

CHAPTER 5

Love it Back at School

*Life here on earth is one BIG school, we are all students and pupils to one another to help each other earn Self Mastery for our soul graduation to Becoming **Enlightened/Christed**.*

As we stepped into 1992, I was well advanced with the second part of the painting –

“Australian Society during the 20th Century”.

A historical reflection and development of US as a Nation along with the rest of the world, over a 100 year period, looking at a year and decade at a time.

Before we turn up at Harvey Senior High School for my first day of employment, I will just touch briefly on the above artwork for it is relevant at this point, for my head was full of it at the time.

So much has happened since Federation Day in Australia, in 1901, our Grandparents question if we have gone forward or backwards. We have certainly made enormous discoveries and invented many new technologies. Such as; electricity, the telephone, television and computers, the cars, ships and aeroplanes, plastics and so forth.

Our communication and transport technology has enabled US to share the news of the minute, the day, instantly to all corners of the globe with a push of a button, both audio and visual. We are able also to travel the world in days in luxurious comforts of our homes and commute vast distances to work in a short time (unless in a city traffic jam). With all these advancements one would think we would be able to connect and live happily and harmoniously together as ONE large multicultural Family – the seed of Love in US all must germinate and bloom.

This may sound and look very well and clever BUT compared to our early aborigines, the human race is far more separated and isolated, yet more densely cramped together, than ever before. We have scratched and scarred the earth's surface (her beautiful face) with complex and expensive road and rail systems, which could have been totally unnecessary.

It is so vital that our materialistic technological progress advances along hand in hand with our Spiritual progress – “*Commerce in Harmony with Nature*”. Sadly our Spiritual Unfoldment, at large, was suppressed throughout the 20th Century by the male energy that ignited World War I and II. The artist revived the Spirit in the 60's and 70's where booze, drugs and sex tried to contain it again in the 80's and 90's.

Our 20th Century would have taken a completely different turn if **Electricity** (male energy) and **Magnetism** (female energy) worked together – **Electromagnetism** as the inventor had planned giving free energy, (which is our right) to US all. But our hero Edison STOLE part of the recipe for the light bulb and in his male greed SOLD it to US for the \$. On the other hand Magnetism alone is more powerful and if abused with the wrong hands would be capable of spinning the earth out of orbit. The energy is in the air as ♪ Love is in the Air ♪ not to be owned by anyone.

We do not need our mobile phones and computers, or our cars and jumbo jets, even though we say they are a necessity and depend upon them. Mentally they are slowly teaching us to communicate and travel afar.

Just as our true brother in Jesus Christ explained to his bewildered apostles the only tools we require to communicate to anyone and travel anywhere, are our Minds and Hearts. For once we connect in Loving ONENESS, we will be able to put down our phones to talk to one another telepathically. We will travel faster than light by the **speed of thought**, (God speed) enabling US to travel across or around the world in no time in no space. Something we All can look forward to, absolutely **free**.

This may sound unbelievable and bizarre today, then again, so did phones, T.V. and aeroplanes 2000 years ago. I/WE see this occurring a little later this century for Graduation Day is upon US now. Final exams are in process.

The earthy school then will be going in Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring vocation for 1000 years from the year 2013. This is not new age talk, it is old talk, our bibles, karan, all our religious books have been telling US since their original print. At this point of time I/WE only see millions not billions (predominantly children, women and elderly) going on the S.A.W.S. vocation, which will be Heaven on Earth, full of fun, fun, adventure, excitement Love and Peace and all that stuff. The Green Dragon will take US on a tour of the Universes.

Those wishing to come, get yourself in order, not a line; alignment – Balance to fly with US. Those so called Christians who claim the Lord Jesus has given them a golden pass to Heaven, don't be disappointed, we don't need a ticket to ride, it's a Human Right for All. So just get it Right. We all know in today's world tickets can become invalid overnight (by pushing a button on a machine or in a person), US goodie goodies also **screw up**. Do we remember our true Brother Jesus warning US that "*the first will be last and the last will be first*".

