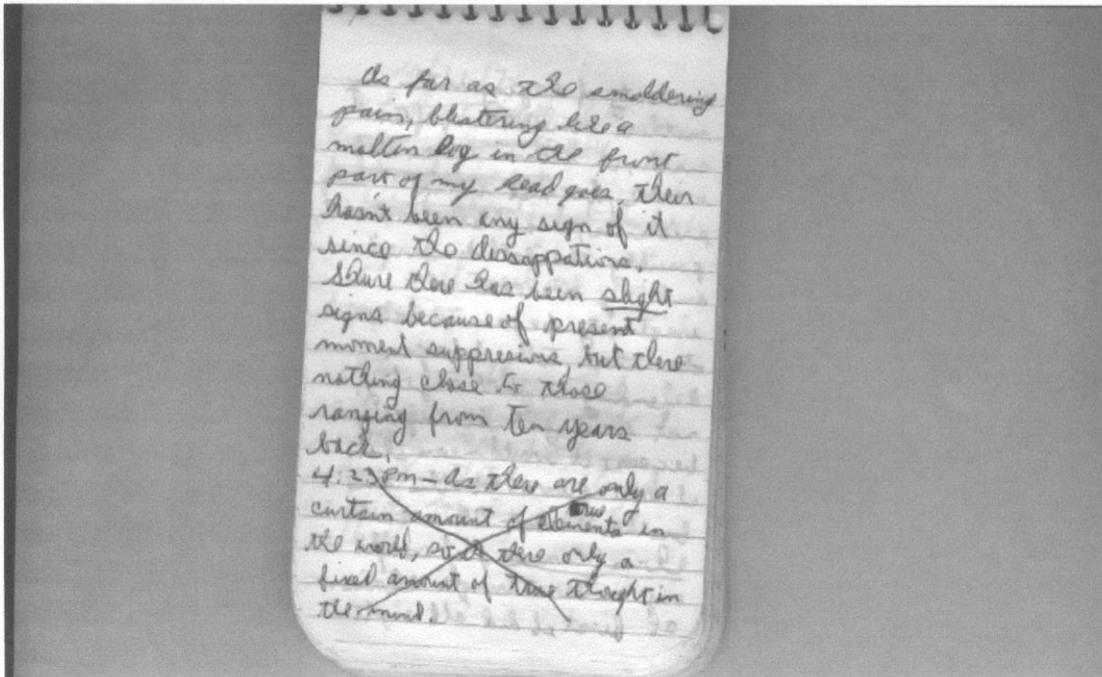


From the actual journal. The crossed-out part says, "I suppose the words I say have more impact than I think. But I suppose when one looks into a mirror, he sees only himself. When I read my words, I see only myself. No more. God is Holy. God is good. I am not."

Oct. 22, 1976

As far as the smoldering pain, blistering like a molten log in front of my head, there hasn't been any sign of it since the dissipations. But there have been slight signs because of present moment repressing. 4:23 P.M. As there are only a certain amount of true elements in the world, so is there only a fixed amount of true thought in the mind.

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This is from the actual journal. Notice that I wrote these words, and then crossed them out.

Oct. 27, 1976

Within the room of my mind, I moved from one forgotten memory to the next, seeing them as images and feelings inside my mind. Below, you'll read how I developed strategies to deal with, and ultimately conquer the trauma.

My consciousness, and the pictures in my mind, must become like light. As light contains all colors, so must my pictures contain the fact that: whatever happens, God is responsible; whatever I picture, no matter how skillfully, might not happen; the realization that my

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thoughts are perfect for any picture I want to create; any repression of thought is harmful, and will act against me; my thoughts mustn't become stale, and must constantly be changing; every second must be a different chapter; every second must live independently on its own... I must take all factors into consideration: happy, sad, doubt...etc...this is used to create a picture of my situation. Because then, I will naturally "wish," "think," of what I want. I don't even have to be aware that this has happened. These brisk, prompt, unstudied thoughts will create a picture of how I feel, and where I'm at—then everything else will fall in.

One of the most obvious rules I must live by is, "In Wisdom." I must be "In Wisdom." "In Wisdom" is a non-emotional state where the separateness of the mind and the outer world are realized. Yet their "oneness" is also realized. This is achieved by creating clear pictures of everything conscious in the mind.

In Christianity, the Holy Spirit guides the Christian. This is his "Wisdom." In praying, the Holy Spirit shows the person the above-mentioned things. The Christian may not be aware of it—and in fact may live his life praying by these rules, and not even know it. That's okay, but for me, I must know what I'm doing to fight the pain. If I don't follow these rules, then certainly, I'll either murder myself, or become insane. I've already been thinking about what kind of knife to use. I've even thought about getting a knife and cutting the pain out of my forehead. It's a stupid idea that the more you think it, over and over and over, the better it sounds, but right now I think it's still in the stupid stage.

I fail in faith because I choose to worship idols, instead of reality. Emotions aren't reality. Consciousness can never become (in pictures) more than it is. When pictures are placed in the correct relation to each other, their power can be used. No picture should rise above the realization of self, "I am." The correct relationship between "I am," and the picture, must be discovered. A 1-4 picture is like having two layers of soil, and only seeing one. The correct thing is to see two layers of soil, which would mean acknowledging two 1-2 pictures. A 1-4 picture means there's a repression. Something is causing the mind to cover up one layer of soil. By creating a 1-4 picture, you are repressing without even knowing it.

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The biggest mistake I make when dealing with a picture (such as the lava, smoke, or lizard) is not put it in perspective. I make the mistake of reacting to a picture or feeling with a past emotion or image. This compounds the problem and creates a new picture, which is a 1-4 picture. What I must do is acknowledge the picture or feeling, which creates new thoughts in relationship to the diseased picture. This is 1-2 thought, healthy thought. Doing this, I'm reacting to the feelings and images in the now.

I am now at this moment seeing the pictures in my mind protruding into consciousness. I haven't identified all the pictures, but three of them, the lava, smoke, and lizard, have been identified. This realization, this awareness, is 1-2 thought. I acknowledge myself, the one, and acknowledge whatever else, the two. The picture in my mind of a girl, influenced by the protruding entities, creates a 1-4 picture. This would be like standing in front of two layers of sedimentary soil, but only seeing one, or mistaking two friends as the same person, or showing prejudice to one because of another. When this happens, I treat the pictures, images, and feelings with 1-2 thought. This way I'm treating the diseased picture with a healthy picture. One of the two layers of soil is acknowledged, and not confused as the other. I acknowledge the girl, for example, as being separate from the image. One layer of soil, the girl, is illuminated and seen in the mind's eye as separate. It's like getting stagnating water moving. The water sits stale, but when the 1-2 pictures are introduced, more and more 1-2 pictures pop up, and the water gets moving faster and faster. Whether it's in the mind or in the world, the proper way to think of it is 1-2. It doesn't matter if you love it. It's still a 1-2. This is being, or at least part of being, "In Wisdom."

The relationship between a girl and an image confused with her is 1-4 thought. For example, in July, I showed myself that Christine wasn't the feelings inside me and they separated. Since then, the thought of Christine no longer follows the feelings of insecurity, the lizard. If an additional image or feeling influences the 1-4 thought, this creates 1-8 thought. Another feeling or picture added on creates 1-16 thought. Another added to the 1-16 thought creates 1-32 thought. Once you've got 1-32 thought and confuse it with something else, you've got 1-64 thought. The thoughts build up inside creating more

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and more pressure, which means a bigger and bigger state of confusion. If the problem involves 1-64 thought and you're an adolescent, the trauma occurred at an early age because it takes time for one form of thought to change into another. You've got to be careful because the image of a friend may be influenced by 1-32 thought at the outset, meaning you're dealing with 1-64 thought the moment they catch your fancy.

Stop and think! Would you deny the table and chairs in the room? If you walk into the kitchen, and see the table, will you deny the table? Will you deny the chairs? If not, if you don't deny what is seen with your eyes, then why would you deny the images and thoughts inside your mind?

Acknowledging the feelings and also the outer situation is dealing with reality, and creating a different picture. A picture of the pictures! This is very important. The mistake I made the day of time trials was to react to the smoke, the feelings of depression, with past feelings, not present moment thought. I should have identified the smoke and pictured myself in the middle of the track field. This would have stabilized the situation.

The bad feelings (repressions) are like a slithery lizard, crawling in my mind.

I was aware of  he Lizard

At the age of eighteen, I was aware of the lizard, but had a false sense of security. I didn't realize how powerful the lizard was. The fire on my forehead and smoke covering my eyes were terrible, and got most of the attention, but the war would be won or lost based upon how I handled the lizard. The lizard was thinking behind my back. With the lizard, it wasn't just a matter of facing a horrible experience; it was a matter of outthinking a hateful, conniving entity inside me. It had a process and a strategy, and the winner would be the one that outsmarted the other. As stated above, the lizard wanted to win, but was willing to lose everything. Unfortunately, that meant it was willing

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to destroy itself and me along with it. It wouldn't budge. It wouldn't give up its traditions, principles, and beliefs. It was its way or the highway. It cut a deal to block change. As time passed, I thought I was doing better because I was able to think reasonably well. The emotions didn't explode like before. I remembered the January 1976 entry, when I wrote: "There's a smoldering log stuck in the front part of my mind. It burns and burns in front of my eyes." Compared to that, I seemed to have improved. I had a girlfriend named Linda, and although our relationship wasn't going well, my mind appeared to be somewhat clear.

I was taking biology and was the top student in my teacher's three classes. In class, the feelings jabbed, poked, and interfered with my thoughts. It was like someone constantly screaming and pulling on my clothes. I couldn't avoid the feelings. I fought to concentrate. I had faith in Christ. I acknowledged the lava. When I acknowledged the lava, my mind made a mental image of it, and although I didn't know why it was there, I was able to function. The act of acknowledgement and subsequent mental picture allowed me to see the pain, look away, and listen to the teacher. (My teacher, Mr. Desch, said that good students, like me, were able to visualize the answers to the tests and see them in the mind's eye. I visualized the answers, as well as the emotions.)

As the months passed, I kept thinking the feelings were almost destroyed. But every time I got to the next mental landmark, there was further to go. It was like a bottomless pit of emotion. I became tired, but there was nowhere to rest. There was no chair to sit in and avoid the pain; as long as I was awake, I was in pain.

In biology, it was difficult to sustain the momentum and discipline. I sank down, reacted to the emotions with past thoughts, and became depressed. The feelings of the smoke emerged. Previously, I had believed that I had all I needed to overcome the emotional scars, but suddenly, "In biology, I have lost my objectives, broken rules, and I'm destroying myself..." (Dec. 17, 1976) The next day, I wrote: "Something has happened after I had seemingly obtained all the needed dissipations. I'm not in good shape..." I got an "F" on my biology test. When the feelings of the smoke emerged, it was as if a thick fog

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entered my mind. It was difficult to remember anything previously studied.

I became very frustrated because I couldn't figure out why the lizard existed. I had worked long and hard, but it seemed I was back where I started. The lizard seemed to be one place in my mind, but then another place, and another, and another, and another. One moment it was associated with Christine, the next biology, another moment girls, football, track, or other students. It was like I was in a house of mirrors. I grabbed for the lizard and my hands came up empty. It seemed to be toying with me, sitting in the distance, smirking, and I was left with an "F" on my biology test.

At this point, all my previous "bulls-eyes" seemed like misses. The lizard seemed to be in every memory I had, and it seemed to act against me, and block my memory. I identified when I thought the lizard originated, and it seemed to move behind the next memory, the next reason why it could exist. I wondered how it could do that. I reasoned that I needed a new strategy. I figured that I was thinking too much. I needed actions! I needed to break through the memories.

I concluded that I needed to show anger toward these feelings. On Dec. 27, 1976, I wrote: "It is hoped I will turn my feelings...into clear pictures, and then into hate and anger ..." I formed a clear picture of the bad feelings. With a clear picture in mind, I'd express anger and hatred. This was a controlled, concentrated anger. I'd go off alone and express the feelings. I'd cry for hours, hit things, and get out all the frustration. I'd vent anger toward Christine, and drain my mind of the feelings. Releasing the feelings was like removing topsoil. The world then looked different. My mind bounced back five to fifteen years in memory to make conclusions. When I analyzed a situation, I scanned years of memory. March 19, 1977: "...I've gone back to two years old...My mind has thrown itself to seventh or eight grades! I'm repressing what I have now discovered."

In the game of chess, when one opponent is about to be checkmated, he may sacrifice valuable pieces such as the rook, bishop, or queen in order to delay the checkmate. In the same way, the lizard felt me nudging up against its reality. It stalled by tossing parts of itself out into my consciousness. I was distracted by these insights, and spent hours and hours reflecting upon them. I went

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back and forth, back and forth, between this age and that age, one year of school and another.

Unfortunately, the concentrated crying and controlled anger only took me so far. The lizard's strategy of tossing out memories was working because I had a lot of memories and insights, but failed to improve emotionally beyond a certain point. The emotions and thoughts were dangling in my consciousness like bats in a cave, but I didn't know what to do with them. On March 15, 1977, I wrote: "...I'm down to second grade..." This was true in a literal sense because the emotions, thoughts, sensations, and feelings were the result of digging down to second grade. However, once again, the concentrated crying and controlled anger only took me so far. Insights and memories were popping, but what could I do with them? I was drudging through the years; second grade, third grade, back and forth, back and forth. I was stuck in the mud of information. Nothing was happening. Please read the following insert:

"It's 1977 and THIS IS BORING!"

Perhaps the words of this journal now seem heavy. Maybe you question whether you should continue reading. You've gone through 1975, 1976, and now it's 1977. It's probably beginning to seem like you're reading much of the same thing over and over and over—boring! Second grade, third grade, eighth grade, back and forth, back and forth. This is tedious work! Nothing is happening. It's time to stop reading and bail out! It's painful to continue. Now, maybe, you can understand the way I felt. Maybe you can understand why I yearned for a place where I could avoid the pain. But no, there was no place for me. I couldn't put the book down. I had to push forward because I couldn't say goodbye to myself.

But perhaps at this time I was handling it differently. I wasn't experiencing such wide swings of emotion. I nonchalantly stated, "I'm still screwed up." The whole thing was "matter of fact." I wasn't depressed. I solemnly accepted the pain. Maybe I kept myself thinking so much that I didn't have time to be depressed. I was too busy fighting, and as long as I did, I knew there was hope. The most

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important thing isn't always where you are, but where you're going. I was focused on where I was going; therefore, my situation seemed improved. I knew that in the end, I'd leave the room!

The lizard would cause pain until I solved its puzzle, but success demanded monotonous hard work. This wasn't about having fun. "Feel the boredom," I'd tell myself. It was like being stuck in a small room for years, and you can't get out! You look at the same walls over and over and over and over and over again. When I began the fight, I didn't know it'd take so long. It was a good thing I didn't know the truth! Maybe I never would have tried.

You the reader can walk out of the room. You can leave, put down the book, and never read it again. But for those caught in this malaise, they must first remove the garbage to open the door. They must first see the walls to leave the room. You the reader become the enemy. You don't understand. You don't see it. You think we're weird. "Oh, he isn't that bad!" you'll say. I can hear it. I can hear you. That's what you're thinking. I know that's what you're thinking. You don't understand. You question why someone should feel bad. You question why someone should have feelings. You'll say it happened a long time ago, it shouldn't matter now. You'll say that we should grow-up! You can breathe so you think we can, but you left the room and we're left behind.

To win the "Battle of the Minds," we must not only overcome the inner world, but the outer: people. We must overcome people and their opinions and thoughts. It becomes difficult to relate to people. It's as if there's a glass wall. They swim in their world, and we can't enter. What they care about seems foreign. What they think about seems foreign. We can pretend to understand, but don't. We can pretend to belong, but don't. There is so much inside us that they don't see. We can't share ourselves with people who don't understand. There are two worlds, theirs and ours; theirs seems so perfect, and ours so awful.

This journal is a part of the world people want to deny. Yes, I say deny—but one other thing: A part of everyone, at one point or the other, one variation or the next—a part of everyone is in us and in this journal. They smugly say it's not, but it is, and as they deny us, they deny themselves. They'll say they know nothing of this sort, all

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the while holding in their own pain. They become our biggest enemy, like the lizard, not even willing to stand beside us or acknowledge us—it's because they deny the pain they feel inside. So I push forward alone... The tedium of time is very heavy; but I see the vision, I see where I'm going, and will never let go...

The journal continues...

Dec. 17, 1976

In biology, I have lost my objectives, broken rules, and I'm destroying myself. Something has happened, and it isn't good.

Dec. 18, 1976

Something has happened after I had seemingly obtained almost all the needed dissipations. I'm not in good shape, and I feel pretty bad, but I'm not giving up. I got an "F" on my biology test. Mr. Desch wrote on my paper, "What is happening?" He thinks I'm having some sort of personal problem with a girl, or family, or something. When these thoughts grab hold, it's hard to remember things. It's like there are weights on my thoughts. I'm stuck in a maze, and can't remember the answers to the test.

Traveling through space and time...

Consciousness dangles amongst capricious meteors.

The answers to the questions, placed in the wrong mail slots, scattered across the floor the disarray is difficult to organize as I step up to the plate. Thoughts are scrambled, information

hazy...The questions are straightforward, the answers are found in the maze.

Time is disjointed. Space is disarrayed. Ten feet is no longer ten feet. Ten feet is six inches, twelve feet,

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changing each moment. Time is a moment and an hour.
Time drifts, and jolts to a stop.

I must never confront something out of me, in an attempt to fulfill something in me. Mr. Desch talks about people who learn something new like they have become more, like they have improved as people, like they're someone to respect and admire. Look at me now! But am I less now than before? I know I feel like I'm less, but is it true? Aren't I the same person now as when I got an "A"? A grade doesn't define me, although for Mr. Desch it does. It feels like a hundred people are pointing at me, saying, "Look there, he is the one!" It's like I didn't get an "F," it's like I am an "F."

Then he called the crowd to him again, and said to them, "Hear me, all of you, and understand. There is nothing outside a man that, entering into him, can defile him; but the things that come out of a man, these are what defile a man. If anyone has ears to hear, let him hear." Mark 7:14 to 7:16

Dec. 19, 1976

I'm not sure what's going on.

Once so sure, once so simple, once so clear...
I've returned to the room of darkness.
Brought back like a hunted down slave,
and thrown into the cell. My wrists and ankles
shackled. I lay in darkness, and attempt to
break free once more.

Dec. 25, 1976

Today is Christmas! Please God, help me do better.



he Metal Weight

Twelve years after the hospital, at age fourteen, the feelings sat like a rapidly growing body of stagnant water. With the increasing pressure, there

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was greater and greater reason to justify why they existed. I became infatuated with a girl, but was rejected by her. I confused the feelings, and thought the hospital emotions belonged to her. Layer upon layer of feelings accumulated like a huge metal weight. Because of the hospital trauma, my mind gathered the feelings for the girl, didn't express them, and stored them in my mind. The weight of the feelings felt physical, as if they were rolling from side to side on my forehead. When I thought of the girl, I felt the lizard; when I thought of the girl, I felt the smoke; when I thought of the girl, I felt the lava. I was unable to express the heartbreak.

At age sixteen, fourteen years after the hospital, I was lost in a maze of feelings. I realized that all the emotions didn't belong to the girl, but logic didn't make the feelings leave. Knowing the truth didn't change the fact that the senses and feelings from the trauma interfered with my thoughts. The depression was like a thick, isolating wall, making a sunny day dark, and a happy moment sad. I reasoned that it was futile to counter depression with thought—that was like moving faster in quicksand. I realized I couldn't negotiate with depression, nor think myself happy—depression wasn't reasonable. Depression didn't care who my parents were, or who loved me, or if I was kind, or gentle, or generous, or intelligent. Depression didn't give, it took; it didn't add, it subtracted. There was the sense that trying to feel better was useless—it meant lying, and setting aside my true self—it meant denying who I was. I wrote the following poem during this time period:

To be or not
To be?
No...
To realize
what you are
and believe in it.

At the age of eighteen, sixteen years after the trauma, I noticed that memory was linked to the torment. Distant memories were scattered throughout my mind, like clear, well-lit areas inside a thick fog. These memories were images of times long forgotten. They felt detached and distant, like they belonged to someone else. Thinking about the memories was frustrating because they seemed to be in the way—like useless, obsolete clutter in an old closet—they occupied precious space and time in place of

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newer, simpler, and more worthwhile thoughts. To think about the memories was to become more depressed. I concluded that to make memory valuable, I needed to know what to do with it; otherwise, it was harming me. I reasoned that to dislodge the feelings, I needed more than memory—I needed intelligent actions. I needed confrontation.

On December 27, 1976, I wrote in my journal: “It is hoped that I will turn my repressions [repressed feelings and thought] of Christine into clear pictures, and then into fantastic hate and anger...” I realized the expression of anger was needed to break through the metal weight. I created controlled anger, like firemen setting backfires in a forest fire. I believed the reason for the anger had to be visualized, using memories—if not, the energy would tail off into the galaxies, unguided and lost. Showing anger without visualization and memories would be like a boxer losing composure, and wildly punching. Without visualization and memories, the tears would fall for nothing. In the context of emotional scars, the inverse of trauma is controlled anger. **I kept my composure, and didn’t show anger without concentrating upon why I was angry.** I turned to the feelings and memories and shouted inside my mind, “You want me in the room? DAMN YOU!” I looked again and screamed within myself, “You want me depressed? DAMN YOU!” I remembered the girl, and hated her until I could hate no more. I rested in exhaustion, got up, and hated again. I drained my mind of the feelings for her. I looked at the depression and hated everything about it, and told it so. I cried as long as I could; I cried until I could cry no more. I cried the tears I never cried, let out the feelings I never expressed. I punched a pillow. In time, the controlled crying left patches of clear thinking in my mind. Depression couldn’t grow there, and the lava, smoke, and lizard couldn’t either. Thought seemed clean in this part of my mind.

