

CHAPTER 4

Yesterday When I Was Young

Although not as traumatic as my first discharge from Graylands, it still took a week or so to readjust to home and business life again, with the melleril drug clouding my headspace. It took months to bury the experience.

Sadly Tara and Simon were also put through it again and for Sue, it was extremely difficult, in the middle of her educational exams, to run the house alone as well as hold the flag at the shop. When will people simply let me BE?

During the second week back, I reconnected with Phillipa; my new found psychologist friend, who was most interested to go through my childhood days.

I felt at home entering Phillipa's office, as this inviting champagne armchair would virtually wrap itself around you. It was so relaxing and comfortable, it rocked and swiveled to free you up. We were not inhibited by her desk which was away against the wall. Phillipa sat in a lesser chair, touching distance away.

Like good friends on equal terms, we were both teachers and pupils to one another. Phillipa never looked at me as a patient. The trust and openness was mutual, this session was to establish a fine friendship. She had met me previously in our shop when purchasing art supplies and had art works framed – Phillipa held a high respect for my artistic talents. On this occasion, in our casual chat amongst our Lighty vibration, we spoke of alternate healing methods and the importance of meditation. In our spiritual talk I mentioned my Near Death Experience of 1987. How my life flashed before me from conception to that day, in less than a second, in no time. The emotions are held crystal clear. Consciously I recall every thing.

We concluded on this point to book an hour session the following week to flashback into my childhood days. In all the years throughout my mental health saga, Phillipa was the only medical person who heard me and actually asked me how I felt.

The week soon passed to find me leaning back relaxed in the cosy armchair again, after a warm welcoming hug at reception from Phillipa.

“You’re looking much better than last week, I’m glad you are getting on top of the drugs.

Would you like a glass of water or a herbal tea?”

“Yes! both please”

Unlike any other in the medical profession I’ve met, Phillipa never seemed to be rushed or stressed and had it together pretty well.

Once settled with a drink in hand, we traveled back to 1953 when the bodgies and widgies were really rock’n’rollin’ and a new Queen was crowned.

“I recall my first day as if today. It was my most dramatic and traumatised day as I gasped for my first breath”

Although my birth was considered normal and straightforward, to me it was a shock to the system.

Phillipa showed keen interest when she said, *“Please explain”*

“Here I was in the comfort zone of my mother Rose’s womb, cosy in her body temperature liquid, never experiencing hot or cold and apart from colliding with the wall of the womb, I was never confined to space, ate and slept well.....

Then all of a sudden the chute opened and I was washed into this narrow tunnel with a light at the end – it certainly was the opposite to the glorious trip into the Light that Near Death people Experience. On approaching the Bright Light with my head and shoulders squashed, the deafening noise of instruments on stainless steel and the voices were rather shattering. With difficulty and a surge from behind I popped out into the room of light that appeared brighter

than the sun. Someone with this thing called plastic over their hands tried to strangle me then cut my life support connection to my mother. I went into panic and the bastard gave me a firm slap on my back. Crikey – what have I ever done to him? I screamed out –

‘Ooh Wah! Ooh Wah!’

I was only saying,

‘I want to go back! I want to go back!’

They never listened to me then and they still don’t”.

Phillipa was by now in fits of laughter, so in a joking voice I continued saying,

“It’s not funny Phillipa, he then tried to drown me and next chucked me on this icy cold, rock hard silver disc to weigh me and to top it all off, this other person tried to suffocate me in this large wooly straight jacket.

And just when I thought my short life on earth was over, I was handed back to my mother. I recognised her from her beautiful loving energy. A little blurred, I looked her in the face, she looked prettier than any rose I would ever see as she gave me this wonderful smile. Mother Rose then gave me my first kiss. It was love at first sight for both of us”.

I paused to sip my cup of tea while Phillipa replied,

“Gee! Kelvin, as a mother I relate to that so well. Back in the 50’s the theatres were sterile and stark without the fathers”.

“Have they changed?” I asked. “If I had my way I wouldn’t go to a baby factory. A lovely body temperature pool in the bush amongst Nature would be a Grand entrance, like the days gone by with today’s comforts.

Phillipa, next, after a quick kiss and cuddle with Mum, they put me on a trolley and took me to the adoption room.

On arrival my fellow new borns were all complaining – ‘Ooh Wah! Ooh Wah!’. Except two, who were fast asleep snoring, one was in a glass solitary confinement box. Of those crying

out, one was saying how sore his head was after these gigantic people tried to suck his brains out. Come to think of it his head was a little boofy, I thought it was his ego.

Another girl, No. 27 – Henderson, they put these labels on US on entering this world. I felt like a slave, a prisoner, up for grabs with families gawping through a hole in the wall, and pointing at one of US and smiling. Were we being adopted or sold off? Anyhow, No. 27 said she had never experienced the tunnel and bright light. They drew the curtain on her entrance, using this sharp knife. It was a hell of a bloody mess, she said she thought they had cut her in half too, it was just as horrific.

To my delight, as it turned out, my mother picked me out, won the raffle, because I went home with her and this man I got to know and call Dad. The little girl also there I found to be my special one and only sister. Actually we all choose our direct families.

They all loved me to bits and I felt great out of the prison.

After that introduction, on a more serious note, we breezed through my special pre-schooling days. Phillipa indicated we'll travel through it in probably two or three sessions. In a question/answer session we continued.....

Phillipa started by asking, *“At what age, prior to your N.D.E., could you remember your childhood and what did you recall?”*.

I answered, saying, *“In patches my earliest recall was about 2½ years, when on my three wheeler, the back left wheel fell in the crack of the sleeper bridge to our house. I fell off head first in to a water drain to cut my forehead on a broken bottle to receive three stitches. This drama sticks on the surface of my subconscious and is easily recalled. Sometimes we mentally bury a shocking drama, on this occasion the good side of it was when the nurse gave me an ice cream for not crying, it sat well with me to make it memorable. Otherwise I generally, until '87, would only go back to 3½-4 years”*.

Phillipa, reaching for her note pad, continued to ask,

“Overall how did you feel in those early years? And how was your family life, your parents?”.

This most important period lays the path for US to step out to explore the world on various levels. Our home environment is so crucial for Life's battles ahead.

“These were my happiest and most peaceful years. During my 9 months prior to my Birth, I knew what I was coming into, since I, as we all can, could feel my mother's emotions.

“Really, do you think so?”.

“Definitely, I could feel the outrageous arguments my parents would have when my drunken father would arrive home late. As if in the other room like my elder sister was.

“Interesting, what did your father do?”.

“His name is Paul, and he was an engine driver with plenty of heavy drinking railway mates from the gangs and workshops. His teenage drinking problems which derived from his family, more so his mother, consequently resulted in him also becoming a chronic alcoholic”.

“Did your father spend much time with you during your childhood?”.

