

CHAPTER 3

Love and Peace, and all that stuff

From my spiritual reawakening, in 1988, my artwork also took a turn in direction. I sat in the studio inspired by the music as I contemplated on life out there, concerned with the lack of Love and Peace expressed.

Being fed up with mans controlling greed and possessiveness; I was prompted to sketch this selfish man, attached to materialism and himself, losing touch with his heart and spirituality. Yet on the other hand we do find the loving family man living out there, sharing and playing together, so I drew a scale, weighing up the situation to demonstrate that Love outweighs greed.

I had never used or taken notice of collage before but having the materials and tools at the shop I went about cutting out people, scales and to create miniature money; hand painting each note. This relief gave the work depth and dimension with its simple use of symbolism.

Simon and Tara took an interest in the paintings development. I would work on it mainly after I put them to bed while Sue was bogged down with assignment after assignment and on the phone with her new found student friend, Noelene. I would proof read and help where I could. There was very little I agreed with in the social education system. This doctor Fraud poked his nose in here too. The rigid parrot teaching method restricted much of the freedom of expression in the classroom for acquiring young minds.

Meanwhile, back on the scales, the aspects of Love were inscribed on the left and the aspects of greed on the right. I wrote a article to explain in detail the meaning and story of the painting. It underlined the heartfelt love of the family unit who lived happily on basics to build a house into a home on the foundations of Love with the Peace dove hovering overhead. Their love vibrations still reached out to the lonely greedy man who sits on his stockpiles of wealth that could be lost with a flick of a match or an overnight collapse in the stock market. The

unconscious camel is continually warning him with his needle. With his lack of feelings, greed gets the better of man as he tries to buy his friends and sex from his ivory tower. His vibrations fall short with his bottle and sexy china doll. It also shows that the poorest man can also be the greediest and a very wealthy man may also be kind and generous standing hand in hand with his family and friends, along with the needed. The painting is featured at the beginning of this chapter.

It was from this painting while showering and washing my hair, one morning, in my quite meditative state that an intuitive thought came to mind. My best friend, my unconscious voiceless inner voice, the Christ within, said *“Take the theme of Love; live it, model it, then eventually you will become it again”*.

When questioning the theme of Love, I came to the conclusion with these twelve aspects to express love: **Care, Concern, Compassion, Understanding, Empathy, Friendship, Kindness, Sharing, Service, Co-operation, Passion and Unity**. There was another most important aspect, being **Consideration**. I left that outside the heart at first, as it was a combination of the first five. Years later, I included it since that expression lacked in most people and after aligning with the Light I used **Oneness** in preference to Unity (as we move into 2013 after 12-12-2012, many God given aspects of 12 will unfold to 13, the calendar months, planets, zodiac signs to just mention a few). All these expressions of Love are interrelated, in one action we can entail all thirteen aspects. In many incidences we may display care, concern and compassion for another, which can flow into unnecessary worry when we lack understanding and empathy. This is what happened to my family in my case. These are the expressions of Love but of course other elements are associated to Love such as Trust, which is the Basis of Love, and we also need the virtues of patient and tolerant.

From this day I applied and practiced the above daily to a point they soon became more automatically natural and spontaneous, as they should be for all of US. At night just prior to dozing off, I would reflect back over the day during my quite meditative time to briefly see what was taught and learnt and achieved. I would go to sleep happy and with peace of mind to wake up regenerated, ready for a new day.

Yes, finally I was back in good stead after Graylands' mistreatment and drug attack. In July my sister, Pauline, following up on me from the ordeal and paid for me to fly up and visit with her, husband Steve and son sonny in Darwin for two weeks. It was a great holiday with her seeing me so well, unknown to her at the time, that I was pretty well drug free. Propaganda from the medical practitioner misinformed my family that I must be medicated. From the past we have been programmed to trust and believe our doctors. But in today's medicine most of our doctors have lost themselves and the old remedies, giving in to the dollar and corruption of chemicals where our, or should I say, the governments draw their second highest revenue from pharmaceutical drugs; petrochemical draws the most. Sure, they like everything, has its place, what was forced upon me, its place only deserved the rubbish bin.

