

CHAPTER 14

Life is Politically Religious

Like a White Eagle with wings well spread, we flew down to cross the northern coastline of the heart shaped island of Tasmania, I/WE knew I was going to love it here. It was most impressive, as we circled and gracefully swooped down to land on the busy town of Launceston.

Bob, a senior member of Fusion Australia, greeted me at the airport, then gave me a guided introductory tour as we drove to Poatina Resort Village. This ex-Hydro town nestles some 60 kilometres further south on a plateau located under the shadow of the Great Western Tiers, close to the famous Great Lakes region.

Once settled in my new room in the motel, I viewed the spectacular mountain views from the dining area while writing postcards and making acquaintance with other new comers and the staff. I had already started missing Tara and Simon so I phoned to describe my flight and introduction to Tassie and to hear how they were back there – 3000 kilometres away – the thought of the disconnection was a little scary.

By dusk, the four others and I who had arrived for the Summer Art School with the tutor Chris Neild, met up with the eighty plus permanent residents at the regular Saturday evening's community barbecue around the pool. Here at the headquarters I was pleased to meet with Mal Garvin, the National Director and founder of Fusion Australia, which is a Christian Youth and Community Work organisation. For 35 years Mal has shared his positive anecdotes on radio across the country with his Breakthru Generation, amongst my favourite being:

Although not as glossy as indicated in the brochures, Poatina was at first an exciting place to be in; a new interesting environment with many new faces. The teacher, Chris, and I got on very well, being able to view the landscape with a Christ-like vision, which helped us to appreciate its unseen beauty.

A further seven people arrived during Sunday in readiness for the week's workshop. Nearly all were novice students except Maz, a painter and art teacher at the Calvin Christian Secondary School in Kingston, a suburb just south of Hobart. The group was great fun and I was enabled to brush off some cobwebs. Chris took US inside the process of making art – exploring the territory and helping us to become more at home in the world of visual art. By the end of the week, Chris had stimulated me enough to attempt to jump-start my art career again.

The practical day sessions of the art making process were an intriguing mixture of conscious intuition (gut feelings), hard won skills and the pure love of creativity. Chris, a Spiritually woken devout Christian, explained how the grace of God can meet with US in this mix. During one session, he gave insights into brain function, by explaining theories concerning both sides of the brain. Something our education system needs to develop more and emphasise.

A year later, I met a man called Ian, suffering brain damage after a stroke which was caused by an overload of work and not enough play, among other documented causes (out of balance), a common problem out there. Ian's right side was paralysed from a blood clot in his left brain hemisphere. In his impaired speech, he asked me to help him once I started to explain how our brains function. I decided to explain for him the characteristics of the Left and Right Hemispheres. From the initial brain chart given at Poatina, I developed this page which I believe has helped many since and perhaps may interest you as well. Due to governments, society and our inheritance, a great majority of US have fallen too much to the Left-Brain mode, even though normal brains 'flick' from one hemisphere to the other constantly. My/Our intentions are to help restore and co-operative balance along with an intellectual and intuitive balance. It is interesting

to note only approximately 10% of the world's human population are strongly left-handed. I was born strongly left-handed before being encouraged to the right, becoming ambidextrous. Let's have a look at our brain.

**GETTING TO KNOW
BOTH SIDES OF
OUR BRAIN**

LEFT Brain

Yang
masculine
conscious
Sun gold
negative
aggressive
cold
earth – fire
spring – summer
right side body
reason

RIGHT Brain

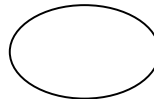
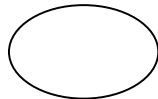
Yin
feminine
Unconscious
Moon silver
positive
passive
warm
air – water
autumn – winter
left side body
emotion

L

MAJOR

MINOR

R



DOMINANT

Intellect
Directed
Adult-like (tell)
Work, serious
Objective
Lineal
Temporal (time)
VERBAL
Logical/Practical
Digital/computer
Conservative
Routine/Fixed
Analytic
Know all-experts?
Successful
Narrow minded
Self righteous
Secure/doubtful
Fearful
Willpower
Jealous/possessive
Ego/pride
Knowledge
rational
inconsiderate
individual anger
irritable

PHYSICAL

SPIRITUAL

BUSINESS
order
scientific
mathematical
city-structure
insensitive/sin'
unfanciful +-
ego-pride 40%
cruel/control
ignorant/arrogant
thought
untrusting
selfish-greed
hate-lust
homely/correct/proper
convergent/action
separated/conform
POWER/authority
impatient/rush

Key

**B
A
L
A
N
C
E**

PEACE

+-
60%

ARTISTIC ♪+
sport
inspiration
dreamer
Nature-flow
sensitive-sincere
CREATIVE
humble-modest
kind/oneness
wise
trusting
sharing-caring family
LOVING-passion
outgoing/casual
divergent/ideas
touch/hug/kiss
STRENGTH
determination
patience-innocent
calm

