

## CHAPTER 7

### **Down on the Funny Farm**

It was such a pleasant sunny Good Friday as I drove down Albany Highway to Knowle Hill Farm. Fond memories from the 70's came to mind with Rod Stewart singing on the radio. I was reminiscing over when I first visited the farm when the entire Slade family lived in the old weatherboard farmhouse and how they opened their arms and welcomed me in. So much has developed since then, I have seen the children (my adopted brothers and sisters) grow with me to marry and have children and develop their own farms nearby.

Driving up the five hundred metre driveway lined with a variety of flowering gum trees I was greeted with Jeromy playing tennis with his aunty Angela on the right, some of the younger children were chasing three of the playful border collie pups while near the new homestead Rene and Lyn were carrying food inside from a car.

My heart was tickled in re-uniting and catching up to all the news. The children had grown so much, indicating how long it had been since I last visited.

Jeromy showed great potential performing so well in the local seniors tennis club. So before we settled in to a hearty farm meal, Jeromy and I enjoyed a well balanced five setter, once I brushed off the cobwebs.

After enjoying a great farm cooked spread we (all twenty four of US) sat around talking and laughing until about 10pm, with the full moon becoming visible through low cloud, I said my goodbyes to all and began to drive on some one hundred kilometres to the Stirling Ranges with the intention of climbing the highest peak Bluff Knoll around midnight and to stay up there until sunrise Sunday.

Since my birthday in February I had hardly slept, getting by quite well and healthy with five to six cat naps a day. Whenever I felt a wave of tiredness upon me avoiding any stage of

fatigue I would stop whatever and sit or lie for about five to ten minutes going straight into a deep delta sleep, shutting my brain waves down to just a few cycles per second. Scientifically it has been proven that ten minutes of delta sleep is equivalent to about two hours of normal theta sleep.

That particular night while driving through the centre of the Ranges on the winding hilly gravel road with a light drizzle on the windscreen, I felt that tiredness come upon me. I intended to pull over in the next clearance but I blinked a little too long while driving, fortunately at only ten kilometres per hour running off the road to break with my left back wheel still on the road and back right vertically airborne coming to rest against some shrubs with NO damage. Trying to reverse back up on to the road, I became bogged some fifty kilometres short of my destination.

Unable to wedge my way out I started jogging a good twenty kilometres back towards one parked car I noticed on the way in only to find it abandoned with its occupants probably up one of the peaks. Returning to the car nearly four hours later a little exhausted and no better off. Once rested for a while I continued in the other direction towards the Rangers residence which I found to be a little over thirty kilometres away. Experiencing a beautiful sunrise I still had a long way to go.

Feeling dejected, exhausted and a little disappointed I reached the bitumen road to gain a ride for the last four kilometres to the Ranger, John's, home. He was most helpful, he knew I was coming for I notified him earlier in the week informing him of my intention to stay up on Bluff Knoll. John gave me a drink then returned me to my car and towed it back on the road. He calculated my nightly walk was a little more than seventy kilometres. I appreciated all he had done and in no fit condition to climb the three hour climb up the Bluff straight away, I drove to the parks caravan park and rested for a few hours, showered then well into the afternoon I slowly climbed the mountain reaching the top in time to take in a breathtaking sunset right across the Ranges.

The night was clear and still under a near full moon. Early hours in the morning two complete rainbows circled the moon – that was spectacular. I hardly slept, the serenity and beauty under the moonlight high above society amongst Nature was ideal for meditating, listening, having a one on one conversation with my Maker and best friend.

Once I watched another spectacular rich sunrise as intended on Easter Sunday, the formation of the clouds resembled the descent of an Eagle, I headed down the slopes to the carpark then drove back to the farm to arrive late morning. I told Phillip and Betty of my eventful time in the Stirling's, had a light lunch and rested an hour or so before heading off back to Perth to prepare for the following days big show.

I was only on the road for about twenty minutes when I felt that tired fatigue feeling again. With my flask and cake on the passenger seat and the Tendertan pine trees in sight, I decided to pull over for a catnap and a cuppa. Unfortunately, like Friday night, instead of stopping and having a cat nap, I had a cat nap first, my blink extended for five seconds to find the car drifting across a clear road (not a car in sight) hitting the gravel on the right side to alert me as I slid in to a wide shallow drain and to avoid a roll over, I accelerated to drive out only to hit a raised drive way a little over one hundred kilometres an hour to send me airborne for about fifteen metres only to land heavily on a large solid rock, writing the vehicle off, oh what a feeling.

Here I was, stranded by the roadside as cars stopped to see if any one was injured. I stepped out without a scratch to seek aid from the nearby farmhouse. I phoned Phillip and Betty who came straight away and took me back to Rene's once the police tidied matters up, surprised there were no witnesses. The helpful farmer towed the car with his tractor onto his property for the time being.

I had phoned a council member of the Canine to open up for Monday and explained my situation and that I would catch the bus back sometime on Easter Monday.

Relaxed in a lovely hot bath at George and Rene's, we settled into a comfortable interesting night around the lounge fire. Rene has memories of a special spiritual dream on that unusual Easter Sunday. The next afternoon I caught the bus back to Perth. It was so inconvenient without a car, it was late in the night before I managed to get a lift to the Canine to find the dog show still very active as many were packing up to leave. Many curious questions were fired at me on entering the bar area.

