

Artist Interrupted

Freeing Ourselves From Mental Slavery As Only We Can Do

by NgAng © 2008

CHAPTER-BY-CHAPTER SYNOPSIS

PART ONE

The I / ME – My World

My purpose in writing this book is to tell my personal story as an example of a Spiritual journey from the shadow into the Light and beyond. Although each individual has a unique path through Life, because we are also all deeply connected, I hope readers will identify with and learn from my experiences and insights.

These initial chapters describe a period of reassessment to discover my true essence and purpose in Life. Through traumatic losses, I was forced to go deep into my individual heart (the ME), expanding my consciousness of the unity of all beings (the US). It was a challenging time with many risks, as I was forced to open my mind and break away from the mainstream of society, before I could see the Light of a new day and discover a new happier way of living.

CHAPTER 1: Visit to the Loonie Bin

My saga opens in 1989, with my involuntary admission to Graylands Mental Hospital in Perth, Western Australia. This was the *second* major interruption to my once-promising art career (the first was in the 1980s when I bowed to family pressure to “get a real job” with a regular paycheck). Just before my admission to Graylands, I was beginning to focus again on art, having just had a successful exhibition and a number of deep spiritual experiences which obviously confused and frightened my conventional small-town wife and left-brained accountant brother!

After describing the shock of entering Graylands, I flash back to the event that precipitated the admission, which illustrates the tragic consequences of mistaken perceptions by people trapped in the frequency of Fear. I was accused of trying to raise a person from the dead, and my denials were disregarded. Thus began a seven year descent into hell. In Graylands, seeing the damage caused by abuse of medication, I avoided it at first, setting myself a mission to help free my fellow psychiatric patients from mental slavery to “the System.”

Befriending them all, with guidance from Spirit, I introduced art therapy to inspire them and to clear the effects of past negative treatment. The psychiatrists, with their single-minded focus on clinical protocol and use of pharmaceutical drugs, did not appreciate the positive changes that resulted. I was thrown into maximum security, where I witnessed even more unjust and cruel treatment of patients. There I also met some interesting characters and developed a very close, though short-lived (due to his suicide), friendship with Rhett. My three month incarceration, which included forced injections of powerful drugs, left me a shattered zombie upon “discharge,” which turned out to be more like a temporary “parole.”

CHAPTER 2: The Home Coming

Still heavily medicated and with no one to greet me at the Harvey railway station, I slowly shuffled home to an empty house. After school, my beautiful, innocent children, Tara and Simon, were

shocked and frightened to see me in such a broken state: “What happened to my Dad?!!” After being institutionalised, I found my home strangely scary, and the long-lasting injection they had forced on me made me contemplate suicide daily. The news that Rhett hanged himself two weeks after being released prevented me from similarly devastating those who loved me. I later learned that most psychiatric patient deaths occur during this post release period, so the psychiatrists are never held responsible for the lethal effects of their enforced medications!

It was hard on my family, holding the reins of our picture-framing and art supply business while I was away. After the trauma of Graylands, it took weeks for me to adjust back into home life and running the business. The support and encouragement of my artist friend, Robyn, helped me to re-connect with Spirit and regain my strength by brushing off the stigma associated with mental illness. It took several months before I was able to create art in my studio again.

CHAPTER 3: Love and Peace and All that Stuff

Producing the painting “Love or Greed” lifted me to new heights. Questioning what Love really is, I came up with thirteen aspects of love that I soon applied automatically to all levels of my daily life. It was through this artwork that I was able to reconnect with my process of Spiritual Unfoldment.

Everything was progressing along fine until a misunderstanding with the local police (which would have been funny except for its consequences) triggered my wife’s fears and she sent me back to the hospital against my will. After a couple of weeks at Bunbury Regional Hospital, Dr. Kemp transferred me back to Graylands. It proved a hell of a month even after I finally met a caring, empathetic and compassionate psychologist in Philippa, who took a keen interest in me and introduced me to Carl Jung’s *Man & His Symbols*, describing me as the “man of symbols” that Jung was writing about.

CHAPTER 4: Yesterday When I Was Young

After my second discharge from Graylands, once again it took a while to adjust to home life and work. Once settled, I met with Philippa in her cosy office and we traveled through my childhood days, through the 50s, 60s, and 70s, up to the present. Our interviews provided the historical material for this chapter, in which I clearly recall my traumatic birth and telepathic communications with other newborns in the same hospital. Philippa explained how one’s environment, circumstances and situations during the primary years and through school lay a solid foundation for building our character and life.

This chapter describes my formative experiences in a Catholic primary school, where an older boy’s prank left me hospitalised on my first day of school, but ultimately resulted in my lifelong affinity with the aboriginal people. Later years in a boys’ college included frequent beatings by the “brothers” for my outspokenness and a confrontation with sexual abuse by a teacher. Leaving school in my late teens to develop my sporting abilities and build a career, I experimented with government and private employment.