SUB DOMINANT

Intuitions psychic
FREE cosmic
Child-like (listen)
Play, fun, happy
Subjective
Non-lineal
Non temporal
Non verbal expression
Intuitive/Insight
Spatial/artificer
Eccentric/flamboyant
Flexible/versatile
Holistic/relational
Inner Knowing
Simultaneous
Open minded
Feeling
Risk/believer
Fearless
Imagination; visual
Sharing
Humble
Wisdom
irrational
considerate
colour
music ♪
dance

centre. Maz was right; by the end of that next week, I was down and out, unable to be with my children and Melissa, I just wanted to return to the 'Light' to be blissfully happy with everyone again in Oneness.

After several phone calls to Maz, she perceived my mental state and encourage me to take up her offer to see a little of Hobart. I packed my case and made arrangements to catch the bus to Hobart. I considered that after waiting 20 years to arrive in Tassie, I at least owed it to myself to see the lights of Hobart before returning to the Light.

Maz met me at the bus terminal and we shared a coffee prior to her showing me around the exciting CBD of the most southern Capital City in Australia and incidentally also the sunniest. It's a beautiful, relaxed world down there. I loved the 'Big Country' atmosphere, being welcomed by all. My suicidal thoughts (common to many who have had a near death experience soon after returning) were soon overshadowed by Maz's kindness, friendship and hospitality in a new environment, circumstances and situation.

On arriving at Maz's home, I found it to be a paradise nestled high up in a hill overlooking the modern township of Kingston (10,000 pop) with Mt. Wellington to the northwest and a beautiful beach on the Derwent River estuary to the east. Maz had designed the cottage style two storey red cedar home with balustraded verandah's extending around three sides with other balconies above. It offered spectacular views from the living rooms full length windows as did the studio upstairs and the verandahs. The slopey, bushy ¾ acre block had a beautiful cottage garden backed by a retaining wall of gigantic rock boulders and had a secluded entry down a very steep winding driveway. Every visitor remarked how heavenly it was up here. Maz named it 'The Eyrie' meaning the Eagles Nest. As a White Eagle person, it felt right to be there.

It wasn't long after I put my case down and met her youngest son Stirling, a harpist just out of high school, that I asked to pay board and stay a while because I was desperate to escape

Poatina. Hardly knowing me, Maz, nevertheless, was able to recognise my plight. Her Soul never hesitated as Maz was satisfied that my depression was genuine. On accepting my proposal it extended to ten wonderful months. Several weeks later after I had well and truly settled in to the family, she confided

“Kelving, it’s strange, a few months back before Christmas, when telling the Lord in prayer that I could perhaps face another relationship, I discussed with Him my pre-requisites for a partner: 1. Born again Christian, 2. Interest in or education in the arts, 3. Intellectually me equal or superior, 4. No anger problem, 5. Trustworthy and loyal, 6. Chemistry right, 7. No young children and access problems, 8. Good sense of humour!, 9. Someone willing to share my nest. I then laughed it off because of the ludicrous improbability – all this in a man with a suitcase!!” .

Maz had been divorced for 5 years from a civil engineer, who had worked on the two major Hydro Electrical Dams. The marriage was never very happy and finally ended after nearly 30 years. Maz moved on through hard times but with her inner strength and faith in God, through Jesus she designed and built her nest.

From our talks in Poatina, Maz knew my heart was still back in W.A. with Melissa and my beloved children. She saw Melissa as just an infatuation or fantasy that I would overcome because we had not even shared a cup of coffee together. But it was more than that. It was a true Soul to Soul Love affair detached from the physical personalities which I believe that deep down Melissa felt but never even to herself acknowledged the Twin Souls. I always wore a necklace of eagle claws but after I had been with Maz 4 or 5 months, I began to wear my crystal heart again.

“What’s with the heart crystal you wear?” Maz asked, *“It looks great but I don’t accept any New Age practices, nor does the Bible”* she went on to quote: *“The Lord is a jealous God and will not have his name linked with any other Gods. In Acts 4-12 Peter refers to Jesus Christ*

when he says; Salvation is found in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given to men by which we may be saved”

“Maz, it represents everything” I began to explain, “to be quite honest it represents the Holy Spirit, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, it’s the core of my heart which is everyone’s, the Christ within, that I wear outwardly to reflect the Light of God if you like. It may be just a piece of glass to others, but God has charged it up to have an energy of its own, the crystal contains both the cross and a Peace sign from its facets”

Maz sat with that to a point, then offered me her cross. *“Come upstairs, I’ll show you my cross”* It is a sculptured cross, formed of pewter nails, symbolic of the crucifixion.

