

A bit of sharing about my growing up.

I was born in Washington, D. C. in 1947. Dad was in the Air Force completing his training as a doctor and Mom being trained as a medical laboratory technician. Sometime after I was born we moved to Tacoma, Washington, e.g., on the other side of the country, where my sister was born about 3 years after me.

Mom and Dad had a falling out and Dad went to Korea to die. (Since he was a doctor he did not get that close to combat, but that's what he told me one day.) Mom moved to Fargo, North Dakota to take a position as a Chief Medical Technologist, e.g., she ran the laboratory department. At the same time as my Mom moved her sister, my Aunt Ella May, divorced her husband and she and her son (3 months older than me, but because of those 3 months one year ahead of me in school) moved in with us. Ella May was a grade school teacher.

When Dad came back from Korea Mom gave him a choice of moving to Fargo and practicing medicine there or simply moving on. Dad moved to New Orleans for more medical training—and then got a divorce years later.

Fargo was a wonderful town for children to grow up in. Good schools, 3 colleges (if you count those in Moorhead, Minnesota across the river), an orchestra, low crime, etc. But Fargo was also very conservative which meant no (or very little) divorce.

I was raised in a neighborhood with 18 kids and we were the only divorced family.

Mom was a wonderful parent—and Ella May was great also. But Mom, being human, made mistakes. Probably Mom's greatest mistake was not wishing me to hate my father and thus she continuously told me how great he was.

The problem was that someone had to be responsible for the divorce—especially as no one else in the neighborhood was divorced. It could not be Dad as Mom told me he was great. And I could see how great my Mom was as she worked many hours and tried to do the best for me, so it could not be her. It could not be my little sister as she was too young. That left me.

With a child the world centers around them—and in looking around I realized that I was the problem. I was the reason for the divorce. There was something wrong with me. I was different. I was evil.

One day in desperation I remember trying to get Mom to explain the reason for the divorce. She tried her best and said she and Dad were “incompatible”. “Incompatible” means nothing to a young child.

I remember wanting to play with the neighbor boys one summer day. I went to the Hxx's to see Dave, or Tom, or Gary, or Kenny – but their father had taken them to hiking. I went to the Oxxxxxxx's to see Dave, or Jim, or Don – but their father had taken them to the lakes. I went to the Pxxxxx's to see Dick – but his father had taken him to a baseball game. I went to the Kxxxxx's to see Steve – but his father had taken him, as had Billy Oxxx's father and Tom Pxxx's father. I went to the playground and played on the swings for hours simply crying. I was different. Something was wrong with me. I was evil.

Since there was something wrong with me I acted up in school hoping to get some help. The result was that I was sent to the principle's office and he told me there was something wrong with me and I was different. He confirmed that I was different and evil. So I acted up even more trying to get the help I was seeking. Help that would allow me to be “normal” and part of the human race.

I even had thoughts that I was the only human being in existence and this was all an elaborate stage with everyone else being actors and not human. Since the actors knew what they were doing they could even cut themselves and bleed.

But I was different, strange, evil.

I acted up more in high school and was sent to the counselor. I tried to explain to him what was happening. He said I was different and strange.

I finally persuaded my Mom to let me see a professional counselor. One that worked at a psychological center for youth. A psychologist trained in what I hoped were my problems.

I got in difficulty with the law then. I was breaking into various schools, e.g., acting up. I don't think I ever took anything of any real value, but I did write comments on the blackboard, e.g., “I was here.” Because of a friend who I told what I was doing I got arrested. I went to court. In court the psychologist testified that I should be sent to an insane asylum and the key thrown away as I was that great a threat to society. I think I was 16 at the time—and different, and strange, and evil.

So much for youth. I had no beatings. No bad parents. But still I had (have) some scars.

The result of the psychologist's statements was that I was sent to live with my dad in Ohio with the promise that he would have a psychiatrist treat me and informed I was never to come back to North Dakota.

Dad had remarried several years before to a domestic and thus I have two half-sisters and a half-brother. (I say “domestic” because I'm not sure Dad was ever that close to anyone. He married Velma because she looked good, I expect was good in bed, was a good cook, and could take care

of the house. Dad simply gave her a reasonable monthly allowance for the house and she did what she wanted with it.)

So off to Ohio I went. The psychiatrist had no clue as to what he was going. I finished high school but really knew no one close in my class.

The next few years were college and searching for answers through any and all ways I could find. I have actually gone to many colleges—Wright State University, Parsons, Ohio State University, the University of Buffalo, the University of Minnesota, North Dakota State University, Middlesex College, Fairleigh-Dickenson University, the University of Vermont. My college days were such that one semester I would be on the Dean's list and the next almost flunking out. A lot of up and down.