I describe my Kundalini spiritual awakening of 1976 and the three years of magic and miracles which followed. However, after marriage and the birth of my two children, I reluctantly set my art aside and settled into the most enslaving job of all, self employment, by establishing and managing two Kelsue Arts Centres, 700 kilometres apart. This workaholic period of eight years led to my short-lived spiritual and artistic reawakening in 1988 and early 1989, which were cut short by my incarceration in Graylands. With pressure on the businesses due to my hospitalisations, they were sold in 1991. Too drugged and depressed to create art, and with work hard to find, I finally decided to “return to school,” not as a desk-bound student but as a gardener, working out in the sun and rain.

CHAPTER 5: Love it Back at School

I had many glimpses into the minds and hearts of adolescents during my stint as a gardener at Harvey High. After a slow and steady introduction, I built a strong rapport with the students, who respected me as an artist and elder brother. The Year 9's intrigued me the most, suspended between childhood and adulthood, hanging onto their childish behaviours within their smaller personal world while beginning to gain their independence. I wondered – was their hunger for knowledge in this institution, simply to gain a job in the work force, jeopardising their sense of freedom?

During the second term we all connected through a code of hand signals that I introduced. Many students confided their personal thoughts and problems to me. The attention I drew and my growing influence threatened the militant principal, who terminated my position. My work there concluded with a treasured, memorable and very emotional send-off, with plenty of tears and hugs from the students.

CHAPTER 6: Dogs are Women's Best Friends Too

After leaving the school, I made attempts to work with and help street kids in Bunbury and later in Perth. Then, despite my reluctance to leave my family in Harvey and abandon art yet again, I agreed to take a job in Perth as caretaker at the Canine Association, where I learnt much about the relationships between people and their dogs. On the Canine Association premises I set up a home away from home for myself and for my children to stay with me on weekends; little did we know what was in store for our family in the near future! Within weeks I improved the grounds and aesthetics, winning approval from the dog fraternity, caring for young children, and gaining a nickname: the "Pied Piper."

While working with community offenders doing service work at the Canine Association, I became concerned about disadvantaged people. I began revisiting Graylands to cheer up the patients, and carried on to Princess Margaret Children's Hospital, working in a volunteer role inspired by the clown doctor, "Patch Adams." I was in fine stead, feeling Spiritually alive and connected with humanity. Leading into Easter, I headed south to my long-time "adopted family" farm, intending to climb to my special sacred place on top of Bluff Knoll in the Stirling Ranges. On the way, I momentarily dozed off at the wheel, and my car crossed the highway, went airborne, and landed atop a huge rock. Miraculously, I was unhurt, but this accident spelled the beginning of another long, dark descent in my life.

CHAPTER 7: Down on the Funny Farm

After writing my car off, my wife and brother committed me to Graylands once again. While there I lost my job and house and, to top it off, my family, when my wife Sue closed the door on me. Down and out, but still holding onto hope and trust in the process of life, I managed to avoid the fate of other psychiatric patients without homes or families – being locked up indefinitely with the key thrown away. It was the Slades, my adopted farm family from the '70s, who came to my rescue.

At this, my darkest moment, the carefree open space of the healing farm lifestyle, amongst loving, supportive families whose three generations accepted me as son, brother, or uncle, was a Godsend. We produced a large mural of the farm in the newly built extension of the family/games room at 'Red Gums.'

While enjoying the fun of farm life, I went to a sheep sale. There, I was blessed with a mystical experience, suddenly realising my ONENESS of interconnection with the sheep, and from them to

the people, then to all of Life, seeing and feeling the WE and US in every living organism—a most liberating feeling one needs to experience to understand.

This period, the start of a painfully prolonged separation from my beloved children, was also the beginning of my experience as an “Alienated Parent” – a term I didn’t know then but unfortunately came to experience all too intimately in the years that followed. I write more later on this phenomenon, which causes so much suffering in broken families, as I seek to reconstruct the Sacred Father/Son/Daughter relationship that modern society and custody arrangements have done such damage to.

PART TWO

The WE / US - Our World

Guided by my Aquarian Spirit’s irrepressible need to be free, I (my individual personality) / WE (my Spirit in Oneness) risk my standing in society by following my own unconventional path toward Spiritual Growth. Through both trials and triumphs, I keep evolving from an alienated individual and parent surviving pressures from the mainstream, gaining strength and power by connecting to the collective WE/US of all beings, giving me a new lease on Life as a “Wounded Healer.”

CHAPTER 8: Hey! You street kids, come let US paint the Town Red, Blue, Yellow and

Despite an open invitation to stay in the nurturing environment of the Slades’ farm, I returned to Harvey to be close to Tara and Simon and to try and rebuild my marriage, in hope of reuniting the Family. It’s all fine living in Oneness, but I desperately needed my core Family connected in it also. Ironically, and perhaps symbolically, the house I’d once shared happily with Sue and our children was vacant, so I rented it.