Some born again Christian will be amongst the first but many, yes many will be last. In God's/Our Kingdom/Queendom there is no seconds or thirds. We are all equally and perfectly number ONE's.

O.K., I have just stepped off the track to Harvey High for good reasons, one to demonstrate how minds can drift off on tangents while walking to school. The High/Supreme Court, in time to come (Passing Time) will be addressing this book when dealing with Human Rights. Foolishly the clinical psychiatrist would label the previous couple of pages as manic dribble insisting on hearing about the job at hand at Harvey High.

In discussion I have and have proven time after time, at a click of a finger, I can behave like them; no matter how elevated I/WE may be singing and dancing on a dance floor. Later I

will explain the difference between hypomania and mania. The ex-superintendent of Graylands, Dr. Lister, once told me I need to remain hypomania, an ideal state, and all of humanity should freely strive to live in a happy hypomania state of mind.

O.K. exercise complete. After seeing in the New Year quietly in a happy positive mode, I was very keen and enthusiastic to start my new gardening position at the school. The school that Sue attended during her teens.

Since the schools didn't open until the end of the month, I had a few weeks to settle in and get to know Judy, the other senior gardener. It was most enjoyable mowing the ovals and surrounds on the ride on, maintaining and preparing new garden beds. We had the school to ourselves up to a week prior to opening when teachers and cleaning staff started moving in.

I got on well with the office staff, most I knew from Harvey previously. By the time the school terms were to open I felt as much of the school as the lawn mower.

The first student day was somewhat exciting, especially for the little kings and queens of primary, stepping up to the bottom rung on the high school ladders to Year 8. The senior boys soon dealt with any Year 8's carrying big egos on their shoulders.

I was well entertained as I went about my gardening work observing the students in the background. The twenty strong teaching staff seemed very busy coming and going with their notes and books under their arms. Those who supervised the lunch recess and the boarding of the buses after school found some time to talk and laugh with the students. But over all it was a typical high school with its militant institutional environment. Having an ex-sergeant of the army and police force as principal made sure everything was kept in line, that no rules and regulations were broken.

I would always acknowledge a teacher whenever one passed me by while I was working. It wasn't long before my smiling face befriended all the staff on the surface. I started off quietly

with a low profile doing my job and with curiosity and interest observing the behaviour of all the students, noting the difference between the Year 8's to Year 12's. Only one boy and girl couple displayed any close friendship, occasionally holding hands out of view of the teachers.

After the first few settling days the ghostly school of three weeks, (to me) was buzzing with activity to what was more of a negative vibration. Lots of skirmishes would frequently break out, with plenty of name calling and bullying occurring. Swearing was the common language outside the classroom. The 'ands' and 'buts' gave way to the 'fucks' with many students, which was dragged in from the streets and homes.

Even today T.V. shows drop the 'beeps' to include the 'fucking' word in movies, because these bureaucrat sensors feel its now in common place, it's the fucking vogue, even preschoolers fuckn' well swear in their sandpits. How sad to see our societies fall so low from inherited governments and parental upbringings.

Very few students acknowledged one another, small groups would gather here and there with bursts of laughter. A few would play fun ball games. It was a different playground to my days at De La Salle in the 60's and those that Cat Stevens sung about.

Being a young modern gardener with long surfie or hippie hair as some would classify it and the fact that I carried a Walkman radio plugged into one ear and often singing to the song drew its fair share of interest from the students.

Initially they all kept their distance, hesitant to associate with an adult, trained to call men 'Sir'. There was a sense of fear of going into a strange space. Soon a few of the adventurous Year 8's and 9's would call out to me or respond to a 'Good morning'.

It was a delicate area so I slowly *moved* during the first term. For much of my mind was focused on the final stages of the Australian Society painting, ideas would flow while I was working in the grounds. I was pleased to compile the frame (that was prepared while owning the shop) to add its finishing touch.