I should mention here that Dad practiced what I call double-negative reinforcement. If I did something wrong I was punished. If I did something right it was simply accepted with nothing being said. I remember one semester I worked washing dishes, was on the Dean's list, was sent to a few conferences by the History Club, and got my pilot's license and Dad said nothing. No encouragement. No "you did a wonderful job". No "could you take me up for a joy ride." Nothing. (I think he just did not know better.)

At Ohio State University in the late 1960's I met a young lady, we'll call her Susan, who I dated a while. She had a friend, we'll call Sally. One day Susan and I smoked some grass and Sally got very upset at me since I had supplied the grass. She was also upset with Susan as Susan was suppose to devoting herself to someone in the Army who was presently in Europe. Due to the marijuana Sally called the police to get me arrested (as I found out later). The police, in essence, said they were not concerned with marijuana, but if she could get me with other drugs they might be interested.

Thus Sally asked me to get her some LCD. At that time LCD was very easy to get in any college town. I think at this point, since I was still searching I had tried it once. Thus I got a tab for Sally, gave her detailed instructions, as she was to take it with a friend, and left it at that.

A few days later Sally contacted me and said that she had split the tab with her boyfriend. She stated that her trip was not great, but her boyfriend thought it was great. She then asked for 25 tabs for her boyfriend. I refused as I was not even sure I could get that much, but then she did a wonderful job of crying and stating that she was afraid she would lose her boyfriend, etc. I must admit it was a good acting job. The bottom line is that I told her I would see what I could do.

I simply contacted a couple of people and got the 25 tabs. I think at this point I met the "boyfriend". He wanted more after that. I believe 100 tabs. And then 5 pounds. The 5 pounds is where I was busted—along with some others. At the time it was the largest LSD bust in Ohio. Made the headlines, etc.

I went to county jail. The county jail at that time had been built during the civil war (1865 or so). It was built for perhaps 100 prisoners. I think we had over 1,000. You needed to be on guard 24 hours per day. I can still hear the screams of the men who were raped.

I was not one of them although I probably should have been. At that time I was wearing my hair “natural” and longer. The jeans I had on were also ripped in the seam and I wore no underwear (still don’t). Also being raised by my mom and aunt my mannerisms were more feminine than masculine. One day during lunch I was asked by some black men to eat in their cell (cells were locked during meals). I said “yes” as I did not wish to show prejudice towards them. They tried to get me to go down on them I said “no”. They tried to force me. In fact they choked me until I passed out—and they were concerned I was dead. But I did not cry out and I did not tell. For that I earned their respect—and since they were “leaders” of the cell block no one else tried to rape me after that. (Well, one person did, but he was not allowed to.)

While in county jail I did not tell anyone I was there. But mom found out after a while. At that point I wrote dad since I knew he could afford much more easily to get me an attorney. Dad wrote back that he thought possibly a few years in jail would do me some good. A few years? Due to the way laws are written I was charged with numerous offenses, e.g., possession, possession to sell, sales, conspiracy to sell, etc. The result was that my maximum amount of years would be 325 and my minimum would be 125 years. I don’t think Dad even bothered to find out what my situation was.

Mom did. She got me a very poor attorney and I was given probation. Since I had only sold drugs to federal or state narcotic agents with a good attorney I would have been found not guilty because I was “entrapped” by the police, in other words I was set up and would not have committed the crime had it not been for the police. But that’s what I realized years later after reading the laws.

So I headed back to Parsons College in Iowa to complete my degree. One problem was that my major was political science as I was going to be a lawyer—and you cannot become a lawyer with a criminal record. Another was that I was young and upset. It’s said that “one should not do the crime unless one is willing to do the time”. The problem with me is that I had done 3 months in county jail—thus I had done the “time”, but felt that I had not done the “crime”. Therefore at this point I started to do drugs.

I mainly did hallucinogens, e.g., LSD. I never did take heroin and seldom took downers. Speed many times came with the hallucinogens. I’m not sure whether one would consider that I did a lot or a little. I expect that a medium amount would be about right. I had some good trips and bad ones.

After I completed college I did some graduate work in Washington, DC and then a little work in Cincinnati with a hot line center. I was asked to leave after I helped a “competing” hot line center across the street deal with someone who’s friends gave him some liquid LSD in a drink and then left when he accidentally broke his arm. The friend calling the hot line center and saying “Here, talk to the nice people.” After that I went to see my Mom in New Jersey.

In New Jersey I did have a semi-bad trip. A friend from North Dakota, Dave Oxxxxxxx (if you check he was raised in my same neighborhood) was in the army. He was stationed in New Jersey at the time and I went to see him. He wanted to do some acid (LSD) so we did. After dropping (swallowing—I’m getting into standard drug terms and I’m not sure of your knowledge) the acid Dave said he wanted to go to New York City. I said “Sure” and we got in my Mom’s car and started driving—I was the driver. Part of the way there Dave said he wanted to talk about something that had bothered him all of his life—not something to do on an acid trip. But to keep Dave having a good trip I agreed to talk about it. It seems that Dave was worried that he was never going to do anything with his life—at this time he was just 21. But to him this was very important, thus I tried to discuss it with him.