The car was not insured, so during the week I arranged it to be towed to a wreckers, after towing expenses we only salvaged \$250. Sue, rightly so, was not impressed by the accident, I initially hoped to meet the family at a chalet at the Stirling Range caravan park and for us all to enjoy Easter down there and meet up with the Slade's.

The accident also caused concern and alarm to have the buttons pressed, for the following Friday a psyche nurse, whose name escapes me, from the Armadale Clinic came to the Canine to what I first was for an assessment, but it was to arrest me or escort me if you prefer, to Perth's second mental hospital "Heathecote" unknown to me at the time. I challenged the invasion; all the staff were dumbfounded to hear of it as they strongly stood by me. I felt the distress they held behind their eyes on my leaving.

Subconsciously, I must have known for the previous evening during late night shopping on the spur of the moment I purchased four beautiful tinted champagne glasses and four lovely white roses to greet the office girls as they arrived at their desk, with each rose I wrote a personal note of gratitude. Since my arrival at the job, I kept the office alive with flowers from my gardens. They sensed this day was extra special to them.

The reason the psyche nurse came was that the bloody After Care Order had been rescinded, simply because I wrote my car off on one of the State's busiest highways during the busiest period of the year, Easter Sunday. The nurse explained by dozing off, crossing the double white line and cutting across on-coming traffic lanes, I could have killed other people as

well as myself. Yet at the time of the accident my soul had made sure NO other vehicles were in sight either way. Nonetheless, the nurse went on to say that because I was a danger to others and myself I had to go to hospital for treatment or was it punishment? He asked that I packed a few things and be ready in ten minutes. I refused and it took nearly two hours before he finally had me in his car.

The nurse said I had no choice, if I didn't come with him the police will come in a paddy wagon. I co-operated with the nurse explaining my situation and case, he found me to be in a perfect state of mind, extremely fit and healthy and said he sees NO reason for me to be hospitalised but said he was sorry and was only following out the 'Order'.

If any one else ran off the road as I did no charges or repercussions would have occurred. Patients like me on mental parole have no right. The superintendent of Graylands has the authority and feels she has the right to lock me away and strip me of everything as if a hardened criminal, how unjust and cruel. I had no right of appeal to be assessed.

When the nurse arrived I was busy in the middle of preparing the rings for the weekend's shows and I refused to go anywhere before I finished what I was doing so I took the nurse to see Bob, the secretary.

Bob was shocked and most upset and supportive of my actions. The nurse told him that I would be there for at least seventy-two hours. This left Bob in an urgent panic without a caretaker with the entire weekend booked out starting at 6pm that evening. I suggested that Glen knew the basics and could see matters over. Bob was most protective not only for being his prize worker but friend, he held high regards and hopes for our master plan project. So many patrons will be surprised and regret my sudden disappearance.

On leaving Bob's office the nurse phoned to re-schedule his next appointment and between the three of US we completed the preparations for the night show in just over an hour

then I packed my bag. The nurse said he would write a report opposing my hospitalisation indicating I displayed no symptoms of mania.

For some God damn reason my Soul had decided for my overall good to send me back to the loonie bin for further lessons and teachings and to give me a further first hand insight into the cruel insanity the authorities forced upon innocent gullible people like me without any Human Rights whatsoever.

The closed admission Swan Ward at Heathecote was worse than the Montgomery hell hole in Graylands. The arguing and fighting, the insanity was enough to drive anyone crazy. It was extremely frightening to anyone admitted to a mental hospital for the first time.

The reason why I was sent here was due to residing in the Armadale region.

Early in the following week Bob, after hearing I was to be kept in hospital visited my bringing in my pay packet and water purifier. He went white in the face and a little dazed in shock standing amongst the patients come my in-mates. Bob said *“I was in a prison of war camp during the war but this appears even worse. How could they get away with this?”*

Seeing patients in such an appalling drugged state is so sickening to any stranger. Bob did not stay long it was too upsetting for him with his past memories flashing back. Bob told me he had to advertise my job and that I could store my household goods in the shed by the house until I was ready for them. He thanked me for all I had done saying how much I would be missed by the Canine fraternity. Bob said he would place a complaint to the hospital then gave me a hug with teary eyes and left.

The following day my new friends in Anita and Jennine visited hearing of my misfortune. They too were upset to see me locked in this hell hole. Anita could not hold back her tears; I could feel her pain as twin souls do. They stayed for a good hour to hear of my dramatic trip to the Stirling's and back. On leaving they both gave me a powerful loving hug that I would hold onto for a long time. That was the last I saw of them both.

What saddened me the most was the trauma the government was putting Tara and Simon through again as well as upsetting Sue. This proved to be the last straw for Sue, little did I know that Sue was weighing our marriage up from years of hardships.

This hospital was located on one of Perth's most prime real estate properties on the Swan River, with views across to the City. It holds such sad and sick memories to finally close down a few years later.

The new shrinks were just as self-righteous and ignorant as the previous ones. Once again I was able to avoid the haloperidol medication until they commenced injecting me with another new anti-psychotic drug fulpenthival during the third week which was like a thump with a sledge hammer.