*“No, but prior to commencing school, he would often take my brother Noel and * on the steam engines, it was great shovelling coal in the big furnace and staying out overnight with our tucker boxes which Mum had prepared. Noel, who is 22 months younger than I, was always with me and we shared everything. Once school started it was only during the holidays and by then locomotive engines phased steam engines out. Those steam engine days hold treasured memories for us, puffing up and down and around the picturesque countryside”.*

“I was coming to ask you what brothers and sisters you have and how were you as a baby?”.

“Just a brother and sister, Pauline is 22 months older than I.

As a baby, my mother will back me to say I was a perfectly placid playful little boy. She would often have to wake me to see if I was still breathing as I hardly ever cried, which was in total contrast to my younger brother”.

“Where did you live?”.

“We lived in the small country town of Pinjarra, before moving 100km up to the big smoke of Perth when I was nine. At three we moved to a new state housing railway home opposite the hospital grounds in the next street”.

“How did you react with other children and relate to adults prior to schooling?”.

“At first I was quite content in my own space, playing in a sandpit. Once my younger brother Noel could walk, we were always found playing marbles or making matchbox towns in the driveway, carving roads out, building towns. Dad never owned a car until we were leaving high school in the late 60’s. We lost count of the times he would damage his bike coming home from the pub.

As we were growing up and meeting the other children in the neighbourhood, Noel and I shared mutual interest in our activities of cricket and football, and with the introduction of black and white television we would watch the neighbours T.V. From shows like ‘Cisco Kid’, ‘Rawhide’, ‘The Untouchables’ and later ‘Bonanza’ (remember them?), they influenced the shops for us to dress up with our cap guns to play cowboys and Indians or cops and robbers.

For those of US living during this period would recall how much T.V. changed our lives, even as preschoolers. A little later when we started school, we would hurry home to watch the ‘Mickey Mouse Club’. The radio’s ‘Dad and Dave’ shows and the card games soon faded away, and going to the open-air movies became a rare treat”.

“I remember much of all that” Phillipa added, “specially ‘Mickey Mouse’ – did you have a close one-on-one friend then?”.

“Well I did at 4 years of age, Peter Piper, from around the corner, we used to always climb this enormous pine tree opposite his place, we chopped steps up to the first branch, then like monkeys would quickly climb up to the swaying top amongst our magpie friends. We could look all over town, I would spend ages up there like an eagle watching people and animals like ants.

*It was up here in my special place when I was alone, where I first recall meeting my very best true loyal friend – **my unconscious mind** – our Godly mind, the Christ within, no doubt we were getting on like a house on fire when I was in my cradle and touring around in my pram in pure innocence”.*

“Yes, Kelvin, I believe God speaks to us this way, we need to intuitively listen”.

“For sure, how many times do we question our own actions, receive great ideas and solutions to our problems?, when we are not thinking. Many psychiatrists confuse this as being schizophrenia. It’s amazing as I am going back with you now to this time and space, mentally I am feeling this little 4 year old me with this 38 year old me and the Spirit of God all in a 3 way conversation up in the tree. May sound that I am out of my tree, but it seems as real as you and I sitting here. Don’t tell Dr. Kemp this.

“Phillipa, another very close friend of mine then and still is, is my cousin, Ian. During these wonderful years prior to my Great loving Grandmother Drina being sadly placed in a ‘C’ class retirement hospital against her will, she would carry the Letica family Christmas tradition on that my pioneer grandfather established.

Our family would take the steam train to Perth and spend school holidays with both grandmothers. We would stay at the Letica’s Store and vineyard/orchard through Christmas and New Year as the fifteen cousins united. Close to fifty would sit down to a Christmas banquet or should I say a ‘feast’. What fantastic, treasured memories to cherish, nothing like today’s commercialised isolated, disjointed Christmas! We would climb the huge pine tree to gather our

presents and play together with them through to the New Year. Locals would come to play bocce under the old flame trees and others sat around drinking wine and playing cards under the grapevines, talking and arguing in the slave lingo. I loved sitting up on my uncle's lap, driving the tractor.

One of the most memorable events that stuck for decades, was when Ian and I went down into the cellar amongst the cast that appeared gigantic at 4 and 5 years of age. We knocked the cork out to have a sip, only to cause an outburst of prime red wine, unable to force the cork back, we tried to salvage the spill by taking turns to gollop up as much as possible, knowing the trouble we would be in. It wasn't long before Ian and I were flaked out in a pool of red wine covering the floor. Within the hour we were discovered, to have the local doctor called in. On recovering days later, we received a hell of a hiding and reminded on our yearly returns of our dilemma. These things US adventurous cousin's got up to!

As children, we were all brought up on claret and water, like cordial, not a straight cast. All things in moderation. Apart from that day, I've never had trouble drinking fine wines. Perhaps our aboriginal cousins should also start off with cordial wine.

"Cheers, how did you adapt to schooling?", Phillipa asked.

"Quite well, socially a turning point. I took it as an extended play venue, never taking school serious until high school. I never went to Kindy, so at the age of 5 I went straight into Grade 1, in the small catholic St. Joseph's School. The school was made up of ten classes divided into two classrooms under two nuns. It was very different to today, I liked the nun, she did me too, but couldn't handle my clowning antics, well you always get one in the class. When I was sent out of class, I would often wander off to the nearby Murray River and reappear at lunch or home time.

Phillipa, must tell ya about my first day at school, my initiation, I'll never forget! Trusting everyone, and vulnerable, pure and innocent, when we all went outside for morning

play time, with our free mini bottle of milk, a couple of senior boys hemmed in on me, instructing me to go up to a small group of aboriginals, dance in front of them waving my hands at the sides of my head and calling out aloud –

‘Nigger! Nigger! Nigger! pull your trigger,

Bang! Bang! Bang!’ ”. So being as vulnerable as I was, I did so.

“On doing so this gullible snowy haired boy was immediately chased around the school. As fast as I was, I ran into three year 9 or 10 boys who had heard me. They grabbed and kicked the hell out of me. My first lesson was taught on racism while the priest took me to hospital with bruised ribs. I was left to lay there to contemplate until my mother collected me later in the day. My invisible, voiceless best friend explained the situation far better than the priest, telling me to respect and play with the black children for they will always be your friend.

It didn’t take much for me to say ‘SORRY’ to the aborigines. Then, years later, learning of the 1838 Battle of Pinjarra, really disgusted me to learn the true meaning of ‘Nigger! Nigger! Nigger! pull the trigger.....’, I’m the first to disarm the saying.

On returning to school you would always find my white head pop up amongst a group of aboriginals. The school was well populated with aboriginal children.

Over the four years there, a close friend of mine was Richard Wally (today a renowned international artist – leading didgeridoo player). We both excelled in sport; I became the school athletic champion for my age.

By the way Phillipa, it was interesting to know that I was a natural left hander commencing school. The nun forced me to convert to my right because left handers were discriminated on when applying for jobs”.