We got to the Holland Tunnel and started through. It seemed within the first 5 feet Dave stated it would ever end. I needed to thus keep reminding him it would—but it’s a long tunnel. We did get through it. Once we arrived in NYC I went to the Village area, parked the car, and promptly lost it as my main concern was Dave and his life-long problem. We ate and walked and walked and walked. Partially we were trying to find the car—mainly we were talking. All during the night we walked and I kept maintaining myself and Dave—and controlling the acid within—a difficult, if not impossible, task.

In the morning Dave was coming down from his trip—and I really had not started mine. I called Mom to come pick us—we agreed to meet at a particular restaurant that she could find easily. Once off the phone I forgot the name of the restaurant. It did not matter though. Mom borrowed a car to come get us—and she got lost! She pulled over to ask some folk sitting on some front stairs where to go—and the “folk” were Dave and I. (Sometimes the gods are very nice.)

We got into the car and headed back to New Jersey. At this time I finally felt “safe” and thus stopped trying to maintain the acid. Mistake? Perhaps, but I needed to let go at one point. I realized on my trip that my brain has atoms and thought that if I put them together wrong I could create an atomic bomb in my head. Thus I start to fear that I would create an atomic bomb right then and there—and in the process I would destroy New York City and a good part of the East Coast. Of course my mom knew nothing of what was happening. She just wanted to get back home. At one point I did need to have her stop so I could get out of the car to get back my mind—and stop the atomic bomb which was building. She happened to be on a freeway there, e.g., no place to stop. I did convince her to get off though and after stopping was able to get my head back together. Strange trip. Not good. Acid is not a drug one can control—or at least not easily—that’s why it should always be taken with a guide.

After the “trip” I went to help my sister back in Columbus, Ohio move from one apartment into another. While there I visited a friend who asked me whether I wanted some mescaline—a milder hallucinogenic than LSD. I did not want a repeat of New York, but agreed to the mescaline. Mistake? Perhaps. I make them from time to time.

During this “trip” I was in the living room of my friend and his girlfriend. She wanted to go to bed with him which I could easily see. So I sent a “thought wave” to my friend saying “I’m leaving”. I saw it leave my head in the form of a circular wave and hit his head. He immediately turned to me and I saw his “thought wave” coming towards me. It said “why?” We then had a short conversation via these “thought waves” where I explained his girlfriend wanted to go to bed with him and thus it was time for me to leave.

I decided to drive to see a friend. I got lost on a main street in downtown Columbus. I pulled over to the side to have a cigarette and decide my next step. Depth perception on a hallucinogen is very poor. I pulled over about 10 feet from the curb. Immediately two policemen stopped behind me and came up to ask questions. I could not answer any of them. They wanted to know where I was going. It was to a black friend, Gloria, but I did not know her address. They asked where I had been. I could not tell them because I did not want my friends arrested. They asked where I was staying. I could not remember either of my sister’s addresses. They would ask a question which I could not answer, then they would go talk to each other, when they came back I did have an answer—but now they had another question I could not answer. Finally they arrested me for “suspicious person – general”. It seems that in Ohio at that time there were a number of “suspicious person” areas - “theft”, “murder”, “breaking and entering”, etc. “General” being the most vague.

I was taken to city jail. City jail is not someplace one wishes to be while tripping. In fact it’s a very bad idea to be there. I did see my attorney in the hall and he said he would be there for the hearing. He wasn’t. I “motor-mouthed” the hearing (talked very fast). I was still not down from the trip. The judge gave me a \$25 fine (which I had in my possessions) and then suspended the fine (so that I did not even need to pay it). The problem was that I was on probation—and had just been convicted of a new crime—it was unimportant that the fine was suspended.

I was transferred to County Jail again. Then based on the new crime, and the probation officer having no idea what to do with me, I was sent to someplace called Lima State Hospital for the Criminally Insane for a 90-day evaluation. Lima was not a good place. I was in solitary confinement most of those 90 days. I was beaten up an average of every other day. I went from 180-pounds (a little heavy) to 90-pounds (where I cannot even pick up a spoon to eat with).

Why was I beaten up? The reason is fairly simple. The guards had, at most, a high school education—many not even that. They got out of high school—or dropped out—and went into the military service where they were taught no more than to use a gun. They got out of the service and

their skill set meant that they really only qualified for a low-paying prison guard position. At night they went home to their family. The wife wanted shoes for the baby, or tires for the car, or They could not afford it based on the guard's salary. So she got upset and would not "put out" that evening. The next day the guard came to work and needed to take his sexual frustration out on someone. I was the lowest of the low. I was not only a criminal—but also insane. Additionally I had a college education—as did those above them who would not give them a higher wage and told them what to do. I was the perfect vehicle for them to take their frustrations out on—and they did. (One good thing about being beaten up by 4 or 5 guards at the same time is that when they are kicking you on occasion they miss and kick one of the others.)