Numbed by all that, before it took its full toll, I was given the final blow when Sue and the children came up to visit. I was feeling very remorseful, depressed and sensitive to my emotions being in hospital. Simon and Tara, although disturbed by the patients and the hospital, they did enjoy the walk we had along the path on the cliff down to the riverbank and the walk to the yacht club. I was temporarily lifted seeing them all as I missed them so much. Sue was quietly compassionate and saddened to see me in hospital again, to the point she could not bear it any longer. Sue had stood by me for years where others wouldn't have.

Then while walking she dropped the bombshell saying,

*"This is extremely hard for me to say and it's been my most difficult decision of my life. I have tossed it over and over for such a long time. I'm sorry, I've made up my mind it will be better for the kids"*

Lumps in my throat blocked my vocals, the blood vessels in my eyes felt as if they were about to burst from my bleeding heart as she delivered the words I anticipated.

*"I don't want you to come home, it's over, you'll get by"*

Tears exploded in my eyes, I trembled as my insides collapsed as my heart was ripped from my body leaving a hell of an empty space. For these many women and men having experienced similar news from their partners you know what I mean and felt.

I was sobbing as I pleaded to come home and start again but I knew once Sue made up her mind and when she says “that’s it” she means “that’s it”. There was to be no turning back. I cried for her equally as much for it was a mighty painful decision because deep, deep down inside her, her love was – is too strong, the situation and circumstances destroyed matters on the surface. Her loneliness was to be as equally painful as mine.

*“You can go and stay with your mother” she said. “Or go down to the Slade’s, you hate Perth life, you’ll manage”*

Losing one’s family is the hardest loss one has to contend with. I could handle the loss of my job, my car, my house but to top it off losing the family was too much of an ask from my soul. My future looked very bleak, the desire to go on was no longer there, I felt absolutely worthless, a failure as the drugs set in. This empty feeling was the hell of hells.

I stayed in Heathcote for a further three weeks. I was not to be discharged until I had somewhere to live. As it turned out several days later I received a phone call, a blessing, from Rene on the farm. Once the Slade’s – following up my ordeal from the Easter visit – got wind of my situation they got together and in the kindness and generosity of their hearts and feeling very compassionate, just as if I was a family member, they offered to foster me for as long as it required by alternating my stays on the three farms.

All my life I had felt like an emotional orphan and now new Light was shining towards me from a different tunnel. I was extremely grateful when my adopted family opened their doors to me, for I love farm life which could complement my art work.

When I consulted Tara and Simon, they were happy for me to go down to the farms. Tara was good friends with Karen, David’s daughter of the same age.

I won't go into the interesting stories of the patients I met up with while at Heathecote, only to say it was unjust and criminal the suffering we had to put up with from our misfortunes. However, there was one patient in "George" that intrigued me the most, what character – long wiry salt and pepper hair over his eyes and shoulders, roughly unshaven whiskers with beautiful absorbing extra widespread green eyes that took you directly into his soul. George wore a reversed basketball cap and a red and white striped T-shirt with 'DICKY BOY' across the front, stretched over his large coke medicated potbelly. He looked like a beautiful wild mad man carrying his large portable radio around everywhere singing out to his blast of the 60's and 70's songs from radio 6IX. We got on extra well connecting in a warm friendship. I knew he lived in the Fremantle area, he invited me to live with him. George has been in and out of institutions for over twenty years.

I said my goodbyes to the new friends and told George *"Well my friend! When I am a Free Man we shall meet again in Freemantle, until then take care, I love you Georgee Boy"*. He hesitantly accepted my hug with a gigantic smile. We shall catch up to George again in five years. From here I headed off to the train then bus down to Albany to the Funny Farms.

Rene met me at the Albany depot with her daughter Jennifer. Rene was devastated to see me in such a shattered mess from the drugs after seeing me so well at Easter. I was lucky here, Slade's – led by Rene – rescued me, saved me, I was granted an ideal heavenly place to recover, rejuvenate and regenerate. Sadly most patients – victims, of mental illnesses normally embedded on them by the medical profession, leave the institution to a similar hell hole they've come from, to live alone in poverty in a halfway house, flat or a poor condition house, without a support group and family to carry them through and every day is a battle of survival without much hope and a dream or goal to hang on to.

As we continue on our journey to learn Self Mastery so as to Free Ourselves from Mental Slavery, we shall now meet up with and learn from the man and woman of the land. Indicated

on the map, the painting of Chapter 14 as the closest sector on the R.S.P. towards the Light of God from civilised division of humanity.

As much as I knew I was loved by my separated family, it wasn't openly expressed. I would continue phoning them weekly for years to come.

On arriving at George and Rene's homestead with their fifteen-year-old daughter Angela, thirteen-year-old son Robert and Jennifer who was nine. I only met Angela as a baby previously for it was more Rene's brother David and Lyn and their family we kept in contact with during the 80's.