The weight of the feelings was reduced. The lava, smoke, and lizard no longer followed the feelings for the girl. The mind recognized the difference between my feelings and me. It is very important to respect the ability of the mind to reprogram itself. The one of The Equation of Thought can react to the two, and in doing so alter the four.

The controlled anger journal entry with commentary...

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Dec. 27, 1976

I chased the lizard. The lizard hid behind memories. First, it was one place, and then the next, and next, and next. I couldn't figure out how this could be. I grabbed, and my hands came up empty. Was my mind a house of mirrors? Over and over, I identified the possible source of the lizard, but none proved valid. I had been writing about seemingly profound discoveries, yet now the lizard sat in the distance—as if it was laughing at me. I felt like I was spinning my wheels, and grew depressed. Where were the feelings coming from? I became very frustrated. I had worked long and hard, and it seemed I was back where I started.

I concluded that a new line of attack was appropriate. Memory wasn't good enough. The lizard was using old memories like an armored suit. The memories were blocking memory, and hiding the lizard. When I grabbed for the lizard, the lizard moved to the next memory. I needed actions. I needed to break through the memories. I needed to get angry, and with the force of my thoughts, break through the mental shield!

It is hoped that I will turn my repressions of Christine into clear pictures, and then into fantastic hate and anger for the...*I then exploded into a written tirade. I used foul language, and expressed profound hatred for Christine...* I hate her guts. She screwed me and laughed...I was just a little kid, and she tore me apart...I didn't know how to handle it. It was against my principles to hate. I was stupid. Instead of hating, I repressed. I hate her now. Feelings aren't against my principles. The things I did, they were awful! I feel rage when I think of the things I did to avoid hatred and feelings. The things I did were awful and without mercy, terrible and ruthless. A terrible thing was happening, and I was doing awful things to myself.

I stopped negotiating with the feelings, and used controlled anger to express them. I'd concentrate on a feeling, and express it until I could express it no more. I'd cry for hours, hit things, get all my frustration out, and rest in exhaustion.



he Controlled Anger

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The controlled anger removed the stuck, unfelt feelings associated with the girl, one of several layers of thought that clouded my mind, and additional memories appeared like shimmering stars—memories from age 5, age 10, age 15, and age 7 almost simultaneously appeared.

It was as if I was digging and removed the dirt covering my memory. I could see more clearly, and went back and forth, back and forth, from one year to another year, one moment to another, scanning the mind for answers. Unfortunately, the memories provided information, but I reached a plateau from which I couldn't improve. It was as if the memories blocked progress because they wasted time. It was as if the part of me that didn't want the truth known gave me something to think about as a distraction. I couldn't figure out what a memory from age 5 had to do with a memory from age 10, and what these memories had to do with memories from ages 7 and 15. I wrote concerning 1977 journal entries:

“In the game of chess, when one opponent is about to be checkmated, he may sacrifice valuable pieces such as the rook, bishop, or queen in order to delay the checkmate. In the same way, the lizard felt me nudging up against its reality. It stalled by tossing parts of itself out into my consciousness. I was distracted by these insights, and spent hours and hours reflecting upon them. I went back and forth, back and forth, between this age and that age, one year of school and another.”

The controlled anger allowed me to voyage into the deep waters within my memory, and bypass the emotions associated with the girl, but at that point, I still had years and years of pain and denial to confront. The controlled anger was an important step to recovery, but only an initial step.

The journal...

Jan. 1, 1977

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I'm making progress. I can now express the pain I feel from Christine in tears! This enables me to feel better afterwards! It's only a matter of time until all pain will be gone! All I do is concentrate on the pain, and then express it in tears. Then, I do anything else I feel like doing. After a while, I get it out of me, and feel really good inside.

Jan 4, 1977

Linda brought up bad memories, and became confused with Christine. I sought through Linda what she couldn't give, couldn't possibly give, not even Christine could give. But thoughts of the hospital are like a powerful river driving me to wrong conclusions and thinking, even as I see it happening.

*Without taking action, the thought of Linda would have piled on top of feelings for Christine, creating, so to speak, another layer of soil. Linda would have become the topsoil because she would have been the most recent person to associate with the hospital. As for Christine, our entire relationship consisted mostly of one conversation. **That's right, one conversation!** One conversation from years previously cemented the association between the traumatic feelings and Christine!*



he Shovel

A pivotal allows one form of thought to transform into another: 1-2 thought into 1-4 thought, 1-4 thought into 1-8 thought, 1-8 thought into 1-16 thought, 1-16 thought into 1-32 thought, and 1-32 thought into 1-64 thought. Thoughts for Christine were attaching onto my girlfriend, creating another layer of thought. I saw the relationship with Linda as a valuable tool that would induce memory. As I faced my relationship with Linda, I faced the unresolved, unexpressed thoughts and feelings concerning Christine and the hospital. Linda was a tool, a shovel that allowed me to dig into my past. Linda prompted my mind to re-enact what it did with Christine. As thoughts for Christine transformed into those for Linda, I would catch my mind doing so. This would lead to insight and memory.

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Winning the “Battle of the Minds” was a sport, a competition, an athletic event. The failed relationship with Linda was a tool that allowed me to defeat my enemy. An object is created by the way we perceive it. We can choose to see the elephant, or we can choose to see crevices and dry terrain, or a snake. Remember, “That which will seem against you, will be for you.”

“And he who does not take up his cross and follow me, is not worthy of me. He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for my sake, will find it.” Mathew 10:38 to 10:39

Giving Advice and “You.”

When I was overcoming Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, I had only myself to guide, and I wrote and thought to myself, giving advice, referring to myself as “you.” Maybe, due to the trauma, I compartmentalized, and the mature me talked to the fragile, underdeveloped me. In the journal, I wrote that “I’m young, yet old; ignorant, yet wise; weak, yet strong. I carry myself closer to the finish line.” Below is a sample of advice I’d give, advice that I believe ultimately saved my life:

February 7, 1977—“When you acknowledge the presence of the feeling, your mind makes a mental picture of it. Identify this picture. See the picture in relation to other feelings and pictures in your mind. No matter how painful, allow it to take as large amount of consciousness as it wants. Allow this mental picture to grow as large as it desires. When it has taken all the consciousness that it desires, identify what else is there. If you have other feelings and impressions, acknowledge them, and your mind will make a mental picture of them. If you need to cry, cry. The pain may be excruciating.

Look at the feelings and identify any relation there may be between them. Then, think about the present moment. Conscious life is a string of microscopically attached “nows.” Whatever is bothering you, it once was in the present moment. That is a very powerful thing this moment has in common with then. You can cry and cry and cry, but if you don’t face this moment, this most powerful of all “nows,” you’ll never solve your problem. You’ll never solve the “now,” then.

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At the time of the bad experience, you had a lot of sensations, feelings, and thoughts. Since the majority of them haven't been identified, you replace them with those of the present moment! Treat your thoughts in the "now" as if they are associated with the identified feelings. Assume memory. Remember not to resist thought that wants to enter. It could be the thought that could solve the whole problem."

How did I know how to overcome the emotional problems? How did I know what advice to give myself? In the February 7, 1977 entry, I also wrote: "...I sometimes know things without having any practical experience to know them. Sometimes I hear voices in my sleep teaching psychology." Was I taught by Christ? Or, did I study the subject before I was born? Or, did I figure out how to overcome the emotional scars? For sure, I didn't study from a book as I overcame the problems. I know of no book on earth that has the entire knowledge of what I did. Some books probably have bits and pieces, maybe some books have most the knowledge, but either way, I didn't study from them. You can be sure of that. I can't say how I knew, but it's obvious how I didn't know, and that was from learning by any normal means.

I recommend having faith in Christ, and asking him, for I believe regardless of how I knew, Christ wanted me to know, and wanted me to overcome.

In the Feb. 7, 1977 entry, I wrote about the "funnel to the unconscious mind." Seeing these dangling emotions, I reasoned that acknowledging them and filling in the unknown memories with thoughts and sensations of the present moment would induce memory. The concept of the "funnel to the unconscious mind" worked, but was tedious and time consuming. I needed another idea.

On April 5, 1977, I wrote: "Using the concepts associated with the funnel to the unconscious mind, I've identified two related feelings: the lava and the smoke." This led to the breakthrough I had been looking for! I came to understand that there was a relationship between the two previously identified feelings and simultaneously concentrating upon the lava (the molten log) and the smoke (a depressing image) produced memory! When one feeling came, I searched for the other, and when I located it, traumatic memories

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popped up. Not just any memories, but memories related to why the feelings and images protruded into my mind. Whenever one feeling was present, the other was always there, languishing alone in the shadows. All I needed was to concentrate on the protruding feeling, let it take all it wanted, and then find the other feeling. It worked like magic!

The traumatic memories echoed like noise, but I gradually linked them to past experiences: April 19, 1977: "...I'm feeling these feelings, I remember them from about four years old. But!!! I also remember them from Christine. This is so because my mind acted out what happened in childhood during Christine. Although I remember feeling this way, it does no good. I have to go back and relive the experience. Also, this compounding thing is confusing. One minute I think it's early childhood, then I think it's Christine..."

At the chess tournament, I felt like I was only pretending to be Louis Morrone. Now, more than ever, I felt the sense of another existence. This influence was calling the shots. I did what it told me to do. It rose above the narrow valley of my mind, and referred to myself as "the body." "The body isn't cured yet," it would say. "The body has more work to do," I would sense. "The body isn't ready yet," I'd tell myself. The battle raged on! There was more drudging through the years; back and forth, back and forth, this year, back to that year, over and over and over.

Then he called the crowd to him again, and said to them, "Hear me, all of you, and understand. There is nothing outside a man that, entering into him, can defile him; but the things that come out of a man, these are what defile a man. If anyone has ears to hear, let him hear." Mark 7:14 to 7:16

More of the journal...

Feb. 7, 1977

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In the seventh grade, I watched the feelings inside me. I experimented with them, and discovered that these feelings could be transferred from one situation to another. So, I formed a hypothesis. It stated that I could place these feelings into a solid object. I attempted to place these feelings inside an empty can of tennis balls. I concentrated. I told these feelings, looking at them, "You are there, not in me." I did this until they entered the can. Then they began to come back. I quickly told them they were in the can. They stuck in the can! I got scared. A feeling of panic came upon me, and they all returned. Therefore, a couple years later, I believed I could remove my feelings for Christine by putting the feelings for her somewhere else.

I don't remember how I knew how to dissipate. It seemed pretty obvious that I could, sort of like looking at a lamp, and theorizing if you pushed it, it would fall. Maybe it was God. It quite possibly was this "hidden wisdom" I sometimes have. I sometimes know things without having any practical experience to know them. Sometimes I hear voices in my sleep teaching psychology.

You have pain in your mind. You don't know why it's there, but certain situations seem to arouse it. Just relax. Don't feel sorry for yourself. Acknowledge that the pain is present. This may seem simple and obvious, but it's also profound and powerful. It's not fun to have unpleasant feelings, so it's easy to deny them. Perhaps you've been avoiding the bad feelings, or making excuses for them. Look at the bad feelings. Face them. Accept them.

When you acknowledge the presence of the feeling, your mind makes a mental picture of it. Identify this picture. See the picture in relation to other feelings and pictures in your mind. No matter how painful, allow it to take as large amount of consciousness as it wants. Allow this mental picture to grow as large as it desires. When it has taken all the consciousness that it desires, identify what else is there. If you have other feelings and impressions, acknowledge them, and your mind will make a mental picture of them. If you need to cry, cry. The pain may be excruciating.

Look at the feelings and identify any relation there may be between them. Then, think about the present moment. Conscious life is a string of microscopically attached "nows." Whatever is bothering you, it once was in the present moment. That is a very powerful thing this moment has in common with then. You can cry and cry and cry, but if you don't face this moment, this most powerful of all "nows," you'll never solve your problem. You'll never solve the "now," then.

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At the time of the bad experience, you had a lot of sensations, feelings, and thoughts. Since the majority of them haven't been identified, you replace them with those of the present moment! Treat your thoughts in the "now," as if they are associated with the identified feelings. Assume memory. Remember not to resist thought that wants to enter. It could be the thought that could solve the whole problem. What you have created is a funnel to the unconscious mind!

April 5, 1977

Using the concepts associated with the funnel to the unconscious mind, I've identified two related feelings: the lava and the smoke. The lava is an area of pain. The smoke is a general dull, depressing feeling. If you feel the lava, look for the smoke, and when it's found, memory comes. If you feel the smoke, look for the lava, and when it's found, memory comes. The base thoughts may be found by concentrating on the area opposite to what is protruding into consciousness.

Concentrate on the smoke (knowing you are overlooking the lava), and let the smoke take all it wants. Then, (concentrate, concentrate, concentrate) the lava will automatically take its place in the mind. Then, concentrating on the smoke, you look at the lava. There, at this spot in the mind, is your freedom. This is what you are repressing!

April 18, 1977

It's funny how my body (my mind) knows the base thoughts, but I don't.

April 19, 1977

I'm feeling these feelings—I remember them from about four years old. But!!! I also remember them from age seventeen. This is so because my mind acted out what happened in childhood during age seventeen. Although I remember feeling this way, it does no good. I have to visualize and relive the experience. Also, this compounding is confusing. One minute I think it's early childhood, but the next, I think it's age seventeen. I can probably cure the

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whole thing by dissipating the childhood. Then, I'll remember myself during age seventeen. But if this doesn't happen, I'll have to dissipate both separately.

Concentrating upon the lava and the smoke paid off...

May 17, 1977

10:05 P.M. I gave my all at that hospital. I was scared, then horrified; then I was terrified, worse and worse. I gave my all, but couldn't take it. I was beyond terrified. Every muscle, my whole body was into it. No one thought to tell me what was happening. Perhaps a moment of consideration would have avoided the whole problem.

The shadowy images of the hospital slowly focused in my mind. Slowly, memories were attached to feelings. Slowly, the scars made sense. This wasn't just about memory, but about self-understanding. The entities adjacent to my thoughts were present for a logical reason. What was needed was the inner strength to acknowledge what I had been lying about for my whole life. Only the truth would set me free! Unfortunately, no one likes rehashing old problems. It's boring to think about the past. It isn't mind stimulating to dwell on muted, infantile thoughts.

I was wheeled into a room with strangers who could have been space aliens for all I knew. They didn't introduce themselves. They made no effort to be nice. It was like I had been abducted. I didn't trust them. They put their hands on me and placed things on my head. The very thought of them was terrifying. The feeling of fear was so intense, it coiled up into a molten ball on my forehead.

Hanging from a cliff in terror.
Seeing death face to face.
This moment will determine if
there is a next.
This moment will touch all others...

I'm holding on as best I can.
Each moment is like an hour.
Each moment is like a ten pound

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boulder falling on my face.

Moment after moment passed, and the molten ball gnawed at me; lodged in my mind, eating me.

I was panicking.

I knew it.

I knew maybe everything would be okay,
but how could I know for sure?

I needed more information. I needed to know where my mother was. I needed to know what was happening.

What is more ignorant than the thoughts of a two-year-old? Being two, there's no past to draw upon. Any new situation is bound to arouse concern, because there is so much that is unfamiliar and previously unseen. The more inquisitive, the worse, because the more questions asked, the more unanswered. The more questions unanswered, the greater the chance of wrong conclusions.

I looked to the side and saw my mother walking away. I thought she abandoned me! I'd been betrayed, stabbed in the back! The emotional shock exploded like fire. I was hurled down, my body shaking...I fought back. "I can do it," I thought. "I can survive."

Here I go again. I ignorantly took the initiative without enough information to carry through till the end. I dared think I could make it without her, but every step of the way I came to a crossroad without the knowledge to know which way to turn ...

But then I reasoned since my mother abandoned me, I wouldn't be seeing her anymore; therefore, she was dead!

A devastatingly wrong conclusion! This thought came not because I closed my eyes, but because I opened them. Unfortunately, when the ignorant see, they may do more harm than good.

This brought on a second, more powerful explosion of dread. Thoughts were like hand grenades setting off inside my mind—I lost my reason to fight, and fell in despair to a place that only exists in nightmares; no hope; no meaning—a cloud of eternal nothing. The tingling in my hands spread to my entire body—as if a thousand needles poked every inch of skin—but now I

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was watching, not being. After several moments, I gained composure as the reality solidified in my mind. My mother was dead!

My mother's death was worse than if it had actually happened. At least if she were truly dead, I could mourn her. But since it happened only in my mind, there would only be more unanswered questions.

The doctor shouted, "It's almost over, it's almost over." Over and over he said it. His voice thundered; but no, it had just begun—the pain had just begun. There was nothing left—nothing to live for, nothing to enjoy; with the speed of a flood, all had been lost! This is my Satan.

I was left with the boredom of dealing with it.

Tears have been pouring down my eyes. My cheeks are trembling. I wonder where I would be right now, if this hadn't happened? I wonder what kind of person I would be, if I had been a person my whole life? How can I be interested in football, or girls, or cars, or anything? Just thinking is difficult for me. I can't want. Wanting causes pain. Wanting reminds me of all this.

I guess for the most part I don't feel very good because I could have a lot of friends right now, but instead, I barely have any. I'm not involved in any school activities.

I do realize I can change all that, but these repressions stick like leeches. They're hard to get out.

I feel sort of tired. I don't really feel all that good. My eyes are sore, and my face and head feel funny.

My mother, years later, reminisced about the specialist telling her that another two-year-old boy had recently died in the same hospital from the same illness. My mother fainted in the hallway after being told this, and they put her in a hospital bed. We were both in the hospital, in separate rooms! This could explain why I was left alone, although I've never asked her.

Aug. 2, 1977

In the third grade I became mischievous and liked to fight. But then, the ghost from the past engulfed me—I realized my mother would someday die. Feelings that were dormant for years crept back into mind. But I had forgotten why they were there. When I was "good," they left. When I was "bad," they came.

I didn't want to take a chance on being bad. I needed to be good. I became religious. "God" was the feelings from the hospital of my mother coming

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back. I'd say without God, I didn't want to live. I'd make myself do things—thus pleasing “God.”

“God” was a buffer; “God” was a cushion from the pain; “God” blocked the pain. “God” seems to be the first form “Mother” changed into. But although this is so, my love for my mother still existed, and a somewhat realistic view of what God was. I loved them separately, yet as one.

I must dissipate “God.” Pleasing “God” meant doing right for the wrong reason. Pleasing “God” meant pleasing people for the wrong reason.

An act has no meaning without the thought behind it.
An act is morally hollow,
it does not sprout virtue.
An act is an object like a rock,
a pebble or boulder.
Its only meaning is the one associated with it,
without the meaning we give the object,
it is meaningless.

Pleasing my mother meant I was good. It protected me from the pain. This kept me from the truth. This made it harder to overcome the emotional scars. This created a mass, an area of dull feeling, an area of non-reality that permeated my being. Sometimes being good is bad.

Feelings were present
to hide other feelings;
pleasing the feelings, obeying “God”
created the mass.
And now I stand at the doorway.
I call “God” out.
I call “Mother” out.
I say, stop it! You will smother me no more.
I will come out and disobey and do what I please.
I am not a slave.
It's better to be mischievous and disobedient,
dynamic and young,
than stunted and muted and obedient.
Virtue for the sake of reward is not virtue, but chains.

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“Anyone who curses his father or mother shall be put to death; since he has cursed his father or mother, he has forfeited his life.” Leviticus 20:9

Satan’s words can be found in the Bible. God is wisdom, not vengeance; God is love, not murder; see Satan in these words, and acknowledge the unholy deeds committed worldwide because of Satan’s words in Holy Books.

Aug. 4, 1977

7:45 P.M. I’m pushing hard. I’m trying. I guess it all takes a lot of time. I’m going to be gradually cured. Nothing is going to happen all at once.

I just need more memory, more insights. It’s hard. It’s hard when your mind plays tricks on you. Just a few more insights, and I just might have it. It’s just that it’s hard. It’s myself. It’s pain. It’s confusing. I have no one to tell me what to do. I have to figure it out myself. I have to remember second grade, then think the thoughts that I thought at age three. Talk about difficult! In a way, it’s easy to do. Just see the feeling in your mind, name it second. Then, see another feeling in your mind, and name it three years old. Remember yourself thinking those things at about three years old. It’s just that it always doesn’t work. There’s no telling what you’re naming. Besides, if you don’t remember the particular instances that caused the emotions, you’re out of luck, even if you name it the right things (most of the time). You’ve got to go over and over and over the whole thing until something pops up. When it does pop up, it’s never enough to tell the whole story. It’s weird, when I finally do remember things, it’s like I always remembered them! You’ve got to concentrate. It’s just that you don’t always know what you’re concentrating on.

I’m gaining memory right now of the hospital. But it’s very slow. Nothing is total. Usually, I just get a slight image of what happened. The image, as I go over and over things, becomes clearer and clearer, until I’m able to relate it to how I’m acting, and was acting.

The feelings from the test are coming very slowly. I suppose that’s because those are the ones I never wanted to admit. I’ve been working on them for a few months, ever since I remembered the terrible experience of the doctors putting wires on my head. To dissipate, I must remember what happened, and also the feeling...Then, I must relate it to how I’ve let it affect me in the present and the past.

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It seems like sometimes when I gain memory of, say, second grade, it allows memory of the hospital to come. It's almost like I'm digging, and have to take out the newer before the old!