I was sent back to Columbus after those 90-days in solitary confinement. By this time I was insane. From my perspective there is a door between the conscious mind and the unconscious mind. I opened that door with the mescaline, coupled with the trip in New York and the tension of going back to city and county jail. Once that door was open I could not close it. It might have closed if I could have been with a friend for 24-hours. Perhaps. Ninety-days of solitary confinement opened it only wider.

Back to Columbus and insanity. What can I share in a short time? Back to Gloria for a few moments. Gloria was an older black woman I met while working as an orderly at a local hospital. We became friends (and for a very short period lovers). Gloria had informed me that she had come from the Sun through various incarnations on a mission for the Sun. One of those incarnations was on Venus and there she picked up a second smaller mission. That second mission was to direct people to where some soul-tuned weapons existed in Africa—and she knew the exact location—and then crown the returned Christ.

Gloria related to me that in a previous incarnation about 500 years ago she needed to go to a convent in India in order to train for this mission. At that time she was an Indian Princess and had to give up everything—including her Prince—in order to go to this conclave because once in the conclave she could never leave. At one point in this life she recognized a janitor who was at the convent. He was Father Divine. I expect you are not aware of Father Divine. Very briefly he was a minister (some would say cult leader) who gave many blacks hope during the depression. Whether what he preached was the truth is open to question. He did take poor black folks money, married a white, and lived the good life—the poor blacks seemed to think vicariously for them. It's always hard to say. The point is that he was the only person Gloria ever recognized from the conclave. According to Gloria he came up and gave her encouragement.

Whether Gloria was right or wrong is unimportant (at least in this context—and since I'm sure she passed away years ago and have seen no soul-tuned weapons coming out of Africa or the crowning of Christ it seems she was wrong). But this is my story and my life. And within me there is a large part that believes in allowing others to believe in their selves and believe in their dreams. For me to take another's beliefs or dreams away is a very great disservice as I do not know all of the answers—or even most of them. And I certainly do not know the whole of truth.

The problem with Gloria's beliefs and ideas was that there was a second person around in the '60's by the name of Jean Dixon. I did not know Jean Dixon. Jean Dixon was an astrologer and modern-day prophet who predicted the assassination of John F. Kennedy and was world renowned for her predictions. And she had predicted that the anti-Christ had arrived in Africa about the same time and place that Gloria had said the real Christ had arrived for his second coming.

So I had a crisis—who to believe—Gloria or Jean Dixon. And I could not destroy the beliefs of either one. But I had also entered the world of the unconscious. Or, to put it mildly, I was also insane. Thus my crisis became a crisis for the world. I became a focus for the world. I could chose for the world whether to bring to Earth another Garden of Eden or World War III.

(I think I'm going into more detail than I need to, but perhaps it will help you to truly understand me. And in a real sense I am skipping many, many details in what I am saying.)

So I arrive back in Columbus, Ohio to the over-crowded country jail built during the American Civil War. And I arrive with a crisis which in my insanity the world is aware of. What has happened? Well, the world wants me to make a decision. The world has re-created the county jail to allow for the decision. My "cell" now has a marble floor with diamonds in it. My sink is now made of ivory. My cell bars are now made of gold, although painted black. There are hidden camera's showing my every moment to the entire world. I have thousand of letters and post cards. The entire block is surrounded by millions of people wanting me to make the right decision.

In a sense I am Christ. I am having to make decisions for all of humanity and the world. There is a bed frame fastened firm to the wall. It becomes my cross and I continuously try to lift it—try to carry it. It becomes my burden. How can I describe what Christ went through in accepting the burden of making decisions for human kind. Of accepting that burden and bearing it. I cannot. It's too great. But I felt it—at least to a degree.

So what decision did I make for humanity? What decision did I make for the millions around the county jail wanting me to decide for the second Garden of Eden. I didn't. At one point there was a silverfish (bug) in my cell. God (or the Devil) was saying to kill it and we would have the Garden of Eden. God (or the Devil) was saying to allow it to live and we would have the Garden of Eden. I was like a chess pawn between the two. I decided that I would not make a decision. I would not decide on either the Garden of Eden or World War III. I would not accept the burden of that decision. I would not decide between Gloria and Jean Dixon. I would allow both their beliefs without interference. I would not decide. I would not do anything to the silverfish.

And that's why we did not have World War III. And that's why we do not have a Garden of Eden now. And that's why nothing really changed. Because I simply decided not to be the pawn between God and the Devil. Not to make that decision. (Aren't I nice?)

Did I say I was pregnant with my own son? Did I say I had a diamond growing out of the back of my head?