Where are our family doctors with their bag of goods and home visits? They test our patients in unhealthy stark waiting rooms in our busy schedules to collect a prescription from a rushed five-minute or so consultation that we personally cannot afford and call upon the sick medicare system. It has just become a big business where the dollars often over rides the health of the patient. They need us to be treated not healed. As we know, most of our food is also prescribed drugs, we are what we eat, are we not? A healthy nutrition is all our body and mind needs. We won't go into that now; we'll deal with the sick medical profession and the government in later chapters. Like nurses, and in all, there are good and bad doctors. Doctors with open hearts and minds are usually healers too.

So overall, with the business cut back to be steadily busy instead of too busy, all was well, along with my Spiritual Unfoldment progressing along extremely well. As we open up spiritually similar minded people come into our life or open up to US. This invisible vibration is picked up by people from all the diverse religions if they are hearty enough to feel it. Let us not confuse spirituality with religions, they overlap and complement. Personally, I do not accept any formal religions, as such, even though some claim me to be a member of their group, their founders never did either.

I met some very interesting people coming into the shop over the years, forming lifetime friendships. Many would chat your day away if I allowed it. The public relations was a great part of our business, as the SW regional artist/picture framer, I became very popular over the years. This mental health invasion became knowledge to most of the regulars.

Anyhow, on this fine spring Saturday early in October while I was quite happy minding my own business slowly driving down the main street in my home town of Harvey, singing out aloud and with my left hand half clenched keeping beat to the song on the car radio.

All of a sudden, to my surprise, a police car cut out in front of me, pulling out from a parking bay. I don't recall if he even indicated, he obviously never saw me; fortunately I was crawling through and was able to stop in a flash to avoid the accident.

I continued singing "*and I heard it through the grapevine.....*" with my left hand still tapping and in disapproval started nodding my head sideways to the rhythm of the music, and just about to let it go and drive on when the sergeant on his off day, yelled at me and pointed for me to pull over.

My rhythm beating left hand changed, without thinking, into a two finger peace sign, I waved to him as I drove on indicating to pull over in the next bay to contain two cars. The police

sergeant, for some unknown reason, set his flashing lights on, causing a commotion to the locals shopping. By the time I stepped out of my car a small audience had gathered on the footpath.

I approached the sergeant, still a little hot under his collar, and offered him my greetings with a friendly hand and said,

“Hi Sarge – what seems to be your problem?”

“Don’t you touch me!” he snappily replied, *“You raised your fist at me and gave the fingers up – where’s your licence?”*

Overlapping his voice, surprised by his remark, *“Come on, you’re joking”* I went on to explain *“I was happily listening and singing the song”* I commenced re-singing, re-enacting my movements, *“ ‘I heard it through the grapevine and I’m just about to lose my mind’ I was raising my hand like so keeping in beat with the music. It wasn’t a fist pointed at you – and when you ordered me to pull over, I only acknowledge with a peace brother sign like so –”* I then held my two fingers facing him as previously. *“It wasn’t the opposite way meaning – “ as I re-demonstrated turning my hand around in front of his nose *“Up your arse. It’s all a misunderstanding – misperception – you cut me off and I avoided an accident. Simple as that”.**

With all that, this out of whack cop then said,

“I’ll give you a warning this time”.

Giving up, I shook my head and concluded by saying,

“I will accept your apology” then turned towards my car as we departed. He had the last say by mumbling,

“Don’t you be smart with me”.

From here I drove around the corner back to the supermarket only to run into two friends who saw the incident from afar and asked me to explain, in a joking look. I briefly re-capped the episode to have them burst out into laughter. The next second a team footballer called out across the market aisles laughing,

“A – Kel! What’re you doin’ stirring the Sarge up?”

I returned his question chirpily saying, *“He hadn’t a sense of humour and didn’t appreciate my singing and sign language”*.

Several customers had a laugh, as did the checkout girls laughing and smiling at the laughs, if you know what I mean. Amongst all this, however, was a school teacher friend of Sue’s who witnessed all this and probably found it quite funny also and just happened to run into Sue to mention I caused a disturbance in the street with the police and the shopping centre, not meaning any harm.

The second hand information concerned Sue since I had been a little more happier than usual after recently having the “Love and Greed” painting framed and only just mentioned to Sue just days prior that I had experienced a similar experience as I did in 1987, when my entire life flashed through my mind in less than a second. This time I was relaxed in the studio while Don McClean’s song “Vincent” was playing – simultaneously all of Vincent Van Gogh’s 37 years flashed crystal clearly through my mind. I related to it so well, was this a past life or what? I questioned.