In the second grade, the nun gave a lesson on ethics. She said sometimes the moral thing was to lie, and sometimes the immoral thing was to tell the truth. If the Nazi's knock on the door, it's immoral to tell the truth about the Jews hiding in the closet.

Aug. 13, 1977

I created two selves. I'd think it happened to "you." The pain is in "you." When something went wrong, like someone not liking me, I'd say it happened to "you," not me! I'd console myself by saying it happened to "you." I've got to dissipate "you." "You" enters all parts of my life.

I hate you.
You are the one who
notices my fault.
You are the one who exposes
the secrets.
...Look at the way you dress!
Look at the way you walk
and talk and play and laugh.
You are too familiar. You are me.

I hated myself for thinking my mother was dead.

Aug. 21, 1977

I must take full responsibility for my thoughts and what has happened to me. Everything I did was rational. Everything was for a good reason. I wanted peace of mind like anyone else. I must use 1-2 thought while dissipating. That is the key! 1-2 thought is the key! 1-2 thought is healthy thought, unimpeded by past emotion. 1-2 thought is the most perfect thought!

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It's important to get to the point in life where you love the thoughts inside you. A 1-2 thought should be loved the same as 1-64 thought, as well as any of the other thoughts. Recognizing that 1-2 thought is the key doesn't mean ignoring the other forms of thought. Recognizing this means respecting all thoughts, and seeing that with clarity and proper awareness, all forms of thought, all the way through 1-64 thought, are 1-2 thought. You may ask, how can 1-64 thought be 1-2 thought? The reason is that although a thought may carry a lot of baggage, it is still a part of "now," a part of the moment, and a part of awareness. The moment a thought is seen for what it is, in any form it takes, is when it becomes unique to the moment, and is 1-2 thought. Living in the "now," and seeing two things, three things, four things, five things, or six things simultaneously is a healthy, clear way of thinking. I'm bringing this up now because respecting thoughts became very important to me as I overcame the emotional scars. Later in the journal, you'll see that as I advanced more and more against the torment, it was the respect for a thought, regardless of its form, that became increasingly important. A society is judged based upon how it takes care of the least individual, and so it was in my mind; respecting the least thoughts, the seemingly unacceptable and reprehensible, was the pathway to overcoming the inner demons. To gloss over a thought, any thought, is to miss an aspect of the self.

Physical † thought

The practice of physical thought helps train the mind to change the way it reacts to feelings and thoughts, breaking old habits. The practice of physical thought is similar to the concept of The Equation of Thought, but physical thought deals more with feelings, whereas, The Equation of Thought focuses more on thoughts. Before a feeling was completely understood, physical thought was used. When something isn't understood, you feel it; when something is understood, you know it; thus, physical thought was a way to improve emotional condition before reaching the goal of understanding and visualizing The Equation of Thought.

To break a mental habit, think of other times you thought the way you're thinking. Think of other times you felt the way you are feeling.

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Simultaneously concentrate on these memories. This is physical thought. This isn't the same as thinking in a predetermined way. This isn't the same as prejudging. This isn't the same as not giving someone a second chance.

As an adolescent, I acknowledged the lizard. I then thought of how I remembered the lizard at the age of fourteen, and at the age of eleven. I acknowledged these memories. I simultaneously concentrated upon the three images. This was creating physical thought. The road to The Equation of Thought is paved with physical thought.

Using physical thought is breaking the chain, thinking uniquely, and creating 1-2 thought. This invigorates the mind like physical exercise; it creates a similar feeling as jogging or briskly walking. The concept of physical thought is very important for the average person, for although not traumatized, the average person can overcome lingering, less serious problems. For example, physical thought can help with depression; or, just simply, create a relaxing feeling. There is no reason for alcohol or drugs, just think, and feel relaxed. It promotes mental stability. For me, I had many emotions sitting around like stagnant water. By concentrating upon how I felt a feeling during different times of my life, I was getting the thoughts moving again, like unblocking an area of stagnant river water. This felt very good—as if I was performing physical exercise.

Sometimes the way we think makes us depressed. Comparing and concluding you're not tall enough, good looking enough, talented enough, etc...is depressing. Remember, it wasn't one concept that allowed me to defeat the emotional scars, but a symphony. You are special. You were first conceived in the mind of God, and created in his image—you are a miracle, a unique gift to the world—there's a reason you're here. Look for the Divine reason because the search is an empowering, enriching journey. The farther on this journey traveled, the closer you'll be to God. On my journey, I traveled through myself, and the farther I went, the stronger I became.

In my journal, I document days and months of powerful depression. I overcame the depression, angrily blasting it into the universe, with the help of physical thought; but I never forgot that God wanted me to accept myself for the way he made me, and that there was something intrinsically profound about my faults, as well as my talents. I wrote: "...I accepted the errors, mistakes, and imperfection that formed who I was..."

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No matter how bad I felt, I believed things could get better. I didn't want to miss out on the future. It's like I knew there would be someone who would need me, and so I kept fighting. If you're depressed, I didn't want to miss out on helping you. I fought for you. I was fighting to pave the road out of the malaise. I pray that you feel better after reading my words, because if so, I would feel incredibly proud. It would make all the suffering documented in this book worth it. I hold the torch of my experiences, and offer it to the depressed. I swear **you can see things differently**, just like I did, and in doing so, **perceive meaning**.

Memory

Post-Traumatic Stress is like a scar on your hand in that you don't need to remember why the scar is there to know it exists. You can see it and touch it. Post-Traumatic Stress is a mental scar linked to memories and emotions. To dismiss the value of memory is to never confront it, or the emotions linked to it. It's to be doomed to forever feeling the pain.

If you've forgotten why the scar exists, you can deduce how the scar was created, based on the characteristics of the scar, and your behavior in relation to it. If you have a deep cut, you know it wasn't created by cotton candy. It must have been something sharp. Right there, you have a clue why it's there. Examine the scar further, and there'll be other clues. To dismiss the value of memories is to close the door of opportunity.

Actual memory will create chemical changes in the brain and effect mental stability and mental condition. If there is false memory concerning the scar, in time, the memory will be proven incorrect because there won't be a change in the way you feel. For example, if it's incorrectly believed the scar is due to reason "A," reason "A" will be proven false because the powerful emotions linked to the scar, and your relation to them, will remain the same. If reason "A" is correct, there will be permanent changes to the relationship between you and the powerful emotions. The emotions will be seen from a different vantage point. This is a physical relationship, like seeing an object differently as you walk down a street, or with every step down a flight of stairs.

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It's important to analyze behavior and relate it to memory. Without linking memory to behavior, I would have been enslaved by the traumatic experience, unable to move upon it; the moments that created the scar would have been suspended inside me like an immovable balloon. Memory alone won't solve the problem, but memory will change mental relationships, create stability, and provide the opportunity to overcome. Memory is like fog lifting from the road. The road might be full of twists, turns, and holes, but with memory, at least you can see.

There have been court cases where people provide incorrect testimony based upon memory. To me, to dismiss memory on that account would make as much sense as outlawing air travel because of an airline accident; or, outlawing car travel because of traffic deaths. I'd blame the professionals involved in the cases for lack of skill in detecting the witnesses' confused thought. A memory that doesn't modify behavior can't be proven to be true or false; however, a memory that can be proven to have modified a mental state has shown validity. I believe accusations are just accusations; but a memory that changes a mental state is powerful testimony. Memory allowed me to feel more secure and stable, because I was able to see the reasons for emotions, and link them to the way I felt and acted. Accusations are just accusations, but when the reasons for feelings and attitudes are discovered, permanent changes take place in the mind. If the accuser can't prove a permanent improvement in their emotional condition due to the memory, the memory should be deemed as untrustworthy.

False Memory

It's important to learn everything possible about false memory because the more you know about it the better you'll be able to recognize actual memory. Keep in mind that it's possible to have perfect memory of something that was misunderstood. If we have a discussion in the hallway, there could be a misunderstanding. For one thing, I'm looking one way and you're looking another. I'm facing south, and you're facing north. Perhaps there is a window behind you, with a blue sky; but behind me, there is a window with grey clouds. I'm looking at a blue sky, and you are looking at

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grey clouds. Maybe you don't hear me correctly. You misinterpret what I say. You walk away with a completely different understanding of our interaction than I did. You are upset at what I said when I think everything is understood and the matter is settled. You have perfect memory concerning what happened, but unfortunately, you've got perfect, precise, vivid memory of something that was misunderstood. So it's not just about memory. It's about relationships and the way we see things. For me, at the age of two, seeing things incorrectly almost destroyed my life.

The subject of false memory is something that I dealt with while I was overcoming the emotional scars. The moment of emotional impact, of emotional trauma, was seen differently as time passed. I identified the moment of trauma, as 1-2 thought. Approximately every two to three years, I saw the experience differently, and named these different views as 1-4, 18, 1-16, 1-32 and 1-64.

I overcame the emotional scars by seeing the relationships between traumatic memories and thoughts and relating them to how they affected me in the present moment. I saw how the memory changed from year to year, creating false memory, and saw how the false memories affected me in the present moment. This created understanding and with understanding came stability and strength.

A false memory can be beneficial. If you don't have actual memory, a false memory can allow you to cry and vent your feelings, and temporarily feel better. Don't laugh. When under the tremendous pressure of PTSD, a day or two of feeling better, even though it isn't permanent, can help. A false memory can create a sense of well-being. Believing in something, even if it's untrue, can be better than believing in nothing, and feeling confused. Sometimes it's better to be happy than right. A good imagination can be more palatable than the truth. In time, when feeling up to it, you can always look at yourself in the mirror and see the truth. No need to see it all at once; it's okay to peek for a while, and when ready, stand in front and stare.

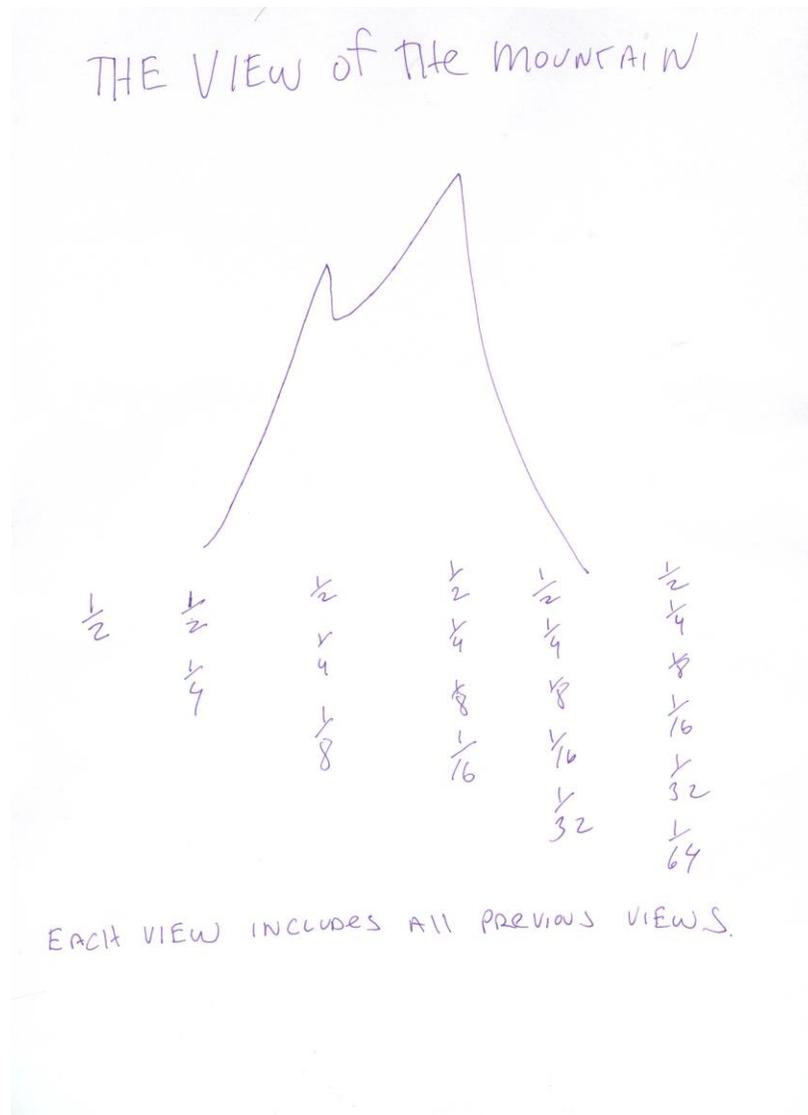
There are a lot of ways of looking at changing memory. One of the most important is The View of the Mountain.

 he View of the Mountain

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In the summer of 1975, I was on a bike ride and traveled 2500 miles through Canada, down to the state of Washington, and then through Oregon and back to San Jose, California. In California, I road past Mount Shasta. The sight of the mountain was like a magnet, and I had difficulty keeping my eyes on the road. As stated previously, Childhood emotional trauma is like traveling past a mountain. If you are traumatized at the age of two, at the age of five, you don't forget, but look at the mountain differently. At the age of five, the mountain is in the distance—you see the trauma from a different angle. It's very important to recognize the different views. One view of the mountain might be emotional, another subtle—all views are unique. One view may have entirely, or partially, overcome the trauma. Seeing all the views provides inner stability because the trauma is analyzed in different ways, constructively exercising the mind, and creating physical thought. It's like connecting the dots or assembling a puzzle. Once everything is put together, you see the whole experience, and the trauma is remembered vividly. It's as if a different facet of the experience is deposited in each view of the mountain. By concentrating on the different views simultaneously, you put the experience back together.

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In the above drawing, each view of the mountain is depicted by a column of thoughts. The first column, containing only 1-2 thought, is the actual experience. As time goes by, the experience is seen differently, and is depicted by the different columns. The first new view of the experience is represented by the second column, containing 1-2 and 1-4 thought, the next column contains 1-2, 1-4, and 1-8 thought, continuing through to the last column, the view containing the 1-64 thought. To get to the 1-64 thought, many years must pass. For me, it took approximately fifteen years, when I was seventeen years old. Understanding how the different thoughts affect each other is to understand The Equation of Thought.

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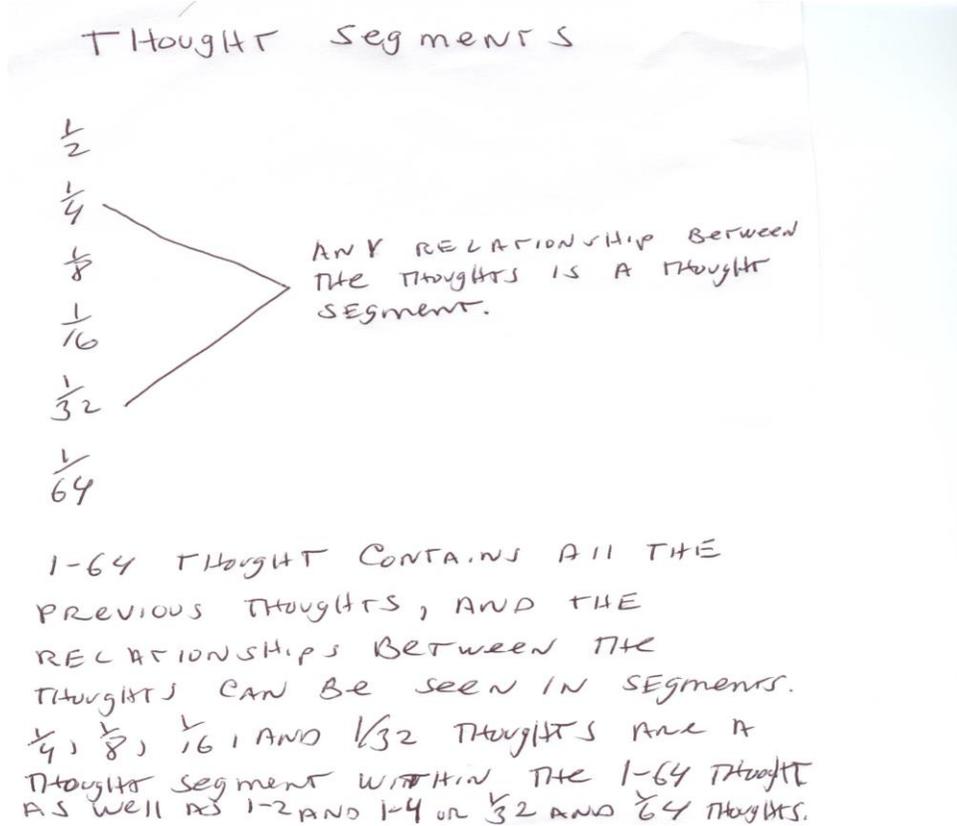
*Remember the view of the mountain. Mount Shasta, 1975.
I took this picture on my bike ride at the age of seventeen.
With special thanks to Mr. Edward Hodges of the Hoover-
Lincoln Bike Club.*

The Diagram of Thought Segments

Once understanding and seeing the mountain and the 1-64 thought, I was able to view how thoughts from one, or several parts of my life, thought segments, affected the thoughts from different parts of my life. Doing this strengthened the psyche and led to greater understanding. For example, I understood how the way I thought during first grade affected thoughts during third grade, how third grade affected fourth, and fourth affected fifth,

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and how fifth affected Junior High, and what it had to do with present moment thought. Or, I could see how Junior High affected High School, as well as how the hospital affected first grade, and what the different time periods had to do with present moment thought.



Overcoming dangerous relationships in the mind solves unfortunate problems in the world like hatred and violence. Constructive behavior toward thoughts is the key to solve a lot of society's problems because seeing clearly inside is to see clearly outside. And remember, the stronger in thought we become, the weaker the bad influences will grow, for weeds can't flourish under a healthy forest.

Positive Affirmations

I'm not a big fan of positive affirmations. It's much better to assess the situation, learn about the obstacle, and devise a plan to overcome. Positive thinking for the sake of positive thinking can be like optimistically walking against current. Its okay to think positive, but it would be smarter to figure out how to move in the direction of the current, or get out of the water. I'm

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not looking for blind belief, or ignorant bliss. I don't think you should close your eyes and believe everything will be okay. It's not honest to think positive about jumping off a cliff. Correct thinking is constructive, whereas, positive thinking can be foolish, time consuming, and opportunities can be lost. I want to cross home plate, not reach first base.

Fai†h

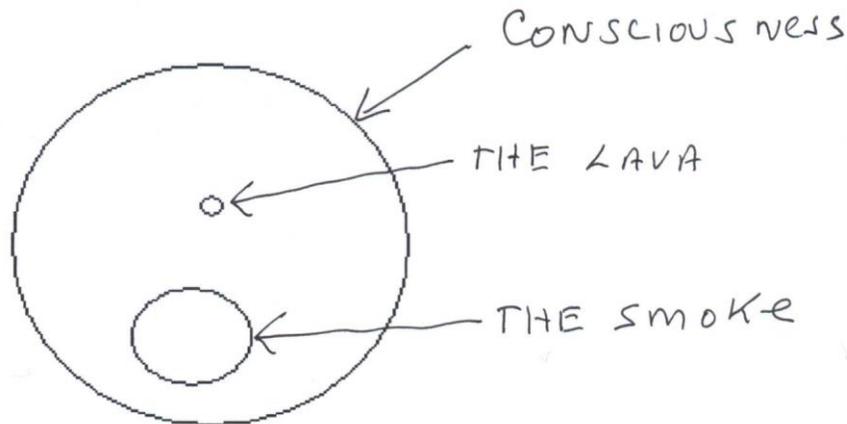
Faith is an interesting concept. I believe it's good to have faith. However, why would you need faith that something is going to happen, unless you doubted? Read this book! You don't need faith that emotional problems can be overcome. Forget faith, see the truth! You don't need faith to know that two plus two equals four. Choose what faith is needed for. Perhaps you need faith that you'll have strength. Perhaps you'll need faith that everything will be okay, or that you'll understand the outcome. But, have faith in God? Why do you need faith in God, unless you doubt he exists? If you doubt God exists, I challenge you to finish reading this book. Once reading this book, I believe the sober and analytical won't need faith, but accept God's existence as a fact.

When I was overcoming Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, I didn't question God's existence, only my ability to carry out his will. I had faith that I'd have sufficient strength and character to please God, and overcome the obstacle.



he Concept of the Sphere

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The concept of the sphere became very important. The sphere was like a Polaroid snapshot of consciousness at a moment in time. The snapshot showed consciousness with protruding influences. I looked at my consciousness and viewed the protruding feelings, remembered what I saw, and then compared them to what I viewed in the next moment, the next sphere. I compared mental images from one moment to the next like an astronomer tracking the movement of heavenly bodies in the night sky. The Polaroid snapshot of my consciousness showed a large circle representing consciousness, with smaller circles inside, illustrating protruding feelings, thoughts, and perceptions. The snapshot of my consciousness showed the two previously mentioned protruding entities, one, the lava, the other, the smoke. But wait, it was something different. The lava and smoke were never shown in the same sphere, the same moment! They never appeared in the same picture of my consciousness! One sphere showed the smoke, another, the lava. It would be like the Moon and Mars never appearing together in the sky. When the lava was there, the smoke wasn't; when the smoke was there, the lava wasn't. It was as if they were avoiding each other!

I carefully thought of reasons why one feeling would avoid the other. Could the lava and smoke be like two long lost friends, separated by grief? Could they be searching for each other, or fleeing

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from each other? Was one feeling pushing down the other like two people fighting to breath in water? When the lava was identified in the sphere, the smoke was searched for. When the smoke was identified in the sphere, the lava was searched for. When the entity not initially present in the sphere was located, something special happened. Memory appeared like beautiful fireworks shooting up into the night sky. It wasn't just any memory. It was memory related to why the lava and smoke existed. This was where I wanted to be. The game became a hunt for the smoke or lava, and then the search for its companion. Simultaneously concentrating upon two emotions prompted the mind to remember!