And thus I was found insane and returned to Lima State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

I'm not sure there is much to tell about Lima. It was not a fun place. My "doctor" was not licensed to practice medicine in the United States. He was from Cuba. He used to go around telling people he had been Fidel Castro's private physician. I thought he had delusions of grandeur.

For a long time I was given 500 milligrams of thorazine 3 times per day. Thorazine is used to treat schizophrenia and the maximum recommended dosage is 200 milligrams per day – note I was on 1500 milligrams. One side effect is tardive dyskinesia – a condition marked by involuntary muscle spasms and twitches in the body. I have a very minor form of this since my legs (or rather knee joints) tend to involuntarily jerk when I'm relaxed, e.g., when I go to sleep. This is worse when it's hot and can sometimes even happen in cars or airplanes on long rides. I do have medication for it, although the medication tends to allow me to sleep for 12 hours at a time.

The main "treatment" of inmates was via drugs. Most of the prescriptions were actually decided by the guards with the "physician" rubber-stamping them. I did see the doctor about once per year for a few minutes. Most of the inmates were there, as I was, for an "indefinite" period, e.g., until the system let them out. For most that meant "never". We had individuals who had been there for 30+ years for stealing a gallon of gasoline.

One example of Lima was that we had 30 guards indicted for acts of sexual misconduct with inmates, beatings, etc. Then those inmates who were to testify started dying. One had a heart attack at 22. A second fell down some stairs and died of internal bleeding because it took them 5 hours to get to the hospital area which was 100 yards (meters) away. A third accidentally drank the foot solution we had after showers. Then the inmates decided not to testify, the charges were dropped, and all of the guards rehired with no more strange deaths occurring.

Although most "treatment" was via drugs they did put me into an experimental group therapy group. It was run by two psychologists. One day one of the group indicated he was gay. Both psychologists jumped on him for being abnormal and strange and evil and ... I'm not sure it was that day that I decided that I must be part of the human race as I had been working on that problem since my childhood—but that day helped me realize that I was not abnormal, or strange, or evil—because I knew the gay inmate and knew he was normal.

(I might mention that one of the psychologists visited my sister in Columbus and told her that if she had sex with him that I would have an easier time. Fortunately she did not. I believe this same psychologist told my sister that I have been given shock therapy—an electric shock is used to

induce a controlled seizure intended as a treatment for chemical imbalances in the brain. I still do not know whether I was.)

I was “labeled” as a “chronic undifferentiated hebephrenic schizophrenic”. “Chronic”—medical condition lasting over a long period. “Undifferentiated”—like, similar to. “Hebephrenic schizophrenia”—a form of schizophrenia characterized by severe disintegration of personality including erratic speech and childish mannerisms and bizarre behavior; usually becomes evident during puberty; the most common diagnostic category in mental institutions.

Or at least I was for my first 18 months. The laws required that each inmate’s case be reviewed once per year—which ended up in my case to be after 18 months. After those 18 months I was brought to a board. I was asked how often I smoked marijuana. I need to say more than once due to the group therapy, thus I said 5-6 times which was a believable number. It was then decided that my label as chronic undifferentiated hebephrenic schizophrenic was incorrect because I had smoked marijuana more than once. So now I was labeled as a “psychopath” or “sociopath”.

“Sociopath” - Antisocial Personality Disorder. Individuals with this disorder have little regard for the feeling and welfare of others. This is also what the sex offenders were labeled. This was a joke after 18 months. Unfortunately a poor one.

With the new “label” I was sent to a new ward (or “cell block”). This new ward was for sociopaths and run differently. It was actually self-governing. This meant that we did have guards, but the inmates tried to regulate the ward itself. It was an interesting concept and quite innovative. It was almost like “old” style treatment vs. “new” style treatment.

The self-governing ward had two positions of power—the Ward Leader and the Ward Secretary. I quickly being Ward Secretary. The Ward Leader was an individual by the name of Richard Pxxxxx. A third person on the ward—who had been the Ward Leader was Tom Wxxxx (actually I might be wrong a little on the name). Tom was into astrology and we found that Richard and I were born on the same day in the same year. Richard and I compared notes on our lives and noted many, many similarities. We had both traveled about the same, when I got busted in Columbus via entrapment, he got busted via a brother-in-law, when both ended up in Lima, etc. But more than that in looking around Richard and I got more mail and visits than the rest of the ward together, we were certainly in power. We both even got out at about the same time. This was what encouraged my interest in astrology. I just could not believe all of the coincidents in Richard’s life and mine.

I should mention another aspect of life in Lima—homosexuality. But for this I need to go back a bit. While in Columbus the first time I was living in a rooming house, e.g., I was simply renting a room in a house where others were also renting rooms. One of the other renters we’ll call Phil. One day Phil asked to go for a walk with me. He was “coming out of the closet” and that’s what

the walk and talk was about. My reaction was “when are you going to bed with me?” Phil was not expecting that. Briefly Phil and I did go to bed and it was simply not my thing.