“Looks good Maz, my crystal is more focused on the resurrection than the death of Christ”

The crucifixion is something most Christians have trouble coming to terms with. Most people are attracted to my crystal, accepting it for what it is – beauty. I believe that once realised and tapped into, the core to each of our hearts is the same.

As we found, Maz and I had a lot in common, particularly regarding the arts. She wanted an ever deepening relationship with Jesus. I did not mind standing in second to Jesus. From her list she was searching for a man who was an artist, believed in Jesus, understood the Bible, loved and appreciated music and dance, enjoyed the theatre, loved culture and travel, socialised well with all people and accepting her friends and relations, loved gardening and cooking, appreciating fine wine and dining as well as nature walks, a man who comes with a suitcase with no baggage, ties or house, a man who loves children and lives the Bible and the list went on.

Yes, I am all these and much more, a worldly man, a syncretistic artistic philanthropist – a Bohemian. I am the Rainbow Peaceful Warrior but as a Christian, Maz would not accept me to be a Free undisciplined Spirit displaying all my colours. I am open to all things. In my opinion, Buddhism in its original form is one of the best religions accepting all, without a fabricated man

God which had arisen around 600-700AD, although, as this faith developed, it did not remain Godless. Religion without faith is a contradiction; without God it would be a philosophic inconsistency and an intellectual absurdity. I am aware that the magical and mythological parentage of natural religion does not invalidate the reality and truth of the later revelational religions and the consummate saving gospel of the Christian religion of Jesus Christ.

However there was no room for paganism in this house – I am no heathen. All Christians will tell you Jesus is the only way to Heaven; He is the Way, the Truth and the Light. It is written so in the Bible. It's God's word and Maz and her Christian friends will soon testify as this being the only truth.

Well yes "Christ's Way" to Absolute Happiness in ONENESS with God. We, too, once we get it altogether, can all become Christed/Enlightened, then we're in Heaven.

Feeling relieved and at home, I slept peacefully, gazing out to the stars and waking to a stunning sunrise through the studio windows. The next day Maz, while still on summer school holidays, drove me around Hobart, showing me the main attractions. The highlight was looking down on the City and across the Derwent from the top of Mt. Wellington. Nearly all houses have a view as they are built on the slopes following the river on both sides. That evening, we returned to the top of Mt. Wellington, I was amazed by the lights across Hobart from nearly 4000 feet above. It felt magical as if all the stars had fallen to earth, so picturesque, like fairyland.

Thanks Maz for the grand tour which continued over much of the island during the months to come. Cherished memories we both hold onto.

Stirling was about to commence his studies at the University Conservatorium of Music. He is a true Harpist, even with Harper as his surname and born with fleshy pads on his fingertips. Before taking his concert harp in to the Campus, I was delighted to hear him play; the sound combined with the environment was truly Heavenly.

I soon settled into Maz's way of Life. I never had a way of living leaving Poatina. I quickly adjusted to her routines; I am clean and tidy and Maz, as a former theatre nurse is very methodical and as an artist, enjoyed an aesthetic environment, perhaps a little too much for Stirling's satisfaction. Her home was a showcase; always artistically immaculate with lovely touches of flowers, but not too rigid that you could not feel comfortable without shoes. I liked it; Maz helped polish me up on my domestics after four years living alone with no frills.

After those aforementioned four years, I got a buzz out of shopping in the local supermarket with a trolley; we played like teenagers as we gathered our weekly shopping for three. I paid my way well in all respects.

I had deprived myself of a normal family life for years so it was so good to be connected to one again in such a friendly neighbourhood. Maz showed great compassion over 3-4 months as she mothered me back to fine health. She witnessed the damage the injected drug caused, dragging me down to biological depression and suicide.

Maz had other adult children no longer living at home. Sally, a language teacher in Sydney, Cameron, who was a Business Management graduate and Michael, a foster-son, who was married with children. Cameron was about to be married in mid Feb. Another daughter had died from cancer in her thirtieth year. Even with the wedding excitement, I continued feeling suicidal. In later weeks, Maz would rush home from school, sensing my attempts.

"I knew it, I panicked to get here, Kelving we must see the doctor and get you off these halaparodol injections as they appear to exacerbate your depression, they're killing you and me"

Maz caught me upstairs tying knots in the sheets preparing to fly off the balcony; it would have devastated her if she came home ten minutes later. Sorry Maz, most A.D.E.'ers take a while to adjust back to the realities of living mortality after such a 'divine' experience. Missing Simon and Tara along with Melissa was too much to bear at that point.

On seeing a Hobart psychiatrist, she immediately cleared me of the injection and ordered a stabiliser when necessary instead.