With the help of the concept of the sphere, as well as the other ideas discussed above, I successfully freed myself from the dangerous thoughts, and walked out of the room!



he Call to Action

If you are suffering from emotional trauma, the moment is the playground, the battlefield. The moment defiantly calls you a loser, and stands between you and your dreams. The question is, will you stand up and smack it? Will you stand above the moment? You need a reason to survive. My reason was the belief that God wanted me to—what will be your reason? Without a reason to push forward, why will you? From where will you draw strength? A reason to survive is like a fountain of everlasting strength—as long as there is the reason, the strength is always there.

You're no longer a child. You must choose to think like an adult and fight the emotions. You can choose what to focus on. Focus on defeat, and it's over. Focus on victory, and there is hope. You need inspiration. You need a reason to fight. That's where God comes in. God has provided the obstacle to push you to become. I believed I was chosen to overcome the obstacle for a higher purpose. I believed the world would be a better place if I overcame the illness. There was more at stake than just my sanity. At stake was the future of the world. At stake is your world. At stake is your future. As long as you fight, there is hope. As long as you fight, there is a light at the end of the tunnel.

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Success against emotional trauma begins within, in the same way as achievements in school, athletics, artistic expression, or any facet of life. To choose a worthwhile goal, persevere, and succeed, is to win in the mind, and prove you've got what it takes to overcome emotional trauma. At my lowest point of mental anguish, I recalled past successes, and believed if I could win then, I could beat the emotions. You must hold the memory of past achievements in your mind, create a clear mental picture of victory, and begin the battle—the struggle will invigorate your mind. In 1976, when I was fighting PTSD, I wrote, "Everything must be judged from within. If I succeed with a mind controlled by emotions, I lose. If I don't succeed with a clear mind, I win." I believed to succeed in the mind against the torment was to succeed in the world. I believed there was a direct correlation between my thoughts and outer performance. I was able to take control and channel the positive energy within, instead of languishing helplessly at the mercy of incorrect and dangerous thoughts. Surrounded by weeds, I strengthened my roots, grew strong and tall, and squeezed the enemy out of my mind.

Chapter Five

"...I remained alone like the charred remnant of a destroyed world, staring upward, trying to comprehend the isolation, poverty, and emptiness."

The Hospital, 1961

I BATTLED THE EMOTIONS FROM FEBRUARY 1976 THROUGH AUGUST 1977, SPARRING LIKE A BOXER IN THE RING. AFTER A YEAR AND A HALF, I HAD GROWN AND MADE ADVANCES AGAINST THE TORMENT, AND IT IS HERE THAT I CONTINUE THE EXCERPTS FROM THE JOURNAL THAT DOCUMENT WHAT HAPPENED AND HOW I SUCCEEDED AS A MENTAL SURVIVALIST...

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San Jose   a  e Universi  y

Aug. 31, 1977

Having come down in a cloud, the Lord stood with him there and proclaimed his name, "Lord." Thus the Lord passed before him and cried out, "The Lord, the Lord, a merciful and gracious God, slow to anger and rich in kindness and fidelity, continuing his kindness for a thousand generations, and forgiving wickedness and crime and sin; yet not declaring the guilty guiltless, but punishing children and grandchildren to the third and fourth generation for their fathers' wickedness!" Exodus 34:5 to 34:7

Tonight, I rode my bike to San Jose State to check out where I had to go tomorrow for my classes. There was a band playing, and I was able to relate what I felt in the hospital to what I was feeling that moment. Everything hurt a lot. I went under a tree in front of a house with a party inside and cried. A guy came over and asked, "Who are you?" "Wow," I thought, "What the fuck does he want?" I looked up and said sternly, "NO ONE," and he walked away.

While under the tree, I thought about a house near the school. There were insane people inside. Due to Governor Reagan's budget cuts, the campus at San Jose State is surrounded by homes for the mentally ill. We call them "nut houses." These people walk around the campus during the day. One man imagines someone is following him. The person following keeps poking him on the shoulder. He never stops poking him. The man swats at him to make him leave. People stand like statues. Sometimes they stand in the middle of traffic. One man poses as if he's the Statue of Liberty! These people are trapped inside themselves. I felt close to them. In my mind, I could see a hand over the house. In a flash, I found myself somewhere else. I was in a desert, walking along a path. The mentally ill people were with me. They seemed sane. They were crying to get out of the desert. I then realized in order to overcome the emotional scars, I needed to forgive myself for believing my mother was dead. This was very difficult, for even if I forgave in the present

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moment, it wouldn't mean I'd forgive in the past. Even if I forgave in the present, I'd still be stuck in the desert.

The different forms of thought were like different generations. Each form of thought was faced separately. When one form of thought was forgiven, the other forms of thought wailed in pain, waiting, until they were also forgiven. And so it is in the world. Nations must forgive each other, because if they don't, they curse their children. The hatred roams the society like a ghost. Sometimes the hate surfaces, and other times it looms in the shadows, but it's always harmful. This is especially true in the Middle East.

"You have heard that it was said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thy enemy.' But I say to you, love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who persecute and calumniate you, so that you may be children of your Father in heaven, who makes his sun to rise on the good and the evil, and sends rain on the just and the unjust." Mathew 5:43 to 5:45

So tomorrow I go forward into another era of my life! God bless this era. Please God, let it be a happy one!

At this point, I was still in a lot of trouble because although I remembered the hospital, it was like seeing a huge mountain from far away. It seemed so close you can reach out and touch it, but only its contours were visible. You can't see the important details of the mountain. You can't feel the cold of its peaks, or the hardness of its stone. The fact that I remembered wasn't good enough because the memory didn't reduce the pain. Remembering was like removing bandages to see a raw, unhealed wound. There was less fantasy and less denial, but I still needed to overcome the emotional scars, and until I did, the lava pounded me.

Memories from years after the hospital constantly popped into view. I needed to deal with these memories to come closer to the mountain. I needed to deal with the different forms of thought. Gradually, I saw the contours of the test spread from one year to the next, dispersed like the percussion of a giant explosion. Slowly, as I dealt with eighth grade, second grade, fourth grade, and others, I dealt with how the hospital affected me, and removed the soil that was in the way, and finally felt the cold of the mountain's peak, and touched the hard stone.

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Sept. 13, 1977

“...I reasoned that my only hope was for God to bring my mother back to life.”

The Hospital, 1961

I'm still creating conflicts and feeling pain. I'm disgusted. This thing is too much. I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm fed up. I've worked too long and too hard to be where I am. The pain is bad. I don't like living this way. I won't live this way. It's weird. One half of me is okay, and the other isn't.

I know it's best that conditions be that I feel as much pain as possible. I don't know. It's too much for me. This is the end. I'm tired of being this place and that, and being me. I'm tired of pain. I can't want. Pain comes.

Sept. 21, 1977

“Here, then,” said the Lord, “is the covenant I will make. Before the eyes of all your people I will work such marvels as have never been wrought in any nation anywhere on earth, so that this people among whom you live may see how awe-inspiring are the deeds which I, the Lord, will do at your side. But you, on your part, must keep the commandments I am giving you today.” Exodus 34:10 to 34:11

There is no choice to make. I cannot choose something over what my body wants. I must face what my body wants and needs to face.

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I stand before the great god,
the god of my body and past.
I must kneel before it and bow
to its wishes. I must flow with
it and become one...

Sept. 25, 1977

"...The memory of the test vibrated like noise blasting my ears—ALONE, ABANDONED, MOTHER DEAD! ALONE, ABANDONED, MOTHER DEAD! ALONE, ABANDONED, MOTHER DEAD!"

The Hospital, 1961

Today is Sunday. It's been a very hard weekend dissipating. It seems like I'm almost cured; so close, yet so far. I suppose it takes a lot of time, and a lot of hell.

Sept. 26, 1977

"...I shouted inside my mind, "Shut it off, shut it off!" But no, the torment was there and wouldn't leave—MOTHER DEAD! MOTHER DEAD! MOTHER DEAD! MOTHER DEAD!"

The Hospital, 1961

I'm not really doing all that good. Although I'm relatively free from fantastic pain, and have uncovered a whole lot, including more fantastic base thoughts of the hospital this evening, while at my pledge meeting (SAE Fraternity), my mind blocks my memory so I can't remember anyone's name. We sat in a circle and took turns reciting each other's names. One by one, each pledge learned the fellow pledges names, but when it came to me, I couldn't recall even one name. NOT EVEN ONE NAME. I was the only pledge who couldn't remember anyone's name. The other pledges learned easily. It was so humiliating. Around and around we went from one pledge to the next

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to recite the names. Each pledge slowly learned the names. I dreaded when it was my turn to recite the names. At first there was uncomfortable smiles. They were shaking their heads wondering how I could be in college. I got overanxious. I was really embarrassed, and now they think I'm stupid. They don't want me anymore. They call me the dumb one. They smirk when they look at me. One guy looked at me like I was retarded. I'm not sure how long I'm going to last before they kick me out. But at least I kept my head up and looked him in the eyes. Forcing myself to show up around the fraternity is like self-mutilation.

As I sat in the circle, thoughts of my very poor social life came to mind. I thought the fraternity could be a great thing. I'd have lots of friends and lots of things to do. Unfortunately, wanting wasn't something done without triggering the lizard, lava, and smoke. The more I wanted to remember names, the less chance I had.

Dealing with the humiliation was one more challenge, and why I wrote, "The winner of the battle of the minds is the one who overcomes both the inner and the outer worlds."

Oct. 2, 1977

"...The memory was like a separate thing, apart from me—it roamed the battlefield of my mind like a monster—DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!"

The Hospital, 1961

I'm battered and bruised, but I'm successfully dissipating everything. I'm as hard as rock. I'm getting strength from somewhere.

My mind is pushing to be resolved. That's why the pain is chronic. The system wants the problem resolved. It's only a matter of time until I become completely whole.

The lizard won't let up. The lizard battles on until I solve the puzzle. I must reach the lizard, or it won't stop its chronic cries for attention.

I've got to apply the stuck feeling to the outer world. I have to call the feelings my mother, and then show my conscious mind what the feeling is. If the subconscious feeling is placed on a tomato plant, I must show my mind the conscious feelings for the tomato plant, and the subconscious feelings

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for the tomato plant. Doing this, it becomes obvious to the conscious mind that the subconscious feelings aren't for the tomato plant.

By showing my mind the truth, and simultaneously acknowledging conscious and subconscious perceptions of the same thing, the mind reprograms itself. I know I've redirected feelings from the hospital and my mother onto other things. Knowing this isn't good enough. I must show my mind it is so! Until I show my mind, going step by step through every redirected feeling and perception, I'm only staring eye to eye with the lizard. I'm so close, yet so far!

As stated previously, In the summer of 1975, I was on a bike ride and traveled through Canada, down to the state of Washington, and then through Oregon and back to San Jose, California. On July 19, 1975, we camped at a park in Oregon. I sat down and wrote the following:

“Now! If I wanted a map to Mexico, would I choose a map to L.A.? No! I would choose a map to Mexico, and not L.A. If a man wants salvation, how can he say any spiritual wisdom will mean spiritual growth?

Would a map to Carolina help me get to Mexico? Even if I memorized it, I don't think it would help. How can any wisdom make a person higher? How can any wisdom be good? If I had a map of Oregon and tried to get to Mexico, I'd get lost!

Knowledge is often mistaken for spiritual growth. You can get lost very easily. Now! If you want salvation, you've got to choose the correct road. So you've only got to know one thing! Love God!

The philosophers of the world possess a lot of wisdom. I believe much of it is wisdom, even if it's nonsense. At least it is creative. All of their thoughts are true in at least one instance or situation! Many of them are very wise. But if you want to go to Mexico, you don't choose a map to Oregon, just because it's absolutely correct. It won't get you there. It will get you to Oregon. So how can you say that for salvation, all wisdom will get you there, or all wisdom is good? Some wisdom could be correct, and lead you into the path, if you followed it, to hell! So don't think for once that all wisdom concerning spiritual life is good!”

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“Look there! You see something that is the truth, so don’t fidget with what is not, no matter how wise it is. For this will bring you nowhere.

In this case: wisdom of what they say is naught. So be quiet. For they can’t see wisdom in humility. For these people fail to see that wisdom is in your actions, and not your words.

The sun, the stars, and the people come. Don’t waste your life!

Show me an intelligence that is greater than love. If you can, I want to eat it. If you can’t, don’t think for once that a man who cannot love has wisdom.

Don’t stumble over yourself. The sun, the stars, and the people come. Don’t waste your life. Don’t become a word to the sun and stars in the sky. Let them become a word to you.

Let it be known. No power on earth can stop what is going to happen. No psychiatry, no lawyer!”

As you read above, on July 19, 1975, I sat down and wrote about maps. This foreshadowed my approach toward overcoming the emotional scars. I recognized there was knowledge, but the question was, what knowledge would work for me? There were people who spent their whole lives studying psychology, but did they study the correct thing? What if they spent their whole career studying the wrong thing? What if they took the wrong path?

Somehow, I recognized the difference between different kinds of knowledge. Some knowledge was useful while others took up valuable space and energy. I believed in what was described in the first vision about Eclectic Knowledge. I sensed the Eclectic Knowledge and it was inside me. I followed the path inside me, which was the correct path to solve the problem. Other people were smarter than me, more educated, and older; of course they were, I was only an adolescent, and couldn’t consistently impress anyone; but, my path was inside me. To follow the elder, the smarter, the more able was to fail, for my path followed through Eclectic Knowledge, which came from God, and the intelligentsia of the universe!

Sounds crazy! But thankfully I believed it. I seemed to be driven by an unknown power. This power took over at some point. I talked about getting knowledge from somewhere, and “hidden wisdom.” On February 7, 1977, I wrote:

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“I don’t remember how I knew how to dissipate. It seemed pretty obvious that I could, sort of like looking at a lamp, and theorizing if you pushed it, it would fall. Maybe it was God. It quite possibly was this “hidden wisdom” I sometimes have. I sometimes know things without having any practical experience to know them. Sometimes I hear voices in my sleep teaching psychology.”

Above on Oct. 2,1977, I wrote:

“I’m battered and bruised, but I’m successfully dissipating everything. I’m as hard as rock. I’m getting strength from somewhere.”

So as you read about how my path lead to overcoming the torment, consider your path, and pray that you’re on the path God has chosen for you! See that being on the right path can make all the difference, especially when it comes to overcoming the impossible.

On the last day of the bike trip, I dreaded coming home because somehow, I knew that the path of my life included facing a dreadful challenge. I wasn’t just coming home, but was returning to face my problems. As we approached San Jose, we stopped for lunch at a park in Fremont. It was July 30, 1975. I wrote:

“12:18 P.M. A cloud of wonder over my head? No, only home. I can see the brownish, grayish smog in the sky. It clusters over San Jose, only 17 miles away.”

After riding a bicycle 2500 miles, at the age of 17, it came to this. I saw the smog of the city 17 miles away, and sensed the demons over the 17 years of my life. I couldn’t hide behind the bike ride anymore. All that was left was the demons clustering over my head like the brownish, grayish smog.

At home I wrote: “8:57 P.M. And in the deep blue waters of my life, I see my trip floating away. Although it seems not yet reality, I know it is so...This saddens me...I must choose a path! I cannot drift in the sea any longer! I must stand up! Arise! I must raise a picture above my head for all to see, and say:

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“I am this.” ...I must straighten out now. Become a person. No winds can stop me, no mountain can be high enough. Damn the thought the prevents me!

I don't think I can stand watching T.V. I don't really know. I'll have to try. I need some outside entertainment. I wish some friends would come over. It seems none ever do. It seems my hands are always left empty when it comes to friends. I must stop thinking that way, or maybe I'll never have friends. I cry at the thought! Maybe it is to be! But let me not think that way! For whether true or not, let me become like a seed that's reaps friendship from the inside!

...I'm hot! I don't like my bed. Maybe not San Jose. If I were traveling through, I would say...get the hell out! But I live here...

A wall of guilt is in my mind! I don't know why it is there! Or maybe I do! I suppose I've written about it before! Enough with it! Let not the devil betray me once more, and make me think I'm thinking my own thoughts. For if I wasn't thinking his, at times I might not feel guilty. Whose am I thinking? Are they mine? Or is my mind being crushed as if it was stuck between two cement pillars?”

The trip is over. God is dead.

Oct. 17, 1977

We had a Toga Party with Delta Gamma and this incredibly beautiful girl was all over me. She was amazing!!!!!! And then there was another, and another, and another, and another! It was like a group of wild love doves flocking all over me! There were seven of them. What a dream! It was like High School before I quit the football team! I'd go cruising down First Street and people would say, “Stick Louis' face out the window to attract the Babes!”

My fraternity brothers were like, “We can't get rid of this guy, the babes love him.” So then they were like, “Put Morrone in front of the check-in line at the beer barrel music blasting parties! He'll attract more members!” One of my brothers said, “You add color, and have a lot to offer, and I realize you aren't that stupid after all.” They used to laugh at me, but now they often laugh with me. They made a song that goes, “It's Lou Morrone Time, It's Lou Morrone Time, It's Lou Morrone time!” And then I'm supposed to

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act like Peter Falk in Columbo, and put my fingers to my head over my right eye like a detective solving the case. They burst with laughter and cheer.

One of my brothers said, “Louis is special.”

I was stuck in an elevator and the door wouldn't open. We waited and waited and waited. My Fraternity brother didn't know what to do. I got frustrated, slammed my foot to the ground and shouted at the door, “Heeeey.” That instant the door exploded open like a bomb was set off. My fraternity brother was stunned, and repeated, “I didn't see that. I didn't see that.”

In the seventh grade there was an eight-grader named Teddy. He'd roam the schoolyard like a bully and randomly chose a victim to punch. People were terrified of him. One lunchtime he set his sights on me. After a bit of a scuffle, he punched me in the right eye. The next time I saw him was the first day of High School. He stood at the steps and welcomed me like the nicest guy in the world. He looked like a midget. He never grew again.

Oct. 24, 1977

Like the vibrations of emotional scars, I repeat:

“...The memory was like a separate thing, apart from me—it roamed the battlefield of my mind like a monster—DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!”

I'm dissipating like crazy, almost all vital base thoughts from the hospital! I'm linking my life together and gaining memory of second grade. Slowly but surely, my feelings during elementary school and before are becoming conscious. It seems I've dissipated more of the hospital than of elementary school. That's holding me back. I've got to link everything together: hospital, elementary school, junior high, high school, and now.

Nov. 10, 1977

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My hair seems messed up because of the curls. It's difficult to keep it straight. I stand in front of the mirror and can't stand it. I finally got a scissors and cut the curls I couldn't straighten. It looks better, but some parts of my hair are half as long as other parts. Sometimes I have to go back and cut it again because the long parts get curly, and it gets messed up. One of my pledge brothers smirked and asked, "Hey guy, did you put a bowl over your head and cut your hair?"

"Nooooo!" I screeched. "What an asshole," I thought. "My hair looks good."

They know I don't have a girlfriend and wonder why. One guy says, "It is okay, be gay. Just don't be gay around here."

I was sitting on the couch and one of my brothers entered the room. I looked up and he looked down at me and said, "Do you want my dick?"

Nov. 13, 1977

You must always return to the room...

Wherever you go, you follow.
Whatever you see, you see.
Whoever you're with, you're with them.
The feelings are invisible walls
that separate you.
Although unseen, the walls are as real as
stone.

You can reach out to another, but the person won't help. People don't understand. They don't see. They don't feel. They don't get it.

People are your enemy;
they laugh, talk behind your back,
ostracize, and think you're weird.

No one wants to be seen with you. You are the sewage of the world. You are human, like them; that makes them hate you. If you were a dog, or a rodent, or something, they might be nice. But since you are human, they

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can't stand the sight of you. You are one of them and they don't want to be reminded.

I faced humiliation at the fraternity. Although I faced humiliation, I was initiated an SAE. I slowly gained friends and supporters. They realized I wasn't as stupid as I first seemed. At one time, I became liked by most of the members. Some members even said I was one of the most popular guys. They said I was the funniest guy since the comedian, Kevin Pollak, pledged the fraternity. Unfortunately, in time, I became less and less active, and the walls separated us.

Dec. 25, 1977

Become conscious of the lava and smoke, treat with 1-2 thought, pop goes base thoughts!

Dec. 27, 1977

I'm doing 100% totally fantastic. The increased memory of second grade is proving to be the biggest breakthrough since the hospital. With all the aid of my techniques, I'm successfully dissipating. School starts in another month, and it's possible I'll be free from repressions. This moment I'm enthralled with good feelings and happiness. Base thoughts are popping. 1-2 thought confronting the lizard is the key. It's almost like I want to be happy, and since I want to, I am!

Being... "enthralled with good feelings and happiness," should have been a red flag, however, since base thoughts were "popping," things were looking good.



he Mental Explosion

Jan. 1, 1978

Last night was New Years and I sat home by myself in front of the T.V. and watched the ball drop. A friend of my brother's came over to pick him up and he asked me why I was just sitting there. "Hey," he said cheerfully, "What's going on? Why aren't you out chasing girls?" I just looked at him and said

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nothing. They all think I'm weird anyway. My brother has 50 friends. When I was 14 my parents went to Tahoe and my brother had a party. I was sitting on my mother's cushioned armchair and they were staring at me with amazement, saying there was this other 14-year-old doper they related to and he was so much more mature. "Wow", what a difference they marveled. This guy lit fireworks inside the house and luckily, he didn't burn it down. Today was much of the same and the boredom was mind numbing, especially with all the cool people having so much fun. Tonight, at about 6:20, while driving my car to get out of the house and swat at the cobwebs, I began to dissipate Christine. I let the molten lava sink in and could barely take the pain. After a while, I figured I'd better pull to the side of the road because I was getting weak. Somehow, base thoughts of the test popped; the most awful ever. My whole body was left weak. It's been an hour and a half, and I'm still weak.