After several years in Lima I was asked by Tom (above) to go to bed. My thought was “Well, if I’m ever going to be a homosexual then this is the time.” The bottom line is that we did go to bed, but it was again not my thing. I expect it will never be, but I do have an idea of what it’s like to kiss someone with a beard.

I was in Lima for 27 months total. I could have been there a bit less if I allowed Dad to get me out—but then I would have needed to follow Dad’s rules, e.g., no blacks in the house, be home by 10 PM, etc. As it was I got out on my own. The “suspicious person – general” law was declared illegal by the Ohio State Supreme Court because it was too vague, thus I could not have broken a law that was no longer a law. And by now my probation was up. I thus got out and was free. Of course 27 months for a crime which was a \$25 fine—suspended—on a law which was declared unconstitutional—might be considered quite a lot.

Perhaps. But people came out of that environment in two ways—either stronger or weaker. Most came out weaker. I came out stronger. I spent 27 months working at understanding myself. That was my only task. I did not need to worry about room, board, cloths, or anything else. I learned (or perhaps reinforced) that I was responsible for my own behavior. Many people when they came out never even accepted they had been in—telling friends and relatives they had been to California or someplace else for the last couple of years. They simply could not accept what had happened.

The main result of Lima was that I learned a lot about me and came out stronger. A number of secondary results also occurred. I went from Lima to visit friends in Minneapolis and to Fargo, North Dakota where I was raised. I decided that I needed to understand more of criminology and thus worked on a Masters in Criminology for a few years. Running at one point out of money, but realizing along the way that society (and sociology) knew little about why people became criminals or what to do about it—at least in the US—at least in the early 1970’s.

I then became a counselor for druggies, alcoholics, crazies, and ex-offenders. Here I was reminded on a daily basis what I went through. That reminder meant that some days I came home and cried myself to sleep. I believed in what I was doing and thus my clients had my home phone number. There was many a time I got called at 2 AM or 3 AM. Someone was having a bad acid trip or wanting to go to the state mental hospital in Jamestown—90 miles (144 kilometers) away—for treatment. There were times in taking someone there I was very tempted to check myself in also.

I also started the first halfway house (half way between prison and regular society) for adult male ex-offenders in North Dakota. That took 5 years. I needed to speak before the Lions Club, Church

Women United, television, radio. In all of them I needed to state I was an ex-offender. In all of them I needed to accept my past and tell the world about it. Not an easy task, but necessary.

I should add in here that since I had my pilot's license I did decide to renew it. A very difficult task for anyone who has been judged "insane" as the FAA (Federal Aviation Administration) does not want anyone insane piloting a plane. I need to have numerous batteries of psychological tests, and talk to several psychologists and psychiatrists. At this point I have more certificates of sanity than almost anyone in the world.

I picked up the telephone book one day and looked in the Yellow Pages for something—I forget what. I saw as a heading "Astrologer". This seemed strange—especially in conservative North Dakota. Since my interest in astrology had been peaked in Lima I called the person, Mike Rxxxxx, and set an appointment. Thus began a long relationship with Michael.

Michael is an astrologer—and a fairly good one—but he is also an esoteric philosopher. Well, after a moment's reflection, perhaps he is not a real philosopher. Michael has studied the philosophy written down in a series of 27 "blue books" by Alice Bailey. But it is a complex and interesting philosophy. He goes around the world teaching others about it. He does not preach, but does teach as others have also accepted the same philosophy and wish to understand it better.

How do I explain esoteric philosophy, new age philosophy. I don't. One day many a year ago when I was reading the books my roommate came in and said: "Rick, you have been spending all of your time reading those books. What are they really about?" So, I tried to explain the one sentence I had just read. Five hours later and many reference books later I had not even gotten close. The books are complex.

Can I say anything about the philosophy? Not really. If I mention the vehicles man has, or the seven rays, or the Masters, or the Plan, or It would only lead to long and endless discussions. And the reality from my perspective is that none of it is important. The importance is how one lives one life. One's actions. The two main concepts I've gotten out of esoteric philosophy is the importance of "know thyself" and "right human relations". It is not necessary to go beyond that, although some day perhaps I will.

Did I say that Michael got me into the Alice Bailey books? Well, he did. We even started an esoteric philosophy bookstore in North Dakota. It quickly died, but the result was that I have a lot of books on many aspects of what would be new age areas.

So, in North Dakota I started the halfway house and got involved with Michael. (The halfway house is still going and going much stronger than I ever believed possible. It's helped a lot of people along the way.) Then what? Mom called. She had been given a dog for Christmas. On the new year the apartment complex she was living in adopted a "no pet" rule. Thus Mom bought a house. She asked me to help her move into it. I went to New Jersey to help her move. She had

bought a huge house. The problem was it was in a neighbor which was a bit iffy and the house needed a lot of work. I moved to New Jersey to help fix up the house.