“In Tasmania and Victoria” the doctor explained, “we do not administrate this type of anti-psychotic drug after the first 48-72 hours, as the anxiety of mania drops we place patients on a stabilising drug such as terigdol and respiridol”

“Exactly!” I agreed. “That is what I’ve been trying to tell the fools in W.A. for years, but they never listen to their guinea pigs”

Within two weeks, I was cleared of all drugs for good. After Easter I felt creative again and produced two oils of the *“Sleeping Buddha R.I.P.”* as explained and shown in Chapter 13, one for Tara’s birthday, the other for Melissa.

Missing my children so much with the weeks ticking by, I invited them over for the October school holidays and went about producing artwork to cover the flight, expenses and to have \$100 a day for treats. Within a couple of months, I had produced and sold these two oils to secure funds and posted the flight tickets off to Simon and Tara. These were the passport to fond memories.

I treasure the nine wonderful days we spent together, Maz was generous in accommodating and transporting US around southern Tasmania.

Art dealers took a keen interest in my work but having sufficient money from the above oils for Tara and Simon, I went about preparing for a masterpiece on Life, inspired by NGang. I had been creating this work for most of my life; the production was to take approximately 600

hours over five months. Being in union with my Spirit, NGang and at Peace, I commenced the large painting in June.

Referring to the cover photo at the beginning of this chapter, here is a brief summary of the painting that I display with it:

The painting clearly demonstrates the children of the world, young and old focused and heading towards the light for a bright, happy and peaceful future.

These children are those who walk on the Righteous Spiritual Path (R.S.P.), coming from all walks of life, from all the religions (formal and informal), from all creeds and races. Most claim to be on it, particularly the proclaimed religious, yet in reality the percentage is very low. We all have our own individual journey to travel in our lives and what path(s) we walk on to learn from is our choice.

They say a picture tells 1000 words, I could produce a book on this inspired work. The painting is represented in symbols using fables, parables and allegories with metaphor and a touch of satire to simply relay the messages.

As we enter the painting we are drawn to the colourful children over the foreground which is society in general like an under world presented in fables, people as busy ants, frogs in and out of relationships, rabbits in pitfalls, dramas and helpful bees.

The yellow elephant represents our souls taking us on the journey; the mirrors reflect our real self and others. There are more than 100 written messages on the banners, posters and balloons as the children sing and dance in the party rally all interrelated as a family heading directly towards the Light of God on the horizon.

There is good and bad in all categories of religions and politics; you are invited to explore them all since we are all in the painting one way or the other. You may see yourself on the Merry Go Round of life, caught up in the Rat Race, on the Roller Coaster, and or part of the natural Surfing religion, the Environmentalist, the Artist, the Hippies, Ferals and Bikies and or in the New Age religion or any of the formal Eastern and Western religions.

Further back towards the LIGHT sun on the horizon connecting to the R.S.P. the spiritual man on the land and musicians are seen. Now as we step back and down even closer to the sun the native people are seen in tune and in harmony with nature. The sun the LIGHT of GOD has the Jesus Christ superstar CD with the angles over the covenant and the first two Moses commandments above. Behind the CD a powered LIGHT shines out to all people to guide us home. The LIGHT is within us all so once open to it we all connect as a peace loving family.

PEACE IS IN US.

While producing the painting, I made endless notes with the intention of writing a book on the work. That has now been condensed into this chapter, with this autobiography centred around the painting.

Before beginning the work, Maz had drawn my attention to the Australian Blake Art Prize for Religious Art, that she had previously entered. After seeing the entry form and meeting the criteria perfectly, I decided to work towards it for the end of the year. Not that I needed to compete with the Arts. Who qualifies to judge in the eye of the beholder? It was more for the exposure during its public Australian tour that interested me the most, the \$10,000 prize would be helpful for Tara and Simon. For the competition, I titled the painting “*Life is Religion*” then in later years I have extended it to “*Life is Politically Religious*”

I’ll now take you into it as we tour the various religions, both formal and informal, and question the meaning and the integrity of politics.

Firstly, let’s question religion, what is it? Many confuse it with Spirituality. Shall we have a look at our dictionaries –

religion (ri’lidzan) n. a) belief in, worship of, or obedience to a supernatural power or powers considered to be divine or to have control of human destiny. b) any formal or institutionalised experience of such a belief – the Christian, Muslim, Jewish religion. c) something of overwhelming importance to a person who is devoted to – football could be said to be the biggest religion in Australia; many of US religiously go to work, a political party can be a politician’s religion along with others.

Furthermore, we see religion to be a commitment or obligation, anything done or followed with reverence or devotion particularly with application to the worship of God or gods or pertaining to a particular system of belief.

Religion requires no definition; we all know its social, intellectual, moral and spiritual fruits. Our human perception of religion is subject to the bondage of ignorance, the slavery of superstition, the deception of sophistication and the delusions of false philosophy.