One morning during recess a group of five cheeky Year 8's approached my workspace. I was gathering piles of lawn clippings when the ringleader started kicking and spreading the grass. In a pleasant voice I warned him,

"A! my little friend, please don't do that again, you're not helping the cause and I may have to put ya in the bin head first if you kick one more blade of grass"

Of course he had to act tough in front of his mates since they all laughed at my remark. He continued spreading the piles. So I lunged out and caught him and lifted the smart alec upside down and headed him to the closest rubbish bin, placing his head just above the opening. His friendly support group were killing themselves laughing. Then I said with a big smile,

"Well I did warn you, so what is it, rubbish for the bin or fixing those three piles up?"

On lowering him I had five very helpful little elves working with me and my job was done in half the time and a bonding friendship was established. Their offer of help extended to the days ahead with plenty of laughter. Probably, well definitely against school regulation I allowed them on the odd occasions to ride on the trailer of the ride on mower.

By mid term there was sudden progress from both flanks. The office staff, who heard about my paintings, asked me to bring in some of my artwork. So I displayed the "*Australian Society during the 20th Century*" diptych, "*Stirling Inspiration*" and a print of "*Passing Time*". They hung in the staff room for a week gaining high recognition. I became swamped with praise and questions from the teachers. Many said they didn't know where to start on the '*20th Century*' set.

Also that week the Year 9 students asked me, as part of their vocational studies, to give a talk as a gardener. Since they had invited guest speakers from various careers in the private and public sector leading up to work experience week.

I was allotted a fifteen-minute talk period followed by a five-minute question-answer session. On discovering I am an artist I was also asked to include that profession.

In preparing the talk I decided to incorporate most of my work experiences, handing out samples of drafting, arts supplies and various mediums. I borrowed the art from the staff room. The talk went over extremely well, starting off addressing them all as my fellow school friends, and having them call me 'Kelvin' not sir! An immediate comfortable rapport was established, I was looked upon as an elder brother.

I went on to explain on leaving high school we all will have a choice to be either – government employed, privately employed, self-employed, student or unemployed. Because I have been all five, I briefly took them through the vocations that I have undertaken, giving examples of each. Explaining Kelsue Arts and its divisions and the managerial process with two branches and five agencies. The business was both retail and wholesale, a service industry with manufacturing and sales.

Every student was totally engrossed every second of the talk as I had them involved with my handouts. The interest and motivation was so elevated that the questions extended to ten minutes. I certainly won the class over including the teacher. She wrote such a positive report telling me my talk was far more successful than any other invited guest and that I reached out and answered to the entire class and found it personally very interesting with such an extensive range of work experiences. I emphasised that the free expression of the arts along with the meditative gardening were the most enjoyable and rewarding jobs I have ever come across when working for the Love of it.

From that day onwards I never had time to myself when Year 9's were out of class. The word spread into other classes.

The librarian, english, history and social teachers saw the Australian Society paintings to be very interesting and educational. So later that week I was asked if I could display them in the library.

The response from the students was far greater than the teachers. They were used in the classrooms and John, the librarian, reported to me the keen interest shown, he was amazed to see so many students come in on their free lunch break to study the paintings.

See page ... for photographs of the paintings.

The works were left on display until the end of term. From that many questions were fired at me throughout the day.

“Did you really paint the art in the library?”

“Why are you working here?”

“Like the poem on LOVE, I copied it out at lunch time”.

“Our class used your painting on our history questionnaire”.

and so it went on. The name Kelvin ‘the gardener’, spread around the lower classes.

Because of the interest and response shown I gave a signed print to the students. Acknowledging the student’s friendship as a token of Love. Insisting the print did not sit on a wall in the office but in the library for all. It was framed over the term break.

