

HEALTHY AGING TIP (#50)**WE ALL NEED LOVE BUT LOVE IS NOT NEED**

On earth nothing lasts forever not even earth itself, but we can make the most of our years, whether we want to be here or not. I fall into the latter category since I find watching humanity race to its own extinction this century, emotionally draining and spiritually painful. But I have a duty to perform, not to my country, not to a king, a queen, a president, a prime minister, nor a premier and a mayor but to that life force I call LOVE, my "God". I would gladly give my life for humanity, but that is not the reason I am here. I had to learn to live for humanity. I wanted to die too badly to risk my life on the front line of sacrifice, be that an actual military battle field, a protest march or as a peace activist. Suicide by good deed is still suicide and a martyr I am not. More accurately, I am slowly learning not to be a martyr since I was raised under this banner and found it to be undesirable, even unethical. Yet. I have also discovered that it is difficult to lose the examples we absorb in childhood and break away from the past. That said, I have participated in some public protesting, carefully weighing the odds that I would not be harmed. Instead, I chose volunteer work acting locally but thinking globally. Sadly, the day recently came, I could only stay in the volunteer world minimally as I had to leave too much of myself outside of the door of the non-profit social/business world in order to participate.

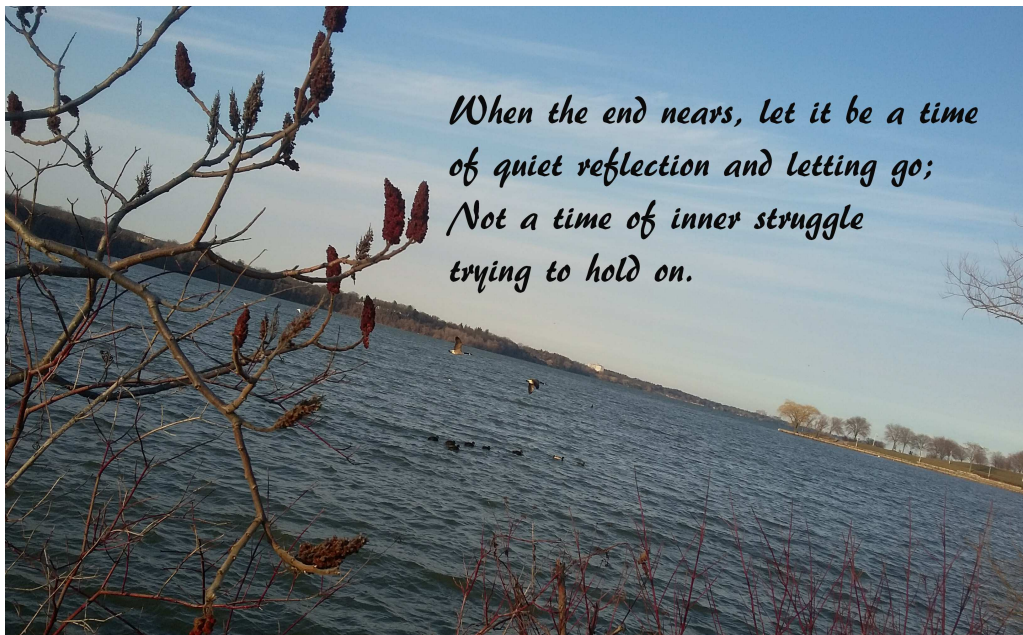
To stay as healthy as possible, I need a working body. I have had a few falls down my 17 step stairs in my house that are better not repeated. In any case, when I do fall, I tend to fall forward or backward and falling on stairs compounds the possibility of doing serious harm. My stairs have a railing on one side and a banister on the other. Hence I feel more secure with the railing/banister in front of me than at my side since I can grab them with greater ease, providing more support. Yes! I need to take a little more time but I work my muscles on both sides of each leg, the ab and adductors, muscles we seldom think of using in our day to day activities. I also switch sides on the steps regularly so that the side leg muscles get equal workout time. This in turn helps my ability to balance myself throughout my normal activities in the day.

As a note of warning, I did once do a wonderful lateral swan dive, tripping over my own feet standing still, waiting at a bus stop. It would have been nice to have had a railing, in front of me that day. Life, however, is full of unexpected events.

Since I was doing regular workouts that involved stretching, weight and resistance training, learning proper techniques, including how to do step ups and

step downs, my damage was minimal even though I was 70 something at the time.

Please check with your health care professional, and find out if this technique might help you navigate the ups and downs of stair climbing and thus improve or maintain balance, minimizing the need for walkers and the like. Of course, some do need the aids but I was given healthy legs so I intend to leave the need for permanent aids until the last six months of life, not the last twenty years. Common sense, which is not so common, does dictate the use of walking sticks and ice picks in slippery winter time conditions to stay upright but not when I have friction between my feet and the ground. We will find out, in time, if my efforts of putting exercise and other aspects of healthy aging, in all that I do, will pan out since the universe recently told me I have to try and hang in here until 105. Yikes!



**ADAM, EVE, & WHOEVER STEVE MIGHT BE, ROBBING PETER TO
PAY PAUL, BLAMING MARY, WONDERING WHO LUCILLE MIGHT BE
(#51)**

Given a literal interpretation of Genesis in the Bible, I am not surprised that men and women are having trouble fully trusting each other, not all but many. Every boy who hears this story of the temptation into evil by a snake, and takes it literally, will fear the allure of a women at a subliminal level, if not consciously. Likewise, every girl who also sees this description of our beginnings as literal truth and grows up to be a woman, will likely feel a degree of guilt, shame and blame. Love cannot fully blossom under such circumstance. Hence, I cannot accept a literal translation but need to look deeper so that we stop blaming each other for our own shortcomings and become more accepting of difference with a goal of bringing out the best in each other instead of our lowest common denominator. My interpretations of Genesis:

- We were not content with enough and today, we are still not yet content with enough.
- A bit tongue in cheek but with truth after 76 years of watching us interact and my own failures in connecting with people. Men, represented by Adam, were not paying women (represented by Eve) enough attention, probably making music with a plough instead of helping us toil the soil else we would not have looked elsewhere and been tempted. The fact that a dangerous snake came near, showed you were doing a lousy job of protecting us from wild animals. Just because we were tempted why were you stupid enough to follow?
- Too much bliss is dangerous. We need challenges and work, in balance with our other daily needs beyond air, water, food and shelter: Sleep, Recreation, Time Outs, Exercise (Aerobics, Weight & Resistance Training, Stretching), Communion
- “God” (all that is good, +Infinity) and Evil (all that is the opposite of good, -Infinity) defines the terms of this universe when a year can be a nano second in human time. My job is to find my own personal truth between these two poles and work hard to lean towards the side of goodness.

**ALL IN RELIGION NEEDS TO BE QUESTIONED & PHILOSOPHY NEEDS TO
STOP TRYING TO ANSWER QUESTIONS WITH NO FINITE ANSWER(S)**

ILLEGITIMATE FEAR HAS NO ROOM INSIDE MY HEART (#52)**I REFUSE TO BE AFRAID OF AN IDEA****I REFUSE TO BE AFRAID OF A SCARF**

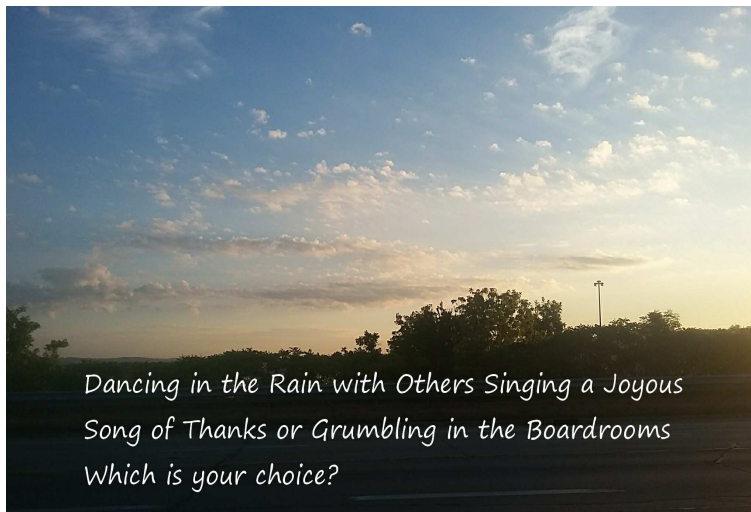
To hate another is a moral wrong in and of itself, in my opinion, though I do hate a lot of human behaviour that is cruel and unkind. I do fear the behaviour of people who hate others they have never met because they have been told to do so by parents, teachers, religious leaders, political leaders, news/entertainment pundits and/or peers. This feels like human insanity to me. Such people cannot be reached and will continue their warring ways, no matter what. Sadly, to deal with such behaviour, we humans have not yet developed an adequate defence system. I have personally been fortunate that, over time, I have learned to defend myself better from those who display such ignorant behaviour by finding my own inner healing and tools such as anger management, assertiveness and tracking behaviour in others that is inconsistent. More importantly, I have learned to not rush to judgment but allow others to reveal themselves over time. This is not easy and often amounts to years of processing my feelings despite my intense feelings of isolation, hungry for human companionship. In the longer term the best course of action, I see, is to stop creating people who cannot think critically, so angry they are blinded by hate.

We talk a lot about “self determination”, but what does that really mean? How about “freedom”? I have not yet figured out what either means but to find my own personal truth, and then die with a clean and clear conscience which I know I will. That many are willing to kill and fight others quoting “freedom” and “independence” looks like enslavement to me. I am certainly not “free” to do whatever “willy nilly” pops into my head. Say thank you for that one as I get some real “doozies” popping in. Even with restraint, I have done enough craziness as it is.

How can peace filter in when money buys privilege? What are the reasons not everyone has a passport? Why are all passports not the same colour of equal value? For some places, I need a visa and others not. I can afford to travel once in a while but so many cannot even entertain the idea of leaving their place of birth. Some of us are stateless and do not even have identity papers of any kind. This does not sound like “freedom” to me nor are such conditions optimum for

finding identity and self determination. Yet I ask: "How else are we going to help each of us become our own best self?" Though I sit in Canada, as a "white" person, every day I remind myself that:

- None of us are "free" until all of humanity is free from tyranny and a lack of basic necessities of life...be they our FIRST NATIONS PEOPLES or those under siege elsewhere in the world through war and/or starvation.
- None of us are "free", until we have only one citizenship identification card, that of a global world citizenship, each one free to move around, free of oppression and no one is stateless.
- None of us are "free" until we learn to share the bounty of the earth AND we make room for our non human beings to also survive long enough and well enough though that may only be a few moments (an insect) or over a hundred years (a turtle) and are treated as having as much right to be here as we do and we learn to thank them for giving us life, round the clock, every day. Life in balance!
- To date, none of are "free" since narcissism and power mongering still rules more than human equity. We simply do not yet value each other on a basis of having the same worth in the grand scheme of things.



**CALL ME CRAZY BUT I LIKE HELP THAT HELPS,
WORK THAT WORKS (A Ramble of Thoughts) (#53)**

WAR IS A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY

ALLOWING POVERTY IS A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY

As a baby born into world war two, of “white” parents, in Holland under the Nazis, surviving famine of the 1944-1945 Dutch hunger winter and then trying to adjust to life in a “white”, “racist” society of southern Ontario, Canada, unable to fully make the transition after sixty-six plus years speaks volumes but what? In essence, I developed a mild version of Stockholm syndrome. Now please imagine an entire group of diverse peoples, each group being lumped under offensive terms we give crayons: “black”, “red”, “yellow”, “brown”. The “white” group reminds the other groups they are less human not worthy of the same status as a dog or cat. We then dangle carrots in front, making it necessary to participate in a way life based on “white” supremacy set up by this supposedly superior “Euro” caste, in order to feel successful and survive. Your language is mocked! Your music is called inferior, jungle music. You are seen as a commodity, no longer a person. Your family is torn apart under the most cruel of circumstance. Were the “whites” the only colonizers? No! But we did excel and dominate this field, starting at least 600 or so years ago.

The Euros and their descendants were so successful at spreading “white” philosophy around the globe as being superior, that people of colour, enough of them with some spare cash, would change their appearance often using risky techniques to look like us and be like us. The stigma of the being labelled “less than” for having more colour in skin tone does not rub off easily, in fact, it does not rub off. Every time a person of colour looks in the mirror a little part of him or her is reminded of not quite measuring up in the eyes of the Euro (also a group of very culturally diverse peoples who, today, are still having trouble getting along). The irony of the fight taking place in the European union and the Euro as currency is not lost on me. “My” people's gift to the world is giving every person of colour what amounts to GROUP Stockholm syndrome and that is a hell of a gift that no one wants nor needs if humanity is to recover from our combined past, be we the victims, the perpetrators or some of each. That a few of us have found recovery is true. But until we are all find recovery and are survivors, peace on earth cannot come. Sadly, our combined past has given rise to an economic-

political-social way of life that I call global apartheid. How is self determination, another way of saying: "Finding personal truth as we learn to suppress ego in favour of identity", even possible for all of humanity unless we come up with a totally new way of living by taking the best of our past, shedding the worst? For that we need a global truth and reconciliation process to repair the damage we have done to each other over the millennia. This damage began to accelerate about six to ten thousand years ago when we stopped being a purely hunter gatherer society and "civilization" set in. And then we threw gas on that fire (so to speak) of our divisions when we spread out from Europe, taking our spiritual damage out on whoever got in our way. Yet, we cannot fix ourselves by breaking others.

Today, despite having more than we need, in a world of plenty, including information, technology and just plain old basic "know how", humanity is choosing mass suicide (extinction), by allowing war and poverty to continue, unable to see that what we label as a "crime" and what we label a "mental disease" are, in essence, one and the same.

Life is double edged but that does not mean we have to continue down our current path, a clear cut CATCH 22, embracing a life style that is feeding in on itself, unable to find personal truth in a world that is based on lies, deceit, propaganda, posturing and games, "giving" ("selling" is a more accurate word) humanity what it wants instead of what we need.

There is paradox which may appear to be a contradiction but often is not when we look deeper. There is contraction that can only be made sense of when we add fuller context. There is HYPOCRISY, the inability to see our self in the psychic mirror, when we trip over our own selves. As a result, humanity continues down the highway of not fixing our social ills, hiding and denying what we really need to be working on, self correction to achieve self improvement and thus the empowerment of us all.

Do we really need to know that our sun will die a billion years sooner than we thought, oh say 9 billion instead of 10 billion, as interesting as that might be? Do we not need to build a way of life that distributes earth's resources in an equitable, sustainable manner, for the next two or three hundred to a thousand years? Planning for only seven generations ahead is too short a time frame if we truly want to evolve, in spirit, as a species. We need to think ahead at least twenty generations else please stop having children. What we are doing today is doing our young a great disservice.