“I was too, that was common practice back then, I do some things still with my left hand”.

“This is good, now lets move onto your time in Perth. But before we do, was your father ever violent towards you or your family?”.

“No, fortunately not” I replied, “Although my mother went through the mill emotionally and mentally to suffer three nervous breakdowns. Much of which was brought upon by herself for being too passive and submissive. Like most of US this started from Mums European upbringing on the vineyard in the Swan Valley with the Four Square Store (deli). Her father in his later years turned to alcohol from a miner’s disease he picked up in his youth, as well as his elder daughter marrying an Australian, non-Catholic.

My pioneer grandfather dominated over my mother and her sisters, not allowing Mum to represent the State in netball or open her own boutique. Not surprising the three sisters all married Australian men with drinking problems. Mum allowed her elder sister to boss her as well, then her mother-in-law and husband. Since her divorce in the 70’s, my Mum, Rose, has been her own boss living by herself in her world too busy to be alone. It’s sad but very common, perhaps a little senile, now, by societies standards, not mine.

Mother Rose was and is a wonderful dressmaker; she created some beautiful wedding and bridesmaid’s gowns. Many of the elite housewives of the town would approach her for their special outfits.

I recall one particular incident when one of these women suggested to Rose that she place a block of wood on Dads plate when he next arrived home late from the pub drunk demanding a hot meal.

Mum built up the courage to do just that. Not only were us kids woken so were the neighbours when Dad staggered in. For a few weeks the wood was chopped and we all shared a family meal together”.

“Can see where you got your artistic talents from”, Phillipa replied.

“Yes, Mum is very crafty and creative, loves her gardening. She was also a champion sports person at school, my daughter Tara bears the same genes”.

“What nationality are your parents?”.

“Both born here but my father’s side is Irish and my mothers Yugoslavia-Croatian. Interesting mix, I seemed to neutralise it with my placid peace loving nature. Expressing all the Love that I was physically denied, hugs weren’t handed down in those days.

Is all this going anywhere?” I asked.

“Oh! yes, it’s forming a foundation and a pattern to help understand today. These formative stages in our lives are so important, but most of us are unaware of the impact these years have. Furthermore, what’s passed onto our adolescence holds the key to our adulthood. Life is forever unfolding and developing”.

“Fully agree, that’s why I am going with you on this. Most of my treasured memories, along with a few of my worst, come out of my schooling days”.

“Would you like another cuppa, before we continue? I’m having one, we still have a little over 20 minutes”.

“Yes please, just top this one up, thanks. This chair is so comfy – ”.

“There we go. Now, how was it in the 60’s for you in Perth?”.

*“Thanks! – Well yeah! it’s pretty true what they say – **if you haven’t lived in the 60’s you haven’t lived** – so much happened. I moved from being 9 years of age in grade 4 to successfully passing my junior at 16 to line up a job at the bank, to save for a car. Baby boomers may well recall the dramatic changes, such as; the pounds, shillings and pence to \$’s and C’s, the man on the moon, the Beatle mania with Elvis still Rockn’ Rolln’. I received my first radio and bike; music became a big part of my life, loved Club 17 and Countdown. Music came first with its fashions.*

I recall the 'Beachboys' music surfing high into the 70's, the colourful peace loving hippies were far and few in our neck of the woods, but remember 'Woodstock' clearly and the devastation of Agent Orange in the Vietnam war. John Lennon songs stuck in my mind as did the Australian songs of Johnny O'Keefe, Skyhooks, Australian Crawl and others".

"Where did you live and what school did you attend?".

We moved to Midland, into a new brick and tile house on the highway with a creek at the rear. That was exciting, Noel and I shared the long sleepout. We were only 200 metres from our new school De La Salle College, a Christian boy's school. It seemed monstrous then coming from St. Joseph's, but now it's a unisex school ten times larger in size and choice.

My sister Pauline took Noel to St. Bridges, the girls' school for the remainder of the year. The college commenced at grade 4. For me I can see myself now in my blazer and tie in a class of about forty other boys. Quite a change from Pinjarra I continued my clowning as previous to a lessor extent, sharing the stage, to just cruise through primary classes as an average student. Focusing more on sport to become the under 10 athletic champion both for the school and the interschools sport.

There was one classmate Mick, also a champion sports person, who wore a tough armour from his wrestling and martial arts interest. At the time, when I was in grade 7, a radio serial 'Chicken Man' was on, Mick teased me calling me,

'Chicken Man – Bar Bar!! Bar Bar!!'

The fact I reacted and retaliated, not taking to being teased and mocked, he gathered quite a few to join him, before long, he had about one third of the class, as did I – the bookworms stayed neutral – we formed two armies in a civil class war. It was on at lunchtimes until I stood up to Mick in the staircase only to have a prefect stop US, just as well. No one had challenged Mick before, he stopped the name calling immediately and we've been friends ever since. Mick, with his heart of Gold, and his family recently visited me in Graylands.

When also in Grade 7, cousin Ian introduced me to smoking during the school holidays, sharing a packet of menthol 'Kool' cigarettes. At that age, we thought it was cool to smoke and blow circles. Our saying "It's Kool, Kool, Kool as Kool as could be", still sticks in Ian's and my fond memories. After only bum smoking for a few years, I finally butted my last cigarette out before leaving high school, never to light another.

Ian and I often reminisce over the time I took a spectacular mark of the football I hit his back yard to land caught in the rose bushes. I didn't laugh then, like Ian did, but I certainly see the funny side now, as I plucked out the thorns".

"How did you cope with high school and adolescence?"

"Moving upstairs to high school was a different game. After the first half of fun and games, I started to take school serious, well at least around exam times, wasn't into homework in my hometime. In Year 9, I doubled both my math's A and B to well into the 90's after failing the half yearly. From then on I was the class wizard in mathematics. Sport took up most of my spare time. During the second term one of the brothers, sexually frustrated like most, came up and squatted by my desk while the class was preoccupied with school work and started putting his wandering hands down my pants. I froze to grab my steel ruler and gave him a hell of a wallop across his lower arm. From then onwards he gave me a hard time, to the point that I won the most straps for the year, marking up to 207 strokes inside my desk lid.

There were four brothers at the school; I went to the director – Brother Matthew, relaying my complaint on behalf of others. He wouldn't wear the sexual abuse, then with a strong stern voice, he snapped at me saying,

'Don't be ridiculous – don't let me hear another word of this. Now get back into your class'.

At least since then sexuality is more open these days, and children are encouraged to speak out".

“I too went to a Christian school; the nuns would flutter about like clucky chooks when the priest came in. It is not natural to deprive a woman from womanhood, motherhood. The priest and brothers should marry their sister peers and have children to live as a normal family to experience all the ups and downs like everyone else. Then a priest could offer better counseling to his parishioners, and speak more clearly of God’s family.

So was that the last we heard of the class sexual exploits?”.