When I first commenced work Sue and the head gardener, Judy, told me not to talk or associate with the students. It was hard to turn your back on the children/youth and I wouldn’t for anyone. Will always acknowledge everyone regardless. I kept our contact to a bare minimum to ensure the conversation never interfered with my work. It was a full on job, plenty to do. Often I would ensure I was mowing the surrounds at times to have a break from students at morning break.

So overall the first term finished on a **Hi!** Note. Most would say hi or goodbye, because of my position I was not a threat to the students as the teachers and staff seemed to be.

Oh yes! It just came to mind there was one **Low** point ending the term. Early one morning, as the students slowly rolled up, I walked (wheeling my barrow) passed the female toilets when all of a sudden the deputy principal came out with a guilty look. I cut him off with

the wheel barrow, threatening him saying as two terrified Year 9's scattered out like scared rabbits,

"If I ever see you in there again while the students are about I'll give you a royal flush".

He went red in the face, seeing my seriousness he rushed off back to the office. The girls thanked me for my support.

Well let's have our school break, put the kettle on.....

That's about the only break I had, a cuppa tea, unlike the other staff members the cleaners and us gardeners continued work.

A little less demanding in some areas, we took the advantage for a few major projects such as a few days re-slating an area and building steps to the side entrance where about one third of the students arrived. Another enjoyable task was pruning out the large aviary in one of the quadrangles. I missed the buzzing energy of the students but also appreciate a quiet break to reflect a little.

Before long the mob started rolling up the hill again. The first day back was really buzzing, everyone had plenty to share and talk about. We had it presented ready for inspection. Late on the second day back I added a little concrete strip in front of the side steps I built during the holidays. On adding the finishing touches my good old friend gave me a hunch, so I intuitively inscribed '*SKOOL SUX*' across the concrete in front of the step in such a manner it appeared like any student could have done it. Judy checked the final job when all my tools were packed. Then I added a few obvious boys love girls initials and the inscription.

The next day, like a bush fire, '*SKOOL SUX*' spread through every classroom. No one, not even I, owned up to the artwork, but I was the prime suspect. The approval rate was enormous. If not cemented in, the buyers would be queuing.

This formed a common thread to tie all the students together, so to keep it in a happy friendly mode, out of thin air I formulated four symbols, with dudes the word of the month I developed the code as:

Hi, Dudes and Dudets – with thumbs up then converting to

Peace Brothers and Sisters – peace sign with two fingers up on each hand

I+U and U+me – then with thumbs, index and little fingers up

O.K. – then finishing with thumbs and index fingers touching. O.K.

This simple symbolic gesture started with a small group of Year 9 boys and girls, and to my surprise, that too quickly spread throughout the school amongst Year 8, 9 and 10 students.

The following day while walking past a class room window several students tapped on the window to relay the code. I did not want it to distract schoolwork, so made a conscious effort not to be near classrooms while school was in. The students inspired me to a mild hypomania state.

My popularity grew with several students coming to me to shed their deeper problems. I was adopted as a kind of elder brother figure, a mentor they could trust. Moreso than the schools social worker or nurse. It came to a point, for example, when frightened young Kelly, only 14 or maybe 15 years of age, thought she had fallen pregnant, so scared of her situation and circumstances poor Kelly was seriously considering suicide, and confided it with me.

I comforted her by listening and convincing her it need not be the end of the world or her world. She hadn't even proof she was pregnant. I told her to go to the roots of her problems by firstly seeing an independent mutual doctor of her family and to gain a confidential pregnancy test A.S.A.P. to sort out the worry nerves. Kelly was very relieved to find her test negative and thus get on with living again.

The exploration and experiment with smoking and drugs was evident at this school as with any other. I naturally discouraged it and pointed out the grave disadvantages and the

advantages – I maintained a mild natural high by living in the now. Many were somewhat surprised to learn that I had NEVER taken any illicit drugs and only bum smoked in high school, yet held knowledge of it all.