I well remember consoling a student whose older sister had just given birth, the student's first nephew. In the same time frame, her Dad was telling her he did not care about Climate Change since he was not going to live with its consequences. The student was heart broken and in deep conflict about her relationship with her Dad. Another young person was in equal conflict with her Mom over energy conservation, the daughter wanting less air conditioning and less lights blazing. I can give countless such examples. War, poverty, our many "isms" all need to be addressed for us to survive climate change as there really is no "victim-less" crime. Which one comes first? They all do, though I do feel Racism is our number one social issue that needs resolving. End racism and I think we will be surprised how quickly the other social ills will fall into place.

There is such a thing as collective memory, both in our cells and in our minds, as we pass on our stories from one generation to the next. And while we commemorate the genocides of relatively recent times such as the Jewish Holocaust, we have not yet, on a collective basis, acknowledged the many holocausts that went before. This is particularly true of the "new white world" now dominated by settlers from Europe, some who came to flee from persecution themselves, others to flee from poverty and some to rule and wage war. The result was the genocides of our native indigenous peoples of the places we "Westerners" colonized by use of superior fire power, disease and then an attempt at cultural annihilation. Let us not forget the making of a myriad number bad faith deals, treaties that were not honoured. Then we have the African and Asian holocausts, using the very, very old divide and conquer techniques, no one knows the exact number. All this to ensure that hatred between so many tribes and groups, labelled "not like us", continues.

Over the past 600 or so years, people who look like me built an economic system whereby we convinced ourselves we, Euros, were worth more than others; not all but too many. In our modern day world we call this process one of Cognitive Dissonance. Why? Because we could get away with it, while standing on slave and serf labour of all skin tones. In other words, "what is good for the goose" does not apply to us Euros since we are so "pretty". And that is one reason I hate my own face each time I look in a mirror. I am reminded of what "my" people did and I want to throw up. There is no question in my mind that Europeans gave rise to "white" supremacy, also known as institutionalized racism. We also gave rise to the current global economic-political-social system, a system we are all forced to participate in, just to survive. Though, I personally have enslaved no one (quite the opposite), I do bear part of the responsibility (ownership may be a

better word) simply by being born of “white” parents, raised in a predominantly “white” society and therefore receiving benefits many people of colour never have an option to indulge in. The mere fact that I had a job and managed to go from poverty to a comfortable financial position, in Canada, as an immigrant while many of Canada's native people live in 3rd world conditions is testimony that humanity has a long way to go. No one here today asks me: “Where are you from?”, yet be 3rd or 4th or more generation “black” Canadian, you will be asked and are still too often seen as an outsider. That so many still balk at the “black lives matter” movement or worse are oblivious to it, does not bode well for the human tribe.

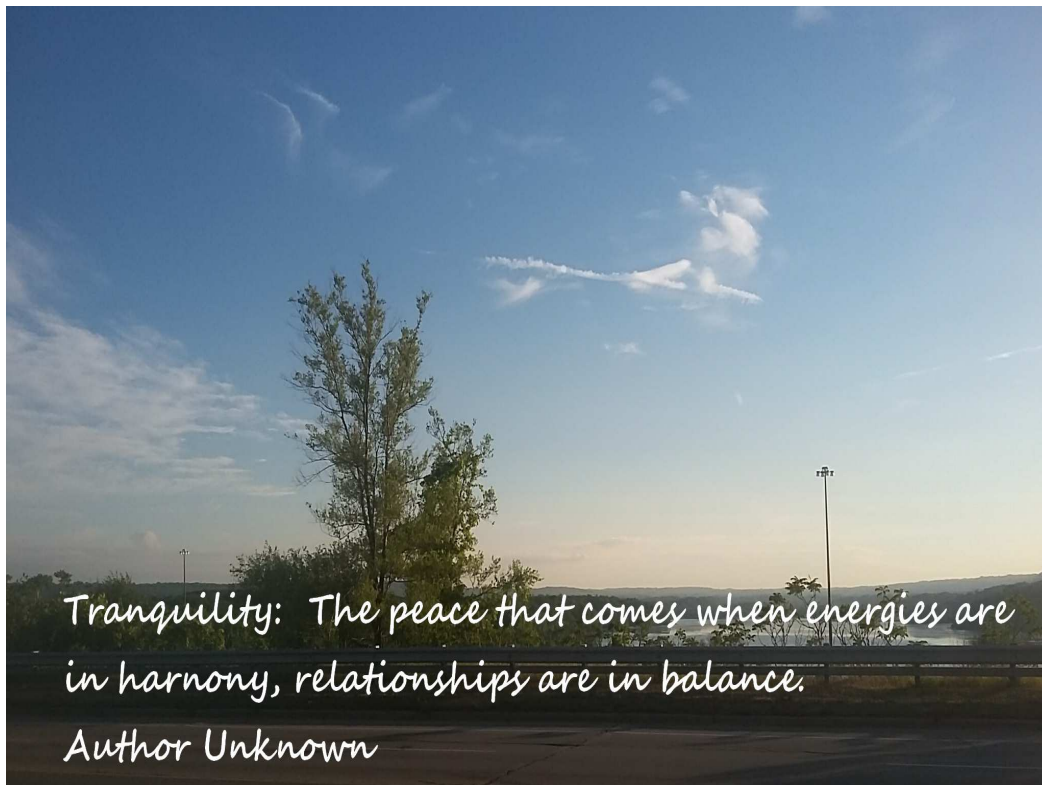
We of pale complexion in Europe could not get along, for centuries of blood baths that make the current wars and genocides in Africa pale by comparison: wars and genocides that we outside of Africa help stir up, by the way, playing the “saviour” card, giving with one hand and taking with a bigger hand. After spending mega dollars on human behavioural research to discover, as of late, humanity is discovering we cannot fix ourselves by injuring another. When Europe began to come out of the “dark ages”, after waging countless so called “Christian” wars on whose God was best, we then decided to take out our internal spiritual damage that results from war and poverty, with classicism always the root cause (another truth that is self evident by now, I hope). And take out we did! The Euros had the bigger gun, more fire power, more zeal for the acquisition of power and capital that today translates into money being the root of modern day insanity of excelling at the “art of the deal” that is not really a deal at all but a hostile take over and we did so around the globe.

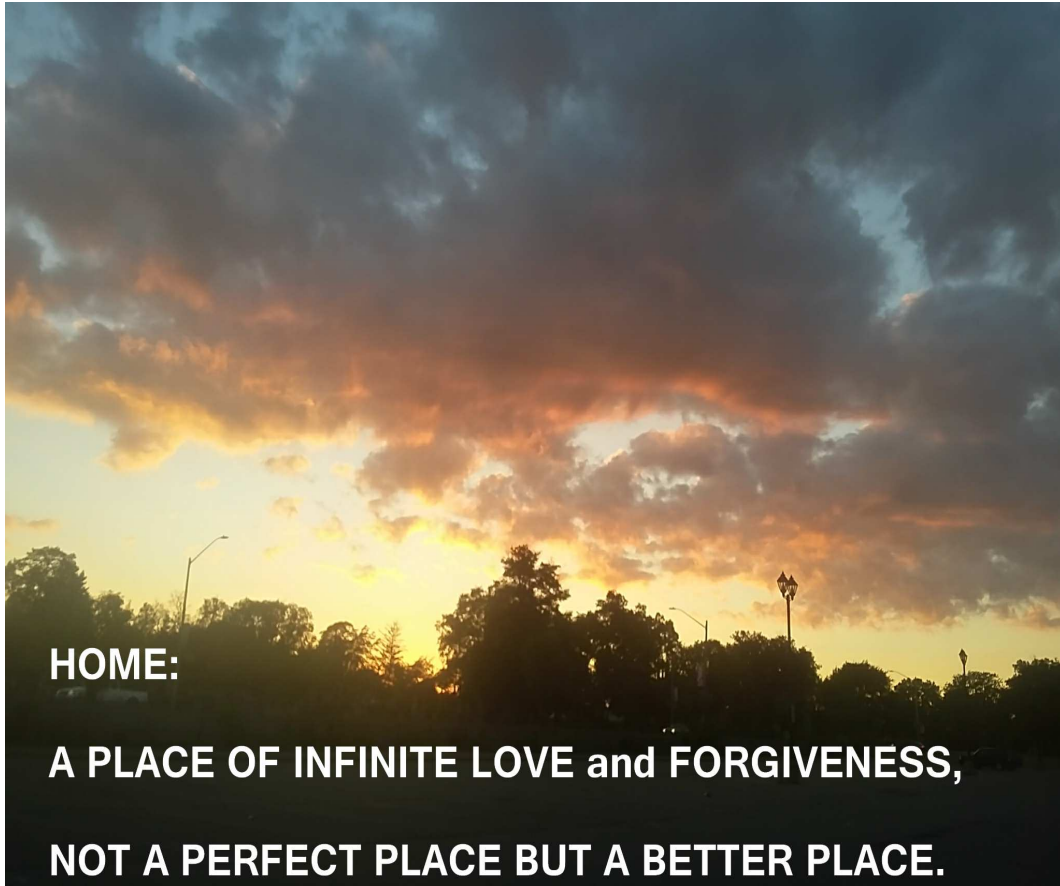
To the best of my knowledge, in modern day times, “my” people were never caught, trapped and put in museums to be laughed at or used as alligator bait. Certainly not in recent memory of the last two centuries or so, that I know of, since we “white” washed our history books to make us “the saints” and people of colour labelled either the villains, sub human or when kind, children who could not possibly manage their own affairs without us. Oh the pompousness of it all! That is racism on an individual level and “white supremacy” at work on an institutional level.

Please note, I needed thirty to forty years of self correction to recover from my early days and my own relatively mild Stockholm syndrome. Imagine how much more healing needs to take place for what amounts to a group Stockholm syndrome (menticide). Allow me to repeat! “My” people, the blancs, lumped a

diverse group of people under a single label of “black”, “yellow”, “red”, “brown”, labels that are appropriate for crayons but not for human beings! Please stop and let that sink in. It is not an accident that the highest number of people, on a percentage basis, still living in poverty, are incarcerated and/or subject to brutality by law enforcement are people we term as “non white”. This appears to be a global theme even though on an individual basis we find poverty, incarceration and brutality in all of humanity.

Sadly, there is virtually no place to run to or to hide and get away from modern day life any more. Hence we need to redefine all our social contracts, with one another ,to give our young a future, on this planet, long enough and well enough.





HOME:

**A PLACE OF INFINITE LOVE and FORGIVENESS,
NOT A PERFECT PLACE BUT A BETTER PLACE.**

“GOD” MAY BE PSYCHIC BUT I AM NOT! (#54)

“God”= The Life Force of Infinite, Absolute Love & Forgiveness

- 1) I am NOT psychic. I do have one of the best brains on the planet since “God” gave me an extra set of analytical skills that is capable of assessing my own short comings so that I can self correct once I was made aware of the tools I lacked: anger management and assertiveness. I already knew, on an intuitive basis what consensus building, conflict resolution and win win negotiation looked like.
- 2) “God” also gave me great memory circuitry, not large, but an innate ability to use both my short term and long term cells well!
- 3) “God” gave me the ability to recognize patterns, visualize, and do contrast and compare of what I came across in life and see beyond the obvious.
- 4) “God” gave me a life's journey that I would not wish on my worst "enemy" nor my friends but I also have a big heart so that I no choice but to exercise what I call "LOVE and FORGIVENESS!"
- 5) “God” gave me a strong instinct that lives deep in my gut (the feeling centre with the second highest number of neurons after my brain) so that when I was about to lose my way and meet certain death had I continued down that road, I could do the hard work and find my way back to the road the I needed to walk.
- 6) “God” gave me the resilience to find my recovery from all the hurts, one hurt at a time that came my way since we are a damaged species that "my" people from Western Europe accelerated, by taking their damage from the blood bath that Europe was, spreading that damage across the entire globe, starting about 600 years ago. We know, today, we cannot fix ourselves by damaging others.
- 7) As the Igbo (Nigerian) proverb says: "When we point an accusing finger at someone [something] else, four are pointing back at ourselves. I experimented with my own hand and discovered only three fingers point back at myself. The thumb points to the sky.

8) "God" may be psychic but I am not. I listen to that deep voice inside me that tells me something is wrong and ask for guidance from beyond so that I do everything I humanly can to do, to fix myself, to be a person of faith, a faith that came out of the world of mathematics, science and engineering, concluding that true love and forgiveness, is the only way forward for humanity to progress and evolve. There is no thriving for me until I know we all have what we need, including the self discipline and knowledge to keep our wants in check.

A WARNING: As I went through my trial and error journey of seventy five plus years, I have also learned that when listening to the messages that come from the sky, there are at least two components to those messages. One component points me in the direction of love, forgiveness and harmony, bringing inner healing and inner peace. The other component[s] result in disharmony that will not break the universe but will make humanity extinct within one person's average life span or wish we were extinct if we do survive the 21st century, given our current path.

Something needs to change at a very fundamental level. We need a common set of ethics which we have not yet been able to develop: **a revolution in VALUES**. Each person having one vote is not sufficient. We each also need one voice, not more and not less. Assuming a population of 7.6Bilion people on the planet, that means 0.00000000138% in the voice meter department as the legitimate percentage. That is not our current world where those who have more, also have a louder voice. That true democracy for ALL is still in the "dream" state and has never been a reality anywhere, I do not find surprising.

Can we learn to build a world where doing our very best with the assets we are given becomes the reward, in and of itself???

I FORGOT TO READ THE FINE PRINT (Pure Fiction) (#55)

When "God", the one of love and forgiveness, asked for volunteers to come here to earth to help figure out the reason we do not yet have peace on earth, in a world of plenty, with more than enough for everyone, I stuck up my hand with enthusiasm: "Oh please pick me!". And my "God" said: "okay" but I will make sure you have three spirit guides with you to help because, I just do not understand my children anymore. My "God" looked around and found two very old wise women, one from the ancient Orient, and one from the Indigenous cultures in North America. The third is my loudest spirit guide, a man from Africa, our Scientific Adam, the male half that spawned our species.

Seventy-five plus years later, somebody along the way changed my social contract with my "God" and entered or altered a whole bunch of fine print. Why else does life make no sense and everyday I cry cathartic tears, still unable to understand human nature and still not able to find one a place on earth to call "home" despite doing my best to be a helpmate to everybody. Today, with almost all my spiritual energy drained, I so long for death but I will give life one more last gusto push and pull in the hopes that we wake up. We cannot create a world of peace by trying to lift the third world into the first, since the problem is how the first world was created and frankly earth will buckle under the weight of doing so. The only other explanation I can think of is that the day I was born there was a sun flare and I was projected into the wrong universe as I know there is a place where people treat each other well, consistently and all the time. That is certainly not the case on earth. Regardless, death is the only way out of this place and premature death is to be prevented at all cost, else I may end up in a place worse than this living hell of our own making. I cry! My "God" cries with me.



DEAR “BLACK” PEOPLE: I CANNOT SAVE YOU.