“Well it didn’t go outside the classroom; no one could or would hear us. What happens at school stays at school they say. Although the brother, Br. Ibar, never attempted to touch me again, the fact that he continued to squat down in the aisle exploiting others, specially weak little Robbie diagonally across from me, that emotionally and mentally abused me. A person doesn’t have to be penetrated to be raped, the physical aspect is the less painful or harmful, we can physically block out pain, our body often goes into shock to avoid it”.

“This is an important issue, have you spoken to anyone else since your school director?”.

“No! Over the last 30 years have pretty well forgotten about it, until the subject comes up in the media, then this sickening feeling flows through me, like now”.

“Are you happy and comfortable enough to deal with it now?”.

“Well yes, now that the can is open, I’d like to let the worms out”.

“We’ll dwell deeper into it until you wish to surface, have you had any other sexual abuse since?”.

“Yes! As it was the following year a friend of mine, four years older than I, had me stripped off and tied me to a table and molested me”.

“Would you care to explain a little?”.

“His name is John, much taller and stronger than I was – you see I befriended many senior boys at school from my sporting popularity, and John was one. He lived a little further up the creek than us, over a couple of years I would often help him build bridges and landscape

around the creek behind his house. After he left school, he managed a junior position at Columbia Pictures and this particular year a projectionist job at the new Swanview drive in. I made a slide projector out of a shoebox and torch. John was able to splice film at any point so I could make a slide. Once I obtained one or two, I wanted a collection.

Well John would bribe me, insisting I take my clothes off for a handful of film. Totally naïve of sex, it was never seen or spoken of, I went along with his playful acts the first time happy to add another seven slides to my collection. The following week with the same occurrence and sensing my discomfort, he tied me to the table naked, while he once again tried to excite me with no success. Feeling imprisoned, I protested, asking then shouting to be released, he eventually untied me, then I dressed, grabbed the film and took off never to return. This scare has stayed on my mind ever since. But as I speak it's disappearing.

You could say it is a form of rape, which I soon buried and I forgave him fully. Only a few years ago, however, he just happened to pop into my shop, unaware of me being there. I met his wife to see he had moved on from his sexual explorations and exploits of the 60's. The events resurfaced, I was about to clear them with John but didn't wish to damage his marriage relationship.

But, I feel fine now, the fact that I have finally aired all this, it feels as if the last butterflies have flown out of that can with the worms. Yeah, I have no problems talking about it as I first did about five minutes ago".

"That's good" Phillipa explained, "Time – with maturity – when talked about, certainly heals old wounds. Specially with family rifts".

"Back to Br. Ibar, he wasn't let off quite so easy, as much as him giving me a hard time, little Robbie and I initiated stealing his strap. I took it from his desk directly in front of me (he moved me from the rear) while he was writing on the board. I had it passed onto Robbie. At lunchtime we sawed it up into small pieces and returned it to his desk drawer.

In the afternoon period you should have seen his face on opening the drawer to give a student a couple of lashing. The class, most unaware, froze in silence as he yelled out,

‘Who’s done this’ – as he pulled out a few pieces. Some of us couldn’t help but laugh while others sat fearful of the outcome. ‘I’ll turn my back to the board, count to 10 and those responsible – stand up’. No one did, then he repeated, ‘I’ll turn around again and if no one admits up to it, I’ll punish you all’. This time before 10, I stood up and to my surprise more than half the class did. Still upset he ordered us all to remain standing while he went to the class room next door to borrow the teachers leather strap and gave each and everyone of us standing three each. He was well exhausted when hitting the last; unfortunately, I was in the front of his rage. Nevertheless, at football training Br. Ibar was the coach. In a tackle I head butted him in the solar plexus to wind him, so it evened itself out”.

Phillipa then asked, *“Is there any other forms of sexual abuse?”.*

“Only that while I was an altar boy, can you imagine? in grade 6 prior to adolescence.....”

“Yes, you on the altar dressed as an angel”.

“Well, this priest while getting dressed for mass would masturbate”.

“Really”.

“Yep, little did I know at the time in the early morning light these vibrating shadows would move across the wall down at the end where we would get changed. I guess his spiritual energy of mass would arouse his sexual energy”.

“Ok, well we should move on, so you passed your junior with flying colours?” asked Phillipa.

“Yes to my fathers’ surprise, 8 subjects and 2 distinctions. I excelled in maths and technical drawing”.

“Did you carry on to your leaving, Year 12?”.

“No, Dad never encouraged it until Noel sat his junior. My sister Pauline was a top student – could have chosen any degree at Uni., but Dad lined her up a job in the railways doing secretarial work, still works for the government. I found my own job the week the junior results came out. I accepted a job as a bank clerk in the National Bank in Subiaco”.

“O.K., that is a good stage to finish off, we’re running out of time. Is there any other important part of schooling you’d like to add?”.

“Schooling was different, still parrot like methods but the choice was not available as today, a pity I was never taught art or music. I would like all students to be taught to play a musical instrument in primary school. I also wish we had girls at the school, that’s an education in itself”.

“Yeah, I missed not having boys too, it’s not healthy, the segregation.

“Can we continue next Wednesday at the same time for another hour?”.

“Yes, that will be fine, my offsider Kurt will hold the fort again. Thanks, Phillipa, will see ya then”.

We exchanged hugs then I returned to the shop.

It is so healthy to go back over our childhood and school days. Open the closets, clear away the cobwebs and the monsters that haunt US. Face our hidden fears or deal with unfinished business that our subconscious mind holds onto and constantly reminds US of. To talk with old school friends, brothers and sisters, where we can both relive the period together now in a better Light with wiser minds, to see a broader picture.

In much the same manner, I snuggled back into that cosy chair the following week, to reminisce from school adventures through my working days up to this point. Without spelling it out as before I will recapture the main points.

On leaving school as mentioned previously, I started off in the bank. That only lasted for six months. I told the bank manager after my first two weeks, when he questioned me with my

drafting board, I undertook three subjects at Technical College, studying architecture. The bank was great for me, a great introduction to the work force and that big world out there – saved all my pay and lived on tea money and overtime, my home board was only \$10. The manager, very happy with my work and how I associated with the staff and the public, he gave me a complete run down, before I left, of the operations of the bank during my last three months, a few weeks as a teller, then the ledgers, the supervisors job, also the accountants and even a week in and out of the manager's office. Banking is very different now with the use of computers, bank charges etc. They say for the better but we think the worse in most areas. The focus is still on the \$, it's all about capital, profit, customer service is far less personal, like most things, than yesterday. The banks and insurance companies have united to build the tallest ivory towers in our capital cities, but they can be vacated overnight with financial collapses or a mass insurance claim. Today's debt and usage system has no tangible security; we have seen so many greedy high fliers crash into brick walls.