The psyche nurses had warned Sue to look out for early warning signs of a manic attack, which included happiness, generosity and kindness and a surge of energy and reduced sleeping. A year had passed and the microscope was still above me. When Sue phoned my doctor, somewhat concerned and explained her story, he wanted Sue to bring me into the Bunbury Regional Hospital. Foolishly I complied expecting to be returned home immediately, once I explained and displayed myself I considered all concerns would be dissolved.

Sue sat with it well, having a laugh as I went over it again in detail in the car. Her worry seemed to go out the window until I eventually met up with Dr. Kemp again.

I am sure he made up his mind before he saw me. He never listened or really saw me at all to have me admitted. I couldn't believe this was happening again. Guess I was still naïve to how these shrinks in their straight jackets, I mean suits, operate. I couldn't completely hide my happiness, even though my explanations were brief and straight to the point. Kemp insisted that I stayed in hospital for a couple of days, which stretched out to 6 weeks. A heavy dose of the anti-psychotic drug melerille was forced down my throat to have my head spin within a few minutes; I became too drowsy to walk, so the Dr. had a wheelchair brought in to take me up to the psyche ward on the 3rd floor. I vaguely recall Sue regrettably leaving me wiped out in my new bed.

So ended what started off a quite happy peaceful day – where are my children? what's going on? I questioned.

As for this Dr. Kemp fellow, I got to know him more so in the years to come and heard of the many patients and families who suffered under him. I haven't heard a good word about him so I will say no more, except I can only wish him well, and would like to meet up with John again.

The following day Sue brought in a bag of clothes, a few books and odds and sods. In amongst general physical sick people confined to beds and just a few psyche patients up on the 3rd level, I soon became bored and disturbed being here against my will. So I started writing the 2nd volume of my Kelsue Arts journal, centred around my artwork during the 80's.

The week and a half in this hospital seemed more like a month and a half. The general nurses were fine and caring. They became very interested in the book 'Numbers of Love' I was reading and the twelve aspects on becoming a good nurse that I displayed on my door – Care, Concern Compassion etc..... Two good things came out of this stint, I met a new friend in Michael, a bi-polar patient and secondly I finally met up with a clinical person, Phillipa, with her eyes and ears open. Phillipa was the hospital psychologist, who I had met previously in our shop

for art supplies and framing. She was open to alternative healing methods and right into meditation. Phillipa was exploring her spirituality, stretching her arms out to all of Life, taking a close interest in my case. She would pop in most days to see me and wanted a full session to go back into my childhood, unlike anyone else.

However, Dr. Kemp saw me to be restless, bored, busting to get out, and decided to transfer me back to Graylands – a much larger space, he recommended. I wanted out of here but not up there again.

They kept me in Graylands open wards for 4 weeks, all the memories of the previous year resurfaced as more abused cases were presented to me. I was surprised to see so many familiar faces from a year ago. A few had not been out but most come and go. One talented patient, Mary, I befriended, has more than fifty admissions to her name. Actually Mary recently produced her own autobiography titled “The Pendulum Swings”, very interesting reading, more on a clinical level. Unfortunately still caught in the system she is still swinging, however, when I last spoke to her in 1998 she had broken away from her husband and moved to a new house, new start. Mary’s book clearly shows that in most instances the patient’s spouse, parents or family member are the cause of them being hospitalised and forced on (mis)treatments. Could spin some stories here, but I am keen to go home again.

Before we return to Harvey to be with Sue and the children, I would like to talk a little more on Love and Peace, and all that stuff that sadly is missing in so many peoples lives today, yet we cannot live on without it and all yearn for our happiness and peace of mind.

Love is pure and real; it’s the Godly essence in US. True Love is unconditional and trustworthy. It cannot be found artificially amongst corruption and deceit. And by overdosing ourselves on any form of drug, will only cause US to lose our way and minds to be out of balance to crash.

Christ has made it very clear, as Virginia has written in “New Teachings” inside each one of US, that NO one will be allowed to return in, or advance to, the next thousand years of Love and Peace to the Heaven on Earth who has not demonstrated in a daily way by actions and thoughts that they are God’s Love personified, or do not extend oneself to our brothers and sisters across the globe, or do not influence the power structures on the planet to practice peace will be able to move on. With positive Loving thoughts will always carry US through any difficulty.

There will be NO excuses or exemptions; our destiny is in our own hands, our free will gives US the ability to do what we will and that freedom has been our nemesis. God is the source of ALL Life and we must demonstrate that we love God, Love Peace, through our daily living. Our personalities need to be reverent and peaceful at every level of Life. We all create and face our Karma which ever way, good or bad.