I DO NOT HAVE A MONEY TREE IN MY BACKYARD (#56)

Daily, I need to field the 419ers, the Sakawa boys and princesses who claim to be from Russia, stranded in some country as a sex slave. Many people truly need help, but taking advantage of an old, lonely, gullible old “white” lady or guy is pretty shabby, particularly when many of these con artists are not even from Africa nor Russia. On a collective basis, the people who brought this system of global apartheid to the world are not yet doing a good job of initiating or even participating in a global truth and reconciliation process our world needs to have to repair our broken spirituality from our combined past. I find this sad in that I believe crooked behaviour dishonours the very essence of the human soul and comes back to bite us on the “ass” or some other body part that is more sensitive, including that of the 419ers, the Sakawa boys, the Russian “Princesses” and their imposters who join in, in this game of fleecing. I have not yet touched on what I think of the 80 to 100 people who run the global economy, nor the banks that are supposed to help people get a foothold in life but are more interested in their own bottom line.

I have enough trouble keeping my own head above water, so I cannot save you. While I do my best to create an ambience of good will, to help each person I meet, my resources are quite ordinary, being neither rich nor poor sharing what I do not need so that a few others have some bootstraps to help pull and push themselves up. But as one person, I cannot financially support my block, my city, a whole county, a state, a province, a country, a whole continent nor a whole world. Not even the richest person in the world can do all that. We need to find a different way of interacting financially, a way that has not yet been invented, but a way that is based on truth and honour, in all business affairs, that also respects the autonomy of each and every one of us. All else, I call short term thinking.

I love being an “Auntie”, a woman who fills in a little crack here and there when no one else is available to step in under the banner of love and care. However, an auntie can only do so much. Not only does the world need to overhaul the way it does business, we need to see ourselves in a different light and stop worshipping “whiteness”. Sure “white” people come up with some good ideas here and there, but that does not make us super beings. When a “black” child reacts to me so happy to have found a “white” auntie, I cry on the inside in horror and silently scream to the sky: “Are we ever going to be able to just be human?”

As for being an angel, my wings are too tarnished. When I was once standing at the bed side of a very sweet nice old “black” woman at her death bed, and she greeted me with a smile and said to me: 'Oh my “white” angel is here. Now I can die in peace'. I surely hope there was a real angel standing behind me because angels have no colour.



PAY EQUITY (#57)

Is it possible to build a world where one hour's worth of work nets one hour's pay that is more or less the same, in one standard accepted global currency, regardless of work done or position held? I suspect we will still need small fluctuations around the hourly pay rate with a starting, medium and upper pay scale within any particular job description to entice people to do their best as no one can be awarded for simply showing up and then staring at ones navel (unless that is what a person is hired to do). However, if the only way up the business job ladder to get the "big" bucks is to rise to the level of our own incompetence in a job the person is not suited for, say management, are we not effectively playing a game of snakes and ladders? Entrepreneurship you say. What is a fair return without overcharging customers when I cannot see the inner workings of your business? Is there not a temptation to cheat or skim once in a while, particularly if the business is going through a rocky period or worse, bankruptcy? How can any of us go to work when we pay the caretakers of our children considerably less than we personally earn, or worse, allow machines to do the job for us? How about the cleaners and garbage collectors? Do they too not "deserve" as much as the owner or board member in terms of making a living since they are doing a "dirty" job few want? We can not all be a "big wig", now can we?. Whatever the case, the way global finance is structured, there can be no winners long term, since every one needs to make a good living but no one needs to make a killing, the latter, sadly, being a modern day economic truth with a handful of people controlling more than fifty percent of the world's currency and resource supply and well over 7 billion of us to fight over what trickles our way. Not a recipe for world peace!

I doubt what I say will get much, if any, support since we, as humans, are very locked into this notion that there exists hierarchy amongst us. Yet, is a person who has down syndrome, for example, learns to navigate her/his way to work and home, does a bang up job of washing windows and dishes any less "deserving" than someone with a very high Intelligence Quota and born into conditions to allow that skill set to grow? I do not think so. I say this as a highly intelligent female and did benefit financially from the current "skewed" reward system that we have in our work place, more so than my co-workers, the cleaners of our toilets and the women who typed up our reports. I should have protested more when I was younger but did not. This is a BADGE OF SHAME I do wear.

What about our young? Do they not need to learn about life as they hone their skill set and work craft(s)? Is it not their job to bring in fresh eyes to address new problems and old ones that creep back in. Is not the job of the old to pass on their skills as true elders (in a non judgmental way)? How about the ones in the middle, a muddle? Do they not need to be able to better balance the sandwich of life as they provide a bridge between past and future, while in the present. Sadly, modern day life does not support such a model.

What about the nature of the work itself? A generalist is usually not as financially appreciated as a specialist but equally necessary to tie the work of the specialist together. What of the artists and the farmer? Without food, we all starve. Without art, science is a cruel task master. We talk about equality a lot but how can that be a reality when we do not value each others work equally?



HOW MANY REALITIES DO WE NEED? (#58)

What is reality? Frankly, I no longer know but for finding and living my own personal truth. In a world that is supposed to be fact based, I get more confused each day. Having been raised under the banner of confusion and hypocrisy, I am not a "happy camper" that in the year of 2018 A.D., life around me makes less sense today than the day I was born, in 1942.

We have only this moment in time, living in a world that is analog neither black nor white though some of us are literally colour blind. Can I say, I see green in the same way another sees green? "No!". What about red? "Again No!"

Yet, we are creating a world that approximates this present reality with amazing accuracy (about 98-99.5% in my opinion) using a "cloud" that is not a cloud at all but a series of machines that we humans built strung together with cable and air waves using our instructions to tell the machines what to do, adding in statistics, probability theory and data analysis. We no longer fully understand just how our machines, using what is called "Artificial Intelligence", makes decisions. I call this a "dumb assed" process. All this is our human handiwork and therefore FLAWED since we are. It is also our digital world we are forced to adopt whether we want to or not.. We are now at two realities: Analog and Digital. How many more?

What of our fictional world where we tell stories of our memories, imaginings, mixing fact, alternative facts, science and fiction, truth and lies, comedy and drama for all sorts of reasons. Does this world not express who we are on a collective basis, using our many slices, view points, our hopes, our fears? To say this world does not affect us, in varying ways, by what we choose and not choose to watch, listen to or read about, I would say does humanity a disservice. Something filters in and affects us in one way or another. Hence I say, our fictional world is also a reality. That makes three realities.

How about our study of the human journey using Mathematics and Pure Natural Science, the study of all things that is both larger and smaller than our minds can literally conceive of, be that in a moment or in a lifetime. I call both these worlds "God's world", aka the "Quanta world". While I find what we are learning and doing with this knowledge fascinating. But to walk our own personal life's journey in "God's world", we need to shrink ourselves down to a Higgs Boson particle (currently 125-127 GeV's, a number so small we can only imagine it). Sadly, our pursuit of this knowledge appears to be overshadowing basic human need. Now

we have four realities: Our analog world, our digital world, our fictional world and our Quanta world. Any more?

How about our technical world where our engineers and entrepreneurs, approximate what we are learning in mathematics and science to build ever more gadgets to make life “easier”, more “convenient”, “faster”, “efficient” and supposedly more “fun” thereby all eliminating all disease and genetic flaws in the process using a system of life that does not respect all of us. I call that world, a reality of technocratic DELUSION, reality number five, one we are allowing ourselves to fall into without looking ahead as to long term consequences.

This does not mean we stop everything we are currently doing as there is an up side to our current achievements but for each up there is also a down. As we build more independence through the marriage of “science and machine” for those who are physically, mentally and/or spiritually challenged, we are working through our differences less in our “face to face” world, with too many hiding behind screens, walls, drugs, and a perceived need for “money”, with “money” being one of the stupidest concepts humanity ever came up with, in my opinion. Worse! We are building ever better killing machines that a three year old can use to obliterate a whole neighbourhood instead of doing the hard work at the negotiating table. I fear, we are losing our ability to just sit on a rock and contemplate life, be that alone or with one another.

I well recall having pizza with a friend half a century younger than myself, in a restaurant. He pulled out his cell phone and so I pulled out mine. Our “face to face” conversation was reduced to “texting” each other. This is better than no conversation but I left that conversation with a bad feeling about building a better world through technology alone. Unless we are prepared to examine closely who and what we value, and find a way of life that respects the dignity of every human on earth, to find her or his own personal truth with enough resources to do just that, I doubt any of us will be alive on this planet in the next century.

I do feel some world's are best left to the “God”(s). To look for perfection, I have discovered, is form of arrogance, as far as I am concerned. And to desire power over others in our universe, I call a fool's game of ELITISM.

Life is becoming so full circle, I can no longer tell the difference between fiction & non fiction, reality & virtual reality, except there is one.



*I sum this up as:
"We cannot digitize an analog world
and expect good overall results."*

**IF YOU ARE GOING TO KILL ME,
PLEASE LOOK ME IN THE EYE WHILE DOING SO! (#59)**

If you are going to kill me, please look me in the eye while doing so! Why? So I can tell you with my eyes that I forgive you, for you know not what you do! At least, I hope I am sufficiently evolved spiritually by now to be able to do so, knowing that each day before I can fall asleep, I square up my life with my creator, figuring out what I did wrong and what I did right, learning to let go of matters that I cannot resolve, also now knowing that I cannot fix others, only myself. Then I set tomorrow's goals assuming I awake, trying for "better" one more day, making amends as best as possible for my wrong doing with varying degrees of success and failure. I have been practising this scenario for seventy-six plus years, years that feel much longer, as I learn more and more about what it is to be human, certainly since a knife was held at my throat by someone I had not previously met but the day before when he asked to borrow my phone book. That would be 52 plus years ago in August of 1965. I suspect I have been trying to figure us out from the day I was born in Holland under the Nazis and quite possible since the day I was conceived, maybe even before.

In between, markers of learning about the human journey are the day I came to Canada in 1951 to explicitly see my first act of racism and losing my birth culture in what feels like blink of an eye. I was 8.5 years of age at that time. Next would be moving to a "better" neighbourhood in 1954, to start a life of climbing the "Western" ladder of success, a success that, today, feels like abject failure still feeling like a stranger in a strange land.

My personal journey is one reason I find our devolution in war fare disturbing and COWARDLY be that of an individual terrorist or that of the worlds' mightiest army. Today, our soldiers are hiding behind computer screens many miles from the people they kill with their drones. We have children doing the killing for us now that the weapons are light and fast. The generals hide in bunkers deep underground, at state dinners or these days, playing tootsies with a little white ball at Golf courses. Is it not time that being a soldier becomes a matter of dignity and pure defence, helping to empower "the people", not destroy them? Is it not time, our soldiers become leaders, in their own right instead of blind followers, also learning the hard work of diplomacy to build bridges based on respect, dignity and understanding. Then, when the waters rise to flood a community, fire threatens one from prolonged drought, or anger boils over at our

many injustices in communities that are deprived of basics, our soldiers are there for us to be true helpmates of the people and for the people. This concept of finding an enemy under every rock and behind every wall is getting stale. The enemy lives WITHIN each of us and that is where the battle of good over evil is won. How we fight to get to resolution needs careful scrutiny. Do we do so with honour or dishonour? That, I feel, has become a crucial question if humanity is to survive.

EVERYONE NEEDS A LITTLE JUNK IN THE TRUNK (#60)

Whether you have a small touche or a big one, we all need a good one. Why? To prevent knee pain as we age. There are 3 muscles, the glutes, in our bum that need to be strong to keep our upper thigh bone, the femur, from rattling in our pelvic socket. When those muscles weaken, the upper part of the femur is not held properly in its hip socket and that motion translates down to the knee. Over time, our knees likely pay a price.

Please, find some good professional advice and work that butt to ensure the muscles (not the fat) get a good workout. Know too that when a trainer says “no pain, no gain” and your gut says something feels wrong, find another trainer as some are going to cause long term damage if your form is bad and/or you push your body too fast. **Form Before Speed, Always!**

If that butt happens to peek the interest of another, that could be icing on the cake or not. However, how to deal with human sexuality is not my focus in this short story. Aging well is! I would really like to make each journey a worthwhile one for us all. Sadly, I cannot do this for anyone but myself though I can do my best to set a good example. What we are doing, as a species, in 2017, defies logic in that learning to care for one another and our earth, under a banner of empathy, continues to elude us. And though I, personally long to leave and never come back this way again, I know I must stay little longer, looking for answers as to the reasons we keep “shooting ourselves in our own feet”.

My motto in life is a simple one: **Small Consistent Steps! Big Goal!** For me that ultimately translates into making World Peace a common goal, living a life of health inside and out as best as I can, one day at a time, in all matters, and learning to let go as I go and trust that a better place for all, waits for us on the other side of the divide between life and death: OUR PERMANENT HOME as all on earth is transient! There is only one caveat: We need to learn to be content with enough so that everyone has enough since true love leaves no one behind.

I LEARNED A LOT ON MY BACK (Literally & Figuratively) (#61)

I was ill prepared for life at age 17 going 18 when I entered university life, in 1960. As my even younger self, I was looking for love and family in all the wrong ways and places (aka the bedroom and church). University life was not fun. After my first mental breakdown in 1965 and rape by a “white” man that followed about 10 days after my discharge, I accidentally discovering a “black” radio station out of Buffalo, New York, U.S.A. Worse, I began to see yet more racism as I stepped into our local “black” community that was developing since Canada had opened the door to non “white” immigration.

What I came across, in the “black” community was NOT pretty and that I survived without self destructing, understanding none of the nuances in that community, is a miracle, considering that my attraction to “black”ness was now in full swing, virtually obsessive and nearly fatal. Human nature being what it is, being pimped (conned or raped if you prefer), is a lousy experience but when it is done by someone who is “black” to someone with my complexion, the experience has an added dimension, in my opinion. Today, “white” supremacy is still in full swing and has not yet been done away with and we are not even close to putting that chapter of human history and misery to bed. I hold “my” people accountable for that one more than any other group since we brought colonization, the Atlantic slave trade and racism to the world so that, today, we are caught in what I call a system of global apartheid. Some are the masters of this system, many its victims (of all skin tones including “white”) and yet I feel, too few of my fellow “whites” are trying to set this wrong, right, though more are coming aboard.

I wanted answers to my many questions as to why we cannot learn to get along and co-exist. Is it not time to acknowledge there are those who hurt others intentionally, believing causing harm to another being is “fun”? Yet, in our various entertainment, sports, gossip, advice and news media, I see us trying to normalize such behaviour, behaviour I call sadism, so much so that we should not be surprised that in today's world SADISM rules the world through players who profit financially from war and human weakness, in a most reckless way that our very existence on earth (and earth itself) is at stake.


Many years ago, when we here in the “West” were going through what we called “the sexual revolution:”, I read an article describing a prominent financially rich man who could only get an orgasm by hiring medical professionals to cut him in sensitive areas without anaesthetic, causing physical pain but not killing him. Today I shiver remembering but back then all I said to myself was: “THANK GOD

I AM NOT RICH!", as I would be unable to entertain even trying anything like that. Though this man was rich in "money", I would say he was a tortured soul, lacking in spiritual health. I am not sure what to say about those who would do the cutting, maybe poor in money and spiritual health. Let us also not forget that torture comes in many forms, from the physical to the verbal. And then there is my personal favourite: the silent treatment when we use only our body language to manipulate and control. And yes! I am being sarcastic when I say this is my favourite torture technique. I mean the exact opposite since such a form of bullying is lot more insidious and more difficult to detect but the long term consequences, in terms of spiritual damage, are not all that different than being strung up by the finger nails or having them ripped out.