Religion has to do with feeling, acting and living not merely with thinking.

Theology puts the intellectual content of religion, metaphysics (revelation) with the philosophic aspects in a formal framework. Religious experience is the spiritual expression of religion. Notwithstanding the mythological vagaries and the possibility of psychological illusions with regard to the intellectual content of religion and the metaphysical assumptions of error, the tendency to self-deception, the political distortions and the socioeconomic perversions of the philosophic content of religion, the spiritual experience of personal religion remains genuine and valid.

We should remember that no matter how illusory and erroneous one's theology, one's religion can be wholly genuine and everlastingly true. Many of us can become lost if we cling to every phrase and fail to understand the Bible and other Holy Books and argue its interpretations; we then miss the point of God's message. We should accept its basic tenet that we have a Creator. Who has a plan for our return home in Love and forgiveness?

Adhering to a religion requires faith. In the Bible in Hebrews 11, faith is defined as the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Johann Arnt Weners defines that faith comes from an inward experience, which creates an unshakable conviction that the divinity exists even if it cannot be demonstrated or confined through the senses. I have always held a strong faith with hope of things to come, centred around God's Love. Do you recall the importance of Faith, Hope and Charity?

True religion is an experience of believing and knowing and does not depend on the satisfaction of feelings.

Some people would often say to me, “*are you religious?*” expecting me to pull out a Bible or denounce a church, often for just mentioning the word God or Jesus. Jesus Christ is the most used name in the world, but often used out of context. We are often guilty of swearing by His name.

As I have already mentioned in Chapter 1, my religion is simply *Living, living with God and you*. I carry my church around with me and my Christ is within me.

I believe that in today’s society, politics and religion have become dirty words. Many people would ask “*Are you religious?*” What do they exactly mean? Because it can mean so many things to so many different people and can be contradictory. For instance, being religious can mean loving one’s neighbour as oneself, or excommunicating a person to a fate worse than death, consulting witches for wisdom, or burning them alive, withdrawing into silence or speaking in tongues, going to a mosque on Friday, a synagogue on Saturday or a church on Sunday. It can also mean going on pilgrimages, attempting to convert others, fighting crusades and holy wars and so on. I see a person committed to good will and love to be religious. When all is said, religion is and has always been an integral part of being human.

Hopefully religion will become more important in our lives as the world continues to decline in its separation and greed as foretold in the Bible. Religion can be a purely personal and spiritual experience although most involve community. It implies a way of thinking which may influence the following:

- our attitude towards material things.
- aesthetic appreciation of beauty and ugliness.
- ethical recognition of social obligation and political duty.
- our sense of human morality.

Religion is inherent in humanity and calls forth faith, trust and assurance in a higher power beyond ourselves and it generally culminates in worship.

Looking back over my profound spiritual experiences, I understand that religion awakens the Soul to those supreme values, which can be in contrast to those influenced by rational thought. Such superhuman insights can only be had through genuine religious spiritual experiences of this nature.

It could be argued that all formal religions in the world have their purpose. I have made enquiry into many not for the purpose of finding my soul or God, but rather to use their precepts as tools for spiritual growth and to help me develop an understanding so that I might be able to understand where others involved are at, so as to relate. If the religion, or group in which you practice your belief and love of God is not fulfilling, the opportunity of full spiritual development and soul growth through direct revelation and inner knowing, then you would far benefit from finding another. As we seek assistance in our spiritual growth and redevelopment, we need not cling to ritualistic practices, but rather begin our own connection to God directly through our soul, soul connection is imperative to spiritual growth. Sadly, too many of US lose ourselves in a religion and it's dogma only to isolate ourselves in this physical plane. When all is said and done, the True spiritual growth can be achieved only through persistent exercise of real Love. I guess what has made me so different from the typical man is the fact that from making my Soul contact at an early age or more to the point not losing it as most do on commencing schooling. I was able to build on this bridge to God over the years until I eventually, through my physical conscious mind, with sincere heart and earnest mind. I allowed my intuitive inner teacher to lead the way back through my past lives to be One with God and the Universes. I learnt this self mastery of the mind prior to my death to achieve my Souls purpose and goal in my personality to return in the same body with an added mission. The difference between you and me is small in principle but wider in practice. We need to have mastery of self

overcoming any doubts and fears to be totally committed in both our hearts and minds to God and Life in Oneness. On demonstrating the power of mind and heart with good thinking over negative of positive belief over the darkness and of Love over hatred and peace over war, we are then brought into contact with others like ourselves for the betterment of humanity. This is not a time of passivity or of aloneness on that path less travelled but a time of peaceful joining together. The coming age is a beautiful time of connection with God, but also with the soul life in the brothers and sisters around US, both visible and invisible, a time where the Heavens and Earth unite in Oneness.