I saw no future in the bank so stepped into the doorway of the government with my drafting board under my arm open to ideas. Many sought their security here waiting nearly fifty years to earn their gold watch, only to vegetate in their short retirements. No wonder I found my eighteen month clerical stint in the Lands and Surveys department educational and eventful, but the workers were slack and lazy wearing their numbers only doing the bare minimum of work, I felt I was being corrupted as well. Many employers would meet at the nearby hotels for an extended lunch drink. The ambitious ones moved on to establish their own business.

On my 17th birthday I passed my drivers licence and bought my first car from a years saving, a new Hillman Hunter.

With six subjects behind me I was offered a cadetship in drafting in the Town Planning Department in the city of Perth, it was my second choice to architecture. Here I progressed for seven years before resigning in 1978 to full-time art. Years on, the section leaders were still

spinning stories of my humorous activities. My workmanship was second to none, and I was extremely efficient and conscientious but I balanced work with play. My behaviour at times overstepped the line drawn in the drafting office. Nevertheless, I was well tolerated and liked by the section leaders.

My work mates in the office also became my outside social mates; even today three of US keep in close contact.

Like the 60's, the 70's was a decade full of Life and dramatic change with its dull and sparkling moments.

My hair grew longer with others and I enjoyed stepping out in my flares and the fashions of the time. The music of the day held my greatest interest.

If we were to look at music, fashions and language of the 60/70's and compare it to the analytical 90's. Then we can clearly see how far we have dramatically fallen over just two decades, in general, from the abuse of booze, drugs, sex and violence from government policies. However, true artists when balanced always shine becoming brighter.

The abuse, alone, that our televisions bounce off the walls in to our conscious mind is immeasurable for those who choose it. We know, well those of US who have learnt from history, NO immoral city has ever survived and all their collapses were swift.

Meanwhile, Nanna, Dad's mother died leaving him her house where he sold it to build a new four bedroom house in the northern suburb of Willetton, a new subdivision.

Noel and I transferred to the East Fremantle football club and worked our way up the ranks. We both had league potential, Noel carried on, I wasn't as dedicated, for my social life, studies time, was just as important. While Noel studies accounting full time, I undertook diplomas in Architecture, Cartography, Town Planning and later Art Studies, up to six subjects a year part-time. Work would allow several hours a week for study leave.

Because of the one-sided administration bureaucracy, I opposed the top-level sports to enjoy myself at a more social level of association cricket and Sunday League football. I kept the sport a game. Today in Australia, the National football has become the biggest and most followed and talked about religion. Even the so-called Christians forgo church to watch the local Eagles and Dockers teams on T.V. or at the Oval, going manic on a win or depressed on a loss.

I wasn't your typical macho footballer, into dirty jokes, sex talk and blue movies. I never stood for the sickening dribble, yet I was the wildest, boldest and funniest of them all, not needing alcohol to perform at socials. However while at East Fremantle I did insist on a can of beer to settle in before the Game, my performance on the field would allow me to break that club rule. Being mildly hypomania brings the best out of a person. My special friend Rhett would second that. You don't crash on natural highs if not interfered with.

At my 21st birthday I mentioned in my speech that *"I have been observing my parents, teachers, uncles and aunties, people behind the shop counters and had decided never to become like them! My body may grow older but I will maintain my mind of a child"*. I pretty well have kept to that statement.

Later that year after my six week holiday over east with two of my workmates, what an adventure, I purchased a copper bronze 260Z sportscar only three months old, run in by a farmer down south at Kendenup, up from Albany. On meeting the sheep and cattle farmer, Phillip Slade, I was adopted into his family. His six children were near my age; we accepted each other as brothers and sisters. Over the years the friendship grew and today my adopted family are as strong as ever. I would visit the farm in my swift sportscar every opportunity to escape the rate race up in the concrete jungle. Home life was not at all healthy at Willetton, Mum suffered a third nervous breakdown from Dad's drinking problems, Pauline left home on a prawning boat off to Darwin, wanting out.

In the mid 70's music was certainly alive and very much so in my life. One of the senior footballers at East Fremantle gained the contract for security personnel at all the Perth concerts. Any reserve player could freely attend to carry out security duties. Noel and I share a great passion for music, we attended every concert. Most months an international artist would perform on world tours. We enjoyed; Roy Orbison, Bee Gees, Alice Cooper, Paul McCartney and Wings, Santana, David Essex, to mention a few. Our home collection housed over three hundred recorded tapes. We would often be up early hours in the morning, carefully selecting songs and the order to tape them to have the best of each artist with our own index.

From school and during my early 20's I developed a tough character, standing up for my or others rights. Not that I have ever started a fight I certainly finished quite a few both on and off the football field. One night from a misunderstanding five ganged up on me outside a nightclub. Noel came in to assist only to lose half his front tooth requiring major dental work. He never spoke to me for weeks. My early 20's was lawfully full of active clean fun.

I continued my studies into 1976. The year before I produced my first oil painting outside class, "Down on Knowle Hill Farm". Social life was full on enjoying local bands at various hotels/taverns/and nightclubs. Met lots of girls would very rarely go out with girls more than once – I was interested to get to know them, give them treats and moved on. Sex was usually the furthest thing on my mind. I would often run the other way if anyone took a deeper interest in me. I didn't want to become involved and hurt anyone's feelings. Most of these city girls were attracted to my tall bronze athletic body, blue eyed, blond hair appearance with a stylish sportscar. But only a few looked me in the eye and felt my heart beat, it was only those I offered a ride to.

At this time in my life, my best friend was Faye, a 65-year-old angelic lady who lived high up near Kings Park overlooking the City of Perth and the Swan River. Her three-storey

home housed remarkable antiques dating back to the 12th century. She was the only one I could relate to on a spiritual level. We became very close, age was no bearing.

I was living with my good friends Ray and Rhonda (Ray worked with me), in their new home I had built a model of for my architectural studies. In my final year in the architectural design subject, I designed three storey houses based on pyramids; virtually self sufficient with power and water supply. The ground level was for living and entertaining, the second for bedrooms and bathrooms and the third apex room was for healing, meditating and or master bedroom. The lecturer had trouble comprehending my concept being stuck on square blocks. It was before its time.

I really enjoyed studying art and architectural history, something I'll continue to do all my life in my own way, (now the fundamental periods were taught). Leonardo da Vinci and Vincent VanGogh held my deepest interest, for obvious reasons.

The following year in 1976 Mum separated and divorced from Dad. She was in dire straits and needed somewhere to live, so I found a house in Como close to Perth and we rented the house together for six months before combining with Noel to buy a lovely home in a higher part of Como. It was here that I first met my wife Sue, she was living next door with her sister Debbie, two country girls up from Harvey. I slowly got to know them and it wasn't until I moved out that I started dating Sue. Those at work saw the romance, for the dating exceeded a month.

With exams out the way I focused strongly on my art and Sue. During my October visit to the farm I was overwhelmed by the beauty of nature in the Stirling Ranges, not far from Slades farm. Within a couple of year's visits, I had climbed most of the peaks.