Today, after 30 to 40 years of daily self correcting (therapy) and having found my own inner healing, finally walking around with some astute self defence tools inside me, I see deeper than I used to. A lucky accident I suppose. Seeing, the Post Atlantic Slave Trade, the Colonization of Africa and the rest of the globe, as a common root cause, I feel humanity has barely begun to address and recover from this great historic wrong and this "just get over it and move on" is getting old, stale and infuriating. That I have yet to find one person in my community, regardless of skin tone, to have that deeper discussion with on why the world needs a "BLACK LIVES MATTER" (also known as END RACISM forever) movement, in 76plus years of living in my predominantly "white" community, is beyond personal comprehension.

One of the themes that ran through my relationships when I tried to marry into the "black" community, in our fights that couples do have when in disagreement and I presented my side, the response went something like: "Oh! Marianne, you are just making too much sense!". Then doors would slam, as tempers rose and I would not see the man again for days, or weeks, even months. Another would be: "Don't you know I am a man!" which to me was an illogical statement. My reply: "If you haven't figured that out yet, go find a mirror, disrobe and look". Only today, am I able to see what the man was talking about. Today am I learning more and more about the history between "black" and "white". I always knew our history was bad but it is far worse than I ever imagined. Only today, am I realizing just how badly "my" people have castrated the soul of the negro and other indigenous communities. What happened over the last 600 or so years was pure MENTICIDE at the very core level of what it means to be human. Today, all I can see, when I think of a "black" man, is a man crying, with small tears trickling down his cheek on one side, a noose around his neck with pure quiet rage in his

eyes for not being able to be his best self while the “black” woman, who loves him and still feels her African roots, ends up picking up the tab. And that is also the reason I say: “No ‘black’ man can ever love a ‘white’ woman like me.”, maybe another but not me. Why? Both he and I are both still caught in this web of evil that “my” people raised to such an exponential level that the mere act of sex brings imaginings of being on that slave ship that crossed the Atlantic way too many times. And then I have to find my puke bucket again. How can true love flourish in marriage when that is where my soul goes, over and over again?



Africa Arise Out of the Ashes of Colonization & Slavery

AFRICA ARISE! (#62)

The colonists are losing their power, while leading us to mass extinction. Time to stop following in their footsteps and get in touch with your roots to become true Africans, once again, by embracing the POSITIVE side of tribalism and losing the negative side. Your great diversity needs to be a source of strength so that we outsiders stop robbing you, instead of what you are doing today: helping us outsiders rob your own continent. That makes no sense. Nor does enslaving our own selves to a way of life that is killing us, all of us, and our planet.

WHEN VALUES ARE OUT OF ALIGNMENT (#63)

What we have today seems to be an inability to find common ground on who and what we value. To agree to disagree is helpful when we are at logger heads so that we work on areas where we do find agreement. This process is not sufficient, however, to help our earth and life on the planet, survive in the time we have remaining with Climate Change getting ready to boil us, drown us or just plain starve us from the very basics needed for life.

While 97% or more of the world's scientist are predicting an end to human life in about 83 to 120 years time or less if we stay on our current path, the study of science is also part of the problem when in academia, we are coming up with many hare brained schemes.. We do not need a better, faster quantum computer, for example. Knowing whether this is the only universe, as a fact, or that there may be many, is interesting but will not help us find a common set of values that will enable us to build consensus and enable us to grow food when all our water is poisoned or we have removed our thin layer of air, approximately 200 miles from the bottom of our oceans to the height of our international space station. Do we really need to explore space at this moment? I do not think so.

We need to retrain our bright minds to help us come up with safe solutions that humanity agrees to, not some pet project with a good salary just because the project is of interest to one person, and has enough clout to get funding. We expect our marginalized people to either retrain or live on social "handouts", why not also the brightest amongst us?

Worse! The world of science, social science, media and law appears to have taken away our ability to believe in anything. For example: strangers, including the police, have been in my house without my permission or search warrant. I am unable to show proof since I do not video tape my premises yet my friends give me the third degree only to be told I am "imagining things". When a person is accused publicly of an "alleged" crime, most assume the person is guilty and the concept of reasonable doubt becomes relatively meaningless. Right fighting, the need to win no matter what, will only tire us leading to anger and dire consequences when discussing matters of belief. We seem to have lost the ability to have faith in anything including that there is more good in humanity than bad in terms of behaviour. Maybe that is a reason we have not yet found peace on earth and flirt daily with evil, a battle that can only be won within self while we need also need to learn to do a better job of standing up to that behaviour instead of feeding the "greed" machine and allow sociopaths to govern us.

I FEEL INVISIBLE WHERE I AM SEEN, HEARD WHERE I AM NOT (#64)

As a singular person, a genetic anomaly, who has worked hard to be kind, considerate, a contributing member of whatever society I find myself in, unable to find a social group to be part of speaks volumes but what? After 4 decades of very conscious, daily self correction, today I do well with “me, myself and I”. Alone, I am at peace and have no mood swings, ready for my spirit to just float away into the void of nothingness and be no more. But, it is not that easy to leave earth. When alone, I am also bored. I would rather be dead than live such an empty life, here on earth. Catch 22!

I do well both at work and in the volunteer community (institutional life). In terms of friends and family, I can easily couch surf for a year and pay zero on my upkeep without overstaying my welcome. And yet, I have discovered I need to leave too much of myself at the door to do just that. Every interaction, be that positive or negative, with another threatens my sanity, access to my own brain. The end result is that I am a lone wolf who went from lonely, to alone to solo. People just do not “get” me though most do like me and few hate me. I have had to accept this and love us any way which is not easy since I have a tendency to literally lose my mind in the minds of others, voices that so easily take over, until I go back to my house, hole up inside and process the voices of others out of my mind. Some of these voices are actually helpful in that I think about a viewpoint I would not have considered, otherwise. Other voices would lead me off my path and into a ditch, canyon or abyss. Then the hard work of holding on to sanity and good character begins, time and time again, to get back to my own rocky little road.

As I search for answers to my many questions looking for solutions and common ground, I do believe human issues centre around values, who and what, as I watch people behaving more and more like the machines we are creating and the apes we study to figure out our own behaviour. It is as if, there are two competing human families at work, separating the grain from the chaff, yet both being necessary for life on earth to continue and I suspect elsewhere in this particular universe as well.

“Affluence Creates Poverty”
by Marshall McLuhan

DEATH THE REAPER, BUT NOT SO GRIMM (#65)

TO ASSUME ONE PERSON'S NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE IS THE SAME AS THAT OF ANOTHER IS JUST THAT, AN ASSUMPTION. I have had 7 near death experiences and all of mine simply put me on a road of not existing. No tunnel, no white light, no feeling of over whelming peace, no one to greet me with welcoming arms. No Daemons to torture me, either. Just plain "nada" (Spanish meaning "nothing").

It is not a one size, one solution fits all, kind of world. We need to be careful what we wish for. We might actually get it and then wish we did not. Eternal bliss for me would be as boring as watching paint dry. Navel staring is fine for 10 minutes or so but then I want to go do something meaningful, like relationship building at that deeper level.

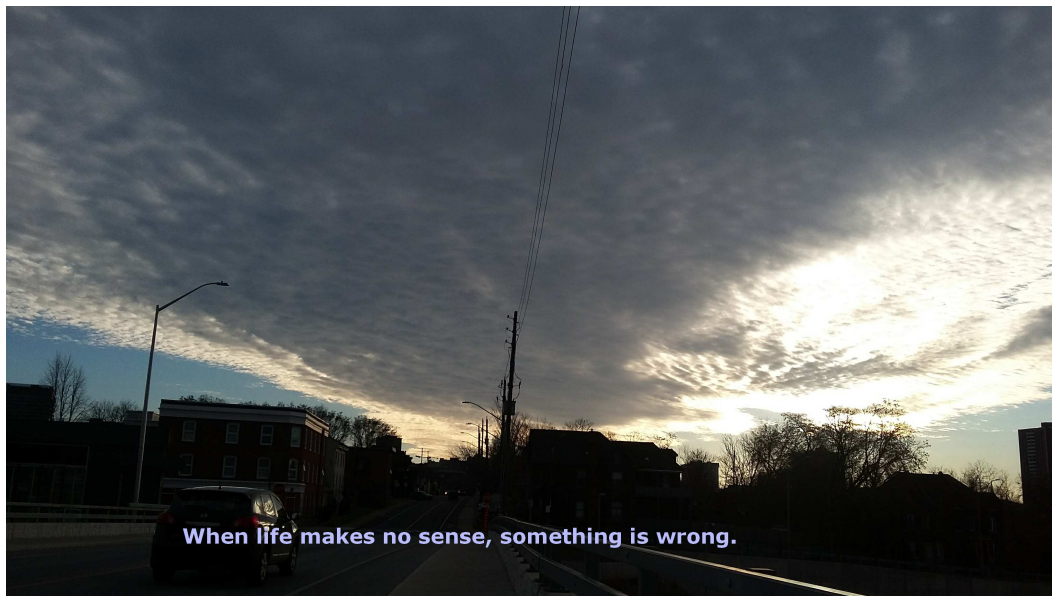
Where I live in my gilded cage, we either "right" fight (the need to always win regardless of reason, evidence or fact), behave outwardly apathetic, or bury ourselves in things and ego with not enough substance. People look just a little bit lost wondering why efficiency is feeling so inefficient, worried about money we are creating out of debt on some insane roller coaster ride of profit margins.

In the mean time, I have some very nice people praying for my soul, a gesture I appreciate, after I announced publicly that I have no desire to go to heaven, an awful place to me, only marginally better than a living hell. A silver lining of being BiPolar, as I swing between two heaven/hell states quite naturally, changing moods on a turn of a bushel of dimes, I recognized early on in life what false ecstasy felt like. Fighting deep depression is horrid but false ecstasy, the state I go into before my brain breaks down from psychosis, I have found to be far worse. I was lucky in that I never enjoyed my "highs", recognizing the falsehood of feeling so exuberant. I never once felt I was God, Jesus, Mother Theresa, or anyone else. I was always myself: Marianne, a human.

Even in the matter of death, we "right" fight and are having trouble seeing each other as a single human family of spiritual beings. I had so hoped we could all find our inner peace, learn to be content with enough, share that which we do not need for ourselves, to trust that better for all exists somewhere in our cosmos, a place of infinite love and forgiveness for all. But Alas! We appear to be on an opposite trajectory and I do hope and I do cry that current times are the storm

before the calm and “better for all” is just around the corner and it is not yet too late for us in what I call the “school of life” which has no meaning without death.

I have discovered that when one reaches complete fulfillment with absolute peace, contentment and serenity, there is nothing more to want, there is nothing more to need, there is nothing more to fear, there is nothing more to cry over and there is nothing more to laugh over, nothing more to learn and nothing more to do, nothing to feel sad over, nothing to rejoice in...there is simply NOTHING. One has reached that perfect stage of simply being, energy, matter and relationships in synch. We can then let everything go and join the void of nothingness which is complete fullness, a true paradox of life that only death can give meaning too. Total bliss is a nice feeling for a little while but then it turns meaningless, even ugly sometimes. Better to not aim for perfection but a life with meaning, a sense of purpose, good communion, a life of daily balance to bring out the best in each of us. As we go through life, please note EMPTINESS is not the same as NOTHINGNESS! One has longing; the other doesn't!



LOGIC IS A LANGUAGE (#66)

MATHEMATICS & SCIENCE LED ME TO MY "GOD"

The year was 1979, I was sitting on a rock near the tennis courts on my campus where I was a student starting in 1960 and had been working from 1965 on. Without realizing, I was in a late stage of psychosis yet again, psychosis that was escalating. Losing access to my own mind, once a threshold is crossed feels normal hence calling for help would not occur. To my right, I sensed the sky open and felt the presence of the universe and the God I had sought my whole life. I was in awe. And then an image of little snake, a friendly, smiling little snake with a rattle at the tail, was planted in my mind. It was sitting on my left shoulder aiming its head for my left temple. That image was there for a purpose and little did I know how valuable that image would be as I was about to go through a long, difficult, painful journey of breaking with my past, a journey of self correction looking myself in the psychic mirror that required full brutal self honesty. My little snake on my left shoulder was there to rattle its tail to help prevent me from becoming too full of myself, a trait I do possess; to help me fight my own arrogance. What I lacked was self esteem and soon I was to start learning how to build some from the ground up. Please note that self esteem can be easily confused, not only with arrogance but also false modesty.

To walk the fine line of inner confidence and remain humble is not easy, but a balancing act, not unlike learning how to walk as a baby. First, I crawl. Then I learn to pull up, take a few steps and fall down again and again until I can stay upright for a few minutes. Afterwards, I get to test my new found "sea legs" sometimes able to run for a while as if I am on the world's fastest horse. Other times, it's a gentle walk, a spirited trot, even a cantor or a dance. I do this until another one of life's blows knocks me out of my saddle, so to speak, and I have to learn to get back on my horse and learn to ride yet again, losing my saddle at times, and then I have to ride bareback.

And so it goes and will continue to go until I can go no further and it is time to return the water and organic material my body is made of, back to the earth; my spirit (energy) to the sky. What happens to my spirit once I die, I cannot say but my gut says, the "I, myself and me" will simply cease to exist as there can be no ego in any version of an afterlife and that includes no after life at all that we humans imagine if spirit is to evolve positively in love.

Today, my little snake is retired and resting having done a good job and now I must do the hard work of practising the difference of self esteem versus arrogance, myself. Perfectly? No! But a little better, one day at a time.

I have also discovered that life needs to make logical sense, a form of communication that uses symbols rather than words. Else I am not interested. Logic has its rules to follow like any other language, using symbols rather than words with the advantage of taking the nuances of life out of the equation and look at the bare bones of our everyday interactions: with our universe, our planet, each other, Mother Nature and Father Time, so to speak. I particularly like that process when looking for root cause(s). However, if we want to understand life better, logic is not sufficient since we have emotions for which logic explains nothing. Emotions need to be acknowledged, owned and processed by the person who has them. Once that insight has taken place, the next step is to understand what invokes feelings in us and then deal with them in an appropriate manner, sharing the ones that bring us inner peace and lasting joy. The more difficult part, however, is dealing with the feelings that bring us pain, frustration and fear. When we take those feeling out on others and/or our own selves, we get the current state our world is in, with continued abuse, famine and insufficient respect for nature, our non human kin and each other.