It was so healing for me to be accepted into the family as a brother and uncle role more so than a guest. To be in a loving family situation with order, and loving warmth was so important to me at my point of desperation to be in such a clean and tidy household with the wide open spaces of a wonderful farm of some fifteen hundred acres plus their Bonna Valley original farm of a similar acreage close by. George, a perfectionist, was well respected as a leading farmer in the region yielding the top \$ for his quality stock, you could virtually mow all his paddocks. George inherited the farm from his equally respected Scottish father some twenty years ago.

I fitted into the family from the first day pulling my weight the best way I could, I wanted to earn my keep by helping George on the farm but I was incapable due to the drugs. However, they were well advanced with an extension to the homestead by adding a guest room, a huge family/games room and a separate bedroom for Jennifer to give Angela also a room of her own.

It made me feel good to be involved in the extension – do something – which was at the painting stage when I arrived, right up my alley.

Rene was ever so caring very motherly and sisterly. This new drug was just as devastating as the moderate drug of '89. Rene acted upon my condition immediately contacting

my new regional psyche nurse who in turn made an appointment to see Dr. Lister the ex-superintendent of Graylands a few days later.

Seeing me in such a zombie state, he cleared me of the enforced injection and kept me on lithium. It was interesting having his appraisal, pity – for if he was at the clinical realm at Graylands in '89, it may have been a different story.

*“From what I see” he said, “You need to be **mildly hypomanic** in your happy go lucky giving state to create and to maintain that level without blowing out to mania. That’s the ideal state we all really need to live in, but unfortunately from pressures in society we are nearly all on the other side mildly depressed taking matters too seriously”*

I was surprised hearing this from the psychiatrist’s mouth.

*“That’s what I’ve been telling the Perth shrinks for years”* I replied. Dr. Lister was an elderly man appearing rather conservative while from years of experience had grown to open his mind from comparing so many case studies. On a very busy schedule our meeting was kept brief.

Returning to the farm it took a few weeks for the injection to wear off. The regional psyche nurse would call through once a week as part of the After Care to check on my progress and to ensure I was keeping up with the lithium and sleeping well.

In the back of my mind I constantly had Tara and Simon wandering about with Sue – I was really missing them. I would phone them every few days at first, cutting it back to once every week. I would have fell into a clinical depression if it wasn't for Rene and all the activity on the farm. I was hardly left alone to dwell on the family and my situation, for when I was, they quickly came to the forefront of my mind to stir my emotions and cause my heart to ache.

Rene shared in all her activities about the farm, she cared for the newborn kids, that was interesting most of her goats had twins. In previous years she was a top breeder, fetching high prices for her mohair. City folk may consider farm life to be isolated and lonely but on the

contrary. Farm life and country town living is very community centred and neighbourly, they just have more space between fences. How often do we find people cramped on their less than ¼ acre suburban properties who do not even know their neighbours. It is very sad to find so many people especially the elderly and the mentally ill living alone in a house in fear.

Most days either Rene or George drive into the town of Mt. Barker about twenty kilometres away and weekly onto the City of Albany a further fifty kilometres away.

The routine weekly food shop was a great adventure for me after weeks in hospital and over four months living alone in Perth. With farming you often purchase goods in bulk. Both Rene and I pushed a trolley each, apart from my first, zombied week; we had lots of fun shopping clowning about with plenty of laughs. Jennifer would also often meet up with US and join in the fun.

Music was the most important element in the household. Angela's main subject was piano, she would practice daily, after six years she would fill the rooms with angelic notes it was certainly a pleasure to hear her, it was music to the soul. Angela carried on to recently complete her music degree in Perth and now teaches piano full time.

Rene, like me, is sensitively emotional to the lyrics and sound of music. She would select and record hearty songs from 'Rage' to replay during the week. All the children loved music; this helped in keeping a chirpy, happy vibration in the home. George would always have the radio or tape playing in his workshop, 4 wheel drive tractors and other farming implements. I shared some of my favourite songs I had on tape – many were or became Rene's too.

Most of the first three weeks I was painting the walls and ceilings and trimmings with the assistance of the children, then I spent a week and a half on the parents original farm, '*Knowle Hill*', from which I hold such fond loving memories. My first two oil paintings derived from here. Rene's 21<sup>st</sup> birthday gift was the "*Yarded Sheep*" oil and a major portraiture of Phillip and his State Champion sheep dog hangs proudly in the home. Phillip is the States Champion of

Champions with several State and Australian sheepdog championships and in recent years the Australian – New Zealand championship.

In the 70's I was most intrigued to watch Phillip train his Border collie dogs, they were like his little children each having their names on their kennels; up to forty at a time. Because of his success he has litters booked out in advance, selling to all the States in Australia. When Phillip and Betty came out to Australia in the 60's, they brought with them the quality all-rounded beef cattle the "Sussex" breed – a stumpy red beast. The prime land grazed thousands of sheep as well along with healthy grain, mainly oats for feed and the market. So you could imagine there is always plenty to do on the land. Over the twenty years visits I learnt all the various farm hand jobs such as, shearing, lamb marking, harvesting the hay and crops, fence repairs and gate making and it goes on. Like all things there are farms and there are farms. I was educated through the best, with hard devoted farmers who are constantly maintaining and developing their farms; caring for each animal as if it were their pet, with quality solid sheep yards, excellent gates and fences, well maintained machinery. With all the Slade's and George, farming is 365 days of the year, no one signs on or off, most days rising with the sun and knocking off as it did.