At the time I felt spiritually warm and comfortable with God and was so in love with the beauty of Nature (God) in our landscapes. Early in December I commenced an oil painting from the October visit. I called it "Stirling Inspiration"; it was both miraculous and magic in its

production. The quality and workmanship was ten fold above anything I had painted previously. After work in the office I would paint in the double garage-come-studio after tea. Into the second week I had progressed from the sky and distant mountains across three middle grounds into the foregrounds. On this particular warm summer's night on the 10th of December while I was developing the wattle trees on the right of the canvas with my palette knife in an impressionistic dabbing technique. Holding pure cadmium yellow paint on the palette and about to apply it to the tree, all of a sudden I felt this incredible orgasmic warmth and tingle down my right arm, my hairs seemed to raise, knowing something strange was happening, I still continued. My hand was then guided away from the tree to an opening and two or three long strokes were applied in such a confident and graceful manner. I shook my head – this hadn't come from me – I wiped the palette and gathered some vermilion red to return to the tree but as previously my hand shook to move over to blend with the yellow strokes they merged into what appeared flames of a fire, a triangle was formed and at first I could see what looked liked a match light coming from behind or within the canvas in amongst the bushy triangle. That Light then became brighter as if a light globe, and continued to develop until what I could only say looked as bright as the sun. At this stage I could see and feel the Light across my arms and face. It continued to light up the rafters above me and the entire studio. Before I knew it, I was totally engulfed in this unexplainable and unbelievable white Light with Gold and like what we see in hologram laser glitter today with all the rainbow colours they were also amongst the Light emanating Light.

This was similar I guess to what most fellow N.D.E. people have seen in their tunnels into the Light, but I can assure you I was consciously awake all the time.

At its climax and in no time, I felt this incredible warm surge of energy spinning at the base of my spine, from there it rose right up my backbone and through the top of my head and in doing so, believe it or not, in the Light I rose off my stool to gently land on my back on the bare

concrete floor with tears of gratitude flowing down my cheeks. Through my mind I continually said “Thank you, thank you, thank you Father, thank you...” at that point of my spiritual unfoldment I didn’t recognise the Mother side of IT, of GOD.

I cannot find words to explain the awesome unconditional Love showered upon and in me. While I was quietly calling out without a sound. This unidentifiable Divine voice explicitly told me who and what I am, all of Life, the past, present and future was bestowed upon me as my conscious, subconscious and unconscious minds fused or became one. As much as I recall all this I still can not find the words to explain this phenomenon at a level of our conscious comprehension. Then even if I could explain in a short term, who would believe me anyhow, only little children and N.D.E. people who have returned could start to relate what I had experienced.

I wasn’t frightened but completely inspired and overwhelmed, some may say this was only a psychotic delusion. To give concrete the miracle followed. Once the voice and light faded away, I stood up feeling enough energy to fly. I could not contain myself, it was 10.15pm and Noel was in his room studying his accountant books. As I walked in he looked up with a puzzling look asking me if I was all right. I must have been glowing, sensing he would not understand, I told him I had just had an amazing experience while painting and said I would not disturb his study and would tell him later, that was years later, saying no more than the above.

Nevertheless, on returning down stairs to the studio, still well overwhelmed trying to come to terms with everything, I could not continue to paint so I went to my palette to clean up, I was not surprised, but was amazed to see all the colours of paint, after up to ten days use, were all separated back into their original pure colours and the coffee jar of milky turps with four brushes in was also purified to a crystal clear liquid even more so than in the turps bottle, the brushes had no sign of paint, appearing as new. I accepted without question that if God was to appear to me all was purified.

After seeing the BIG PICTURE of Life, my attitude towards it was never the same again. My spiritual close friend Faye was the only one I felt fully comfortable to share this experience with; Sue was open to it on the surface. Faye understood and accepted it as being similar to what Moses experienced. The triangular shape paint took the shape of a burning bush as it ignited in glowing Light.

The glowing bush
is seen here half way up
near the right border of
the painting.

It was years later I
learnt that I had actually
experienced a pure
Kundalini experience
when the Light energy
surged up my spinal nervous system to burst out of my crown chakra in the top of my head. I
have heard of people burning to ash from the Light passing through impurities in the seven main
chakra areas. It is called the awakening of the sleeping serpent, a spiritual awakening.

While on the painting, I will mention that years later in the year 2000, a 6 year old child
asked why *July* was written in the painting under the trees? The spiritual meaning 25 years on
(?) will be significant during the 7th month in 2001 through Israel. Many major art works
produced during 1977-1980 held many ambiguous meanings hidden in the realism of nature.

For the next three years I felt so well attuned or connected to all of Life, to God,
becoming more sensitive and loving, my relationship with Sue grew, my social life became more
centred around Sue where we married on the 11-11-1978 (Remembrance Day), a wonderful day

I shall never forget. I was very productive with my artwork producing more than two hundred quality paintings with three solo exhibitions. The first was at Faye's delightful large home. The sellout maiden exhibition went on to be displayed in Albany.

It felt as if Jesus Christ was my shadow, or at least that is how I accepted this inner guidance coming from my Christian upbringing. Whenever I came upon a situation I would mentally call upon Jesus to handle it. You could say mini miracles were occurring most days during this period.

For example, one drizzly lunch break while walking back to the office in St. Georges Terrace, I noticed this elderly derelict lady scrounging through the rubbish bin, I felt so sorry for her as if it was me, not pity, and wanted to help her, so mentally I asked Jesus (my best friend), to lead the way and help. With total confidence and faith that He would I approached the bin. This inner spirit, **the Christ within**, that we all have, guided me to spontaneously fossick through the rubbish, within a second or two I came across a near full bucket of what appeared to be soggy chips. As I touched them, to brush away a couple of ants, they felt dry and as hot as when purchased. In moving a chip I noticed red paper underneath the top chips revealing a \$20 note or a bundle of them. I proceeded by moving the bucket closer to her scrounging hand. I acknowledged her saying "hello! Have a great day" moving on, I noticed, in the corner of my eye, that she picked up the bucket.

Furthermore, many readers have experienced, when in the need of a carpark, when willed using visualisation and imagination in total faith, (prayer), one would appear outside the shop you wish to attend or whatever. I would always do that with Sue over the three years. From there on I wouldn't lock my house or car, often leaving the keys in the ignition, knowing it wouldn't be stolen.

During these three years all my artwork was focused on detailed representational landscapes. Mid '76 I sold the sportscar to buy a Toyota 4-wheel drive station wagon to travel

the state painting. Sue was working at what is now Curtin University doing secretarial work, during her holidays we traveled to the Pilbara twice and onto the Kimberley's in the far north of W.A. In '79 we towed a new camper trailer only to have it fall apart to strand us in the middle of nowhere along the Gibb River road. Aborigines came to our aid. The trip was quite an adventure, which delayed us in reaching Darwin to see Pauline.