I warned many of the stresses we all face in society from homelife, relationships and the workforce alone. And how important it is not to hold on to concerns that turn to worry where a numbing sedative of some form may feel the only way out. It is an easy cheap way out. Well an expensive way really to take ones life and screw it up.

It was during the second week back that the *'Passing Time'* print came back framed. I was given the job to hand it in the library. The painting only aided to my excellent rapport with the students.

Also that week a team of painters rolled up from the governments Building Management Authority to repaint the exterior of the school. What a pity I wasn't allowed to choose and mix their paint, for school aesthetics is most important to motivate and draw interest in schooling. This project lasted nearly three weeks; I found the colour scheme rather sickening. One morning while I was walking across a quadrangle with Jo-Jo, the school registrar, who taught at the school when Sue was a student, expressed her disapproval of the muted colour scheme. Jo-Jo asked my opinion,

"Kelvin, I don't like the colours, no doubt you would have brightened up the school, what do you suggest?"

"Yeah! It's looking rather shithouse with the mission browns, flat grey poles and baby shit, khaki green gutters" pointing towards the gutters I went on to say, *"For a start I would have pillar box red gutters, fresh clean white fascias against the red brick, shiney silver verandah poles instead of the dull grey, bright happy yellow classroom doors instead of those yucky dull mustard ones. Would paint the auxiliary doors a complimentary fresh blue and the library and office doors the complimentary purple tone. I would have gold doorknobs,*

representing Love and Wisdom on all the classroom and library doors. Gee Jo-Jo I could have a field trip here”.

“Well Kelvin, it would make a 100% improvement on this”.

“We are all affected by our environments, no wonder so many students here lack motivation and interest in studying. It’s their school, yet they have NO say. Well Jo enjoy your day, see ya later”.

“Yeah, you too Kelvin”.

I should mention the day I was mowing the top oval on this lovely warm and sunny autumn’s day. I was so relaxed on the ride on mower, settled into its droning vibration drifting off into thought with my Walkman playing. I started at the centre of the oval around the cricket pitch. This would have appeared hilarious from an observer on the sideline. After four or five circles I dozed off into a deep catnap, the mower ploughed through the grass doing a headline for the surrounding bush. Just as I crossed the oval boundary, I woke to be surprised to see shrubs and trees only a few metres away. I had a good giggle as I retraced the windy course back towards the cricket pitch to continue my job. Talk about sleeping on the job.

As the weeks ticked by the militant principal, George, found me a threat to his establishment with my growing popularity. Next I knew my position was advertised in the paper towards the end of the second term. I was invited to re-apply for my position, which had become permanent. Applications closed during the second term holiday break in July, while Judy and I were busy pruning the three large rose beds.

Over eighty applicants applied, I knew my job well and was most competent and reliable and very efficient and Judy highly recommended me. George was also extremely happy with my gardening work, but the position seemed pre-determined before the interviews. I was amongst the final six short list.

George came out a few days later to see me out on the mower on the lower oval. I knew my days here were up, as I turned the mower off.

“Kelvin I’ve come to see you about your job”

“I gathered as much, how much notice are you giving?”

George couldn’t look me in the eye as he delivered the verdict.

“You have done an excellent job in the grounds, it’s the best the school has ever looked in my time. And I commemorate your garden bed proposals, but a decision was made for the permanent position. If it is any consolation you were a close second”

“I’m not surprised, who got the position?”

“A woman of ten years experience in gardening in mining towns in the Pilbara. She also holds a certificate in horticulture”

“Well! I hope she carried on our good work, so when do I finish up?”

I was too surprised to appeal on such short notice.

“On Thursday, I’ll have your pay made up by then. In the meantime I want you to work over at the agriculture school for a couple of days. Judy will show you the ropes in the morning, the part-time gardener is sick”

As I climbed back on the mower my blood warmed up with the two days notice, realising how upset most of the students would be. It’s going to hurt them more than me. How convenient the Ag gardener having a few sickies.