Sundays were always kept to light duties and certain rostered days off. Rain or shine the man on the land diligently works to provide fresh food on our tables that most of US take for granted. It is a '*Way of Life*' yes a religion, a healthy lifestyle, allowing plenty of time while working to contemplate, meditate and pray with the Great Provider of all.

It definitely can be the best job on earth if managed properly with the right priorities, family No. 1, Mother Nature will care for you in her own special testing way. Yes it can be heavenly as I've experienced down here on the funny fun farms. The laughter, the best medicine, certainly helped heal me of the government drug overdoses and abuses.

Then again life on an out of whack farm can be hell.

I have seen the slack, lazy farmers from all types allow everything to collapse around their ears, most being the Aussie Ocker keen to drink his stubbie of beer and watch footy on the T.V., rather than repair his cocky gate, or drench his fly blown sheep or save a new born.

We all need frequent and regular breaks, but there is a limit. Farming is seasonal in its yielding and payments, give and take, work harder in the peak and lessor in the quieter periods.

Government policies and greed has forced many farmers off the land, some from poor or mismanagement, and slack lazy attitudes, where the unsympathetic bankers call them in. Financial burdens cause such a great stress on the family often from its depression breaking marriages and collapsing farms. It's so sad to go to the auction of farm field days to witness three even four generations of farming being dissolved under the hammer. The going market price is so delicate; two bobs worth in between the farmer and the consumer.

Farm life for the women can be just as rewarding as for her man, by becoming involved with the farm production as well as the local community, studies, and the children's development and interest, never a dull moment miles from nowhere. Then again a woman all alone with her husband out with the sun and returning at dinner time to collapse exhausted by the fire straight after. No communication, it can be extremely lonely and depressing for some to contemplate suicide, or start again by where and how.

Not the case here, for it was all rosy with all the close knit extended family all connecting as ONE.

Before returning to 'Red Gums' to the extensions at George and Rene's, for the first time for quite a while I unpacked my box of art supplies and dabbled for a few days for the children asked me to paint a large mural about five metres by three metres on the new games room wall. I – with pleasure – accepted to assist them to produce it and ask them to gather their ideas together for my return.

We all decided and agreed to produce their lives on the farms in the region in a symbolic and graphical landscape centred around 'Red Gums' and their family branching off to the extended relatives.

With all the wall and pillars completely painted and the carpets laid while I was away, I commenced laying out the artwork. It was so enjoyable to paint again in such a pleasant loving environment, the whole family was feeling good about itself with the extension coming on there was Love in the Air, such a soothing and healing vibration. The scabs were forming over my painful emotional lashings from being cut off from my direct family; I could feel my heart pumping once again. Needless to say, in my quiet times I could not help but pick at my scabs with my heart reaching out to Harvey. Absence certainly makes the heart fonder.

The Stirling Ranges land mark had an affiliation with everyone they could be seen on the eastern horizon from all the farms so I painted them right across the five metre horizon, from there several layers of graphical graded tones brought the view to the foreground and out into the games room.

It was centred around the H♥ME stead at 'Red Gums'. The symbols used for the three children were; the piano for Angela, computer for Robert and the Pegasus horse for Jennifer. Even today these symbols reflect them with Angela doing so well, after graduation, teaching and igniting music at a metropolitan high school. Robert is still a wizard with the computer technology, excelling well into his electronics degree at university, while Jennifer is off on Pegasus travelling in the N.W. on a working holiday prior to being tied up in study again, she has a wonderful free spirit like most Sagittarians keen to explore life to broaden her social, geographical and spiritual horizons, Jennifer loves the adventure of living as she carried her goodwill with her everywhere.

All the children from the families became secondary children to me like nephews and nieces; I am always interested in their personal and spiritual developments.

With the mural I tried to gain input from all the family members for it is their mural, within two weeks the bulk of the work was completed. The finishing touches can be ongoing for nothing is static on a farm; Mother Nature makes sure of that.

However, finishing touches were being applied to all the rooms as we prepared a house-extension warming party, calling in all the extended families. The pool table, table tennis table – along with the dartboard were in place, the music was well in tune.

Many family gatherings and parties were to take place here as shown in the beginning of this chapter with lots of fun and laughter “*Down on the Funny Farm*”.

We all behaved a little madly that night giggling over the games, singing and dancing, there was so much fun, fun had by all as the five families ignited as ONE. It was great to see so many cousins playing happily together, closer than best friends; I could feel the enjoyment and proudness emanating from the GRANDparents, Phillip and Betty.

Fortunately, none of those crazy doctors were present to call out “*mania*” and blow the whistle.

During my stay, Rene would often call her home the “*Funny Farm*”. It was always full of music and laughter as we played childish antics keeping very healthy.

Once again it goes to prove that laughter is definitely the best medicine. George and Rene witnessed a complete turn around in my condition and behaviour once the enforced injection was ceased and accepted me, a little hesitant at first, to only take pharmaceutical drugs when I needed it, not when the doctors wanted me to. George and Rene’s medicine down here healed me, like I constantly say, “*We are all affected by our environment, situation and circumstances*”.