With the mountain in view, I braved the highest parts and reached the cold stormy peak. While at the top, I gazed down into the crater filled with burning lava. The heat and intensity were more than I could take. I stared down as long as I could physically do so.

Thinking about Christine, and relating it to the test, smacked me with 17 years of denied feelings. However, while this was a very important event in my life, I found it was wiser to take it one step at a time. There was too much energy to go directly from Christine to the test. It was smarter to go from Christine to 7th grade, 7th grade to 4th grade, 4th grade to second grade, and then second grade to the test. This is where the concepts of 1-8 thought, 1-16 thought, 1-32 thought, and 1-64 thought were useful. It's like walking down a flight of stairs, instead of jumping out the second-floor window.

11:30 P.M. I realize the cloud of feelings that once hampered my mind was due to my—my mind is a little shaky right now. What happened tonight was very important. The worst isn't over yet. Everything is super painful.

I could dissipate more any moment. I can feel it. I've got a fantastic foothold onto the test! Everything should come piling out. I feel beat, tired; wheeze. I feel like the base thoughts are already conscious. It's like I'm chasing them. I'm about to grab hold. They're there, everything has always been there, tied up in my life! The subconscious thought is present in all my thoughts and actions.

The motive of my thought

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has been exposed.
The wires dangle and sway
like trees in the wind. They
seem so simple.
The devastation caused
seems so much more profound
knowing that such simplicity can wreak
such havoc.

So much in life is simple. It is simple
to make the right choice over the wrong.
It is difficult to consistently do so...
Sometimes it is difficult to do so at all.

I feel toward the test the way I'd feel about repressions (bad feelings) right before I was going to dissipate them. I know everything! It's like it's on the tip of my tongue. What I did earlier was dissipate the moments of the test when the pain and fear became beyond my capabilities to withstand.

The lizard has been exposed for what it is, a crying child yearning for attention. If I don't give it what it wants, it'll destroy me. The lizard no longer laughs, but cries. It's been caught. We stare eye to eye, yet remain distant.

The pain and fear are about wanting. If I never wanted, I wouldn't have felt fear or pain. All I do is look at Christine, like earlier tonight, and sitting there is all the "want" of the test! All the "want" is scattered throughout my life! There's no need to remember seventeen years back. Remembering Christine makes the hospital memory come.



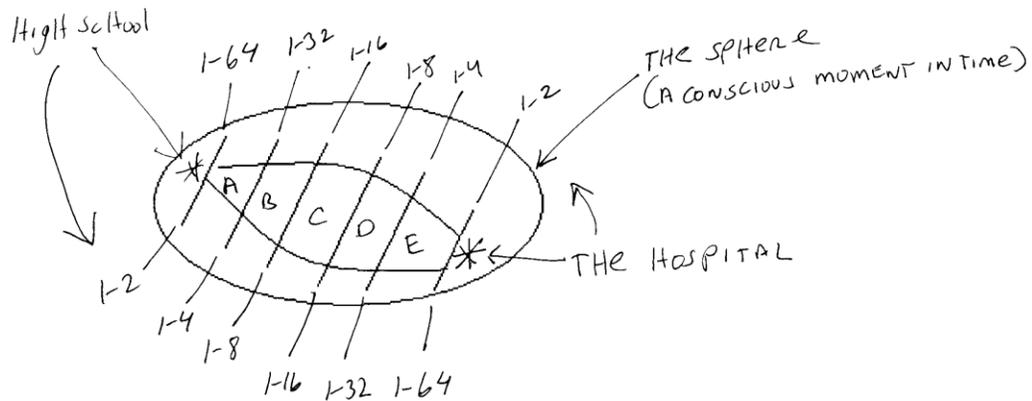
he Diagram of the Test

Jan. 5, 1978

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My past is like a giant diagram of the test. The contours of one part of the test are in second grade, another third, another fourth, another fifth, and so on. If I could step back and see the years of my life, I'd see the entire test!

A = JUNIOR High
B = GRADES 3-6
C = GRADES 1-2
D = AGES 5-6
E = AGES 2-4



FROM THE VIEW POINT OF HIGH SCHOOL, THE HOSPITAL IS 1-64 THOUGHT. FROM THE VIEW POINT OF THE HOSPITAL, HIGH SCHOOL IS 1-64 THOUGHT. STEPPING BACK AND SEEING THE YEARS OF MY LIFE, I CAN SEE THE ENTIRE TEST!

I saw the contours of the test spread from one year to the next, dispersed like the percussion of a giant explosion. The more I saw the above diagram, the stronger in thought I became. This is another depiction of the Equation of Thought.

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Jan. 6, 1978

I'm continuing to dissipate crucial moments of the hospital. I'm dissipating the pivots of when I saw my mother walk away. After the test, my mother returned, and then left. I was shocked—but didn't have time to face the shock.

I have to dissipate third through sixth grades.

Jan 15, 1978

Slowly, I'm dissipating third through sixth grades. Doing so, I'm dissipating the bulk of "God." But of course, everything is tied together.

There is a lightening of my heart, an easing of the pressure upon me. I feel clean inside. I've almost dissipated the test.

The challenge now appears to be dissipating "God." He appears to be the last thing left. While dissipating "God," base thoughts from the hospital should easily come.

Jan. 16, 1978

Repressing past emotions, I actually retained them, and included new ones. I held back a glob of emotion, saw it in my mind as stagnate, but didn't realize I was actually subconsciously reliving what I repressed.

Jan 21, 1978

I've been working on my studying. Last semester I couldn't get myself to concentrate. I've been placing the feelings that hurt my concentration first in mind while reading. I've been dissipating second and third grades, a lot of yearning for my mother. I stand a pretty good chance of freeing myself from these feelings by the time school starts. I've also dissipated a little Christine.

Jan. 21, 1978

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8:35 P.M. I've almost totally dissipated the moment I saw my mother abandon me. All other stages of the test are also very close to being dissipated. Tonight, I've been crying very hard and very much.

It would have been better if my mother actually died. At least then I could have mourned her. Instead, the only thing I could do was hate myself.

Jan. 22, 1978

"The previous rulers used the militia to enslave them. This new ruler was calling the militia in closer to have a tighter grip on their lives. For what evil purpose could this be?"

The First Vision

10:00 A.M. I'm still tired from the dissipating I did yesterday and last night. It seems it might hamper my dissipating today.

2:47 P.M. I feel weak inside. I've dissipated at least some of my needs to be a little child. My body and mind feel weak.

Jan. 28, 1978

"He noticed an inlet and how the contours of the water conformed to the shape of the land."

The First Vision

The last few days I've had the flu. It's made me drowse, and I think it might have helped me remember the past. Anyway, now I do. I've been dissipating third through sixth grades. They're every bit as important as I suspected.

Jan 29, 1978

"...she danced like a glowing dolphin, swimming in the sea."

The First Vision

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I'm still feeling drowse. I now remember when I began to deny thinking my mother was dead. I've been dissipating the test, hospital, and everything else. I consider myself cured, although I still have more work to do. The things I haven't dissipated won't bother me very much, maybe not at all.

I'm dissipating every repression that pops up and connecting it to the hospital! If I daydream, it's because I want to, contrary to before, when I couldn't stop daydreaming. I've been remembering the hospital like it's in the present moment! Today I started school and it was okay.

Several layers of soil have been removed. The mountain is now very close. I've successfully blown through high school, elementary school, and earlier.

Feb. 16, 1978

My Initials are L.A.M. I looked it up in the dictionary and one definition said: Lamentation. I looked lamentation up in the dictionary and one definition said: #3..."Book of the Old Testament, ascribed by tradition to Jeremiah."

I looked up the name Jeremiah in the Holy Bible. The Bible spells the name Jeremia. This is what it says: "The prophet and author of the book of prophecies and lamentations bearing his name and found in the Old Testament. He was born 645 B.C."

Read Lamentation, chapter 3. Read 3:27.

In the hospital, while I thought my mother was dead, I told God I'd do anything for him if he'd bring my mother back. After the hospital, I saw Christ. I'm not sure what to think. I'm not sure what God wants me to do. I don't remember him ever telling me anything to do.

Feb. 24, 1978

"Watching time is like watching a fish swim in a bowl. You can see the fish, understand how it's living, but not live in the water."

The First Vision

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I've broken down major barriers like third grade and eighth grade, and with Christine, if repressions pop up, I express the feeling—treat with 1-2 thought, and then attempt to remember the hospital or early childhood. It works great! When Christine feelings come up, the exact base thoughts of the hospital are present, ready to be related, and ready to dissipate.

Feb. 26, 1978

"A messenger from God approached the Ultimate Supreme Ruler."

The First Vision

It's been a super hard day dissipating. It looks like I'll soon remember the test like it's in the present moment. Nothing is coming easily, only through hell and pain. I feel hard inside.



The Diagram of the Sphere

March 19, 1978

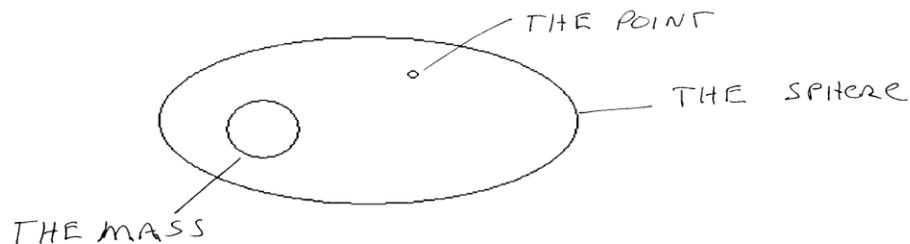
Point: The feelings and thoughts most poignant. Mass: the secondary thoughts or feelings around the point.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

THE SPHERE - A CONSCIOUS MOMENT IN TIME.

THE POINT - A PAINFUL FEELING.

THE MASS - A DULL FEELING



WHEN THIS IMAGE IS LOCATED,
INSIGHTS AND MEMORIES APPEAR
LIKE SHOOTING STARS.

Once you assemble the point and mass, that is, realize their existence and relationship, concentrate on 1-2 thought. For example, memory that is clear and vivid of my high school broken heart is smothered by feelings of the hospital and early childhood. Keeping this in mind, I concentrate on what I already know vividly (high school broken heart), and pop goes base thoughts from years earlier. My high school broken heart would be point, and the feelings of the hospital and early childhood would be mass.

The concept of the point and the mass is synonymous with the concept of the lava and the smoke. I changed the name in the beginning for demonstration purposes. Assembling related feelings in the sphere prompted the mind to think healthily. This is a fluid concept; what was the point and the mass would change based upon the poignant and dull feelings in the mind. A feeling could be both the point and the mass, depending upon its

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changing relationship with other feelings. Dull can be poignant, and poignant can be dull. Assembling the point and the mass and concentrating upon 1-2 thought was a two-sided attack against the torment. I was simultaneously reassembling emotions and introducing clear thinking.

I must first dissipate the pivotals. I must first remember Christine, and get all the feelings out. I must identify the feelings from the hospital I'm confusing with Christine. I must cry about the hospital and Christine separately. I must deal with pivotals from every year of my life. Stuck feelings from third and eighth grades are blocking memory of the hospital.

A pivotal allows 1-2 thought to transform into 1-4 thought; 1-4 thought into 1-8 thought; 1-8 thought into 1-16 thought, and so on. Christine was a pivotal of the hospital.

1-2 thought doesn't have to come from high school. Right now, I'm thinking 1-2 thought of the hospital all the time! I'm super, super close to obtaining the base thoughts for everything. I don't always worry about assembling the point and the mass. I remember anyway. When I can't remember anything, I use 1-2 thought from high school. 1-2 thought from the hospital can also be used to dissipate high school, and other parts of my life.

The thoughts were inter-related, because ultimately, they came from one source, me! Treating the feelings with 1-2 thought from any period got the water moving! Today, I'm free to remember and associate any experience in any way I want. Choosing 1-2 thought from different periods, at that point, was no different.

I remember the base thoughts from the hospital, and connect them to memory of high school. Then, I cry about high school as being high school, and the hospital as being the hospital.

April 16, 1978

This is unbelievable, but I was looking at my name the way it was situated, last name first, on my Red Cross Card, and noticed if you said Morrone Anthony Louis, my initials spell M.A.L. I looked this up in the dictionary and one definition said, Malachi. I looked up Malichi and this is what it said: "Hebrew prophet of the 5th century B.C. and author of the last book of minor prophets which bears his name."

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As I dissipate, I must re-evaluate my motives and goals in the outer world. I'm changing. It's scary. The hospital experience had such a total impact on me that when I dissipate it, I will be a changed person. I will no longer have the same motives and goals as before.

April 24, 1978

"...I didn't distinguish between the medical test and my thoughts. The medical test, a memory, became my thoughts. Like feelings of love, joy, and security, the feelings of terror became a part of me. Like decaying leaves and debris become a part of soil, my thoughts became an aspect of me."

The Hospital, 1961

I concentrate upon a feeling, and let it take as much of my mind as it wants, and with the help of vivid memory from sixth grade down, reduce the emotion to thought. More and more, it seems I'm breaking away from high school hang-ups. When I think 1-2 thought from the hospital, I stand a good chance of never being bothered by the projecting feelings again.

When the repression persists, it's because sensations from high school arise, and block memory. I name these repressions, feelings of the hospital, and 1-2 thought from high school pops up. I remember these experiences as if they're happening in the present moment. I see the emotions and relive experiences. When I do this, I'm cured from the specific emotions that were bothering me.

I've been remembering childhood experiences from around four to five years of age, and linking the emotions to the hospital. Instead of dissipating stuck feelings from high school, I've been bypassing that, and going directly to the hospital. 1-2 thought from childhood is coming easily, and with it base thoughts from the hospital.

Memories of the hospital mean more 1-2 thought, and more connections are needed. Memory means there is something blocking my mind from experiencing the base thoughts! I must link this memory with different experiences. Once doing so, sooner or later, as I scrape off excess emotions

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from different periods, the base thoughts come. It is inevitable that I be cured; no string is infinite.

It's not just any kind of memory that I'm looking for. It's 1-2 thought, vivid memory! Memory of the hospital that isn't 1-2 thought is 1-4 thought or higher. Memory of the test that isn't vivid must be scrutinized. Is it 1-4, 1-8, 1-16, 1-32, or 1-64 thought? From which view of the mountain does the memory come? Does the memory come from age five, eight, eleven, fourteen, or seventeen? The difference between the thoughts, how one affects the other, must be seen. How I saw the trauma at age two influenced how I saw it at age five; how I saw the trauma at age five influenced how I saw it at age eight; how I saw the trauma at age eight influenced how I saw it at age eleven; how I saw the trauma at age eleven influenced how I saw it at age fourteen; and how I saw it at age fourteen influenced how I saw the trauma at age seventeen. The previous view influencing the latter created 1-4 thought relationships between the thoughts. Once establishing this and seeing the equation in my mind, I concentrated upon all five 1-4 thought relationships, thoughts in the now, and vivid memory, and newer and more vivid memory of the hospital came to mind. Doing so constructively exercised my mind, and I moved closer to the mountain.

Then the disciples came to Jesus privately and said, "Why could not we cast it out?" He said to them, "Because of your little faith; for amen I say to you, if you have faith like a mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Remove from here'; and it will remove. And nothing will be impossible to you." Mathew 17:18 to 17:19

April 25, 1978

"...I looked to the side, and saw my mother walk away. The loving image of my mother shattered into fragments of resentment, betrayal, abandonment, anger, and hatred."

The Hospital, 1961

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I'm in horrible pain. I remember the awful moments, but there are still mental blocks. One un-dissipated moment is when I saw my mother walk away, and thought she abandoned me. I've been walking around with those feelings in me. It's horrible.

I'm close to the inner core, the molten lava. 1-4 thought and higher cloud the memory. Until I identify the 1-4 thought, and apply 1-2 thought, the pain will torture me. I must identify the thoughts and memories that are blocking the 1-2 thought. Once doing so, I must simultaneously concentrate on the memory of the hospital, and the thoughts and memories clouding my thinking. This will produce 1-2 thought.

May 25, 1978

I'm lucky to the deepest soul because I'm dissipating the past. I'm calling subconscious feelings what they are—and these feelings, entangled in my motives and actions, are becoming memory.

God is everywhere, like a mirror that can never be covered. God is here and there! God is now and then! God is today and tomorrow! Breathe, and smell God. Touch, and touch God! Hear, and hear God! Taste, and taste God! The moment is God; rejoice in the moment because the moment is God! What is "I am?" "I am" is a mirror image of God!

To search for God is to look deep inside. One cannot truly know oneself, without knowing God, because living without God is a type of self-estrangement.

"But," said Moses to God, "when I go to the Israelites and say to them, 'The God of your fathers has sent me to you,' if they ask me, 'What is his name?' what am I to tell them?" God replied, "I am who am." Then he added, "This is what you shall tell the Israelites: I AM sent me to you." Exodus 3:13 to 3:14

June 20, 1978

I've been feeling lousy. I've been connecting repressions from junior high to the moments after I watched my mother walk away. That is when I realized more and more, I was growing up, and thus, "losing" my mother. Although I say I've been feeling lousy, this "lousy," compared to the past,

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feels great. I'm dissipating the test. I'm connecting the past to the present. Good feelings are percolating within. It won't be long until I've dissipated the test. I can get mad, and yell and scream!

"Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because you clean the outside of the cup and the dish, but within they are full of robbery and uncleanness. Thou blind Pharisee! clean first the inside of the cup and of the dish, that the outside too may be clean." Mathew 23:25 to 23:26

June 27, 1978

I'm tired of floating like a piece of driftwood. I'm tired of awful feelings and emotions. I'm tired of going along with them, attempting to dissipate. I'm tired of pain, and guilt, and hate. I'm tired of reliving my childhood.

Growing up meant wanting to be a person, and not live by the past. This caused my body to face a lot of awful things; my damn mind kept playing the hospital, when I didn't even remember. To want is to feel pain; to deny is to feel comforted; but too much comfort cheats the soul. It's confusing. Sitting in class thinking about asking a girl out is challenging. Thundering emotions protrude, and wobble from thought to thought. I wonder what I might have missed.

I feel mad inside. Not at anything in particular, just at life, everything in general.

June 30, 1978

Now it's time to become myself. It's going to be tough. Just as tough, or tougher than the other stages of dissipating. I've got to take on those desires that arose with growing up. I've got to face them, and expound upon them, and accentuate them; as I wish, and as they've wanted for so long. I've got to face the emotional scar that struck my life, ruined childhood, made adolescence a nightmare, and threatened to destroy me.

It's time for a seed to become a tree,
to put a thought into action,
to become myself...

July 13, 1978

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

"...I damned myself. I denied myself. I defended honor. "

The Hospital, 1961

I'm becoming the pain. I'm linking memory of the hospital to the present repressions, and producing 1-2 thought. I've been experiencing many hard moments, as I face myself. Sometimes I wonder if I'm going to make it, but down deep inside I know I will.

To become the pain is to become myself.
I can withstand the pain.
It's only when I push it aside
and look in the mirror
that I can't stand the pain...

Aug. 8, 1978

"...The fear magnified into a burning ball on my forehead."

The Hospital, 1961

Right now, I'm dissipating the test. It's awful. My emotional mind is like an animal mutilated by a knife, but the animal won't die. It lies in the gutter howling. It will lie forever if I don't overcome the test. Sometimes I can't even look at a girl. There the animal is, stricken in the heart. Then, someone asks how I am, and I say good. What a liar!

Sometimes I hate myself. But that's good because I know I'm doing so subconsciously. I hate myself because I don't go out as often as most people my age.

One feeling goes one way
and another a different way
--and then it's tough.
I end up sitting home.
I hate that so bad.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

I think I'm almost cured because I'm dissipating, but it hurts very much. I've always hidden all this to avoid the fact I thought my mother was dead. All the times I sounded excitedly happy in this journal, I was actually trying to deny thinking my mother was dead; sometimes everything looks so ugly.

Pride and honor can be devastating things. I'll never know for sure, but without pride and honor, maybe the molten log never would have existed. The biggest tragedy was not thinking my mother was dead. The biggest tragedy was the needless shame. We have power over our minds at a young age. When power and ignorance are combined, there can be profound harm.

Aug. 10, 1978

"...The fear magnified into a burning ball on my forehead."

I've been connecting the test and hospital to pivotal moments of my life. I'm facing and dissipating the pain. I'm remembering more and more! I keep telling myself it's almost over, but I realize I've been thinking that for a long time.

It's a bottomless pit of emotion.
Consciousness is so deep.
The depth of my consciousness
will in the end consume the fire.

I'm starting to remember how the symbol got in my eye. I'm waiting till I remember more to write it down.

Aug. 19, 1978

"...The fear magnified into a burning ball on my forehead."

I'm connecting memory of the hospital to emotions from high school and the hospital.

Aug. 20, 1978

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

"...The fear magnified into a burning ball on my forehead."

A lot is happening. I'm dissipating more and more of the hospital every day. More and more, I've been able to concentrate on feelings and slowly remember. It seems I don't need 1-2 thought from other parts of my life. Even though this is true, I'm still dissipating third and eight grades, as well as Christine.