With poor self management of our feelings and a way of life that divides us, too many end up fighting the evil within, alone. Others behave like robots as part of a dominant group with little individuality. Worse, we have invented a way of life based on money and technology to help each other, at a distance, fearful of getting personally involved at an ever increasing pace, that puts us in a constant state of contradiction. For example: I seek help from my professional community, have great sessions that ends in a handshake, a smile, a thank you or comforting hug. Then a bill to pay the piper. I do understand we all need to make a living but warm feelings one minute are reduced to smut, in less than a second as I try and reconcile the two deeds. I have to accept, once again, modern day life is not based on love but the acquisition of money which all too often translates into power, control and too much clout for some over others. Add in the new found Artificial Intelligence (A.I.) using computer like machines, programmed to follow "logical instructions," making decisions for us. Eerily, these machine based decisions can no longer can explained by the people who gave us A. I. And now my tummy does not feel at ease with that thought since no human made program is without error. And as we used to say "back in the day", to err is human but to make a really big mistake, use a computer.

Switching gears, how well do we understand human behaviour since first becoming homo sapiens (the current human)? Despite our increased knowledge that behavioural sciences brings to the table, starting around 1900 A.D. this still amounts to only about six to ten thousand years when we left the hunter-gather days behind and entered what we commonly call the days of civilization, days I do not consider civilized at all, based on what I see around me today. Seriously! We are dropping the mother of all bombs on Afghanistan, at the brink of nuclear war unable to negotiate any kind of deal let alone a “win win” deal and Mother Nature clearly upset and ready to exterminate us from existence.

Back to my belief in my “God”. I know my “God” exists and is real for me: a life force with an infinite capacity to love and forgive. With mathematics giving me the concept of plus infinity (“God”)”, I also sense none of us are a neutral accident of nature as some of us would have me believe. As I define “God” to be, please note that we also have minus infinity, all that is NOT love, lacking the ability to forgive.

Here is another thought. To make the mathematics work, we humans have invented irrational and imaginary numbers. Think about the terminology we use to describe these numbers and their significance in human behaviour. And then we have even and odd numbers, numbers that I interact with daily yet I find it easier to count in even numbers (2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and so on) than in odd (1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11 and so on). Hmmmm. More to think about.

However, I cannot “prove” what I have come to know about true love anymore than I can prove I exist. Identification papers can easily be forged and records, like my records in the medical health system can easily get lost as some did in 2015. What I have come to know about my “God” is what I call a journey of finding my own personal truth and self correction. And that I cannot do for anyone but myself. Since finding our own personal truth is, I suspect, the reason we are all here, part of that journey is to be a true help mate to others but not rob them of their life lessons. In other words, I can only walk my own walk but I cannot walk the journey of another. What I can do, with an open mind and a caring heart is to listen and discuss issues in such way that the personal truth of another enhances mine and mine that of another.

Is it possible then, when we discuss matters of faith or anything else, we specify full context, an up front agenda, a desire to not only see our combined past in all its ugly and sometimes glorious moments, acknowledge our wrongs, cry a lot of cathartic tears and do our best to make amends? If yes, would we then not be

better working together with a common goal, our very survival, rather than as individuals apart going in every which way direction? Maybe then "1 + 1" can be better than two? Maybe then we can grow to become true elders, as we age, setting the example, guiding our young as mentors instead of leading them astray.

I always had a gut feel, a BELIEF, that love would carry us through the negative feelings we all have so that some day we can come together as a working harmonious mosaic. In my gut, I felt we would be alright, someday. That feeling came from my belief in that invisible force and connection I feel that there is more to the human story than meets our eyes, our ears, our nose, our touch, even our taste buds. A feeling of of true love. And yet, I wonder more and more if we will make it through.

Sadly, I have yet to see humanity being able to imagine a world of peace, not even in our science fiction. There is always some "enemy" outside ourselves we are fighting, yet the common enemy lives within each of us. Hence we do not know what Peace on Earth even looks like and we do appear to fear the unknown more than certain death for all of humanity, our extinction, by attempting to leave orbit before we are ready.



**MY CHILDHOOD HEROES:
"BLACK" PIETER (PETER) & SANTA CLAUS (#67)**

In the country of my birth, more than three quarters of a century ago, I remember celebrating Christmas with real candles in a real Christmas tree and we actually lit those candles. Can you imagine anyone doing that today here in Canada? There was a pail of water beside the tree but looking back I'm amazed we didn't set ourselves on fire. New Year's eve, it was "oliebollen", batter with dried fruit, deep fried and rolled in icing sugar somewhat similar to North American donuts. In Holland, we didn't exchange presents at Christmas time the way we do in North America. Instead, we exchanged gifts on St. Nicholas day, held on December 5. St Nicholas was a tall bishop in a red robe, rode a beautiful white horse and had only one helper, a servant called "Black Pieter" ("Pieter" is Dutch for "Peter") who did the actual work of dropping off treats, presents for children who had been "good" and coal for children who had been "bad".

There would be parades and soft ginger like cubic cookies would be thrown to spectators to catch. Two weeks before the big day, each night we would put our shoes in front of the fireplace (there was no central heat), place a carrot for the horse, some cookies for Black Pieter and St. Nick. My middle sibling and I would sing our hearts out asking that something be put in our shoes (if we had been good) putting some cookies and carrots out for our overnight guests that we hoped would come. Sure enough, there would be a candy or piece of chocolate in our shoes the next morning and we assumed the horse, St. Nick and Black Pieter had been fed with what we left for them.

I do not recall seeing any "people of colour" at that time in Holland. Hence if a person was playing the role of Black Pieter, the face would have been charred black somehow. At about age 7 to 8, my Mom told me to take some presents, run through the garden at the back of the house, out to a back alley, up to our nearest side street, around the corner at the intersection and make my way back to the front door, drop the presents for my siblings (the youngest had arrived in 1949), ring the door bell but instead of waiting, I was to run, back of to the house through the back door. I got to pretend to be "Black Pieter" without the blackened face. When we emigrated to Canada in 1951, the bubble of St. Nick's day had been broken and I had to pretend a fat white guy in a red suit climbed up and down the chimney to bring us toys with the assistance of a bunch of elves and 10 reindeer. However, for sake of my younger siblings, and later on as a

volunteer youth leader for 25 years, other young ones, I successfully made the switch from St. Nick to Santa Clause. More so, to this day, I have a desire to be either Black Pieter, who I recognized as the real hero who got the job done and/or Santa Claus and buy everyone on earth a unique special personalized present. Sadly, I have had to put that dream to rest, once in adulthood, after doing the arithmetic. At \$1.00 per person, today, I would need \$7.7Billion dollars minimum (give or take a million here and there) and I know I'm never going to acquire that kind of cash. The sentiment, however, still persists.



NO ONE IS A CRAYON NOR A BODY PART (#68)

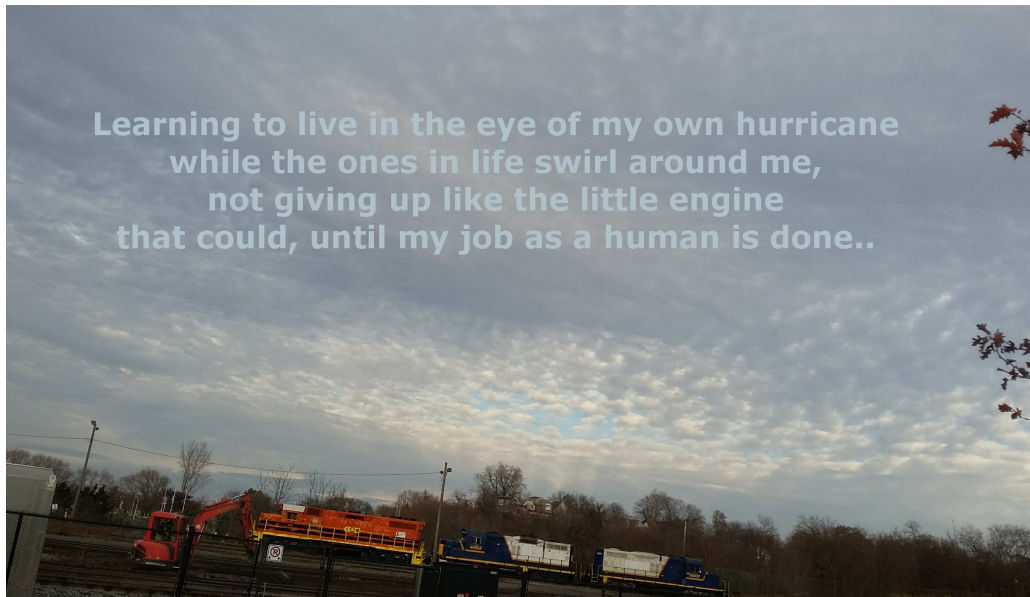
No one is a crayon and yet we continue to hold onto a way of life where skin tone matters and the paler the greater the chance of economic success and staying alive longer. This is a generality for which exceptions exist. However, until people of my more direct western European lineage do a better job acknowledging that they brought the concept of racism, based on skin tone and group features, to the forefront of humanity, starting about six hundred or so years ago, to give us a way of life based on "white" supremacy, the world will not know peace. I call what we have today global apartheid and that will only end when every one has a passport the same colour with the same privileges to move about and travel visas are done away with.

Be we the perpetrators of evil behaviour that got us to this point OR the victims of that evil behaviour, unless we each face up to our contribution, both positive and negative, our world will stay on the path of war, famine and extinction. That is one horrid legacy and burden to put on our young. Sadly, "my" people and those who have joined in this horrid system are dragging their heels on promoting what we, as a species, need: A GLOBAL TRUTH AND RECONCILIATION PROCESS.

What I say does not make every pale person a racist, quite the contrary as many have given their life and more to help us move forward but to survive in today's world almost all of us are forced to partake in it. That includes me and though I am a civilian, I am not innocent by the mere fact that I collect a pension, income that is dependent on how the stock market is doing and that includes weapon sales, fossil fuel extraction (Canada's tar sands oil comes to mind) and the overuse of plastics and other estrogen like substances. Another wrinkle: For women, I am not woman enough unable to work with my fellow females long term on the issues of world peace and as a woman, I can never be fully accepted as a man. GENDERISM, I feel, is the second most frustrating "ism" to deal with after RACISM. All of humanity is caught in what is effectively a "battered spousal syndrome" unable to get over the current marriage of a caste system and tribalism, under a banner of nationalism.

Seriously! All this fight, premature death, imprisonment and torture to build a "home" land makes no sense to me. We will simply end up with hundreds of villages, each one hostile to the other villages. That is not a recipe for progress. What about learning to drop all these man made borders, which are porous at

best, and learn to make every place on earth a good place to live? We can then move about freely from one “village” (a strong local vibrant community) to another. This would be a network of communities (villages) that are joined by friendship, kindness, care, trust always using win win negotiations based, first, on fundamental human needs to lift us all up. In this sense, we would have a world wide web of people power with no one having any but enough resources to empower the individual that makes up all 7.7 billion of us and counting. Such a peoples network would also mimic an electrical grid using sustainable energy production: solar, wind, geothermal, tidal, oceanic, greener waste management and small scale hydro that respects the natural flow of our streams, our rivers, our oceans. Each one of us would be able to make do in case of an emergency but none of us would have to live with deplorable conditions for too, too long.



One exception, of course, is when our time on earth is up and we are to meet our date with destiny, our own death. Some of us are meant to be here only a short time: a sprint. Others a very long time (a triathlon) but for most, life is just a marathon and we need to plan our existence on earth accordingly else we burn out too soon and spend the last years on earth as the walking dead and/or in severe pain.

MY OWN BATTLE WITH ADDICTION (#69)

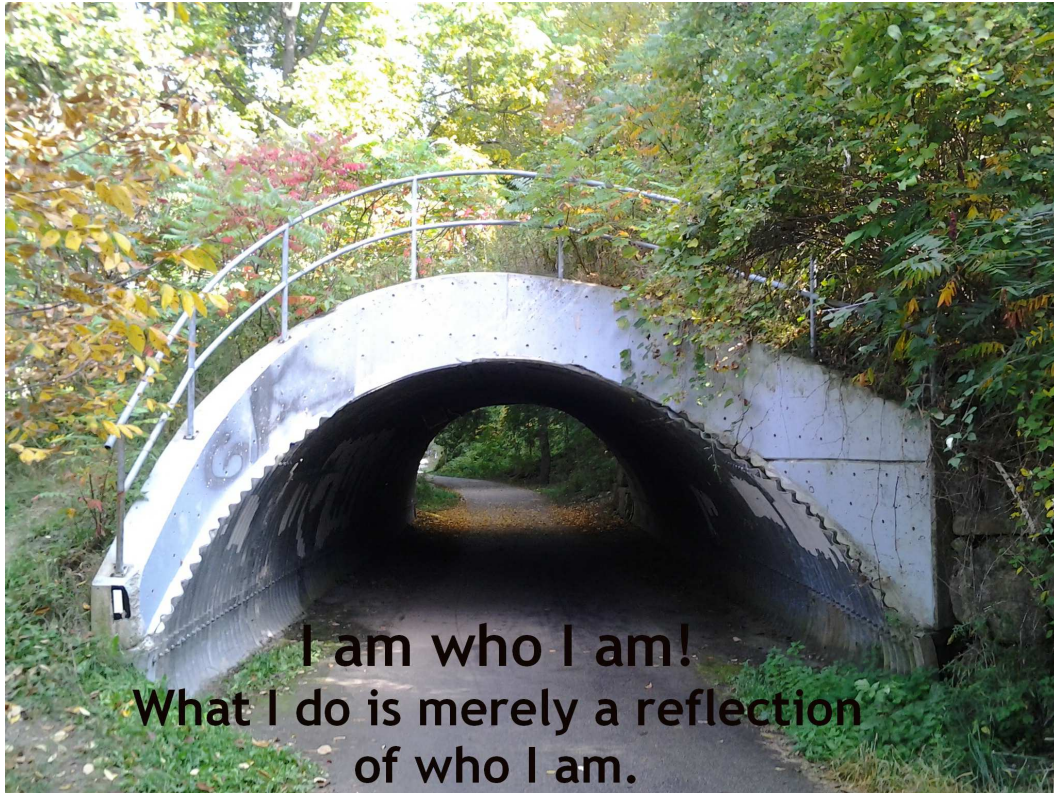
Food has been my long term issue I had to deal with. That got better and better, slowly in small steps, as I found inner healing and learned to like myself. On a gut level, I always did love myself. That said, in 1966 at age 24, I did manage to go into my closet put on the largest sombrero I could find labelled "Stupid", and put it on. Within 2 days, I went from zero cigarettes to being addicted to a large pack plus 5 per day and not the mild kind either. Four years later, I went through hell getting off the things. Next is a description of the day I broke free. I have nothing but empathy for those caught in the tobacco web and I so hope and pray your day of "freedom" also comes.

It is the summer of 1970, a Saturday. I was walking into work as I was behind schedule on a project, As I was walking on a wide quiet street, a front top fake tooth that had been cemented in its hollowed out root came lose and fell into my mouth. I put it in my pocket, none too pleased. In those days, I still had my sexy, sensuous hour glass figure. Two fellows in car came up from behind, slowed, parked beside me and shouted: "Hey Baby! Baby!" I was already angry and this did not help. I turned ninety degrees, counter clockwise to face the two dudes, put both my hands on my hips and gave them one big huge smile, missing tooth and all. Man! Those two dudes put "metal to the peddle", and sped out of there with amazing speed. By now my anger is boiling.