After the great party it was agreed I stayed at Rene’s brother David and Lyn’s farm ‘Glenridge’ further west for two or three weeks to help out and have fun lamb marking. David and Lyn were saddened to hear of Sue and I separating, our families got on so well together.

At the time David was also a watchdog to his younger brother Phillip's adjoining farm. Phillip had allowed his farm to become a little run down as his interest was converted to running a computer business in the centre of the City of Albany. David ran two mobs on Phillip's land; all up we had seven mobs to mark.

David and his family had only moved out to their own farm in recent years after staying on at the original family Knowle Hill Farm. They had just completed renovation additions to the farmhouse; it was most comfortable and homely. Both George and David are very creative in building their farms always inventing and constructing new improvements. George said he would be quite happy running an engineering plant. While I was there he had cattle feeders he designed and produced for the market. Anyhow, David was keen to use his newly constructed lamb cradle. My first couple of days I helped to kill rust the cradle and prepare the mobile sheepyards and all the gear in readiness for the marking.

At the time Phillip, the father, was weakened with a virus, so it was agreed that his farm hand, Roger, would help US with our marking and we as a team would mark Phillip's sheep. I certainly didn't mind the extra work. The three of US got on and worked well together. It is best to have three when lamb marking; one loading the cradle and moving the lambs up, another vaccinating and ear marking (Roger and I alternated these jobs), while David would ring the tails and release them. The other auxiliary players, the most important, were Lyn who provided delicious farm cooked morning and afternoon teas and lunches, and those clever hard working sheep dogs. It is so entertaining to see how they manage the sheep and are so obedient and responsive to David's voice and whistle, the rapport this man and his dogs have is wonderful, real work mates, a leaf out of big Phil's book.

Lyn would usually ear mark, on this occasion, I was able to give her a well deserved break, she is just as competent and efficient as any of US. I wore my old football socks and after lifting hundreds of lambs in rhythm upside down into the cradle, my muscles and fitness were

fine tuned to take on any footy team. I enjoyed this exercise out on the paddocks so much, I returned the following year to partner David and Lyn.

The household was just as warm and loving as on 'Red Gums'. Once again I was welcomed as a brother and uncle respectively. The children Vanessa and Jeromy were off the farm in the workforce and studying. Nevertheless, I had fun playing and seeing the personalities unfold and the characters of Karen (Tara's age), Stephanie (Simon's age) and young Andrew. Living in their space daily you soon become a part of the family.

All the Slade's accepted me for what I am, knowing me from the 70's, no doctor could brainwash them with their propaganda and medical jargon. My case caused them to question the medical profession. Rene later took up studies in Human Services and challenged the so-called experts??! David has a firm opinion against the treatment doctors force upon US, he saw me stuck on parole with the stigma on my back, encouraging me to keep fighting for my freedom, for David knew the power of my inner strength being just as determined as me. David and I connected like true brothers becoming very philosophical in our worldly conversation, he is very well grounded with a broad open mind, both George and David would speak up on farming, rural and agricultural issues and the problems governments have created. These two alone hold the answer to most of our farming problems.

If only those foolish politicians were to move out of their cosy offices and parliamentary circus and LISTEN to the man on the land and talk – when matters reach crisis point we see them forced to walk on site. With portfolios shuffled around like cards, I question if these ministers have ever seen a lamb born or even a chicken for that matter and if they can recognise the difference between wild oats and wheat. You cannot learn that in a classroom or boardroom. Sure they have studied many theories at university and put in long hours (like farmers) talking around tables and writing letters, but we know Action speaks louder than words, locked in an unethical corrupt system what chance has even an honest politician got to be heard?

Our white English and European farming settlers have passed down knowledge of the land for nearly 200 years but it's our Native Australians on this land (and that goes for other countries too) that hold so many truths and knowledge after nomadically roaming about season after season for tens of thousands of years. We inherit this knowledge in our genes. Once connected to our Souls our subconscious from previous lives have stored all this information far more accurately than any man-made computer.

In our neck of the woods in Western Australia in the middle of the last century the foolish government of the day raped the S/W bush land and its people, clearing it for agriculture and now the salinity problem they caused will leave the land a salt lake desert without Divine intervention. Many farmers have discovered and proven how to overcome salinity by drainage and other means. But the know-alls will not LISTEN; consequently we all shall pay for their political blunder. No wonder the true sober Native man shakes his head in disgust and disbelief. Our forest problem is the same; we'll speak of that later when I rally the people together. US westerners hardly ever STOP to LISTEN until it's too late. That's left brain adults for you – too busy telling.

If we flip over to our Life's map at the commencement of Chapter 14 again, you will see that I have placed the Native man on the land closest to the Sun (to God) and on the civilized plane it is our people working on the land that sit on the Righteous Spiritual Path closest to the Sun, alongside Nature Lovers. In our gardening nurseries a plaque, by Gurney, reminds US of that:

*“Kiss of the Sun for pardon*

*The song of the bird for mirth.*

*One is nearer God's Heart in the garden*

*Than anywhere else on earth”*

I have walked and sat alongside people of all walks of life, rubbing shoulders with the mayor as well as the town's derro and everyone in between watching, LISTENING and learning from them with my inquisitive mind. Part of my Aquarian trait since we're into the truth, equality, freedom and Peace being humanitarians.