Aug. 23, 1978

This is the greatest feeling of my life. Slowly, the bad feelings are being connected to the feelings of when my mother returned. This is the answer to the infant's question. What happened? What happened was she left and returned.

I'm consciously denying the hospital and test. I'm dissipating the moment I promised to never again give my mother up.

Consciously doing what I knew I was doing subconsciously was a very powerful tool to solve the puzzle. Instead of running from the thoughts that I believed were harmful, I acted them out to gain control. By consciously denying the hospital and the test, I could then consciously accept them.

Aug. 29, 1978

I'm consciously doing what I did in third grade in order to bring out memory. I act it out in my mind, and make connections when new feelings come out. While I act it out, I realize I'm doing it subconsciously, and that's why the feelings are present. Acting it out is like getting stagnate water moving again. Once doing so, the thoughts revitalize, and memory comes. Connections are made throughout my life. The stagnate thoughts mix with fresh thoughts of the present moment.

As Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the two tablets of the Commandments in his hands, he did not know that the skin of his face had become radiant while he conversed with the Lord. When Aaron, then, and the other Israelites saw Moses and noticed how radiant the skin of his face had

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

become, they were afraid to come near him. Only after Moses called to them did Aaron and all the rulers of the community come back to him. Moses then spoke to them. Exodus 34:29 to 34:31

Aug. 31, 1978

Today was the first day of the new school semester at SJSU. I saw Linda, but didn't talk to her. Seeing Linda made me feel bad and helped draw out pain. I've been experiencing the trauma of the test over and over in my mind. I'm trying to feel it. I'm trying to make it totally conscious, over and over and over. Slowly it is working. This moment, right now, I'm crying. I'm fighting. I'm trying over and over and over, feel and remember, feel and remember, feel and remember. After the test, I was beyond tears. I didn't cry. The feelings were lodged in my head. My face hurts from the anxiety and tears. My head hurts.

I'm showing myself that these feelings of the test weren't feelings for Christine, by calling these feelings, those of Christine. Doing this makes more memory from early childhood come.

Once again, consciously doing what I know I'm doing subconsciously induces memory.

I'm tired. I'm so tired of the pain. Christ, don't you think I've suffered? Oh God, I hope he does. If not, I must suffer more. CHRIST SAID I MUST SUFFER. After the test, he came to me. He said it after he put the symbol in my eye. He walked on the air above my head. At first he looked like a cartoon figure, but when he got close, he was flesh and blood. He wore a white robe and sandals. He had shoulder length hair and a short full beard. He appeared to be about 19 years old. He said God had chosen me out of all the people in the world and stopped the illness because my place in the world was to be alive, not dead.

His knowledge was like a jolt of power, and he pointed at me with all the authority of God and the universe. Feeling his encouraging thoughts was like feeling the heat of a powerful fire. You don't need to touch the flames to know it's there. He said I could overcome great things in my life, and that I would overcome the emotional scars. For Christ, I had already done it. In the presence of Christ, the future is the same as the past and the present. He drilled it into my mind, over and over and over: I overcame the emotional scars. It was done. The future is the present.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

The rays of Christ entered me, and my naked mind was taken over, as if asphyxiated, choked, smothered, until I could only breath his thoughts and know his mind. A pure strain of reason filled the veins of my consciousness, and he spoke from inside me.

Christ took me away, on a journey, and we traveled across a desert, ten feet above the ground and flew like birds. I could see the sand dunes passing below us. We arrived at a city which had buildings with fixtures shaped like pillars with a ball on top.

The thought of the future was exhilarating. Many exciting things were going to happen. I couldn't wait and was filled with joy and excitement. "You were conceived first in the mind of God," Christ said. "That which will seem against you, will be for you." Overcoming the emotional scars was a message to the world. "God's greatest place of worship is the human mind," he said. "God will cleanse yours as a beacon of light to the world. To avoid catastrophe, humanity needs a shift in thinking, for the current trajectory of the world will lead to disaster. God must intervene."

Christ stared intensely and thought about the greatness of the future. His thoughts were so powerful I knew what he was thinking. He thought about how people would ask, "How did he know?" "How did he know?" "How did he know?" This moment filled me with a sense of wonder and satisfaction. Throughout childhood I would feel this moment. I would often daydream and think about this. I would feel the exhilaration of Christ's powerful thoughts asking humanities future question, "How did he know?"

Christ said he was going to leave me, and he wouldn't be returning in my lifetime. But he wanted to prove who he was. So with his right hand he reached down and touched my right eye. There was a flash of light, and he put the profile of the crucifixion inside. I felt a sense of profound security; as if this is what I always knew would happen, and my future was guaranteed.

THEN CHRIST SEEMED DIFFERENT. I was used to hearing good things, and eagerly waited for more. Christ seemed less nice, even not nice at all. He seemed cold. He warned me. Over and over, he warned me. He said none of the good things would happen unless I succeeded in overcoming the emotional scars. I HAD TO OVERCOME THE EMOTIONAL SCARS. I was confused. I thought I had already overcome the emotional scars. "Unless you overcome the emotional scars, none of the exciting things will happen," he stated. "What does he mean?" I thought. "I overcame the emotional scars."

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Before Christ left me, there was a regretful look on his face. He then said something I could never stop feeling. He said, "At first you must suffer." And then he was gone.

Those words hit me like seeing a dead petal in the middle of a beautiful rose bud. I couldn't believe it. Suffer? No, not me, I was special. I wouldn't suffer because I was special. Christ said I could do anything. Certainly, I didn't need to experience pain. Someone else might, but not me. When I got home from the hospital, my mother told me not to hold my feelings in. If I did, something terrible would happen. But since I was special, I figured I didn't need to listen to her. Since I was special, the rules didn't apply to me. I felt the emotional trauma of the hospital but devised a plan. It was a perfect plan. I WOULD AVOID THE SUFFERING CHRIST SPOKE OF BY DENYING EVERYTHING.

Over and over and over, I feel the trauma, but don't remember it. Slowly, it's all coming into consciousness. Where there is pain, there is denying. I must consciously do what I did in the past. I must see the pain, and consciously deny it. This brings the test into consciousness. Seeing Linda today made me feel bad and helped draw out pain. Also, school was very frustrating because I might not get any of my classes for Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Sept. 1, 1978

"...I could see my eye sockets shaking."

The Hospital, 1961

8:45 A.M. I feel very weak and tired. I feel like I lack energy. I woke up this morning and my eyes were tinted red.

9:59 A.M. I'm trying to make myself feel worse by concentrating on bad feelings.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

I'm curing myself. I climb the mountain and stand on its peak. I look down at the lava. I eagerly smell the smoke from the burning embers. I take as big a breath as possible, and hold it in as long as possible.

7:21 P.M. I'm crying again, trying to remember and feel. It seems like it's impossible that I've overcome what I've overcome. And I'm going to school! There is a molten pain in me. I keep crying, but it won't leave.

The lizard is screaming to be heard. I'm struggling in the trenches, rolling about in the mud and dirt. We no longer stare eye to eye, but fight it out with fists. The pain is different now. It's more like the pain of a marathon runner who speeds up one mile before the finish.

Slowly, memory is coming...and there's no pain. What am I going to do about school? Taking hard classes—that's a pivotal to the pain. Part of me feels like it can't take it, the other part is strong.

I'm young, yet old; ignorant, yet wise; weak, yet strong. I carry myself closer to the finish line. On July 18, 1975, I crossed the Columbia River on my bicycle and passed into Oregon. I wrote: "We have stopped at a canyon—it's super beautiful. It is filled with solid brown rock, and falls down about 50 yards or more. I'm not sure how the little river could have cut through the rocks like that. It must be a very old river! The stone walls of the canyon are layered with different colored sediments. Each layer of sediments represents many, many years. I stood and stared for a while. It was like standing in front of a window to the past, and seeing thousands of years of knowledge and history. I felt tremendous power. I felt energized, like anything was possible. I felt like I was someone else."

Sept. 9, 1978

"...The awful feeling was lodged in my forehead like an unwanted intruder. It weighed upon my thoughts like holding a dumbbell above my head without having anywhere to set it down. I held, held, and held, but where do I put it to rest? There wasn't anywhere, so I blamed myself."

The Hospital, 1961

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

I have been emotionally reliving the moment after the test. It's distorting my thinking—it's hard to understand things in school. I expect to be cured soon.

Sept. 10, 1978

"...The awful feeling was lodged in my forehead like an unwanted intruder. It weighed upon my thoughts like holding a dumbbell above my head without having anywhere to set it down. I held, held, and held, but where do I put it to rest? There wasn't anywhere, so I blamed myself."

I am trying to view the feelings as just memory, like the memory of what I did yesterday. The only difference being, I have not yet gotten over it. If girls make the feelings come, it's just because I like girls, which reminds me of the time I wanted my mother, and she walked away. It's all very simple.

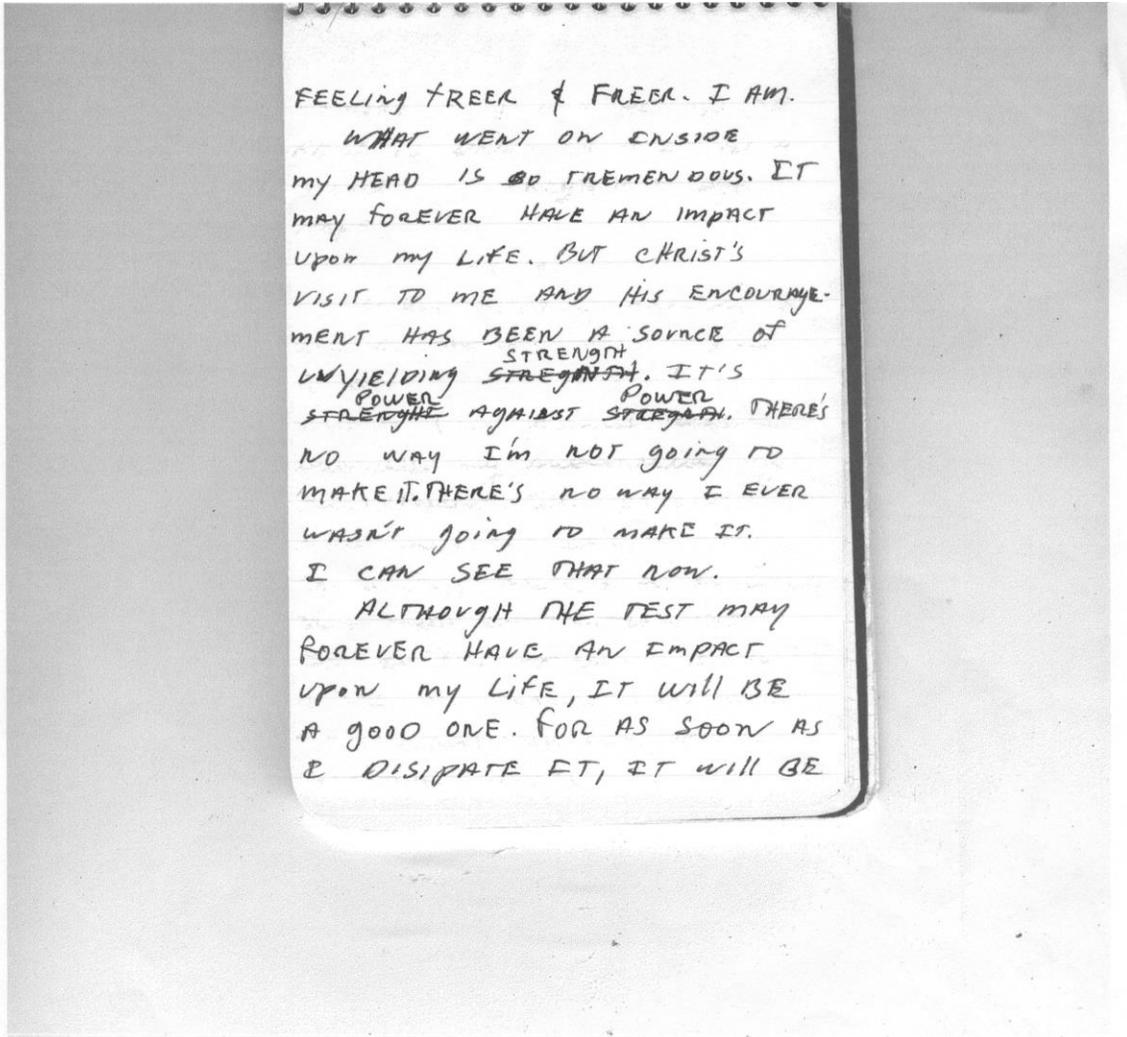
Everything is simple. There's no great mystery. The feelings are just emotions that are linked to memories!!

Sept. 11, 1978

I am not yet over the hurt, both as a man and as a child. If I were over the hurt, it wouldn't affect me like it does. Sometimes I want to cry, but I can't. It's just stuck feelings inside. But I'm feeling freer and freer. I am. What went on inside my head was so tremendous. It may forever have an impact on my life. But Christ's visit and his encouragement has been a source of unyielding strength. It's power against power. There's no way I'm not going to make it. There's no way I ever wasn't going to make it. I can see that now.

Although the test may forever have an impact upon my life, it will be a good one. For as soon as I dissipate the test, it will be memory, and I will always be able to turn to it as a source of strength and hope.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.



From the original journal.

Sept. 24, 1978

I'm linking memory to feelings, and to the pivotal substitutes my subconscious mind chose. This produces memory concerning the repression. The two entities (the pivotal and the repression) then become obvious to the conscious mind. If enough memory is produced and links made, the repression will disappear.

Oct. 2, 1978

I've been dissipating the test. It's very painful. I'm remembering smaller and smaller details, and making connections. Unfortunately, I've got three midterms this week.

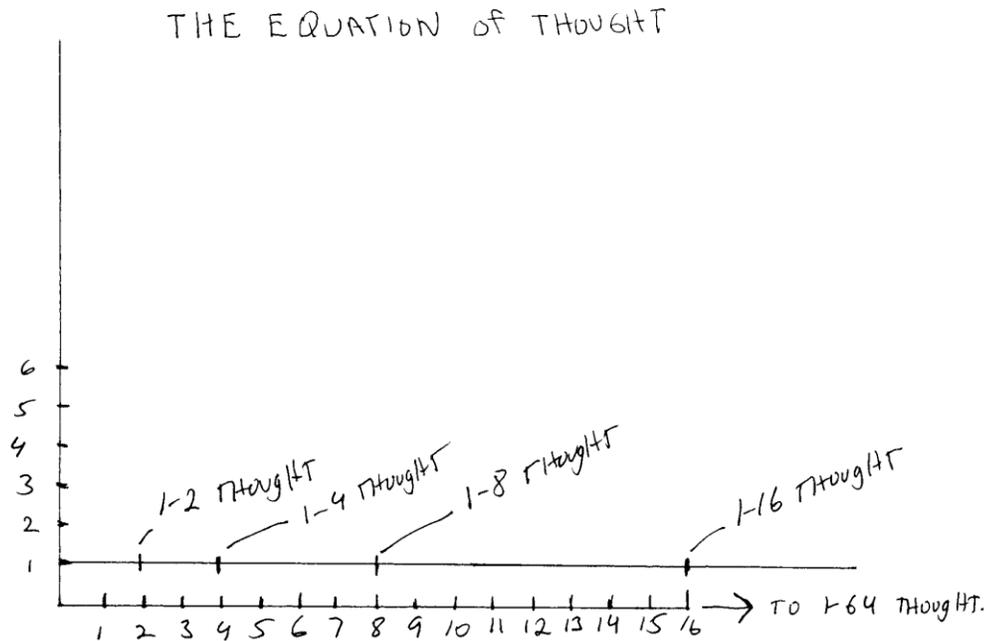
My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

The Diagram of the Equa⁺tion of ⁺hought

Oct. 3, 1978

Say graphically, if subconscious thoughts are moving from point (1,4) to point (1,8), or from one pivotal or base moment to another, and you can see this action, you have created a bind. You're closer to being cured. You understand the Equation of Thought!

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.



Oct. 10, 1978

Each repression is like the equation of a line. Such as: $Y = MX + B$. One way or the other, the person will relive the repression, and stay on the line.

8:02 P.M. I've been dissipating the test and reliving my "birth." The test no longer feels far away. It feels as close as my skin. And it is.

I'm experiencing memory, and feeling solemn, like I did when my eyes only saw a "tunnel vision." When I saw my mom walk away, I emotionally cringed back to my birth.

Oct. 11, 1978

"I saw three podiums. Three men stood in debate. The victor would become the supreme ruler of the civilization. The man on the left was the

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

most formidable, powerful man in the civilization. The man in the center was also very powerful. The man on the right was a successful commoner..."

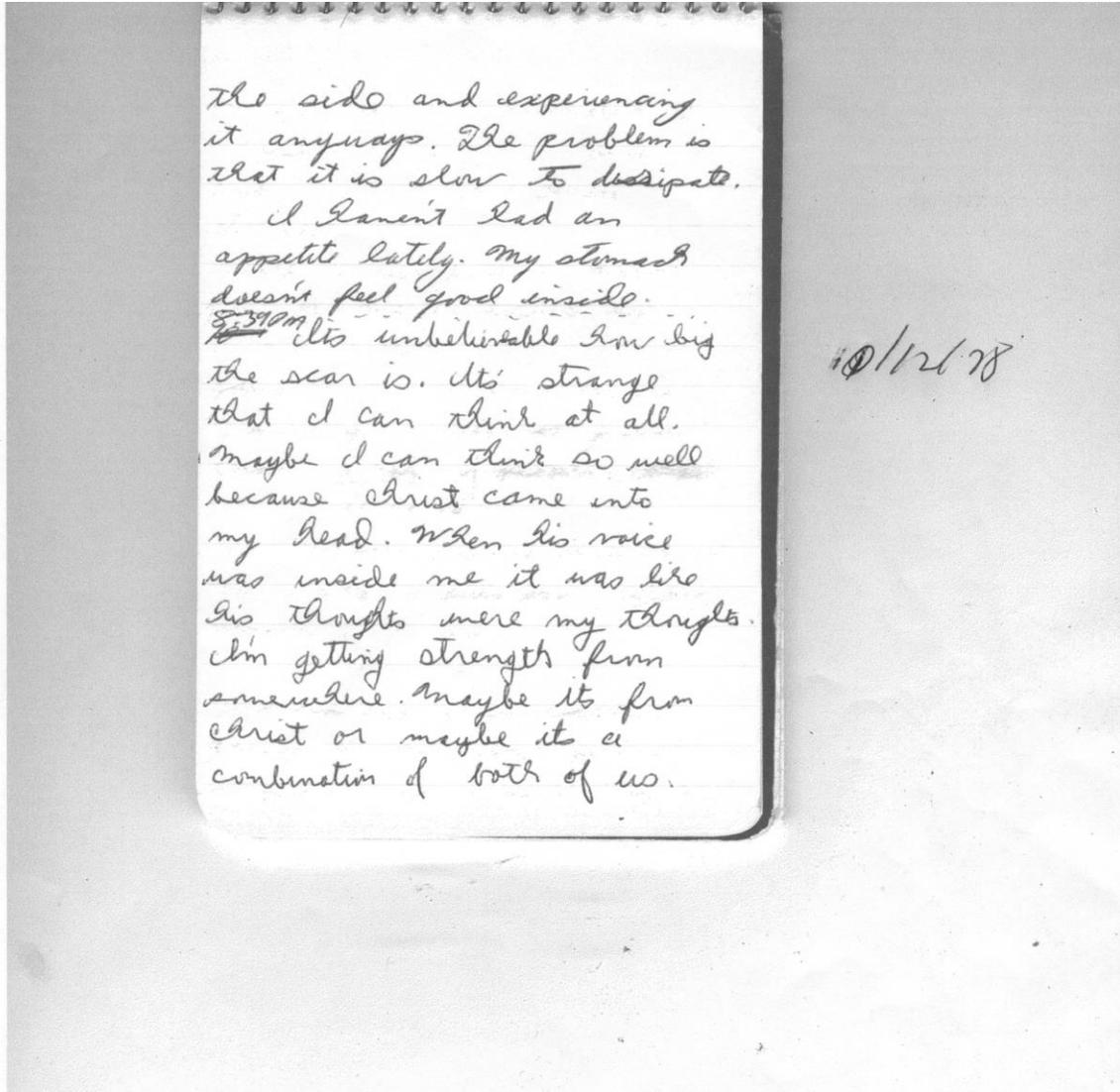
The First Vision

I'm still in extreme pain. I'm just waiting it out, and accepting it. I'm facing the pain instead of shoving it to the side, and experiencing it anyway. It's got to dissolve sometime. I haven't had an appetite lately. My stomach doesn't feel very good.

Oct. 12, 1978

8:39 P.M. It's unbelievable how big the scar is. It's strange that I can think at all. Maybe I can think so well because Christ came into my head. When his voice was inside me it was like his thoughts were my thoughts. I'm getting strength from somewhere. Maybe it's from Christ or maybe it's a combination of both of us.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.



the side and experiencing
it anyways. The problem is
that it is slow to dissipate.

I haven't had an
appetite lately. My stomach
doesn't feel good inside.
~~8:30 PM~~ It's unbelievable how big
the scar is. It's strange
that I can think at all.
Maybe I can think so well
because Christ came into
my head. When his voice
was inside me it was like
his thoughts were my thoughts.
I'm getting strength from
somewhere. Maybe it's from
Christ or maybe it's a
combination of both of us.

10/12/78

From the original journal.