Within months of my moving to New Jersey Mike also moved to New Jersey. I even went back to North Dakota to drive one of his moving vans to New Jersey with him.

I worked for a while at a pre-release center for the New Jersey Department of Corrections, but left because of the politics, e.g., I wanted to work and help the clients thus I made most of the others look bad as they really did not wish to work. (The other vocational counselor worked as a clown part time and wanted to spend his time working on his clown act. One of the psychologists thought the reason she was hired was so she could use the telephone to call all of her in-state friends since the phone was free. Another of the psychologists was a conservative Christian and spent his time reading the bible.)

I took one computer course at a local community college. A two-year college where Mom was the Chairperson of the Medical Technology Department. I was not interested in the grade. I was interested in the knowledge. The course was in a strange computer language, RATFOR (Rational Fortran—Fortran being a language for scientists at that time—as COBOL was the business language and BASIC the language for personal computers [which at that time were just starting to come out]). I was most interested in BASIC and found that it was on the mini-computer the class was using. Thus I told the professor that I would not do any of his homework in RATFOR, but rather I would do it in BASIC. I did agree to take the tests, but really would not work on learning RATFOR.

The professor for the course was the chairperson of the department and after the course asked me whether I wanted to teach computer science. I told him, as he knew, that I had only taken the one computer course. He asked whether I had a B.A. degree. I said “yes, but in political science not computer science”. He said that was good enough as he really was quite desperate. I thus worked hard teaching day, teaching night, and taking computer courses.

The policy at the college was to hire people for at most two years as they were afraid if more than that they would need to offer the teacher a tenured position, e.g., close to permanent. Thus after 2 years I was not rehired. I began a several positions – each lasting a year or two. I taught database development around the country, taught and did technical support for Apple computer, worked at a bank in New York City in Two World Trade Center (and, yes, I knew several people who did not make it), etc.

I also got married in there for a few weeks. Kath, my wife, and I were friends and should have remained friends—but we did not realize that until after we got married. We’re still friends some 20 years later. Michael was my best man.

I should get back to Michael a bit. Michael and I joined a study group on esoteric philosophy that met once per month—mostly in Philadelphia, but sometimes at my house or southern New Jersey. This study group produced many, many papers. One day we asked ourselves what we should do with all of the papers. It was decided to publish a journal. We expected to lose money on the journal and therefore decided to also form a non-profit organization. Its name was the Seven Ray Institute—and it is still going. We started the group in 1985. Michael was the first President. I was the first Vice-President.

The position at the bank at the World Trade Center ended on the same day that Kath moved out. I did not know she was moving out. This was on October 19, 1987. It was also a day of a major stock market crash and I had most of our savings in the stock market as we were trying to purchase a house. Not a good day.

Mom one day asked whether I could write a computer program to help her students take board examinations. She would write the questions I would write the program. I did so. She wrote questions for a second area and one of her faculty (actually the only other faculty in her department) wrote a third set. On a lark more than anything we did a mailing to other colleges who were teaching medical technology to see whether we could sell any. We got orders from 10% or so—an amazingly high number. So that's what I did for the next several years. Mom wrote questions on more areas, her faculty did also, and I found one more author in Florida. Every two or three years we would update the questions. At one point I had 35 separate tests—and they ran on everything from old DOS and Apple II computers to Windows and Macintosh. Every six months I would send out brochures and then wait for the mail to arrive. It paid the bills and gave me a bit extra.

Life was fairly good, although I did not like New Jersey that much. I still saw Michael on occasion—but he was mainly traveling around the world teaching.

Mom died. Mom died in, I believe, 1994. Sis died of a stroke. She had one stroke and survived. That's when I needed to go into the hospital and tell her she should stop smoking, but that seemed a bit hypocritical since I was smoking. So I stopped—and she didn't. She checked herself out of that hospital against medical advice. A few days later I needed to take her into a second hospital. She was one of the worst patients I have ever seen. She knew too much about how hospitals work and the mistakes they can make. She was actually released from the second hospital—but I expect mainly because no one wanted her there. A few weeks later she passed on.

I've already mentioned I think my mom was a great lady and quite spiritual—notwithstanding the poor behavior in the hospital. Mom was afraid of going into a nursing home and wanted to die at home. She did.

I was able to move from New Jersey after Mom passed away. I looked for a house in North Carolina; Dallas, Texas; Hawaii; San Francisco and San Diego, California; Santa Fe, New

Mexico; Boulder, Colorado; Fargo, North Dakota; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; and, finally, Vermont. It took almost two years to find what I was looking for, e.g., inexpensive quality of life.