Because violence and crime is so much of our way of Life today, we are locked away in our houses to have extreme cases of crime violence and sexual abuse promoted on the television set at tender ages (0-100) that draws an even stronger need for psychospiritual cleansing so we can accept responsibility for our thoughts, feelings and actions, to grow in emotional stability and balance.

Unlike ‘Beings’ elsewhere, we as humans were given our emotions to feel the Love of God in our hearts and we must learn to balance them and not run amuck under sudden stress. An area I still required a lot of work with at this point, influenced by drugs. I have found that self examination served me well during difficult times to sort out any of my attachments to ideas, things and people.

Spirit is ever expanding and our personalities are ever acquiring, limiting, judging and controlling. To bring about a positive attitude, we really need to be aware of our thoughts and

notice them to detach ourselves from the personality's whims and motives that do not bring peace to others and to the world.

By striving towards a peaceful balance point, we will avoid violence, wars and devastation. On this planet earth, it is a testing ground or a school for Love and Soul Progression and we have much to learn.

Once we come to realise that Life is a hologram and part of an interlocking web in relation to all other aspects of Life and that we need to Live in ONENESS, then even the hypocritical strong religious people will cease harming and abusing others and other life forms. We cannot change Gods plan by upsetting an entire ecological system in which each thing has a relationship in the support of Life for all. Our science should only be used to ennoble the human race, to improve all Life upon the planet, and to respect all other life forms in the Universe.

Without absolute Love and an attitude of service, no planet or its life forms are to be touched or changed in any way. Today we have seen man overstep his mark with chemical abuse and scientific technology to only clone himself out of existence without Divine intervention.

Many churchgoers say as Jesus said, "*Peace be with you*", I say, "*Peace is in US*". Peace is our key, our passport, to solar secrets and the Universe's mysteries. We need to take this key, use it with purity of intentions and we shall learn so much. All the wonder is closed and protected from the self inflicted evil mind.

The Christ Consciousness is not something we have not yet reached, it is simply something we have forgotten, through Love and the feeling of Oneness we will regain our memory of who and what we really are. The Christ is the full circle of Light which exists in the hearts of all who love our Parent. It is through the Love in our heart that takes US into our Soul that in turn connects directly into the knowing of God's mind.

As we develop Love, Peace and Happiness through the following chapters, I also recommend all to carry on with reading “NEW TEACHINGS for an Awakening Humanity” from the Christ; it can be your salvation.

In saying this to raise our Spirits, our self-esteem, I would like to share the True essence of you and me, of US. This poem will raise your self-worth, it comes from the best selling author of “Love is letting go of fear”, Dr. Gerald Jampolsky, in his later book titled “Out of the Darkness into the Light”, very inspiring books to pick people up on their journey of inner healing. I sooner mention ‘we are’ ... instead of ‘I am’ ...

I AM / WE ARE

I am the Will of God.

I am the purity of love, joy and peace united as one.

I am the essence of giving and of joining.

I am the state of mind

where there is total absence of fear, guilt, anger and hate, pain and sickness, and of judgement and separation of any kind.

I am the reflection of God’s Love, and hence I am everywhere;

I have no boundaries and no form.

I am the light of the world, and hence, I am a reflection of all that is beautiful.

I am a reflection of the simplicity of the flowers, the sand on the beach, the singing of the birds, the sound of the waves on the shore, and the stillness of the lake.

I am a reflection of all that is gentle, kind, tender, compassionate and of all that is trusting and honest.

I am that state of mind where there is only eternal life, and there is no death; and where there is only happiness.

I am the essence of Spirit, and it is my spiritual being that is my identity.

I am whole and united with all life.

I am invisible and immeasurable.

I am God’s Holy Child of Love;

I am God’s Creation; God is my Cause, and I am God’s Effect.

I am co-creator of Love with God.

God's Will and my will are one.

If ever I accept anything else as my will, I deny what I am.

I am a reflection of the Will of God.

John Lennon's song "Love" also says it all.

As the story unfolds, we will see relationships develop and collapse, to deal with them as we walk along some very rough side tracks.

To conclude this chapter from a narratives point of view, I find it most appropriate here to show the diptych painting I produced years later in 1999, titled "*This is Love and This is Peace*" around both perimetres, the aspects of Love and Peace are inscribed.