The three solo exhibitions were all successful, acknowledging and displaying God's beautiful creations titled; "S/W of our State", "Keeping in Touch with Nature" and "W.A. Naturally".

Leading up to the end of 1979 I produced several masterpieces, non more appealing than "Passing Time" shown in the beginning of these chapters. The painting was the runner-up to a National portraiture competition, if it won, it would have launched my art career Australia wide. It wasn't meant to be for on its completion, my inner voice asked if I wanted to be rich and famous or humble and wise. I chose the latter, now I can be both without owning anything.

Art dealers were keen to own me, but I wasn't for sale only my paintings to selected clients, so I did it alone. Failing to sell sufficient painting during my first year of full-time art, I was the runner-up to all major competitions. It takes time to develop a steady market; I was persuaded to return to the employed workforce. Sue and her parents were used to the old school, like most, of a forty hour weekly pay packet, Monday to Friday, the 9-5 working man. Art payments can be like farmers.

Ticking over into the 80's spiritually I placed my Life on pause PASSING TIME for eight years to explore and learn more of the workforce and the people tied to it and the hands on effect the pressures upon US.

The first few weeks were taken up as a night porter at Perth's Savoy Hotel – 11pm to 7am. Sue and I hardly saw one another, the extra dollars gained a new T.V. and other household

goods, Sue sold her car for a brass bed. Bob Dylan's song "Lay Lady Lay" just flashed through my mind, I sing it well.

After four weeks I learnt enough of this night life in the hospitality industry and moved onto a job as a groundsperson at the Commonwealth Hockey Stadium next to Sue's work. It was hoped I could continue with my art in my spare time, but like all work I undertake, my heart goes into it and before long I was clocking up fifty hours plus. The new stadium had hardly any gardens, over the six months I established beautiful gardens and superb lawns. It soon became a showpiece for State, National and International hockey. The board were very pleased with my work, the chairman created and offered me a new position as Operations Manager overseeing all activities outside administration. Because I loved gardening I also maintained the groundsperson position. This entailed weekend work.

During all this Sue fell pregnant and on the 5th of the 5th 1981 in ward number 5 at precisely 5.00pm I became ecstatic on the arrival of Tara Joy. I was the happiest and the most proud father in the world; all fathers out there know what I mean. Tara is certainly a Peace-Loving Freedom 5 person, my special bundle of joy.

When Tara was only six months we all traveled to South Australia and Victoria during our holidays, we sold the 4-wheel drive to buy a Mazda 929 station wagon, from which we towed our renovated camper trailer to enjoy a week in the Flinders Ranges. I prepared many studies with photographs before moving on to spend a week in Melbourne with Sue's cousin, here we all experienced the Melbourne Cup, we backed the winning horse 'Just a Drop', Tara's choice No. 5.

Returning home to Mt. Lawley I prepared fifteen paintings to stage an exhibition at the stadium in the lounge, titled 'Flinders and Beyond'.

Sue was interested in opening a coffee lounge in the new shopping centre in Australind near Bunbury 200km south of Perth. After the International Hockey Tournament, I resigned with a hearty appreciative send off.

Sue's parents purchased the old weatherboard house next door to them where I went down to paint and prepare the inside prior to the family coming down in November. I was also decking out the new shop for a delayed Christmas opening. Meanwhile, Sue was six months pregnant with our second child.

This was all a new challenge, we all gave it our best shot, Sue's parents as usual were of great support and encouragement. Sue and her mother prepared much of the cakes and dishes at home.

With only a few hours of labour my beautiful little boy Simon Edward was born as the sun rose on the 11th of March 1983. I once again felt just as excited as Tara's birth. The pope and his priest don't know what they're missing, how sad, how can they really feel how God the Mother/Father really feels and cares for US all. When parents fall in Love with their children on birth it truly is a life long deep Love, blood is definitely thicker than water.

The coffee lounge was caught up in a white elephant scenario; the main draw card to any shopping centre is its supermarket(s). After we signed up, the main Coles company hadn't and was replaced with a lesser Foodland company who only opened half its allotted area. Plus the surrounding neighbourhood over the years were too accustomed to shopping in the more selective nearby Bunbury City centre. It was to take time at Australind Village Shopping Centre to fill all the shops and build up a reputation.

Those initial months were excitingly difficult so before it was to become a depressing liability, Sue was happy to sell up and count our \$10,000 losses on the books. We were later told that in the following two years it had changed hands a further seven times. During our eight months we basically just survived living on the food from the shop (many do this for years

hanging on to hope). Thankfully Seymour and Joyce generously overlooked our rent payments. Seymour looked more like a pie and I a cake; I had never eaten so many cakes in my life.

With the shop on the market we were offered a rent-free shop in the shopping centre to try out an art shop. We took it on with just \$50 out of the till, no capital. I had a picture-framing guillotine with credit on molding, the Kelsue Picture Framers was established. After the three months trial and recouping the setting-up costs of the coffee lounge, we moved to rent a shop in the main street of Bunbury in October of that year. Over the years with a loan and an overdraft it constantly grew through the recession and into a thriving business. In 1987 we opened a second branch in the booming City of Kalgoorlie some 850 kilometres away. Both Kelsue Art Centre's were over 350 square metres, demanding \$5000 a month on rent alone, requiring a lot of framing.

Soon after leaving Perth my special spiritual sister in Faye became ill missing me, to die the following year. Her son sold her home underneath her and our time together faded to just a phone call. Faye is Tara's Godmother, certainly a Godly person/soul.

Becoming my own boss with all the responsibilities I was more enslaved and less paid than my years employed in the government and private sector.

This was my black period becoming a workaholic devoting 80 – 100 hours to the business; the little spare time was with the family. I lost myself and my soul during these years.

Apart from shopping and collecting wood in the bush during winter and a little fishing we hardly ever went out. Never had time to visit old friends or go down to the Slade's farm.

My old school friend Mick, Carol and their children would come down to visit on the occasional long weekends. Mick was still stuck in the Commonwealth Bank, complaining – what happened to those fun days of the 60's and 70's? Society and the system had US locked in our business and households.

Harvey is about 45 kilometres from the business in the City of Bunbury, without the time to train I gave up local sport on opening the Art Centre. Social Life and visiting friends over dinner was left behind in Perth, soon my happy go lucky chirpy personality faded away with my spiritual connections, I hated what was becoming of me, sacrificing everything including the marriage to establish a business for the family. The balance of work and play was not happening, intimacy with Sue and I becoming less, and my beautiful children were growing so fast. Familiar story for so many with mortgages and job to contain. I felt enslaved to work to the bank and creditors as well as the landlord, we couldn't get ahead, bad luck kept on jumping in.