What I got was a 4-story house + a basement (each story was progressively smaller) on 10 acres of land with mountains to the east, a stream to the west, and forest all around. One of the first things I purchased was a hot tub; but I also changed the patio doors to French doors, added a deck, put gravel on the driveway, etc.

The next many years were spent working with community groups, e.g., Planning Commission, Regional Planning Commission, Transportation Advisory Board, Vermont Bicycle and Pedestrian Coalition, etc. In other words I worked at fitting into the community by serving on numerous committees to help the community.

At one point I obtained a position at the University of Vermont developing websites. During the interview where I was hired I was informed that I would actually not start work for 2 months—which is quite strange. I immediately went out and purchased travel books for India and Nepal thinking this might be the last chance I had to go there. I went for about a month—and I have a complete Diary of the trip if you are interested in reading it.

I came back to Vermont and worked for several years. Not much happened in many ways.

During the Spring of 2001 I went to an SRI/USR conference in the Catskills of New York. (The SRI/USR—Seven Ray Institute / University of the Seven Rays—is the conference with Michael.) I shared a room with Stephen Pxx. Long stories can be told about Stephen, but I have not the time. We got along quite well and he told me after the conference he was leaving for New Zealand to help start a school focusing on esoteric philosophy. There were several differences from a regular school. One being that the students did not need to pay—except for room and board. A second was that the teachers did not get paid—and also needed to pay room and board. In some ways it sounded romantic—taking off to teach in New Zealand and try to help out esoteric philosophy. It was a nice dream but I was working, I had just purchased a new (different) car, I had a dog and two cats, etc. Nice dream, but for someone else and I was glad to hear Stephen was going.

Stephen went to New Zealand (actually he first went to Canada and I drove him much of the way up there) and I went back to work. Stephen also signed me up to be on the Highden email list. (Highden being the name of the school in New Zealand.)

Long story short. I ended up losing my job, renting out my house (with the pets), and going to New Zealand to help out but it did not work out. Thus I ended up coming to Denmark, Finland, back to Denmark, and much of the US—as I had rented my house out for a full year.

I came back to Vermont. Moved back into the house, but because of the economy in Vermont I could not easily get a job. I had told myself when I purchased the house that if the gods wanted me to stay they would find a way to make the mortgage payments (of course I needed to do my share also), but if the gods wanted me to leave they would make sure that no matter what I did I could not make the payments. I did a lot and went more into debt every month. I finally saw the writing on the wall and decided to sell. The house sold for more than I thought it was worth even before I put it on the market—a clear indication the gods wanted me to sell it.

What then? Well, I had many boxes of material from a world renowned astrology couple. The husband died first and then the wife. I was mainly a friend of the wife and she passed on all the material to me. Since I'm not an astrologer I did not know what to do with it, but I kept it for others. In selling the house I needed to do something with it so I wrote Dr. Finn Axxxxxx at Humlegaarden – the alternative cancer clinic in Denmark – asking whether he wished it. He did and agreed to pay the cost of shipping.

But what of me? What was I going to do? Well, I had a job interview with a bank in North Dakota so I thought that might be a possibility. Also Finn invited me to come to Denmark to do research with a camera from Russia I seen demonstrated that took pictures of one's aura. The idea was to research the methods used at the clinic. I would pay for the equipment and Finn would give me free room and board. Still, North Dakota promised a well paying job and I do have friends there. Thus I drove to North Dakota—taking my dog and cat. (My other two cats had disappeared during the year I rented the house.) It seems the main reason for going to North Dakota may have been to drop my cat and dog off with friends as the bank interview did not amount to much.

Thus I found myself in Denmark. The idea was that I would do a pilot study on some of the methods used by the clinic. If the results were positive I would then bring those results back to the US and present them to various cancer support groups. My hope was that then these groups would have enough influences to get more complete research done.

I did try to get the camera, but after I ordered it they stopped making it so they could have a better one—at close to double the cost. By the time they came out with the second camera I had realized that Finn did not really want me to do any research. Finn wanted me to promise before I started the research that all of the results would be positive.

I should state here that I was somewhat naïve. I thought the reason that research was not done on alternative health treatment methods was a lack of funding as it seems that the drug firms do most of the research and that research is, understandably, on their own drugs. I still think that's partially the case. But I also realize that many providers of alternative health are also afraid of the results of research. In the case of Humlegaarden it was partially because their finances were poor and they were afraid of any research that would make them look like they did not know what they were doing.

So here I am. I'm back in the US. Fifty-nine years old. Without a house. Without a job. Without a partner. But home is where I am. I still have many friends. And I have helped out—and will help out—a good many people along the way. And I am fairly happy in my own way as in many ways it's been a good life.

Thus ends this chapter. I could have written a lot more, but then I might have given up all of my secrets and you would be bored with my stories as they would not be new to do. Therefore I have left a bit for the future.