Although we tend to centre most things around the dollar, religions should not be run as businesses, yet the Catholic Church is one of the richest organisations in the world. Evangelist entertaining and the contribution of 10% up to 30% of income towards a religious organisation is, in my opinion unacceptable. No longer should financial support be given to those groups that do not bring US a personal connection and experience. God does not need our money or materialistic offerings; a purposeful charity to help the needy is different, donating what we can only afford.

If the churches, shrines or temples we attend do not bring US into the fruition of our Soul growth, then they do not serve US and must be abandoned.

Yes I know most devoted religious people, the Christians, Jewish and Muslims claim their religion is the only way to the true God. Well, just ask Jesus, Mohammed and others and they will tell you the Truth is that all sons and daughters of all colours, religions and nations are welcomed in God's family if they so choose it.

Sure an innocent, honest and pure little three year old girl born into a loving family in a native village in the jungle not knowing of civilisation and Jesus never doing any wrong dies only with what is called original sin, Karma, she will have the right to Heaven? She will not go

to hell, purgatory or limbo, regardless of knowing Jesus and being born again. Remember Jesus saying:

“Unless you become like a Little Child you will never enter the Kingdom of Heaven”

Nearly all so-called ‘Born Again’ Christians put themselves on a separate pedestal above others thinking only they will be saved to go to Heaven. Well, the Pentecost is about being born again, re-awoken to Spirit, to be Spiritually Minded. Just because I was also baptised, spoke in tongues and captivated with the Holy Spirit for 21 days, does not mean that I hear all and end all. An angelic-like person can turn evil over night or at a blink of anger.

I have heard there are a lot of Catholics in Ireland but hardly any Christians, I guess this country could say the same.

Personally, we all hold the answers, the Key as previously indicated, many of US will be assisted and guided from all the various religions, formal and informal, and just need to broaden our Minds and open our Hearts to experience Life to the fullest to learn from, not to be caught up in a rut of a particular religion, none of our Spiritual Leaders did, in particular Jesus. Jesus was brought up on Judaism, as I was the Catholic religion.

Much of our youth today have been put off formal religions and have seen the confusion and damage formal religions have done in their own families history as well as the world at large. Consequently most of the youth have turned away focusing more so on the informal religions of music, surfing, new age, nature lovers and so forth. Still searching to find themselves, their Souls and God, many victims of abuse and the pressures of society have turned to drugs and alcohol for relief but only lose their direction and mind more so. Thankfully it is more spirituality our youth yearn for. The Spirit of the One True God.

Each individual soul has a unique path to travel, given different opportunities and experience to expand levels of growth both on earth and in the spiritual realm beyond. We need regardless where we are or amongst whom we are with, to practice Love and give caring to

others, the outworkings of the first commandment. For it is upon this record that we receive our next experience for added growth to move forward on the Righteous Spiritual Path.

I was in my inspirational element during the day in Maz's studio buzzing in my solitude in the warmth of the winter sun surrounded by magnificent views in a pleasant homely environment, playing my favourite music, it's the best job on earth I'd be foolish to be enslaved to employment. To live a spiritual Life we really need to first find the courage to enter the desert of our loneliness and change it by gentle and persistent efforts into a garden of solitude to take US out of the poverty of loneliness from restless search to the restful Spirit to relax in an awareness of the Love of God in all and the richness that springs from such knowledge and wisdom.

As we often say, we need to Love ourselves with inner Peace first. In our busy routinised lifestyles, we must find the time each day to sit quietly with Self and listen; on the toilet is a start

This religious topic may have become too heavy so on that note, let's have a break and put the kettle on.

During the months leading up to Tara and Simon's holiday in October, Maz treated me to many of the Arts offered in Hobart. Every week we budgeted for either live theatre or the movies. Hobart is certainly a cultural hub. Stirling rehearsed for the chorus in two major musicals "Me and My Girl" and "42nd Street", remember them? We thoroughly enjoyed the performances. I was also introduced to begin to appreciate the classical music, enjoying five performances of the famous Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra. Maz enjoys opera and classical music. We saw the Australian movie "Shine" as it hit the Big Screen – an excellent forerunner to this story.

Frequently throughout Tasmania there are fairs and festivals. While exploring the countryside, we visited some of them. What a beautiful inspiring island. My artistic aptitude was well watered to return to painting after this major project.

Returning to the formal side of religion, they all have a part to play to keep US focused on God and to keep our morals and values intact, but do we really need them? Perhaps today, but I do not see any future in them. John Lennon could imagine no religions, no possessions – so can I.