Once the lamb marking was completed on these two farms, I returned to stay on 'Red Gum' again. Although only three weeks, I missed the family and was saddened a little to leave 'Glenridge'. All this wonderful Farm Life was numbing the pain away from my family in Harvey. Tara and Simon were pleased to hear me sounding better with an uplifted Spirit enjoying the Lifestyle, for my happiness was also theirs, yet my homesickness was eating away at me. If I was dumped off at one of those halfway lodges or by myself in a flat or a poor house like most mentally ill patients are, pushed off like rubbish on a rubbish tip, out of sight, quietly drugged and out of mind. We are the most intelligent and sensitive, are abused the most, the modern day lepers. I was so grateful for what my adopted Slade families had done, my appreciation was shown in what I shared with them. Everyone helps everyone down here – it's the way of Life. Living in a dairy town of Harvey the town folk with adjoining farmers have a great community Spirit like one big extended family. I have seen some city folk move out to these communities bringing bad habits of City Life, most small towns are very clingy, everyone knows or wants to know, everyone's business. It was extra special here for half the adjoining farmers were blood related, helping each other particularly in emotional areas and sharing farming implements when needed. This family farming should extend Nation wide in more a co-op. The Mt. Barker Township ran a successful local co-operative including petrol ownership/sales.

The Homestead on 'Red Gums' was looking great, on my return the rose bushes I had pruned earlier were looking healthy with new buds and I was now given the new guest room

with all its trimmings including a view of the Stirlings from the large window – well was this Heaven or what?

Now that I was fit as a fiddle and over the drug abuse, enthusiastic and feeling my old self again, I was keen to earn my keep more so. Since I enjoy any form of painting George had been wanting to paint the outside of the Homestead for some years, it was overdue but other farming matters came first. I was pleased to do the job, for the Love of it, but George insisted I did it on an hourly rate, give and take he said.

In between wet days and odd jobs on the farm, I steadily worked on the painting project over about three weeks extending to the workshed once I got the painting bug. Even feeding the chooks and three sheep dogs late in the day and firing up the water heater was an eventful delight. I included three days of lamb marking with George and John keeping in fine tune physically and mentally.

Also during this period Angela, Rene's sister, grew about ten acres of protea for the florist market, she was overloaded with orders from Victoria for her red variety so I helped by putting a hand into picking and packaging for a couple of days. Just Love the variety farming offers.

The climax of the stay occurred when young Phillip, who often chased up bargains at clearance sales and stock sales, this particular day he picked me up to take me to a sheep sale and auction at the Kojunup sales yard.

What an atmosphere with thousands of sheep and hundreds of people. At first one would think all sheep look alike, just like us westerners think all Japanese people look alike. Over the weeks I got to know George's different breeds of sheep, his South Suffolk which were up for auction in a pen with others of the same breeds, I could tell George's apart from the others, like all farmers can – not from their unique ear markings, but from their individual appearances and more so their invisible vibration; a little like a parent can easily and quickly select their own

children out in a huge crowd, zooming straight to them. I must share with you this special moment when I connected into ONENESS to become US/WE, as well as the I/ME, and perhaps it may help you open up and breakaway from the exclusive separation and into inclusive ONENESS to feel the brotherly/sisterhood in all people. If we all did this the world would be Heavenly Divine.

The sale intrigued me, I allowed myself to go with it not to doubt and tie logic to it or to try to rationalise anything, there was no need for any plausible reasoning. Instead, like I often do, I felt my emotions allowing my imagination and visualization to run free and by using my intuitive insight to see the invisible and feel the untouchable, I was able to connect to George's sheep here as if they were my own, no even more so, as if they were part of me, his five sheep in the pen were five aspects of myself. Then it mentally CLICKED – thousands of unique individual sheep at first glance appearing identical as most of US think. Then I considered the hundreds of the same breed of sheep at David's I had played with lamb marking, initially they looked identical too, until in closer observation each one, like humans, have their own special individual features and then it happened. In a blink of an eye I felt that wonderful feeling of ONENESS. A feeling that cannot be properly explained for one needs to feel it, experience it, for he or she's self to connect in ONENESS.

Once I felt this ONENESS with the five sheep in this particular pen, it automatically in the next blink dominoe'd through to the others in the pen, then onto or into all the sheep in the sale yards. Within seconds I, as Kelvin, was also all the sheep as well. Then as I looked across in to the crowd of people they too changed, they became aspects of me also.

What a strange sensation; I was everyone wearing different clothing in both male and female bodies, both as adults and children, inside these bodies we were all the same. I decided to head towards the makeshift kiosk to purchase a cup of tea, this ONENESS becoming stronger the more I saw. I seemed to know what everyone was thinking and about to think and do. Looking

at one of the women serving afternoon teas, I was about to call out to warn her then she dropped and broke a plate. Knowing these things became scary, I didn't want to know what everyone was thinking and were about to say and do. Being an unpredictable Aquarian, I wanted surprises, changes and spontaneity. This was all too boring, like a plantation of pine trees all in a row and the same height. What's the point of going further, it's all the same, there is no need to be here, give me back the Natural bush every tree is different planted here and there amongst so many other species of bushes, shrubs, plants and weeds, rocks, hills etc. Somewhere to move into to adventurously explore and discover, and learn from and advance and grow. I prayed (asked) God for my individual thought back. However it stayed as such for me to condense until the time came when the crowd started to leave and I met up with Phillip again (with his handful of purchases listed in his hand). Then I saw Phillip both as Phillip and me. What an interesting concept.