Although I should be on the mower at home time, I made my way to the quadrangles to tell the students while they were leaving. Noranda and Kelly two special friends were most upset breaking down and crying. They were really wild that I was to be pushed out the back door on Thursday. I told them to spread the news.

The wind got to it overnight and the next day, and from what I heard after school the following day, the Year 9 students were staging a protest and the students wanted me there during the lunch period. A few of the teachers supported the students.

On the Thursday I headed over to the school just prior to the lunch period to say goodbye to the office staff and collect my final pay before meeting up with the students. While I was in the principal's office, little did George and I know what had been brewing up all morning.

I walked out to an emotional gathering in the quadrangle. The students collected money to purchase a touching framed poster on "Friendship"; all the Year 9's signed a huge GOODBYE card with many hearty messages on it. I gave a speech thanking them all and how our friendship is everlasting and how I appreciated how we all came together like brothers and sisters. I talked and moved about the students receiving and giving out more hugs that day than I had received in my lifetime. It was very emotional with many teary eyes including mine. Several teachers became involved.

When the school bell rang to return to class, all Year 9's – which rubbed off to many Year 8's and 10's and a few senior students – moved to the top oval to sit out in protest. They demanded that I be reinstated, even the principal couldn't get them to move. I was called back to persuade them to go back in class. Telling them that the education system would not allow US to run a proper school and it was time for me to move on. Even my job was too rigid to accept creative gardening.

It was now mid August in 1992 out of work again and the prospects of work in Harvey was zero, outside the local abattoir, where about three hundred were employed. I spent the school holidays in 2nd year high in the 60's working in the Midland Abattoir, never again. I oppose the slaughter yards.

I dabbled in a little art, hoping to develop a few major works with the bread and butter paintings to draw an income. Sue encouraged me to find work, to draw on two wages to get ahead. I only managed a few weeks tree planting near the coast.

The psyche nurse, Christie, recommenced his visits on a fortnightly basis, more a friendly social call while in town, but still checking on me that I took lithium. I would build the levels up when a lithium level test was required.

Eventually I had to look to Perth for work where I applied for a position as an assistant town planner in the City of Belmont. A little surprised I was offered the job; I did not really want to step backwards and lose myself in an office again. They were keen for me to start the following week, but once I deliberately told them that I had been in a mental hospital and was prescribed medication my job was instantly taken back. I didn't appeal on discrimination grounds but it goes to show, doesn't it?

Nonetheless, a couple of days later another job came up. Eighty-six applied for the caretaker position at the WA Canine Association. I was called up to Perth for an interview. On arrival there was a notice board with number 17 with 12 and 18 on either side. 12 is a Godly number, and 18 is the Christed number as I know. So I would be working in ideal company working with DOG's, in reverse GOD, they say man's best friend. I was about to learn that 'Dogs are Women's Best Friends Too'.

From this I knew I was meant to step in this direction for my next lesson. On the Christian level of thinking the Church goes and bible bashers would say this was my next calling from Jesus and the Holy Spirit.

I walked in the office for the interview with 110% confidence. I sat in the hot, I mean top seat, I instantly won the secretary over with my initial hand shake, it wasn't long before he rose from behind his desk to stand alongside me and placing his hand on my shoulder as he explained

how I will be calling offenders serving community hours to assist me in various projects. I was impress with that.

Although there were still five more to be interviewed the office staff I befriended on arrival I told them on leaving that,

“I am looking forward to working with you all, have a Merry Christmas and I’ll see you in the New Year”

They replied with a similar assurance. It was the 22nd December so I drove on to wish Noel a happy birthday before returning home and indicated I was about to return to Perth work while we shared lunch.

Late the following day I received the confirmation phone call that I am to start work on New Years day straight after a celebration New Years Eve dog show.

If I was to be forced back into the workforce the job was to be of my choice, my soul’s choice.

Once again a Happy New Year and a happy new job.