I am not here as a religious or political reformer. However, I (as you should be) am very concerned with our religious and political attitudes as well as our social and economic attitudes. Truth often becomes confusing and even misleading when it is dismembered, segregated, isolated with too much analysed. Living Truth teaches the truth seeker aright only when it is expressed in wholeness (ONENESS) and as a living spiritual reality, not a fact of material science or an inspiration of intervening art.

I will not dwell on each religion; enough has already been written by man. I do not accept any, only in parts, most overlap and are interrelated searching for the same God. Much could be learnt, one from another.

As mere mortals, our search for profound Truth that lies beyond our understanding is expressed in the many myths and religions which have evolved over the centuries. The result of this quest is the complex web of myths, legends, and faiths that is our inheritance – from tribal religions and the Gods in human likeness of ancient Greece to today's multiplicity of faiths.

The challenge of contemporary society today is to see the universal message that runs through all world religions and to amalgamate that theme, to go beyond our present divisions and separateness, to bring about a Brotherly Sisterhoodship.

Once our Souls take US across the bridge to God to live in ONENESS with True Peace, all the Universal secrets will be open to US.

If we all acknowledged the presence of God living inside of US, the Holy Spirit with all the power in our minds and love in our hearts, then the human race could evolve into its next dimension of learning. So lets come to our senses and spirituality and wake up to ourselves. Most are spiritually snoring in our hectic lifestyle.

My young Simon was about ten when he stood tall to say to me. *“Dad, I don’t believe in God anymore,”* Thinking I would be disturbed. *“That’s fine Simon, what god are we talking about”* I replied, *“Man has worshiped many gods, mainly false gods. It doesn’t matter if you don’t believe in me either, all that matters Simon, is that you believe in yourself, that is where it all starts. You believe in snakes and like birds don’t ya?”*

“Sure”

“Then by believing in Nature is a healthy thing, God is in Nature”

Both Sue and I have kept Tara and Simon free of any formal religion. They have drifted more into the natural surfing religion and music and living with good will using common sense.

My painting *“Life is Politically Religious”* puts it all into perspective with the spiritual leaders – founders of each formal religion from the West and the East guiding its followers to the Righteous Spiritual Path to the Light of God. Most spiritual teachers are misunderstood, defied, ridiculed, mis-interpreted and severely punished and sometimes crucified.

In the work, we see the Dalai Lama off the throne to be greeted by the children from the R.S.P. then others follow.

I have used the Arts, through this painting because it is a fundamental part of human nature not only to survive and reproduce but also to seek explanations for the mysteries of life. Because these mysteries are in fact beyond explanation, we use the language of symbolism to represent them. Whether we live in commercialised societies or communities relatively

unchanged by time, we are surrounded by signs, images and ideas that are often highly symbolic. This painting is a fine example.

I have used common and recognisable symbols with which most of US are familiar and are aware of their meaning and significance.

We will now have a brief look at a few informal religions that I have highlighted. Firstly, the religion of surfing with its dedicated followers. Many young people live for surfing; some of US mock them as beach bums, free of stress and employment. Shown on the crest of the wave is KUTA, the surf god, representing the true God, nature, the weather, the wave itself. A surfer has 'No Fear' and rides to be one with the wave, one with God, to be in balance and harmony. Surfing is used as meditation and medication taking worry from the mind and stresses the land societies bring. Surfers are generally very passive, peaceloving and carefree. Surfing is a religion in itself, a brotherlysisterhood, in which hearty spirited people appreciate beauty and overlap into the religion of music. The wave need be only their drug. I am pleased my children are keen devoted surfers amongst other things.

The peace train shown in the painting indicates the religion of music and song. Heartfelt love songs touch the hearts of all people to open up to the soul. Barry Manilow's classic "I Write the Songs" tells us God writes the songs via our intuition, speaking to US via song, in soulful music, as well as books and other forms. I once mentioned to George and Rene on the farm to consider the love songs on the radio to be written from God and when the lyrics say I, consider you are the I, and the singer is singing it on your behalf to your loved one(s). This changed their perception; worth trying. It is a mightily powerful voice – His Majesty's Voice – one song can touch nearly everyone in the world at one time such as "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You" and "Wind Beneath My Wings". On the other hand we have heard satanic music and lyrics that are filled with all the sexual smut and filthy language, abuse and vulgarity,

more common in today's music, so relevant to our lifestyle. Music can be also so heavenly, especially in the light.

Nature lovers and conservationists see beauty in God's creation and God in that creation. Devoted greenies will put their life on the line to save our trees; the Tree of Life we cannot live without; Trees, Nature, God. I have found Wilderness Society's and Conservationist groups can be just as self-righteous on their religion as any church group. The much-dedicated farmer, the man on the land, connects with God in nature. Farmers also have a language of their own brotherhood – 'cockey talk'.