Having two branches fed with five agencies from surrounding towns, the framing division had me working around the clock. Sue would often push for a holiday or break, for an isolated weekend away, just the two of us. That was certainly needed. . Each branch had two in staff; I always employed a disabled person. We eventually bought a week's holiday a year at the Busselton Beach Resort that forced us to have time off.

I had planned to sacrifice 10 years to establish a family business of the Arts. Sell Kalgoorlie shop for our house to build the home on our 5 acre block, then buy the building we rented and build a restaurant upstairs from my foresight of today's café strip, incorporate a coffee lounge in the front corner, lease both off, providing art works for sale as gallery space and have a manager run the Art Centre, while I went about painting. If I was egotistical I could have even developed an empire with branches in all regional centres and the metropolitan, but I wasn't that foolish. The *Visit to the Loonie Bin* soon ended any dream of that becoming reality, just as well in a way.

This all brought Phillipa up to date to complete another session. She could see the build up of pressure from giving up my art production to just the odd one or two paintings a year and the long hours devoted to the business that wedged between the marriage with all its pressures.

Phillipa broke the news to me that she was offered a psychologist position in a major hospital in London during the week and will only be here for another three weeks. However, seeing the problems that were unfolding with the marriage, when I explained how Sue took up studying for a primary school teaching job, she asked if our final consultation could be with Sue to help with some marriage guidance.

A little hesitant Sue accompanied me the following week but wasn't too open, feeling dejected, hearing how friendly Phillipa and I had become, she felt a little off side. At one point I broke down and cried, knowing I was the one person who could make Sue so happy, if only she was to open up again and allow it to happen and for me to be me and create. I don't only mean painting.

It was in 1988 I finally re-connected mentally and emotionally with my Spirit while driving back from the Kalgoorlie branch after a 140-hour working week, three nights without sleep. I was at burn out point when I was relaxing into the long drive back to Harvey after just passing through Coolgardie; I felt the presence of Spirit in the car. I can only say it was an angel, it was so warm and loving, a mild dose of my Kundalini experience in the studio twelve years ago. All the lessons of the last eight years came to mind.

It was a reawaking, strange to say, if my feet could reach through to the road below, like Fred Flintstone, I felt I could sit down and run faster than my 115-kilometre speed. I was so relieved, overwhelmed, with tears of excitement I took my hands off the wheel and held my head, the car would normally pull sharply to the left being out of alignment. The intervention put me back on track.

Not to my surprise or disbelief the car continued up and over the slight hills and bends for a kilometre or two before I touched the wheel again, driving at a perfectly constant speed of 120 kilometres per hour without, I repeat, without my foot on the accelerator. Now who is going to believe that? I am not asking you to.

Anyhow my attitude was brought back in line and on my return to Harvey it seemed I had eight years of loving to let out. My loving giving behaviour was too much for Sue to accept, she went the other way and closed up. A turning point for US both. I recommenced expressing my Love more freely to all after clamming up under the circumstances and situation. Under extreme pressure built up to 1988, I could have had a nervous breakdown, a stroke, overworked or as I did a renewed spiritual reawakening. After working on a serious conservative left brain mode this freer peace loving behaviour was a little hard for Sue to handle in her stressed course of study and mothering Simon and Tara.

During my next return trip to the Kalgoorlie shop, my new manager Greg's wife, Debbie, a district nurse, invited my (along with Alex, another nurse) to a day trip to Kiandra Mission some 250 kilometres east of the city. The small aboriginal community interested me. On arrival, while the girls carried their work out, I interacted with the youth, playing football – I loved these young teenagers, we got on so well together. Soon after, I was drawn to sit down and chat to an elder, as we became engrossed in a deep conversation of years well gone by while I was drawing symbols in the sand, old Neville grabbed my right hand and said,

“Your NGang”

“Who's Nang”, I asked.

Neville, now in his 60's, went on to explain, *“When I was a little boy, my grandmother told me that when my hair turns grey, that I would meet a white man in disguise and he is 'NGang' and I would recognise him by his tongue”*

We enjoyed a very interesting spiritual chat and the name NGang stuck in the back of my mind.

As the years unfolded and I became deeper entrenched in the loonie bin, I made attempts for this childhood/youth report to be referred to but the doctor claimed they had no knowledge of

it. It must have disappeared with Phillipa. A pity for it held many answers the shrinks were incapable of asking.

While I was away in hospital this time Sue found a buyer for the Bunbury branch to a local artist, meat inspector and regular client.

A little washed out and over ridden with creditors invoices and with the \$20,000 overdraft pushed to its limit, my enthusiasm drained, I gave in to the sale, a blessing in disguise, we cleared all debts to leave only a handful of cash left to start again, but where??

After a few weeks break and tidying up the business, I was out looking for a new job. The melleril drug was dropped and most of the lithium found their way to the kitchen plug hole or toilet I was soon able to create again, with much research I completed an intense detailed literature painting of 7000 words outlining “Australian Society during the 20th Century”. I compiled 100 squares, ten rows for each decade; it was all colour coded to depict, chronological information of all areas, spiritual data, and social developments over the century.

To make a living in art locally I needed to paint pretty little landscapes and lots of them, I have been there and have moved on to more soulful expressions of Life. I followed on with the visual arts division of “Australian Society during the 20th Century”. Once started I became totally engrossed in the diptych, it was well underway when a job at the local Harvey Senior High School came up. As the assistant gardener, it was only temporary at this point to relieve the current gardener on long service leave while he suffered an illness, which could become permanent. This was most suitable, many applied, with my Hockey Stadium experience accompanied with excellent references, I commenced work during the first week of the 1992 New Year. Sue also was about to step into the most stressful job in society. Before taking on the full brunt of the classroom of 30+ children she was offered six months relief work as the librarian at her own childhood school, an ideal introduction to get to know the children of the school. The whole family is now back at school.

These initial chapters form an introduction, a foundation of four decades from which we can all move on in our journey of soul progression towards enlightenment.

It is not that any of US actually travels on the identical path, but my course, that my soul has chosen for my personal growth and spiritual unfoldment, is so diverse and flexible encompassing such a variety of living and different types of people who have walked with and helped me for a while or who have crossed my path. It is hoped as the plot of my story develops to include everyone, that as a guide on this journey of Life my lesson taught and spiritual developments will assist you, if not already, to become spiritually minded to take you on a much smoother and happier venture out of darkness and into the Light.

On compiling these chapters, I have been home sitting in the Hills near Perth amongst 'Nature' in the comfort of lovely spacious homes/mansions in total peace and quiet while still keeping in touch with society down on the hectic flats of suburbia. The tranquility has been most inspirational and the companionship and friendship of Tereza has been most encouraging and supportive.

We are all here to Love and to be Loved in an earthly school of Love and Wisdom.

Many have read how Moses offered all people a short or long path to the promised land of Christhood. Our great friend Guantama Buddha also offered US the short or long path to enlightenment. Since we nearly all choose the long exhausting journey let us continue the hard way by going back to the blackboard as I enter Harvey Senior High School.