I got to my desk at work consumed with anger thus lighting up, with the big hole in my front teeth. Guess what? Smoking does not work well under such circumstance. Something suddenly hit home, a light bulb moment! I was going to spend another fortune at the dentist to fix my front tooth and yet I was spending money to hurt my lungs. I put the cigarette out and started a long, long journey of a whole year of cold turkey, saying: "No!" to myself, sometimes literally sucking my thumb in class, sometimes sitting on my hands, sometimes drinking hot, hot tea to slightly burn my mouth the way the hot gas of the cigarette would do chewing tooth picks, at the same time. Anything oral and keeping hands busy but a cigarette! I knew for a long time I needed to quit but I was not ready until that light bulb moment, the day a tooth dropped and two dudes tried to pick me up. It was not rocket science for me to compare my health before and after cigarettes. In that, I was fortunate. Had I started younger, I would not have noticed the decline in my health so readily.

Several months before I tried to go cold turkey bringing in huge plastic bowls (24cm/~12 inches in diameter) filled with carrot and celery sticks. I would last

last three days of cold turkey, at most; getting angrier with myself each time. After my last failed attempt, I began to journal how I felt every time I lit up. To my surprise, I was angry forty (40) percent of the time. Other feelings consisted of being bored, wanting to keep company (loneliness), depression and stress. The journalism helped when I did quit as I knew to find other coping methods to match my mood and circumstance. Some of these methods were almost as stupid. For example, eating a brick of ice cream, a big package of cookies, a bag of potato chips or all three at the same time! I did gain weight, of course, but I took it off later.



UNCONDITIONAL LOVE FOR “GOD” AND KIN (#70)

It is 1970 something and I am in my early thirties, walking home from work late at night as I was prone to do, talking to the sky as I have knowingly done since age 11. In the quiet, solitude of the night, I came to a conscious realization: deep inside me I have zen, a zen that sustains me. Has it been a “fun” journey before and since? No! I would not want to wish my life on my least favourite person nor a best friend. But it is my life, my karma and my destiny as I approach my last day on earth, all too often wishing that last day would hurry up and come. But alas my time is not yet and I am obligated to live a little longer and make the best of things as healthy as possible in an aging body. I shudder at that thought but also know I must try a little more and a little harder to hang in there. Why? To spread whatever goodness I have in me in the hopes that we, homo sapiens, do not become extinct, our current path. What happened that night so long ago?

Well, I was angry with “God”, the version I was taught in Christianity, a belief that did still resonate in me, at that time, about the “Lord, Jesus being my personal saviour.” My conversation with the sky went something like this:

- *Me*: “God, I am angry with you! You had no business sacrificing your only begotten son on my behalf! You should have checked with me first and taken me instead! All I feel now is guilt that you had to do so. If blood had to be shed, why could it not have been mine?”
- *The Sky*: No response. I took a few more steps.
- *Me*: “Okay God. I am going to have to reject this triangle this about God, the father, God the son and God, the holy spirit or ghost as it makes no sense to me.”
- *The Sky*: No response. A few more steps towards my apartment.
- *Me*: “If that means you must condemn me to hell, I accept your judgment since you know better than I and can see what I cannot, even though I do not understand. However, God, do not expect me to stop loving you just because that is where you send me. I will continue to love and sing your praises even in that horrible place.”

An overwhelming peace swept in, an inner peace that has helped me every day since to deal with the obstacles that came my way. On that day, long ago, the hard work of self correction began. Thirty to forty years later, I am getting the answers I sought, never giving up the desire to find meaning as to why I am here.

A STRANGER IN A FOREIGN PLACE, IN OUR NOT SO NATIVE LAND
(#71)

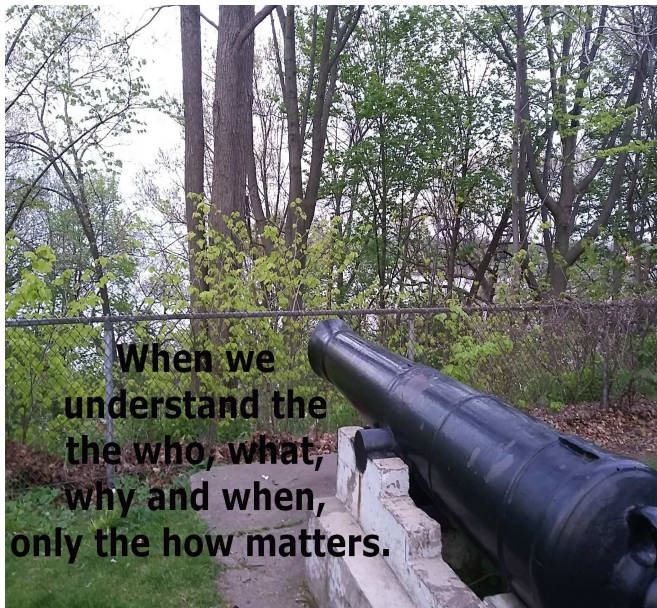
I did not come to Canada by choice nor by birth. Yet I did benefit in that I still live in what I call my gilded cage, alone with 4 cats. Others would be thrilled with such an arrangement but I continue to have trouble navigating my alone-ness, loneliness or as I call my life these days, my solo-ness, yet a necessary solo-ness to deal with my issues. The fact that I was able to climb out of poverty into what I call a sound, middle class living with as much inner health that I have, speaks volumes in that I am an outsider and doing better in a holistic sense than the peoples who were here thousands of years before me. While some of our indigenous brothers and sisters are finding their inner healing, too many are not. Some actually are embracing some of the "white" man's ways, ways I wish I had never known and would like to put behind me. That does not make me ungrateful for the years of publicly funded weekly, private, hourly psychotherapy sessions I had for over half a decade to help me understand the reasons I was so broken inside. Without this therapy, I would have self destructed long ago.

Nor am I ungrateful for the man, the director of computing services at my university, who hired me, knowing I was fresh out of the asylum for the insane. That would be 1965 when I was employed to do a job in computing services. This man in many ways became my surrogate father for all of his life and I doubt I would have made it through without him. I am also grateful for my many supervisors and managers who gave me the flexibility and trust I needed to help manage my moods, recognized my skill set and coached me through my many mistakes so that I could hold up my end of the job I was paid to do. I too owe them my life. As for my work environment, the policies in place from 1965 to about the mid 1980s were indispensable and today, are allowing me to learn what I still need to learn in my sunset years. And then there is my pension without which I would literally starve unless I go into overdrive and learn very basic life skills like farming and I may yet have to.

But here is the sad part. Since my province changed its funding policy for public services in the late 1970s, including how post secondary institutions are funded, I would not fare as well today were I to be hired to do the same or similar job, at the same institution. Others may do better but I know I would do much worse since honour, trust, flexibility and the personal therapy I needed is no longer available unless I have deep, financial pockets. As of late, I needed to spend thousands and thousands, approaching six figures, to remain as healthy as

possible. Again I lucked out by following intuition. Because of my conservative money management skills of squaring up my bills monthly, skills that my mother employed to keep a roof over our heads, I can afford to pay for the basics and teach myself the rest. Even better, I have enough inner discipline to do what I need to do. Not bad for an outsider but how can I, in full conscience, enjoy my personal success when our native peoples, on average, do not fare nearly as well?

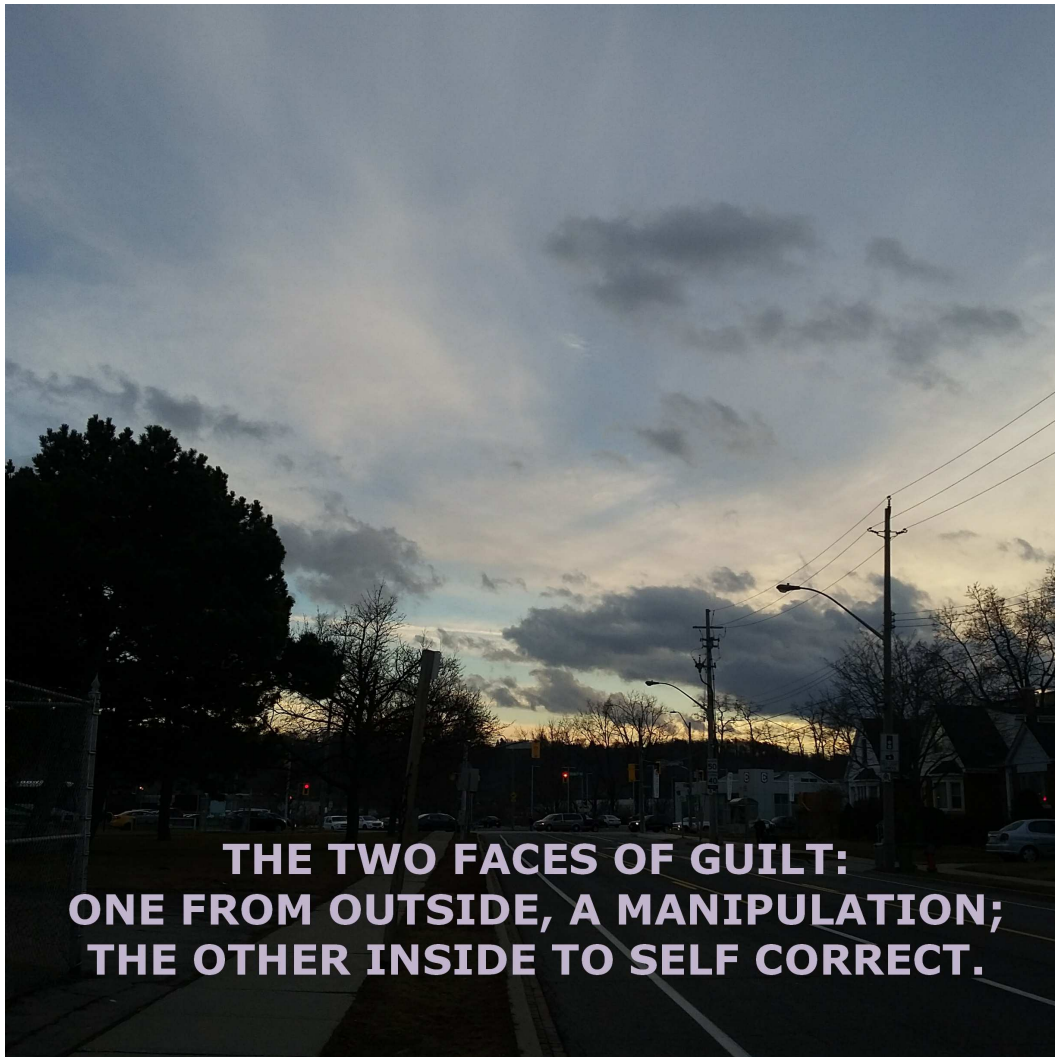
What I see is too many still struggling to come to grips with this institution of “white” supremacy, many but not all in a most loving, peaceful manner as possible but need the rest of us to step to the plate. Sadly, not enough are. Today, I live with the fuller knowledge that I am living on lands that I really have no business living on, courtesy of my direct ancestors and yet I cannot go back to where I came from as I do not belong there anymore. Just maybe, we can learn to share the earth, the land and the resources in a more equitable, sustainable



manner so that we become care givers instead of caretakers, under of a banner of gratitude. MAYBE? Maybe, we can actually learn to help each other find spiritual healing from our many, many mistakes, sadly some with intent. MAYBE!

Unless and until, I see our native community have a better truth and reconciliation process than the one we have had and we have an EQUITABLE power sharing base by EMPOWERING each one of us, I find it difficult to wear the red maple

leaf. If we were to be honest, we need to acknowledge that Canada is a lot older than 150 years and we have to elect at least one prime minister from a struggling native community. Until then, I choose to wear my “white” skin as a badge of shame knowing Canada has not yet ended discrimination.



A GUN MAKES A LOUSY MASTURBATION TOOL (#72)

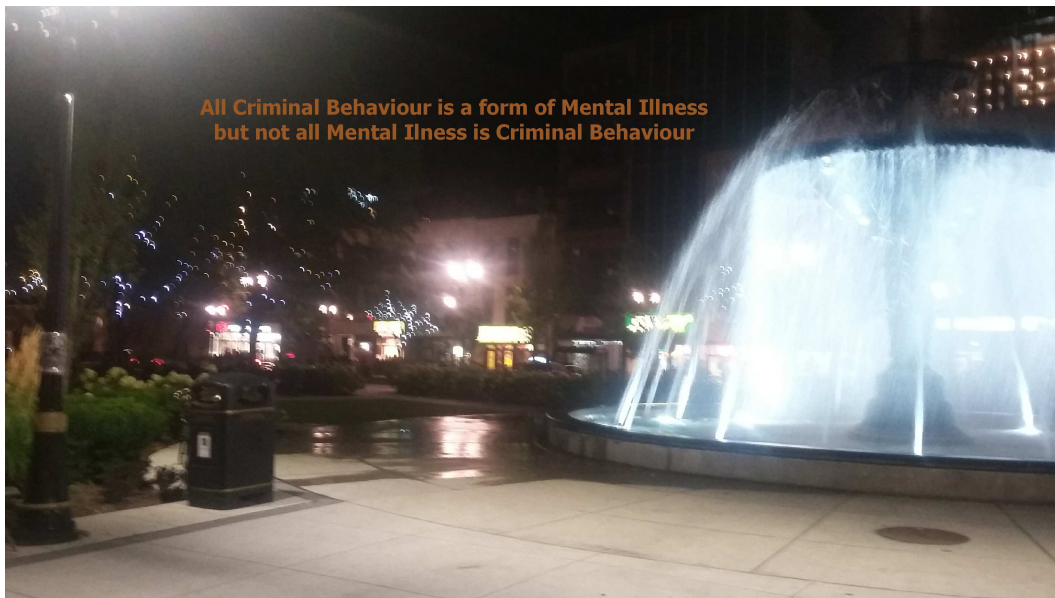
A gun makes a lousy masturbation tool, especially when the safety is off. In other words, I am a walking example of the reasons we need to learn to disarm and learn the art of diplomacy.

The year was 2014, the day before Western Christmas at 1pm on December 24. Had I had a gun in my hand, I cannot say for sure if would have turned the gun on me first or just go on a total rampage and shoot anything that moved. I was that angry at the medical practise and social betrayal I was dealing with as I walked "free" from acute mental health for the 7th time. I was doubled over in pain as I had lost my ability to do waste management properly, while both numbers were oozing out of me. I had a 30 minute walk ahead of me since I was determined to get home on my own steam. I really did not want to see anybody at that moment until I figured out how to calm down. I chose to walk home through alleys since I was leaking badly. When I got home, there was no place for me to lie down, a coping mechanism that I used in hospital to do Lamaze breathing exercises to deal with the escalating pain in my gut. The night before my discharge I was finally given a suppository after asking for help in that department for over a week.