Oct. 13, 1978

"He stood at the field of souls, a place where souls stand before they descend into the body. He saw many souls descend. They looked like glowing fish, majestically spiraling downward—one after the other, like balls of light, falling to the earth..."

The First Vision

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

I'm feeling tired inside. In a way it feels good. It's like getting a good football workout. Slowly, memory is coming.

Oct. 14, 1978

Slowly, it's happening. I'm being cured. Thank God, I'm being cured.

Oct. 16, 1978

I'm still not cured, but slowly, memory is coming. I'm doing my best to concentrate on the feelings, and remember. Slowly, it's working. Please God.

Oct 17, 1978

"He looked up and saw a dim light in the middle of two dark shafts. He had been born..."

The First Vision

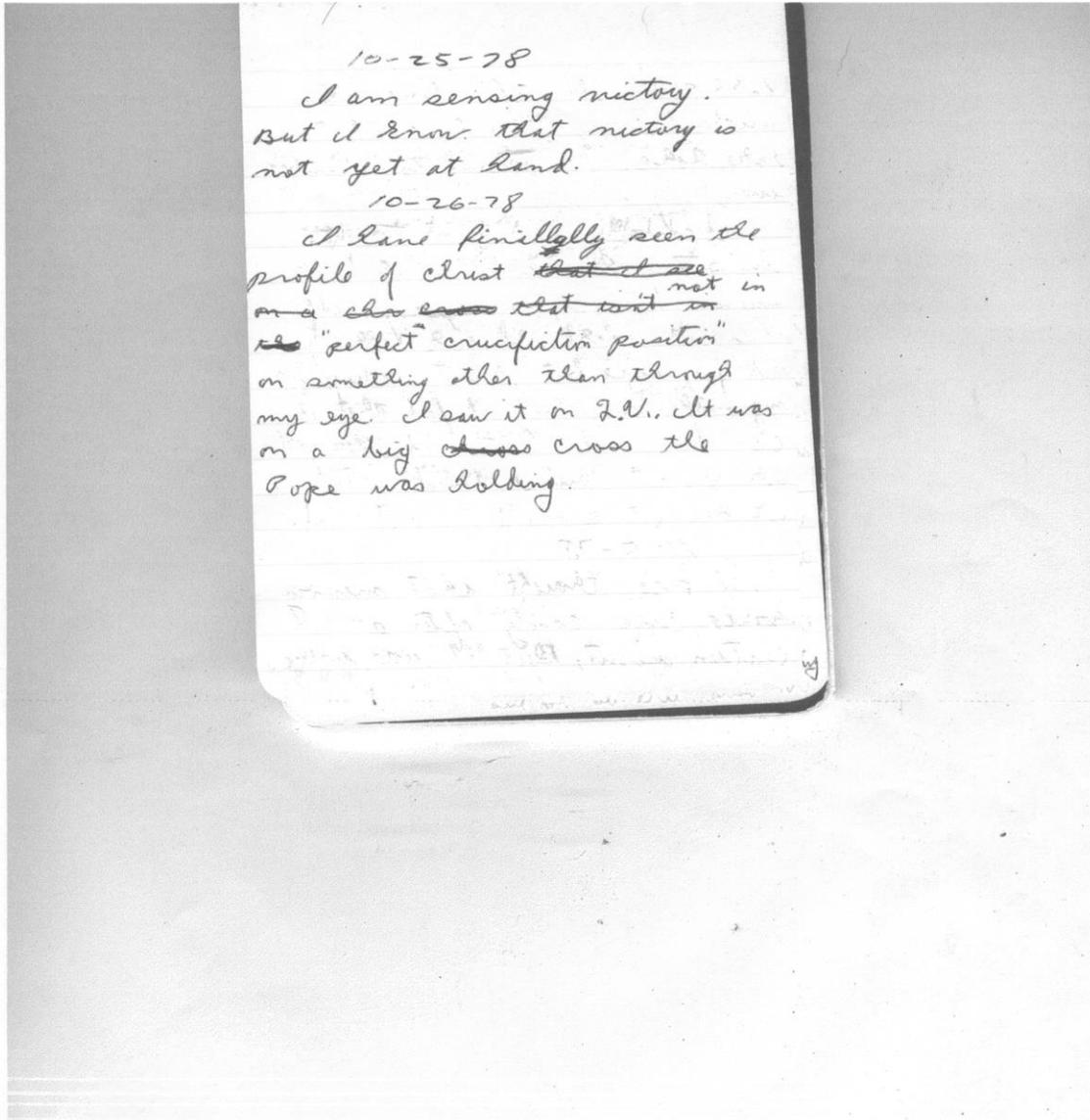
Memory is coming. Pain is leaving as I face and feel it.

9:47 P.M. I've experienced new base thoughts from the test. It's beautiful to have them with me again. I've been searching for them a long, long time. The last base thoughts of the test were produced New Year's Day. That's almost a year ago.

Oct. 25, 1978

I am sensing victory, but I know that victory is not yet at hand.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.



From the original journal.

The Part of me I Always Hated

"...It was as if there was a verbal brawl between the fact that she didn't die, and the truth that I thought she did. "She didn't die," I thought. "How could you think she did?"

The Hospital, 1961

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Oct. 27, 1978

I'm being cured, but it is not beautiful. I hate myself. I love myself, too. Just because the love overcomes the hate, it doesn't mean it feels good. I could easily give up, it's just that there's nowhere to go. There's no chair to sit in where I won't hate myself.

I hate myself for most everything, anything for an excuse to hate myself. I'm a genius at thinking of reasons to. Constant hate, constant nuisance, disturbance, pain.

The part of me I always hated,
is me.
I'm the one that thinks stupid things,
that makes wrong conclusions,
gets scared because he's alone.
It's my fault.
I tried to stop being scared,
but I couldn't.
I couldn't stop being me.

I'm still scared, just like then. I haven't changed. I'm scared of stupid things, just like then. I'm scared of not studying, not doing good in school. Not going out when I want to. Not being liked. Not eating. Losing weight. Not asking a special girl out. Not spelling these stupid words right. Losing at anything I constantly think of. Car breaking down. Looking ugly. Saying stupid things.

As I looked at the lizard, the lizard began to look familiar. Its eyes looked similar to someone. I had seen its nose, its chin, its cheeks. Oh yes, I saw the lizard when I looked in the mirror. I was the lizard.

In time, I realized the molten log belonged in me. It was the thoughts that avoided and condemned that were wrong! I had to focus on why I didn't want the molten log present. The problem wasn't so much unconscious thought, the problem was conscious thought. It was thoughts I had been thinking for a long time; so long, I barely noticed. The thoughts were habitual, like my physical posture or golf swing! At the age of seventeen, I was still screaming in my mind, "Didn't think it, didn't think it, didn't think it..." This was a reflex,

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

a relic from the past! I needed to respect the molten feeling to reverse the condemnation and release the pent-up emotions. I confronted the lizard and told it to stop hating. I loved my thoughts for what they were and nothing more. My thoughts didn't have to prove anything. My thoughts were home inside. I could think anything, and it was worthwhile—God doesn't make junk thoughts. Previously shunned thoughts were gathered around the altar, like children during a Sunday Mass, and told they were valued and loved. I loved these thoughts more than any thought in my mind.

I guarded my thoughts; when I sensed judgment, I chose the molten feeling over ego; I questioned morals and beliefs, when they caused condemnation, I discarded them. Self-respect was sticking up for my thoughts and rebuking self-righteousness.

And sitting down, he called the Twelve and said to them, "If any man wishes to be first, he shall be last of all, and servant of all." And he took a little child, and set him in their midst, and taking him into his arms, he said to them, "Whoever receives one such little child for my sake, receives me; and whoever receives me, receives not me but him who sent me." Mark 9:34 to 9:36

Oct. 30, 1978

I'm remembering. It's surprising how well I'm remembering. It's like yesterday. But this doesn't mean I feel good. I don't feel good. There's still more pain to dissipate. I'm going through the thick of things. Reliving high school, eight-grade, third to sixth grades, early childhood, and the test. I feel sick.

My victory is the ability to
feel pain.
For at least in doing so I can
say goodbye to it...

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

I'm opposing everything I once lived for as a child. I'm opposing the illusion that there is something wrong with my thoughts. My thoughts are home inside and perfect just the way they are.

The Existential Idea

I no longer looked away from the lizard. I looked for the lizard. I grabbed the lizard and held it with all my might. When the lizard was there, I was at home. My love for the lizard was like the love a father experiences for his child. I accepted the errors, mistakes, and imperfection that formed who I was. "It's okay to think your mother was dead," I told myself. "I Love you anyway."

The existential idea that only a thought that is wanted can exist in the mind proved valid. The emotions were my thoughts. The statement on Feb. 3, 1976 that, "If I can change my thinking, I can change my thoughts and therefore my emotions," proved true. To have abdicated responsibility for the emotions in an esoteric explanation of what creates thought, would have meant failure. I create thought. My body does not. The winner of the "battle of the minds," is the one who takes full responsibility for thought, and doesn't look for answers in chemical imbalances, pills, or other people.

Outside influences, chemical imbalances, and physical disorders also affect us, but as stated previously, "One can look at an elephant and see many different things. You can see crevices and dry terrain, a snake, or an elephant, all depending upon where you are..." You can choose from where you see your problems. If you look too closely, or at an angle, you'll only see crevices, dry terrain, or a snake. If you step back, you'll see the elephant you created. Remember, this is a great challenge! There is great meaning and purpose to resolving inner problems. It will bring you closer to God.

$$\underline{1+2=4}$$

The relationship between an individual and a desk can be that the person is standing in front of it. There is nothing notable other than the individual stands in front of the desk. What if the person moves to the right of the desk? The relationship seems innocuous. There is a person and there is a desk, and the person stands at the right of it. This is the same with thoughts. There is a thought, and this thought has a relationship to another thought, and the

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

relationship can be innocuous. There doesn't seem to be any danger. What if the person stood on top of the desk? Still, there is the person and there is the desk, nothing else has been mentioned, yet the relationship is no longer innocuous. There is danger in the relationship without adding any other factor. Only the positioning of the person and the desk has created danger. This is the same with thoughts. Based upon their relationship, the sum can be greater than the parts. The relationship between 1-2 thought and 1-2 thought can be 1-4 thought. A thought can be simultaneously 1-2, 1-4, 1-8, 1-16, 1-32, or 1-64 depending upon relationships.

In consciousness, time equals space. 1-2 thought can't become 1-4 thought without time. When it does, there is space between the thoughts. There is greater space between 1-2 thought and 1-8 thought than between 1-2 thought and 1-4 thought. There is greater space between 1-2 thought and 1-16 thought, than 1-2 thought and 1-8 thought, and so on. The greatest space is between 1-2 thought and 1-64 thought.

Looking at a mountain close-up is like looking at 1-2 thought. Looking at a mountain from far away is like looking at 1-64 thought. When seeing 1-64 thought, understanding and seeing the relationships between the thoughts allows the mountain to come closer.



Imagine that I'm standing in front of a class. We agree that $2 + 2$ equals 4. We agree that grass is green. We agree that the sky is blue. Then, we agree that I'm standing in front of the first, middle desk. What happens when we agree we know truth and leave the room? There are those who will continue to believe $2 + 2$ equals 4, the grass is green, and the sky is blue. However, the moment we leave the room, the desk is no longer in front of me. This truth is no longer valid. However, someone could continue believing the desk is in front of me. People often believe things for decades that aren't true. Not all facts are the same.

We must be conscious of changing relationships because in our minds, the relationships between our thoughts change. The relationship between the things we think isn't like $2+2$. Due to unclear thinking, we'll believe the desk is in front when it's not. (Someone can be rude one moment, but nice the next. Is it fair to believe they are a rude person?) People who suffer from Post-Traumatic Stress are stuck believing the desk is in front. People

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

who fail to recognize changing relationships are thinking similar to those who suffer from Post-Traumatic Stress. That's why we must be diligent to protect our minds! The belief that the desk is in front is experiencing 1-4 thought. To experience 1-2 thought, it must be acknowledged that the desk was in front, but now the relationship has changed. (Someone was rude, but that was only one moment. They're usually nice.)

Nov. 1, 1978

"...like a river clogged by falling trees, the feelings backed up, and sat on my forehead..."

The hospital, 1961

Pain and disturbance are still present, but I'm remembering more and more like it is in the present moment.

11:05 P.M. I'm extremely tired. Both yesterday and today I experienced headaches by 4:00 P.M. due to consciously clinging to the pain. The pain is slipping into memory. The pain is becoming less and less, as I remember more and more.

Nov. 3, 1978

"The gasps for air between my cries filled my lungs with the cold, antiseptic smells of the hospital, as the nurses..."

The hospital, 1961

I'm concentrating on the feelings and remembering. I would have asked this girl out in one of my classes, but by not doing so, it's like admitting I thought my mother was dead. Not asking her out causes self-hatred. I like her a lot, but these feelings are in the way and make everything complicated.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Things are coming to an end. It's either me or the repressions, both of us can't last.

The body decided I would not go out.
The mind noticed this,
and respected the body.
"Oh no." you say. "You decided
not to go out?" Consciously
deciding not to go out was
taking control.

I was becoming one with myself not only in my thoughts but my actions. My younger self didn't want to go out, so I became one with it by staying home. Only then, when ready, could we leave the room together.

And they were bringing little children to him that he might touch them; but the disciples rebuked those who brought them. But when Jesus saw them, he was indignant, and said to them, "Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for of such is the kingdom of God. Amen I say to you, whoever does not accept the Kingdom of God as a little child will not enter it." And he put his arms about them, and laying his hands upon them, he began to bless them. Mark 10:13 to 10:16

Nov. 4, 1978

"Afterward, I remained alone like the charred remnant of a destroyed world, staring upward, trying to comprehend the isolation, poverty, and emptiness."

The Hospital, 1961

10:41 A.M. I feel drowsy and dizzy like I did at the hospital. I can't believe the state I'm in. It's like suspended animation. My body feels funny, almost like its foreign; these bones, these teeth, muscles; my body feels too large, like it isn't mine.

Like a fingerprint,

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

a snowflake,
a person—
each moment is unique.
Live it, experience it, embrace it,
the moment will never come again...

1:55 P.M. I'm all alone this weekend. My parents went to Lake Tahoe. I'm sitting here alone with no music playing or anything. If I wasn't sick, I'd ask this girl out, for sure, but I put feelings for my mother onto her. I feel that I can be cured shortly, and then ask her out.

"...But many who are first now will be last, and many who are last now will be first." Mark 10:31

Nov. 5, 1978

I once thought memory would come easily after a certain point, but nothing is coming easily. This process of being cured is a very slow one. In the meantime, my mind periodically sizzles.

9:37 A.M. I've experienced some base thoughts from the test. The last base thoughts were produced about a month ago. The water is moving faster and faster. I'm feeling better. I haven't dissipated everything, but perhaps I've turned the corner.

I'm at the border. I'm
passing from one state to
the next.
Go ahead, step through.
Put the book DOWN!
I can leave the room and
breathe fresh air!

It's been a rough rapid. The
waterfall is soon to approach.
It seems impossible that I can
step ashore, yet I do...

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

“I had seen myself fall, give up, and lose everything, and was intrigued that there was still thought in my mind. I reasoned that a floor existed when it seemed there was none, and it served as a safety net, and caught me. This floor was my thoughts. The image of a king came to mind...”

The Hospital, 1961

In the end, the ONE and the TWO overcame the FOUR...

THE SHORES OF MY LIFE

As I walked upon the shores of my life, I understood that every disappointment was for a Divine purpose, and therefore an advantage, and my error in thought was not an error, but a blessing, for it fulfilled God’s purpose for me. To live is to feel; to live is to experience sights, sounds, taste, and smells. To become traumatized is to experience these things over and over in the mind; but it is our life on this earth. It is our reality. We must love the senses as we love life. When one sense takes over the mind, we must experience it until we can experience it no more. Only then will it calm down and the other senses take their rightful place.

And so it is with thoughts. Experience a thought until it can be experienced no more; and then get up and experience it again. Carry it with you until its weight dissipates, and share the thought with a friend. Thoughts are the beginning of civilization. They must be cherished and valued as our most valuable asset and possession, the most valuable thing on earth, the beginning of so many wonderful things; nothing is more powerful than a thought and each must be scrutinized and respected and none overlooked—

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

especially those that have been previously examined and set aside; like plowing a field, the least thought must be revisited to turn the soil for a larger harvest.

Behold, I proclaim! Behold, the power of thoughts! You never thought I could overcome mental demons with my thoughts. You never did, yet I did. Your previous thoughts were incorrect, so I say take them, turn them over and plow the field. Don't discard your erroneous assumption. Don't discard the untrue supposition. These incorrect ideas are testimonies of the frail condition that plagues humanity; hardly do you know what will happen today let alone tomorrow; and you don't even know all the facts of this moment. To be human is to be vulnerable, the unknown a constant reality; but behold, you must see that the road to a higher power is through thought, the weak and the strong, the ignorant and the wise, the knowing and the absence of information. This is where one world protrudes into the other, where humanity must grow to create a higher order of things. So, behold I say, behold, think again about how to constructively create change, build the foundation from within, and study *The Miracle Inside My Mind!*

Luke 6:27 to 6:49

“But I say to you who are listening: Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you. Bless those who curse you, pray for those who calumniate you. And to him who strikes thee on the one cheek, offer the other also; and from him who takes away thy cloak, do not withhold thy tunic either. Give to everyone who asks of thee, and from him who takes away thy goods, ask no return. And even as you wish men to do you, so also do to them. And if you love those who love you, what merit have you? For even sinners love those who love them. And if you do good to those who do good to you, what merit have you? For even sinners do that. And if you lend to those from whom you hope to receive in return, what merit have you? For even sinners lend to sinners that they may get back as much in return. But love your enemies, and do good, and lend, not hoping for any return, and your reward shall be great, and you shall be children of the Most High, for he is kind towards the ungrateful and evil. Be merciful, therefore, even as your Father is merciful.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Do not judge, and you shall not be judged; do not condemn, and you shall not be condemned. Forgive, and you shall be forgiven; give, and it shall be given to you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they pour into your lap. For with what measure you measure, it shall be measured to you.”

And he spoke a parable also to them, “Can a blind man guide a blind man? Will not both fall into a pit? No disciple is above his teacher; but when perfected, everyone will be like his teacher. But why dost thou see the speck in thy brother’s eye, and yet dost not consider the beam in thy own eye? And how canst thou say to thy brother, ‘Brother, let me cast out the speck from thy eye,’ while thou thyself dost not see the beam in thy own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam from thy own eye, and then thou wilt see clearly to cast out the speck from thy brother’s eye.

For there is no good tree that bears bad fruit, nor is there a bad tree that bears good fruit. For every tree is known by its fruit. For from thorns men do not gather figs, neither from a bramble do they harvest grapes. The good man from the good treasure of his heart brings forth that which is good; and the evil man from the evil treasure brings forth that which is evil. For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks.

But why do you call me, ‘Lord, Lord,’ and do not practice the things that I say? Everyone who comes to me and hears my words and acts upon them, I will show you what he is like: he is like a man building a house, who dug deep and laid a foundation upon rock. And when a flood came, the stream broke against that house and could not shake it; because it was founded on rock. But he who has heard my words and has not acted upon them is like a man who built his house upon ground without a foundation; against which the stream broke and straightway it fell in, and great was the wreck of that house.”

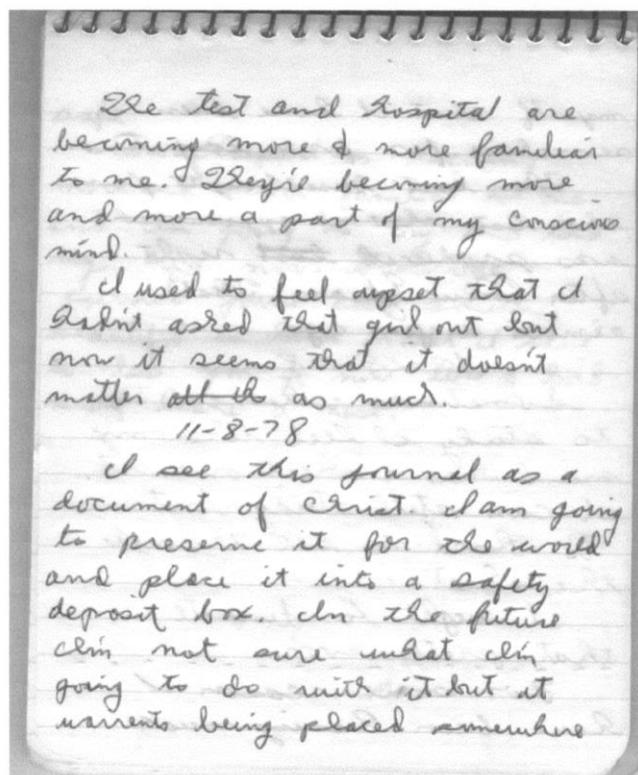
My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

11-7-78
I feel better but I still
haven't digested everything.
I just got home from the
AFC meeting it goes on Tuesdays
for my fraternity. The girl gave a
presentation about the people in
the nut houses. She said a bad
experience like losing a wife
or ~~something~~ carried them to the
nuts. They're all drugged up &
that's why they walk around like
they're drunk. I guess Chris
escaped a lifetime on drugs.
One of the reasons Christ's
voice went inside of me was to
give me the strength to
disipate.

From the original journal.