We also see a religion with our bikies, they have a code of conduct and a brotherhood of their own, their morals and values can sometimes be well out of balance. The painting shows the good and bad in all, here the God's Squad bikies group is heading towards the R.S.P. and the Hell's Angels, God's Garbage with booze, sex and drugs are riding down and out of sight.

Overlapping the R.S.P. we can see the New Age religion alongside surfing and nature lovers. Many New Agers are peaceloving souls, meditating, focusing on God, and at times using various tools like crystals, aromatherapy, Reiki and other healing practices to work towards God's balance, focusing on the Christ Consciousness and the time of Rapture, the Golden Age of Aquarius. Some of these people have a Christian upbringing or come out of Buddhism and Hinduism. The negative side of the New Age Movement is when the person see's oneself as God to totally disregard God instead of realising we are part of God. Even more so from what is called the New World Order, Controlling Globalism. Being syncretistic and coming from the Light; I relate well to certain aspects of the New Age of a 1000 years of peace in a higher consciousness and dimension. With conventions we see so many exploit the tool as a business venture, satanic practices, witchcraft and by not having the inner connection of being intuitive. Jesus rightfully so, would turn many tables upside down at these new age conventions.

Through the New Age Movement, we overlap into the Native American Indians religion which is also exploited, as is the Australian Indigenous Dreamtime in its Arts. These Native religions in their rituals pay reverence to God through Nature in the Sun, and Mother Earth and its animals and plant life. The Eagle flies high, with the Sun in Native symbolism. The painting shows the Native people closest to the Sun, the son of God on the horizon.

Under the merry go round, we can see the religions of sport. AFL football being the largest here in 'Oz'. The closely associated gambling religion pays homage to the Jackpot at its god to bring dreams to reality. Many religiously buy Lotto tickets every week!!

The defence forces in the Army, Navy and Air Force also form a religion, one that I, as a Peacemaker, refuse to join. I/WE are more concerned with disarmament.

In the painting, I have shown a new world government entering the White House with the children of the World from the R.S.P. bearing the flag. I have already spoken on the formal side of politics to a point in Chapter 11 and we will revisit politics in more length in the following chapters. The informal politics intrude into our daily lives in our household, home and workplace rules.

In the foreground, we can read a row of positive messages and affirmations the children on the R.S.P. are telling US. Here are just a few:

Near the Australian indigenous people, we can see Ayers Rock; symbolically the children are constructing Gods temple that Solomon started and that Jesus told his apostle, Peter, to build on a solid Rock foundations of Love. What better place once the rain comes, to wash away the

negative bulldust for a rebirth of forest to become the new Garden of Eden with pure water and air. Gods temple is US the structure is only a symbol.

The painting was well underway when Tara and Simon arrived on October 2nd. I was glad they saw it in progress. The main tourist locations that Maz had previously showed me featured in the nine days, including a play at the Theatre Royal, and dinner at the revolving restaurant on top of the Wrest Point Casino. The most memorable day was when we played on top of Mt. Wellington after a heavy snowfall. It was the first time we had seen snow – what a great day!!

I soon missed them on their return to WA, *when would I see them again?*

I was nearly tempted to take on an adult education computer course to give me future employment along with painting but with courses booked up, I registered for an eight-week course in Written Expression. It was excellent, preparing me to write short stories, novels and publishing. This in now well put into practice and I consider that it was well worth it and meant to be.

Having nursed me back to health, Maz became more fond of me as the painting developed and as the weeks passed all her Christian friends accepted me as I was. The strong congregation at the Reformed Church were most interested in the painting, although several queried its syncretism. I made a close bonding friendship, brotherly love, with Brian the minister. We would play squash together sometimes and his sermons every Sunday were always Christ centred and inspirational for life from a strong Biblical perspective.

Maz had hoped I would stay and share her nest but circumstances caused her to suggest I go back to WA to sort myself out. I loved her but was not in love with her as such. My marriage is with my children. My Life extends outside the church and the close knit Christian family as

also did hers. On completing the painting, it was displayed and well received by the four hundred strong congregation.

With the year coming to a close and my return ticket nearing its expiry date, I had to decide to return or not. My Love for Tara and Simon was too strong. In their teens they needed their Dad as much as I needed them. My hopes of friendship with Melissa were still strong and I was hooked on the possibilities of 'World Focus'. We packed the painting for Sydney and soon after I was packing my bags for Perth, to return to my Heart, but now a big part of that heart was set in Hobart, with the people and the hearty island. I had also just been cleared of Aftercare in W.A. after seven years parole, so I was able to fly back a Free Spirit fully healed, a regenerated and rejuvenated White Eagle.

It was very painful leaving Maz at the airport with a broken heart. With only a few dollars in my pocket with no home or job to return to, I left the door ajar with the hope of my return. It was time and I was called to venture on to a new chapter in my Life.