Granted my house was a mess, more than usual, and others had done their best to create a sitting space for my cat sitter so that my four cats could be looked after. Nine days earlier, my house did look like a war zone since I had just experienced my first explicit bout of Post Traumatic Stress that put my mind in a war zone, fleeing machine gun fire directed right at me as I dodged bullets. That actually never happened to this extent but being a baby in world war under the Nazis causes permanent trauma that does not go away by simply ending a war. Along with the post traumatic stress, I was also experiencing electrolyte loss, enough that I could hold a low wattage light bulb in my hand and it would flicker on and off just from the static. As a result, my kidneys were shutting down and consequently the toxicity in my blood was also shutting down my brain. Interestingly enough, when that happens, a person goes into a state of mania resembling the psychosis for which I was hospitalized six times before.

Imagine what might have happened if I was a lover of guns (I am not and never voluntarily went near one, let alone own one) and knew how to use them accurately, a sharp shooter. Then imagine me be in one of my states of intense anger going into psychosis or some other manic state and I was out roaming "free" on the streets to do whatever popped in my thought pattern when my brain

is not working properly. I hope this gives some insight into what happens in too many mass shootings. Please imagine further: our current situation of the threat of nuclear war as a path to peace and the people who can push the button are not behaving in a rational way. Do you not agree that our only path forward to build a future of peace is through diplomacy that is based on finding creative, win win solutions as to why peace has not yet come to the planet and the urgency to disarm?



SPLISH SPLASH I WAS TAKING A BATH (#75)

The year is 1972 or thereabouts. I am sitting in my bath and I felt particularly dead inside as if I had come to the end of my road and could no longer see a path forward. I had saved a collection of prescribed legal medications, a whole bowl of anti-depressants and tranquilizers of various little pills and colours. It is time to die, I said to myself no longer able to use my usual self talk of why I should not end my life: "My family, friends and co-workers will be hurt.", for instance, would usually help push those thoughts out, at least momentarily. But not this time! As I sat in the tub, just sitting feeling numb, I heard a voice pop into my head....a sense more than a voice but the pop was real. It said:

"Yes Marianne!"

"You can go ahead and kill yourself. It is something you can do but...."

and then a bit of a pause and the voice (thought) continued:

"But if you do, know this. Whatever you are avoiding to face in this life, you will have to face in the next. And if that is your choice, the next time it will be more difficult to face your issues than this time around. There is no escape from doing what you are required to do."

Well! I sat dumbfounded and quite stunned in my tub. I shook my head and said to myself: "If that is the case, I better get out of my tub, get busy and face my own life." And the rest as they is history.

[A PS: The compulsive feeling that said "Marianne, Kill Yourself" stayed with me until September 6, 2013 when, with the help of my Naturopathic doctor, we discovered I needed twenty times the normal amount of omega 3 oils than average to help calm my brain.

To feel my own brain heal since then has been a joyful, peaceful experience that is difficult to describe. In 2018, life is no less challenging than before but I can smile a little more and panic, fearing I will lose access to my own brain, a little less.

There is much more to my story of seventy-six years plus, learning what I call life and stress management: to age gracefully as healthy as is possible, not giving up, until I am called HOME.]

A LIFE LIVED WELL: FACING OBSTACLES TO INSPIRE AND YET (#76)

"Intelligence is the ability to adapt to change", Stephen Hawking

Stephen Hawking, renowned Theoretical Physicist and Cosmologist, a student and teacher on origin, evolution, and eventual fate of the universe, died in March of 2018 at the age of 76, an age that today I am as well.

Whatever universe Stephen Hawking's soul lands in, I hope he rests in peace and when bored he can now truly explore what lies beyond, as a free spirit. He may not like my comment, being a declared atheist though there are many indications he was more of a humanist,.

America's "Newshour" on PBS [Public Broadcast System], paying tribute to Stephen Hawking's life, quoted something that Hawking once said: "We are just an advanced breed of monkeys on a minor planet of a very average star, but we can understand the universe. That makes us something very special."

Unlike the above highlighted quote on intelligence, I am in disagreement with the reported "Newshour" quote, often wondering about the influence Stephen Hawking's had on others when discussing what ails us. I see danger in terms of us humans finding solutions for our many current social issues, such as:

Racism,
Genderism,
Tribalism,
Nationalism,
Intellectualism,
Classicism,
Patriarchy,
Matriarchy,
War,
Famine,

Religiousism (Definition: One belief system is more right than another...and yes! I consider Atheism also to be a religion, in this context),

Work place hierarchy,

Poverty,

Climate Change (Both science and Mother Nature are warning us! But to weather that storm and for us not become extinct, in the near future, is a social issue, in my opinion)

As for understanding the universe in detail, we never will. In my opinion, the more we learn, the more we will discover there is to learn in terms of scientific facts and in terms of inner spiritual growth. My understanding of this universe and the cosmos is intuitive, based on what I feel, facing obstacles less visible to the naked eye and less tangible than the physical touch. For me, this intuitive understanding of all that there is (and is not) is more than enough and I prefer to focus my attention on the here and now.

I am still learning to navigate our current socio-political-economic system, weaving in and out. I am still looking for a lasting, working partnership, at that deeper level, a partnership that continues to elude. My journey, one of self correction searching for answers to my many questions with a burning desire to help solve our human issues, is at the very core of relationship building and says:

"When a man mistreats a women it cuts out her heart but when a woman is not capable of supporting, understanding and accepting another women it actually rapes her soul."



A mathematical truism:

"One is needed but one cannot grow unless we add at least one."

TO HELL AND BACK (#77)

I too was born in a conflict zone in the Netherlands, under Nazi occupation, in the midst of the second world war, that ended in 1944-45 with our winter of hunger (famine). At a subconscious level,

- the bombs,
- the destruction,
- the hunger,
- the stress,
- the fear,
- the mistrust

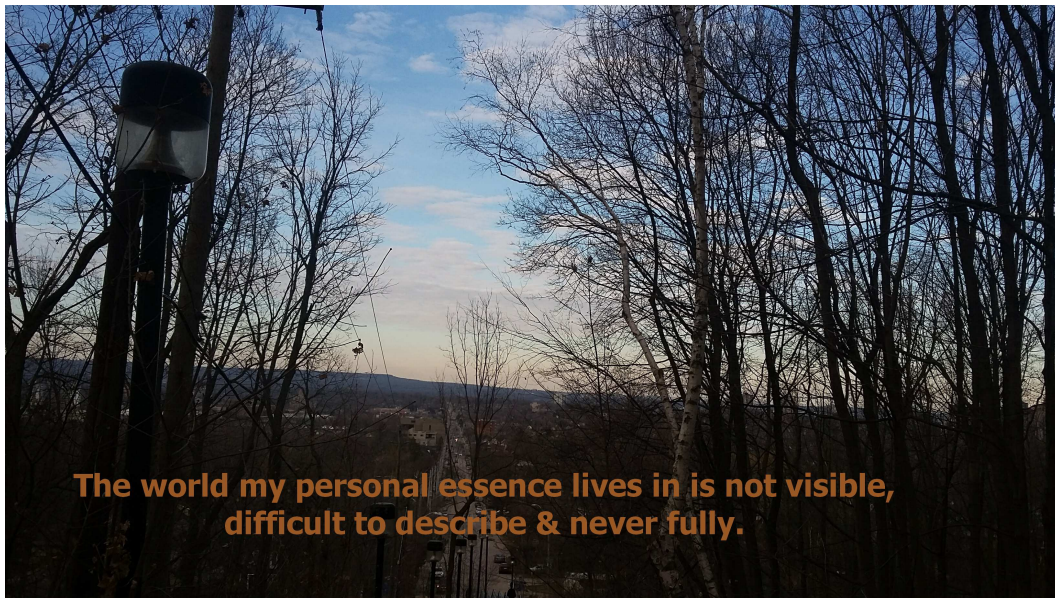
that war creates still rages inside me, seven decades later.

In December 2014, after some intensive, professional osteopathic cranial therapy, a window to my subconscious opened too quickly. I experienced an explicit post traumatic stress episode for the first time, as if many rounds of machine guns were pelleting bullets in my direction and me just running and hiding “helter skelter” to get away, not knowing how to find safety.

At the same time, I was losing electrons enough to hold a low watt light bulb in my hand and it would flicker on and off. I was losing access to my own brain. Losing access to my own brain was not a new experience having lost it six times before from psychosis requiring hospitalization to restore access. But this time, in December 2014, the cause was not psychosis but toxicity building up in my blood from my failing kidneys, a side effect of almost 4 decades of Lithium Carbonate, from the electrolyte loss. For the second time, I landed in the back of a police cruiser in the prisoner's box, bars and all. The first time in the police cruiser was December 2012, psychosis being the culprit. Before that my family would dupe me to turn myself into hospital emergency. The first time they achieved this task was 1965, by unceremoniously carrying me down a flight of stairs, one man holding my shoulders and another my feet, me kicking and screaming, to throw me in a waiting car that took me to emergency. That is what love feels like to me, a horror story I want to run away from.

Back to December 2014 spending 9 days trapped in an acute mental health ward, not psychotic but unable to do waste management properly, with such acute physical pain I thought my bowels were to explode. I needed to do Lamaze breathing exercise about every twenty minutes to get a few minutes of

relief. That I was able to make it home, a 30 minute walk, ducking in alleys since I was leaking, finally getting a suppository the night before my discharge after my many requests were ignored, was an exercise in sheer determination to figure out how to heal from what can best be described as medical malpractice. Not intentional malpractice but a failure of our current underfunded medical system where data mining, mathematical algorithms and protocol is taking precedence over thinking and personal care. I am only now in April of 2018 coming out of my self imposed isolation, a little bit, to heal from those nine days, December 15 to December 24, 2014 and I doubt I will ever be able to participate fully in any society. I see too much. I feel too much. And my heart breaks too easily at what I see going on in this world.



POWER BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE (#78)

Lovely in theory; Messy in reality

All in social life is culture, based on many factors, some man made such as racism and national borders and some imposed on us such as weather. Two very dominant, influencing factors lie in how we trade and how we are governed.

Basically, we have three economic systems:

- Capitalism: Had this system been allowed to exist without any governing regulations, we would have either self destructed as a species already or learned our lesson(s) and abandoned it.,
- Communism: This system might actually work provided the leaders practise what they preach. Most do not and live in opulence and not like the commoners.
- Socialism: This is an attempt at striking a balance between Capitalism and Communism. However, over time, the public debt grows and grows while there is a tendency to not bring out the best in each of us as the motivation factor, to get out of bed, can be stifled a little too easily. These days, I worry less about the motivating factor. Stay in bed long enough the person develops serious bed sores or worse and dies. Most, but not all, do cry for help and intervention before death sets in. The next question then becomes how do we provide that help and not mushroom private and public debt?

In terms of governance, we have many names, but in broad strokes we really only have two or three: Open Dictatorship (Nazism, Royalty [some benign but many not], Military, Fascism, Oligarchy), for example. On the other end of the spectrum, lies governance through consensus building: power of the people by the people. In between, lies our various attempts to rule by voting at a ballot box as we argue about which works best:

- x the party system or none,
- x how many parties?,
- x winner past the post takes all or proportional representation,
- x majority versus minority,

- x a run off or ranked system,
- x a federation or a republic,
- x selection of heads of states,
- x how best to count the votes,
- x to have term limits or not
- x who is allowed to vote; who is discouraged from voting

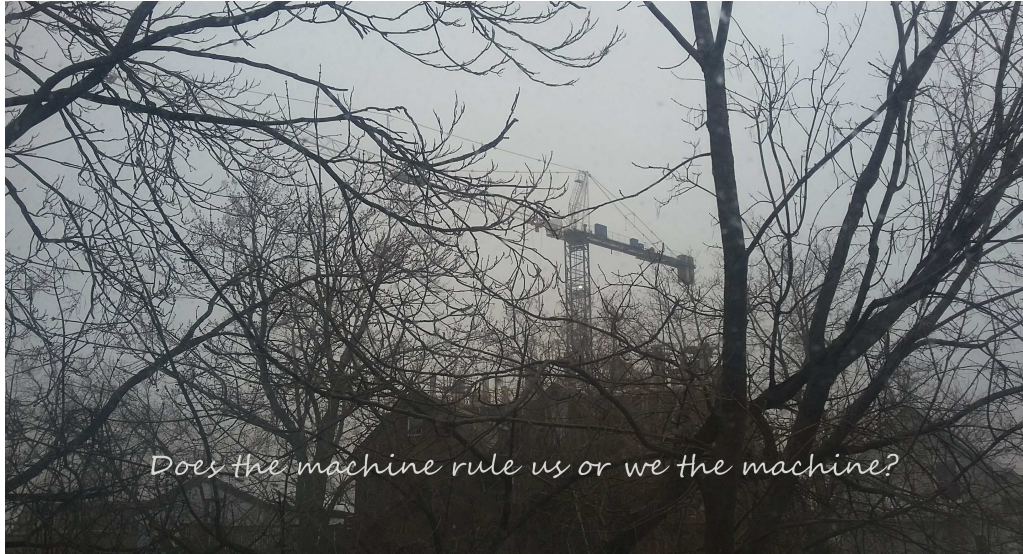
In the age of public relations, where image counts more than substance, I say the role of government is to make us as miserable as possible so that we fight among ourselves and if we are lucky, throw us enough goodies to still remain in power so that the people in charge can continue to enjoy their state dinner.

Wait long enough, and all systems appear to take us back to feudal days or some other form of tyranny by those who control land ownership but definitely nicer and more pleasant courtesy of ever changing technology for most but certainly not all. The people we label poor and those at the bottom half of the middle class have no effective voice at the ballot box. Worse, one seventh of us are living in open air prison camps (refugees), slums, ghettos, or under a bridge, or some other houseless arrangement. Some do not have any form of citizenship or statehood. We are using global trade deals called “free”, negotiated in secret behind closed doors, on the one hand and on the other, trying to figure out what fair trade consists of at the grass roots level, with lots of questionable practices in that field as well.

Be it block chain currency or good old fashioned cash, debit or credit, no monetary system will solve what is really wrong: human nature! It is our very nature that needs to evolve into a kinder, gentler, more giving people who need to learn to care for one another. Granted most of us are losing our taste for too much in our face brutality but there many non physical ways we can torture each other since name calling and labels, along with apathy and narcissism do have the potential to hurt, even though the blows are less visible.