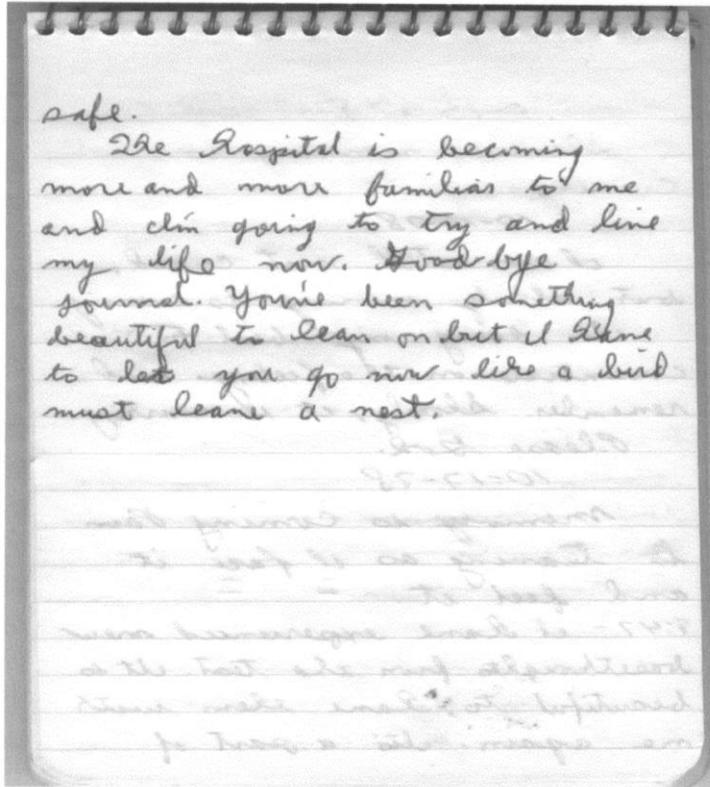
My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Nov. 8, 1978



From the original journal.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.



From the original journal.

"He supported my thoughts, my mind, like a tree stake, he held me up, as if I was strong. I was empowered, bolstered; his thoughts were in my head. He breathed pure reason into the veins of my consciousness."

The Second Vision

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

I see this journal as a document of Christ. I'm going to preserve it and place it into a safety deposit box. In the future, I'm not sure what I'm going to do with it, but it warrants being put somewhere safe. The hospital is becoming more and more familiar to me, and I'm going to live my life now. Good-bye journal. You've been something beautiful to lean on, but I must leave you now, like a bird must leave its nest.

Amen! I walked out of the room hand in hand with my past, and never returned! In 1982, I graduated San Jose State with a degree in business. The depression and molten feeling never returned.

On July 18, 1975, I crossed the Columbia River on my bicycle and passed into Oregon. I wrote:

2:59 P.M. We have stopped at a canyon—it's super beautiful. It is filled with solid brown rock and falls down about 50 yards or more. I'm not sure how the little river could have cut through the rocks like that. It must be a very old river! The stone walls of the canyon are layered with different colored sediments. Each layer of sediments represents many, many years. I stood and stared for a while. It was like standing in front of a window to the past, and seeing thousands of years of knowledge and history. I felt tremendous power. I felt energized, like anything was possible. I felt like I was someone else.

“He looked up and saw a dim light in the middle of two dark shafts. He had been born. “

The First Vision

“At the chess tournament, I felt like I was only pretending to be Louis Morrone. Now, more than ever, I felt the sense of another existence. This influence was calling the shots. I did what it told me to do. It rose above the narrow valley of my mind, and referred to myself as “the body.” “The body

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isn't cured yet," it would say. "The body has more work to do," I would sense. "The body isn't ready yet," I'd tell myself. The battle raged on!"

From Chapter Four



The Picture in the clouds. This was taken in British Columbia, in 1975

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.



The statue of David was first conceived in the mind of Michelangelo. The statue was hidden by marble and Michelangelo removed the excess stone to uncover it. As I faced the trauma, I was guided by an image in my mind, much like the image Michelangelo had when he created David. I chiseled off the marble, and created the sculpture that is now my consciousness. I emerged from my consciousness.

It would be helpful for you to see the picture in the clouds, as I saw the sculpture of my consciousness. Not everyone can see it, but not everyone can see the solution to a problem or the potential of a human being.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

July 27, 1975

8:22 A.M. Today, my team has cooking. Boo! I've got to get up early to cook! Today, we are going to So. Lake Tahoe, and we're staying at Magen's cabin.

10:58 A.M. We are now in Truckee. There is a street with buildings and stores. It looks like a nice place. Too bad I can't stay and look around! We are very, very close to Lake Tahoe.

12:17 P.M. We are now at Tahoe City! We can't yet see the lake. There has been a bothersome head wind.

2:16 P.M. We have now traveled straight through Meeks Bay, and are eating lunch at Emerald Bay! Emerald Bay is fantastic! Lake Tahoe is fantastic! I've never seen waters so blue! The granite rocks mixed with trees that surround the lake are a sight to see.

We started out away from the main road on a bike route. It was super-fast, and had many turns, and ups and downs. Then we got back onto the road, and it went pretty quick. But the road was very old and dangerous, with too many cars. We have only 13 more miles till Megan's cabin.

4:47 P.M. We are at Megan's cabin. The ride from Emerald Bay started out with a steep uphill. The road was high above the lake. There were dangerous cliffs. Then there was a downhill which was pretty dangerous because of the switch backs in the road, and the amount of cars. The scenery was magnificent! Sometimes I felt like I was flying high in the sky! After that, the road flattened out a bit, with little ups and downs. Coming into So. Lake Tahoe, there was a lot of cars, buildings, and the whole bit! It's very commercialized. I'm not sure if I like that. It ruins this part of the lake!

10:19 P.M. Tonight, me and a bunch of other people walked over the boarder to Nevada, and ate at the all-you-can-eat dinner at Harrah's Casino. The food was really good, except I ate way too much. I felt like I was going to burst! Literally! I could barely walk! We had to walk around all kinds of gambling machines in the casino. The place was really elaborate! It had bright red and white carpets with mirrors on the ceilings. There were all sorts of gambling tables, and people playing games like craps and 21.

There is an intense feeling of insecurity on my forehead. As we get closer to San Jose, it's hard to deny the city you live in. Christine is there.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Sometimes I think she's only an excuse for the feelings, and maybe, often, it's true. Anyway, they're there, and I suppose I'll have to deal with them. One thing is for sure, I can't remember feeling so insecure before her! It seemed I was always so sure of myself. I suppose I still can be. I've just got to find myself.

July 28, 1975

7:17 A.M. The end! I feel like an Indian in a movie who is standing on top of a mountain ready to charge. Three more days! Three more days! We've got a major hill today, and that's about it. Climbing 2000 feet, and then—we go down! Hopefully, for a long, long time! Goodbye trip! I'm not sure it's good, but it's true. Too bad! It might be a weird school semester because I might not go out for football.

My stomach is still recuperating from last night. It really hurt a lot, and I swore I'd never do it again. I was almost lucky I didn't vomit! I was so full I couldn't stand up right—comfortably! In the casino, I had to lean over with my hands on my knees! My stomach would burn. I don't think I've ever been that full in my life!

Our last round-de-view! Charge! Well, I guess I've got no choice!

8:32 A.M. About 30 miles from here, lies Carson Pass. That's our last major hill.

Cynthia's parents both dreamed the same dream! They dreamed she rode off a bridge and was killed! That's pretty weird! I sure hope she doesn't. She's been stopping and walking over all the bridges!

Magen's cabin lies almost directly on the main road that leads to all the casinos on highway 50. It was busy all night. It's pretty loud. This is a really nice cabin with a lot of interesting things inside. Like it has the skull of a cow tacked onto an upright. It has a little upstairs with a sleeping area. It has plants hanging from the ceiling. It's triangular in shape.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Last night, before I went to eat, I went swimming. The water was great! For a lake, the waves were big. The water wasn't cold! It was fun swimming in and out of the waves! Last year, before football games, I'd get too nervous and couldn't eat. A burning feeling smoldered on my forehead.

I'm not sure what to think about going home, but I suppose once I get there, everything will be okay. It's not going home I'm unsure about, it's staying there, and missing being out in the open with all this adventure. I suppose I've got to get back to reality. But I do miss my mother.

11:10 A.M. We are now at the top of Luther Pass. We had about a six-mile hill. On the way coming here we had two crashes because of people stopping in front of other bikers.

1:07 P.M. I'm now at the top of Kit Carson Pass, elevation 8574 feet. I'm ready to strike down on civilization! It's mostly downhill for a while. The scenery coming up here was pretty nice with a view of a lake over a giant ridge. Carson Pass got to be a pretty steep grade at some parts. The bulk of the hill extended mainly in the last three miles, although we had actually been climbing for about six miles.

6:29 P.M. We are now at the Chaw-Se Indian Grinding Stone State Park. No one wants to be here, but we are because Hodges says there's no other suitable place. We are camping 9 miles from the town of Jackson, and will go through it tomorrow. Staying here and not going on means we've got to ride 89 miles tomorrow. We are staying at Kirk and Scott's grandmother's house tomorrow. There is going to be a swimming pool and possible news coverage. Susan, Hodges' sister, is going to be there, and also, Ramona. Everyone wants to get in early. Actually, we are going to stay at a school near their grandmother's house. There's going to be showers!

9:31 P.M. Tonight, me and a bunch of others, including Hodges, followed the ranger to the Indians Round House. It was pretty neat. It was recently made by local Indians and was made to be as authentic as possible. It was made mostly of bark and trees. Inside, the acoustics were really great. You could hear someone perfectly, even if they stood on the other side of the room, talked normally, and had their back turned.

Before the trip, I experienced what I had previously thought about time. I couldn't really comprehend how it's true, but over and over it seems to be. Well, anyway, since I'm human and ignorant, I must live thoroughly through the tedium of time. I must experience the moving of a clock. I will experience space, distance...

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Here it is, I am “now,” I am, “now.” And later I will say, I am, “now.” How is this? Does the world rotate around me? Hold on to your grips! For this can also be true in your mind! “If you are in the dark, turn on the light.” How does life fade away? Be brave! For there are things you don’t understand.

The future is a great mystery. We always worry about the future, yet the future never comes. The only thing that exists is: now, now, now and more now. I’ve got to stop listening to emotions and allowing them to control what I think.

It seems that your life (P.D. Ouspensky) is made up of many, many small experiences and happenings. Looking at your life for only a moment is like looking at a drop of water! When you look at it under a microscope, you see that it is made up of much more. You are the culmination of your mundane everyday decisions. It’s not always the “big” decisions you make that are important. Sometimes it’s the many small decisions.

July 29, 1975

6:10 A.M. 145 Miles! I’ve got to get up early and cook breakfast.

7:42 A.M. So you say you won’t be excited going into San Jose, eh? Well, damn you! For fate has once again caught up with you.

We collide with the land called Jackson very soon, then, take off! Over to grandma’s house we go! 80 miles from here to sunset! Now lets get back to reality! Fate has caught you, it appears! No excitement? Let’s wait till a dream comes true! Then we will see! Not your dream? Well, let’s make it yours! For this dream is reality!

1:31 A.M. 56 miles since we slid down a hill into Jackson. Rolling hills covered with brown grass, and dotted with green trees and underbrush, fell from our sight, as we rode by. Then came San Juaquin County, and the flats, along with peach trees, pair trees, and someone’s sweet harvest.

Yes sir, my friend, 50 miles and still rolling along. Then came Stockton! What an ugly sight! But what a sweet feeling knowing you have made it this far!

Now we sit at a city park. Have you looked at the bathrooms? Ugh! Do not fear! Brentwood is only 23 miles away!

Now let me say one thing though, on a right turn 49 miles ago, on a highway called 26, stood a wall of wind that struck us straight forward, and

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

hindered us all the way. Oh Brentwood, oh Brentwood, it won't let us go. It hits us on the side; it hits us on the head. It will hinder us all the way to you. Don't worry though! For we will make it all the way! When we get there? Take a leap into a pool! Take a leap into a shower! Or, how about a leap into a TV screen?

Now is lunch, and with it comes three sandwiches. Poor boy, poor boy, you still starve. Don't worry though, for in a day or two, you will eat, eat, eat!

5:56 P.M. The wind tightened and tried to push us back to Stockton. We are in Brentwood! The Brentwood press is here!

We are having barbecued chicken, corn, and watermelon for dinner. Sean and Linda are here! They came with Ramona! Grandma has planned this meal all herself!

9:08 P.M. Full? A newsman is full with news! I'm full with three pieces of chicken, three scoops of beans, corn, garlic bread, watermelon, and cool-aid! A lot of it was donated! Some was bought by Mama and Ramona. I hear we're the hottest things in town! Everyone knows about us!

Tonight is a special night! Our last night. We are now sitting around at Mama's watching TV. We will sleep outside in the backyard on the grass. Now! Now!

Tomorrow we hope for Channel 5 new coverage, so we're getting up at six.

God is real,
but I make a fake
one,
and it destroys me.

I do not want to live in ignorance. While here or there, I want to know my thoughts. I do not want a house whose color I don't even know. El mundo, a conspiracy, conducted by my thoughts, against myself.

There is a great
conspiracy in the world,
and it's conducted
by me,
against myself.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

July 30, 1975

6:30 A.M. Zero Day! Smother yourself with food. Cook breakfast for this hungry bunch. Cream of Wheat, Cream of Wheat!

Get home boy. San Jose is awaiting you! Who else? Who knows? No one? No! I'm awaiting myself, to be in San Jose. The end, the end, the end is near! No! The beginning has come! The sun has arisen!

8:10 A.M. To grandmother's house we go? No! If we don't leave here by 8:30 A.M., we get no TV coverage. So says Hodges!

Here it is! 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5.... Hold on tight! The city of smog is soon to approach! I hope I can hold my breath. The wall of wind has not yet hit us! Maybe it won't at all.

10:41 A.M. We are now in Pleasanton, less than 30 miles from San Jose.

11:53 A.M. The Niles Canyon? Yes! It was beautiful and all down hill! We are now at a park in Fremont.

12:18 P.M. A cloud of wonder over my head? No, only home! I can see the brownish, grayish smog in the sky. It clusters over San Jose, only 17 miles away.

The newsmen in Sunol, decided not to show, that is KPIX in San Francisco! San Jose, they say, is where they'll meet us!

5:20 P.M. I'm now home and the trip is over.

8:57 P.M. And in the deep blue waters of my life, I see my trip floating away. Although it seems not yet reality, I know it is so. The last hurrah is about to come! This saddens me.

I dreaded coming home to my problems.

The future is a juicy peach,
but the future holds the death of all.
The future says I'm lucky,
I've got my entire life ahead of me,
—it speaks enviously, with great expectations,
but the future makes no promises, and expects
so much.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

The sarcastic weight of the future sits confidently on my shoulders, not knowing which door to open, nor having all the keys, but understanding that self-doubt and fear follow like stalkers, and the only definite thing is cold uncertainty.

Life is a game and all humanity is the loser. Should I play a game that reaps no eternal harvest? Should I love the lord and play the game? I know! What should I do? I must choose a path! I cannot drift in the sea any longer! I must stand up! Arise! I must raise a picture above my head for all to see, and say: "I am this." I must straighten out and become a person! No winds can stop me, no mountain can be too high. Damn the thought that prevents me! My brother Joe offered me a job at Mr. Chef's Fish & Chips. I'm going to take it. I'm not going out for football.

Life is about choices. Giving up football meant no more long afternoons at practice. But, it also meant missing out on an opportunity I'd never have again.

I don't think I can stand watching TV. I don't really know. I'll have to try. I'm used to being out camping and having fun. I need some outside entertainment. Friends never come over. It seems my hands are always left empty when it comes to friends. I must stop thinking that way, or maybe it will always be.

I'm sleepy tonight. But my image will be shown on TV at 11:00 P.M. The image of a happy biker? I will see. Well, this should be a sad night! It is, and also a happy one. I'm hot! I don't like my bed. Maybe not San Jose. If I were traveling through, I would say...get the hell out! But I live here. At least for a while.

A wall of guilt is in my mind! I don't know why it is there! Or, maybe I do! I suppose I've written about it before! Enough with it! Let not the devil betray me once more, and make me believe my thoughts are my own. For if I wasn't thinking his, at times I might not feel guilty. Whose thoughts are in my head, are they mine? Or, is my mind being crushed as if it was stuck between two stone pillars?

The guilt of the hospital test sat like dead petal in the middle of a fresh bouquet of roses. Wherever I went, it was there; whatever happened, it was there; no amount of joy or success could remove it.

Place your claim! Live in the fresh blood of Jesus. The spring of flowing water, the spring that I do not know!

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Not a word can utter, what I see in my heart. The key to the living Jesus Christ. The Alpha and Omega. Let me not be lost, ever, like I am now. Walk away! And live in the fresh blood of he who walked(s) on water. "And everyone who has left house, or brothers, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." Mathew 19:29

The future looks bright today,
although I know,
the world is to decay.
The future looks bright today,
although I know,
Satan is coming to play.

Aug. 21, 1975

Lying on my bed, I close my eyes. I feel the future. I feel a rush of exhilaration. It's like a rush of cool fresh air! It's me, it's me. I've done it. I've done the impossible. These are mind-controlling thoughts. I can't stop thinking them. They're driving my mind. They sit in me, anchored like an immovable object. "Yes, yes," I think. "I did it, I did it, I did it." Every phrase, "I did it," is like my chin bouncing again and again on an asphalt road. The thoughts feel good as long as I don't think about them, if I'm satisfied they're pleasurable; discontent, wandering, impatient, they bite. I think of a girl. She's young. She's old. She's beautiful and ugly. I reach out, long for her. She's everything and I hate her. I turn away. I'm drawn to the furnace. I won't look away. No, I look into it and experience the heat. When I close my eyes I travel quickly. Every land is present, all seen, all experienced. Everything is okay. Step away, avoid this and that and go sideways.

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

Who am I today? I open my eyes. The ceiling above my bed confines me. THERE IS LESS SPACE IN THE ROOM THAN IN MY MIND. I CLOSE MY EYES AND THE WORLD OPENS UP. The sky is bright and breathtaking. I look down upon the brown world. I remember the room and remember the limits; there are competing forces, but the forces are one. The irony follows. Wherever I go, whomever I'm with.

Okay, forget it. Turn direction.

It's time to focus on the outer world. Maybe I can escape. Oh God, I hope I tell you right!

June 16, 1975

It seems like whenever I do something really neat or exciting, I always wish I could go back to beforehand to see what it was like and experience it again. Well here I am about five days before the trip so I suppose I'd might as well pretend for a moment that I've just gone back into time to this very moment! How over-joyed I would be if I could. How thankful I would be if I did! Well I'd just like to say I'm still the same person I've always been with the same old problems, etc... I'm looking forward to the trip, but this doesn't mean the trip has made me any happier, because it hasn't. I'm the same person before the trip and after the trip. So in a sense, as far as my happiness goes, I've already finished from the trip, and I'm home putting away my suitcases! I don't believe I can achieve any lasting happiness from the trip, only momentary.

As far as "I am," I've already started school in the fall! And as far as that goes, I've barely started the first grade! And I'm living my last day on earth!

When I road my bike to Yosemite about three years ago, I was super excited, and in a sense made a god of the trip. Yosemite was all I thought about and I never thought ahead to after the trip. It was my life, and I might have even foolishly thought of giving my life up for it if I had the choice of going and dying or staying and living. But, I've learned that I can only live in the "now" and it's impossible to live in the past or the future. I might even

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venture to say that these thoughts are caused by Satan. They may be very evil and distracting to what can be good in you. I believe you must love God in the “now” and think in the “now” if you want to please God. Thoughts of the future and the past are illusory and since they are illusory, in a sense they are a lie.

June 20, 1975

Well tomorrow is the big trip and today is my last day here at home in San Jose. I bought another pad to write on. I just want to make sure I've got enough paper to write on. I'm a little insecure or something. I feel excited, but at the same time quite restrained. I don't know if I'm going to miss my mother or anything. I'm looking forward to the trip very much, but in a way, I'm a little scared about it. It's going to be a long time away. I'm sure I'll make a lot of good friends and stuff, but I'm not sure how much I'm going to miss home.

If I might once again venture into the future to after the trip, I must remind myself that now, at this peak moment, I'm not elated. So right now, experience now. Do not grieve the trip being over! Try not to get too excited about the trip just starting. For these things are as well as happened. Your life is more important than these pleasures. If not, you might as well have never been born. Pleasures will pass, but what lies in the mind is eternal. I stand before the great trip, the greatest adventure of my life, as David did to Goliath and state: I choose within.

The future is a great mystery. We always worry about the future, yet the future never comes. The only thing that exists is: now, now, now, now, now, and more now. The moment chases the future like a hamster running on a wheel. Name one thing that ever happened in the future. Worry about this bag of tricks makes me stumble in the only reality that exists: NOW. I've got to stop listening to emotions and allowing them to control what I think.

Well, this is my last night in this bed for a long, long time!

My Testimony of The Eclectic Knowledge of Christ.

June 21, 1975

I'm on the train and I was very nervous beforehand. About as much as expected. The culmination of many dreams. The sensations I got while walking through the train depot were quite tremendous. I was super excited and nervous. The San Francisco Bay is very beautiful. The sun is setting and shining on the water. Small rocking waves are shimmering within the sea. There are mountains across the bay, and the sky is red from the sun.

It is after 1:00 A.M. and the train is fun. I was talking to a lady from New York. She was complaining about crime and problems with the youth over there. I told her people could tell where they'd be in the future because life was like a series of train depots. You know where you'll be depending upon which train you get on. She asked me who told me that. I said no one, I had just then thought of it. She said no other 17-year-old could think that because if they did, their minds would explode.