In this ONENESS **I** or should I say **WE**, felt like a little single light globe that just ignited with every other one in a large capital city to be ablaze in glory. As just **US** the **WE**, I could pick up everyone's feelings and thoughts both good and bad. Don't tell the shrinks what I have just said, their narrow shrunken separated minds would be confused and would not be able to comprehend. They may say I am crazy or in their language, psychotic with grandiose delusions and hallucinating with no insight and insist on an injection to make me/**US** think like them.

Once the balance of the **I/ME** was brought back in line with the **WE/US** a perfect, clear perspective of Life was in focus. **I/WE** are both the centre and circumference of the universe.

It took a good hour to drive back to the farm, arriving back near on dinner time. What an enjoyable and amazing day, I thanked Phillip as he drove on to his family with some successful sales and purchases.

I went to bed that night contemplating feeling wholesome in my ONENESS connection and happy to awake feeling the same. During the following day, whilst out in the paddock, I grabbed a handful of grass to also feel its connection, wherever there was Life I felt part of it. In the Christ-Consciousness we are ALL, being the circumference one can view matters from all points of view not just from a single point or opinion. This was an amazing and important breakthrough in my Spiritual Unfoldment; the **ME** gave way to **US**, the Lower Self to the Higher Self.

From here on WE will be working and playing with US, doing things OUR way not just MINE. For those of US still self-centred on the ME, drowning in male energy and had problems comprehending the above I suggest and highly recommend Peter O. Erbes' book "GOD I AM – from Tragic to Magic". For many of our bible-centred Christian brothers and sisters don't confuse the title as I am God, often our perceptions are twisted to interpret things in reverse. It was years later in 1998 that I read this book to add to my library for friend's assistance. It deals with very important issues that I/WE shall cover throughout our journey into the Light and Beyond, such as the Balance of our Male and Female energies, our Ego's, the Universal Law of Supply and Metempsychosis. Peter encourages you to BE, to be at ONE with the Spirit that causes US to be.

With this wonderful feeling of ONENESS I/WE were drawn even stronger to be with Tara and Simon, not just emotionally and mentally and in Spirit, but also physically, I hadn't seen them for about four months, missing them immensely.

During this week I had completed the outside painting of the Red Gum's Homestead and decided to enquire about accommodation in Harvey – at their tender ages Tara and Simon needed their father as much as I/WE needed them, I was missing Sue just as much and held some hope, now I was wholesome, of a family reunion, to start afresh. With spring in the air we were in for new Life, new beginnings.

The following week, Ann, the real estate agent phoned back to inform me of her decision to rent the house she had recently purchased. To my, (not OUR) surprise, it was my old house that the family lived in for ten years. Sue's father sold it a few months earlier so Sue could rebuild on a block next to her parents. It would only be one kilometre away for Sue had always wanted a new house built of her own. Ann seeing how well we looked after the house asked me to rent it at a reasonably low rental. Of course, I jumped at the opportunity sensing it was meant to be.

Now it was so sad and hard to leave the families on the farm, especially at 'Red Gums'. Within two weeks I tidied loose ends up on the farm and sealed arrangements in Harvey, feeling completely recovered from yet another abusive hospital ordeal. My departing hug with Rene seemed to last for hours, as a caring mother her injured birds bones were healed and feathers grown back to fly on to a new adventure. George, without a blood brother, accepted me as one and in good faith with his wife we expressed a strong departing hug. This is Heaven down here and I wanted to be in both places at once. As much as I could settle in at the Bonna Valley farmhouse, my Soul was calling ME/US to venture on, leaving my home away from home for further lessons and teachings.

It was during my last week the regional psyche nurse persuaded me to meet up with a fellow manic-depressive patient living in nearby Mt. Barker, named Olivia. She appeared very bright and friendly in more than one way, somewhat flamboyantly eccentric in her dress and household trimmings. Olivia wanted to come and visit me on the farm but a few days later I phoned her back to inform her that I was leaving for Harvey via Perth. As it was, Olivia was going up to Perth to see her private psychiatrist on the same day and offered me a lift. With so much luggage to carry, I accepted her kind invitation. Was this to be a mistake or a blessing in disguise? We were both about to undergo an advanced course in Living, so come along for the journey and lesson.

I stayed overnight at Noel's, updating him of my wonderful stint Down on the Funny Farm in a Heavenly state. Noel was busy as ever adding and subtracting the \$'s in his office and so generously lent me \$2000 to purchase a car and I hired a trailer to collect the furniture stored at the Canine. Bob and the staff were so pleased to see me and introduced ME/US to the new caretaker before I filled the car with petrol to be ♪ Homeward Bound ♪.