I know of no governmental system that is first based on the idea of co-operation, problem solving, consensus building and win win negotiations. Even the most democratic ones I know of have a governing body and at least one opposition group. While debate, healthy or otherwise, may help us sharpen our presentation skills, to expect us to suddenly cozy up to each other and work for

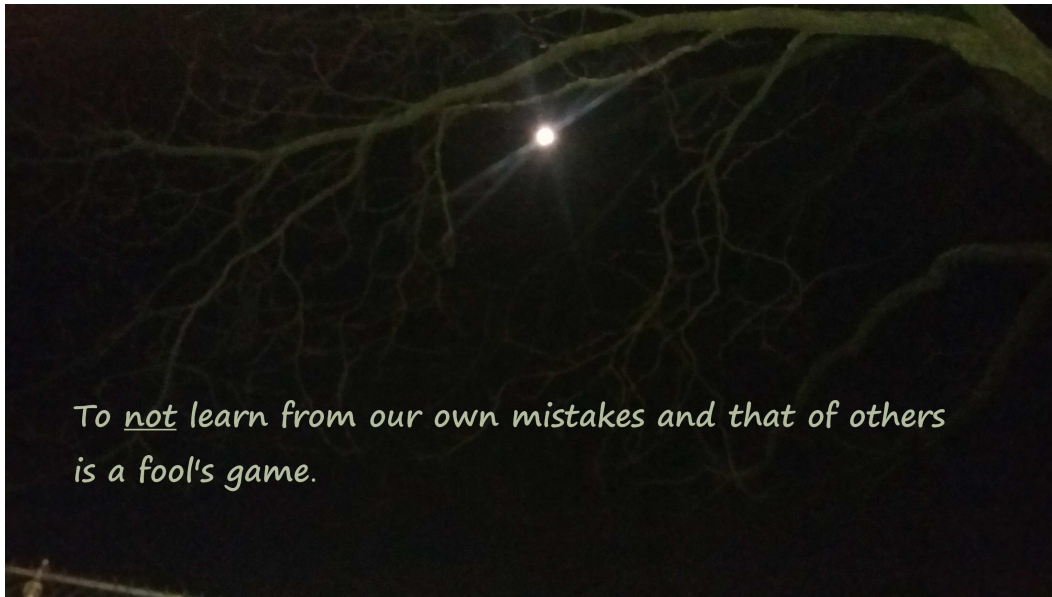
solving common causes, is not the usual result. Quietly or not, the loser(s) regroup to knock the “winners” out the next time around. I infinitely prefer discussion, based on brainstorming and then sorting through all imagined proposals to come up with ideas to solve our human issues. By then ensuring that everyone involved, gets their basic needs met as well as up to at least eighty percent of our esoteric needs and some wants, we could actually build that better world for all. Within any group we call this team building with no room for “I”



(ego). Sadly, we are still building teams to beat other teams instead of building peace on earth by fighting our own negativity within self.

Thom Harmann, U.S.A., radio and on line T.V, commentator closed “The Big Picture”, on RT America with the phrase “Democracy is Not a Spectator Sport”. I ask why is democracy a sport at all? The sports I like are the games we played as a child for fun: potato sack hops, carrying a raw egg on a spoon or the three legged races with a partner. And then we would sometimes fall down and just have a good laugh, sing some songs and roast marshmallows by a fire, make a few mud pies and go play in a sand box as friends.

On the surface, discussion and debate can look alike. But the difference is a fine one, one of intent, to genuine solve our human issues or to crush an opponent. Knowing that difference is vital for the very existence and future of our species, in my opinion.



GAGOO, THE LITTLE GREEN FROG (#79)

I like frogs but I have no desire to eat any part of one or find one to do stupid with by licking any one part. That so many of our frogs are showing abnormalities needs to be taken seriously, in the same vein as a dead canary underground warned our miners of imminent danger. The deformities of our frogs paint a more complex picture for humans to deal with if we are to survive long term.

Frogs also spark our imagination. Get a piece of cardboard, a large green pompom, two small ones and a couple of google eyes at a craft store and we can make a cute frog that will entertain our young and young at heart for a good twenty minutes. And there is the song; "Gagoo, Went the Little Frog One Day". When I was a leader of young girls, sometimes the leaders would debate the "Gagoo" part. "NO! It's Gagoon!" or "No!" It's Gahoon" and so on. For the sake of peace, I went along with the most persuasive since I really did not feel the difference mattered. And that goes to a deeper issue of us not being able to easily find agreement even when it comes to what I see as trivialities. I have witnessed many occasions that erupted in horrid battles of anger, even violence,

yet when looking deeper the people involved are actually in agreement. I have also seen situations where identical words are used yet the people involved are miles apart. Sad! Really! I wonder again, why is it so difficult for us to truly communicate and find agreement, particularly when it comes to solving our serious issues.

On a more positive note regarding my thoughts on frogs, here is a healthy aging stretching tip. The muscles across the hips are not easy to stretch and with so many of us in sit down jobs, as mine was, there is a tendency for the left hip bone structure and the right one to seize together. To walk well, we need slight movement in the bone structure where the hip bones meet in the centre, with emphasis on slight. Stretching the core muscles that surround the pelvic bones help keep that slight motion in place. Where does the frog come in? I like baths, particularly with healthy salts such as Epsom salts, to PH my body as I age and also to bring some calm into my life. And I am fortunate to have access to a bath tub. Better, I have trained in a gym so that I can still get out of it without aids by keeping my legs strong. That was not the case at age 66 but I did the work so that half a decade later the results were amazing and continue to help me.

One day, I decided to flip onto my tummy, my legs bent like a frog's, feet resting on the bath top's edge. My arms pressed against the other end, bent at the elbow, like a frog ready to leap, Then I pushed my middle toward the tub's bottom and up, sometimes repeatedly and sometimes I holding the stretch across the tummy, primarily the T.A. (trans abdominal muscles).

WARNING: In this “frog” pose, the nose can go under water! Please do not try this stretch drunk, stoned, heavily medicated or just plain very tired. Drowning in the tub or just plain choking on water intake is NOT healthy aging. Bath tubs vary in size, shape and depth. Hence, you may need to find other means to strengthen and stretch your core, starting always with the gentle and then slowly challenging your self to do a bit more, in increasing steps, at your own best pace. Please do not attempt this if you do not have the muscle strength and flexibility to support the stretch. And yes! Do seek good professional advice in the personal training department, money well spent as long as the trainer takes it slow and steady, in small incremental steps. Fast and furious, generally, does not last long term and may cause permanent damage.

If everyone had a strong core, striving for balance in all matters, we would have a world that is more equitable and sustainable.



***IF WE MUST LABEL AND STEREOTYPE, CAN WE LEARN TO
EMBRACE THE VILLAGE CONCEPT AND EACH OTHER? (#80)***

How about a new labelling system based on behaviour as opposed to all other labels we continue to describe each other with? Below is my proposal, keeping in mind no label portrays anyone accurately not even the label of male or female. Beforehand let me ask: "Are we not all unique?" In my heyday, I often thought we could describe each one of us as a large set of algebraic equations with variable coefficients. Given our current world, we are all under some sort of surveillance virtually 24 hours per day as institutions gather volumes of data on our daily activities, analyze that data with mathematical algorithms to better sell, posture and provide services to us. Today, I think I may not be all that far off in terms of each one of being a set of complex mathematical equations. And then each set is related to all other sets! WOW! Think of the possibilities. Think of the complexities as well.

Back to labels. Personally, I do not like them and to discover that I have been stereotyped myself was a disappointing shock. But if we insist, here are some based on behaviour within current society for the last 50 or so years. Being a bit of a rebel, I am also redefining some of the common definitions.

- ◆ RASTA: To look for roots, the basics in life and death, to find meaning in all we do while here.
- ◆ HIPPIE: To respond to our primal instincts, just do and then figure out how to fit in a society,
- ◆ YUPPY: To define our selves by our career and income level as a means of living in society.
- ◆ ANARCHIST: Intentional rule breaker who like to cause trouble for to sake of causing trouble. A rebel without a cause.

I can come up with other classifications as well but what I would really like to see is for us to find a way to stop the labels and learn to appreciate each other to become our own personal best self, learning to help others do the same. We are all beautiful in our own right and everyone has a stroke of genius in them. Granted the proportions differ and for some I would need infinite resources to find the beautiful but overall most people are reasonably decent. In other words, change the current tune and channel just a bit and imagine a better world for all. We can build such a world by done by coming up with some common definition

of what better means. Here is the hitch. Humanity has not yet agreed on anything but for the direction in which we turn a screw. Please correct me if there are other issues we have agreed upon or if my assumption about screw turning is incorrect.

To and for me, "better" means no more war using lethal weapons, as a starting point. In my opinion, war using lethal weapons is either legally declared state murder or illegally declared murder in the name of some perceived notion freedom, self defence excepted. And therein lies the rub. What constitutes self defence? I do not have a good answer for what constitutes self defence but for my own personal experience. I am not a pacifist but I am a pacifist, meaning I will not start a fight but come at me, I will use whatever is available to defend myself including knee ups and my water bottle but no gun since I do not trust myself with one. Better still is that I have learned to avoid trouble as much as possible by recognizing early warning signs in relationships. Today, to deal with aches and pains as my body ages, I also listen better to my early bodily warning signs making pain my friend. Hence the saying: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure", but how do we do that one? More questions than answers, I fear.

Back to building that better world for all: Assuming we can at least come up with some agreement that a better world means breathing air, drinking water, eating food and having shelter, maybe we can find some common ground on not stripping away our thin layer of atmosphere, at most 200 miles from bottom to top, in 10 minutes time or filling it full of toxins. Maybe we can find ways to better manage our waste and not dump it all in our streams, our rivers, our lakes, our seas and our oceans. Maybe we can learn to put nutrition back in our food and learn the simply joy of a sitting down to enjoy our food. And do we all not need some basic shelter? Life under a bridge or in a tent may be fun for a night or two, maybe even a week but not as a way of everyday life. And yet, how many are forced to live under a bridge or in a tent? And yes! I do enjoy fashion from time to time but first and foremost, I wear clothes to protect me from weather!

Assuming collaboration around these goals of air, water, food and shelter, is it possible to build small groups of local people that each have enough self esteem (empowerment) so that we build an empowered community (a village) that is self sufficient most of the time, well enough to get by. That does mean overcoming cultural differences and preconceived notions with a lot of win win negotiating that is not always fun, often quite the opposite. Is a working, local community, celebrating life and death together, not worth the trouble? A community where

we guide our young, not be brats or traumatized, but their own personal best. Please now imagine empowered communities, be they in the middle of a city of millions or an actual village in a rural community, all with enough resources to get by, most of the time, well enough. Can we then add in a network of sharing any surplus in one community to send to another which has scarcity, facing famine or other disaster. Can we then do this at no charge? Why? To be good neighbours and messengers of good will. In a sense, we would be reproducing the workings of the world wide web or building a decentralized electrical power grid. The prize? A future that is more equitable, sustainable with enough bootstraps where ever we may be. And let us not forget: the survival of our humanity beyond the twenty first century A.D. is at stake, a future that is very much in doubt in 2018.

What is stopping us? We are! Instead of focusing on need, our wants are taking centre stage, all too often. Machines and the socio-political-economic system, one I call global apartheid, is in every part of our lives to such an extent, I am no longer sure which is which when interacting with the public, be that over the phone, a chat robot, a salesperson, or my new digital toaster oven. Am I dealing with a machine or a person? That is the question. I am asking myself, daily, just buying groceries and paying bills.

And then there is the rat race. At the self serve check out counter, I am too slow for the person behind me in line when packaging 5 items, already having used tap to pay for the groceries and the computerized system has barely logged me off. Slowing down a little may do us all a world of good, not to the point of being comatosed but at least to a nice speed walk.

What about our energy needs? To produce electricity in any one region is the same though the production cost does vary up and down. Yet we sell power to people in the same neighbourhood at differential prices? One price for business. One price for residential? Charity for "the poor". And we might sell the same electricity, at the same time, to places farther away cheaper than to local residences. This, on the surface, makes no sense to me unless we begin to examine trade deals made on our behalf so complex with so many ifs, buts and hidden clauses, a team of lawyers have trouble sorting through the maze at mega bucks per hour.

And then there is how we exchange goods and services. I never understood the reasons an orange grown locally costs more than the ones I buy in my neighbourhood that we import since I live in a climate not suited for orange growing. The obvious answers such as cheaper labour in tropical and sub

tropical climates and the economic supply and demand games are part of the explanation but by no means all.

So I ask: Is it possible to come up with a means of exchange where we measure goodwill towards one another instead of keeping an accountant's balance sheet in the red, the black or double dip with more than one set of accountancy books? If yes, we could build a world of villages all over the globe, joined together by a network of friendship, empathy and love. In that case, we will need no human made borders but to quarantine a region once in while to prevent the spread of disease. OR we continue the current process of building more and more walls, borders with armed guards, slicing our available land space into ever smaller and smaller countries and imprisoning and/or killing the people we do not like. That is the current choice we are facing as a species!





THE 11 DIMENSIONS OF LIFE IN OUR BiPOLAR UNIVERSE (#81)

This is pure conjecture on my part. Mathematicians and Physicists tell me that 11 dimensions are needed to help us understand our universe from a mathematical scientific perspective, to date with amazing accuracy. The first four are relatively easy to grasp. They are our common perceptions of height, width and depth (X,Y, Z Cartesian coordinates). Add in time and we have the four dimensions that make up the space/time continuum, a term science and science fiction is fond of. What else?

Consider our five senses:

- Touch,
- Smell,
- Sight,

- Sound,
- Taste

Imagine life without these senses. We would be unable to interact with each other, the planet, our grand universe, the space/time continuum. Furthermore, we would be unable to learn and I doubt survive long. Would we even be able to have young? In my conjecturing, I am now at nine dimensions. Two remaining:

This is where my journey as someone who has had to cope with life in a very unique, unusual manner comes in. Not only do I need to practice extreme life and stress management for fear I lose control over and access to my own mind and end up subjected to whatever state circumstance I happen to break down in, I also feel my looks do not represent who I am: not my mood, not my gender behaviour, not my culture...yet I am in the right body. I had no choice but to hone what is often referred to as “the 3rd eye”, and the deeper hearing that comes through our gut. That makes dimensions ten and eleven.

These two dimensions are there but not easy to describe both being invisible and not audible. Yet without, I see no possibility for subliminal communication with our subconscious, with other mammals and with each other. That we are able to reach that deeper understanding, a quiet sigh or nod, an embrace, a smile, a sharing of tears of joy and sadness, being able to empathize, I find miraculous. Without our “3rd eye” and “our gut” that allows us to see and listen deeper, I suspect we would be static beings, if that, with no spiritual growth.

I call these last two dimensions “the God factor” but which God? The one that brings us healing and inner peace (communion) or the one that tears us apart. I need some mystery, plenty of awe, a bit of uncertainty and yes, some illness as well, to keep me from turning into mush and an ungrateful beast. I suspect most of us do. That said, today we appear to be missing the boat of being appreciative learners and doers, unable to empathize well with the plight of one another thereby killing life on this planet. One day we will have to accept that even the best mathematician and scientist (or all working together as a team) will never be able to explain our existence fully while here on earth. We can get closer to understanding but never 100% . Currently and sadly, we are injuring humanity in our quests by allowing poverty to continue, not ending racism, not dealing with genderism, with too much hierarchy in the workplace, embracing intellectualism. The list goes on

We are seriously OUT OF BALANCE! Is it not time to find middle earth so that there is no "first" world and no "third" world...only a second world with small swings around a centre of good will towards one another and our own self to grow in the spirit of LOVE???