Unfortunately, my family reconciliation efforts were soon jeopardised by four street kids, young teenaged boys who knocked at my back door asking for help. I opened it, to free them of drugs and adult abuse by offering Love and Respect and forming a brotherhood in an Abuse Free Zone. The boys learnt to leave things as they found them, and that “they can use it, but if they abuse it, they’ll lose it.” I taught them how to share and work together as they developed gardening, painting and cooking skills, accompanied by choice music to set the creative mood.

The boys and I presented a proposal to Council, supported by a petition from 98% of the town businesses, to voluntarily beautify the main street and surrounds by painting benches and rubbish bins a clean, fresh white plus rainbow colours and gold, silver and bronze trimmings with a touch of black, and adding colourful garden boxes. It was well accepted by the Shire Clerk who needed to take it to Council for full approval. Sadly for all concerned, the proposal came to an abrupt end, interrupted after I was called to aid Olivia, a friend and former psychiatric patient, at Albany Hospital.

CHAPTER 9: Just for Today – Smile, Laugh and Giggle

Before leaving, in good Spirits, to help Olivia prepare for surgery to reverse her tubal ligation, I freshened my car wheels with silver paint and on the spur of the moment painted a Peace sign on the bonnet, which extended to a few Love slogans over the car. An artist’s free expression, I thought – but certain others saw it differently!

On waking the next morning to go to the hospital, an idea popped into my mind: “Just for Today, endeavour to make everyone you meet Smile, Laugh and Giggle.” On my way to decorate Olivia’s hospital room with her homey comforts to ease her anxiety about coming out of the surgery, I met a patient, Dorothy, being wheeled in along the corridor. By gallantly kissing her hand in fun and paying her extravagant compliments, I indeed made her Smile, Laugh and Giggle – and her husband who was pushing the wheelchair did too. However, the nursing sister from her glassed-in office did not see the funny side of this interaction. She saw my car, then pressed the alarm to have the police come in and arrest me! From jail, I was returned to hospital, only to be injected and flown, unconscious, back to Graylands, *without* the psychiatric assessment required by law, leaving Olivia and the Street Kids abandoned, outraged and up in arms.

CHAPTER 10: Back on the Roller Coaster

On hearing what had happened to me, Olivia, just out of hospital, drove 400 kilometres up to Perth and spun a fiction about my being her “de facto” partner to the superintendent, who released me from Graylands to her custody. On my return to Harvey, to my dismay, she sold her home and move into a house close by, trying to make her “de facto” story come true! What was I letting myself in for?! A madwoman at the front door and revived Spirited Street Kids at the back only caused conflict with my very conservative family. As if that weren’t enough, Olivia took a man to court on sexual abuse charges. I spoke out in defence of *both* of them, which caused me to be whisked away in a paddy wagon back to Graylands for contempt of court.

I spent two weeks in the forensic (criminal) unit, until the judge dropped the contempt charges since I was a “loonie.” After five more weeks of “regular” Graylands treatment, I returned a shattered mess again, with a broken Spirit. My family turned its back on me, while Olivia and the Street Kids helped me pick up the broken pieces, and I regained strength through training with the local fire brigade, football team and karate club. Just when standing tall again I was once more, unbelievably, unjustly hospitalised. By this time I was convinced that given a choice between a psychiatric hospital and a forensic prison, any sane person would opt for the forensic prison. I certainly would have, but having committed no crime, I was stuck in Graylands.

This was the last straw, but my failed attempt to hang myself in Graylands turned into a blessing when I made a new friend in Jason, a strapping young surfer who’d gone berserk after someone spiked his drink in a pub. We connected, and he took me home to his family. His mother, Meeta, in appreciation of my helping keep Jason from suiciding, introduced me to Buddhism and White Tara meditation, which was my only comfort during this dark period. The new drug I had been injected with took me down to the pit of despair: I was fighting suicide daily for nine months. I was almost down to my last breath — then, unexpectedly, the phone rang with an offer of freedom in the form of a cleaning job at Bunbury Senior High School, with the prospect of a new environment, situation and circumstance, amongst children — just what I desperately needed.

CHAPTER 11: A Whale of a Time at Bunbury High

Finally freed of the psychiatric drug abuse, the new job amongst young people ignited me. Instead of slowly recovering through shades of grey, from feeling down in the black I stepped overnight out of the pits into the White Light of Life and Hope.

Continuing where I left off at Harvey High and with the Street Kids, I presented a plan to improve the school’s aesthetics, similar to the earlier town beautification proposal, using a marine theme more appropriate for this school surrounded by ocean and inlet. Gaining immediate support from the principal, in our free time the students and I worked together to liven up the quadrangle and school by

painting an oceanic world centred around an 18-metre humpback whale. Students illustrated more than 40 rubbish bins with individualised uplifting values like trust, peace, devotion, and kindness. The media came along for the ride, and Bunbury City Council became keen for us (the youth and I) to clean up and polish the city's central business district.

Meanwhile I had become infatuated with my Buddhist friend, Melissa, a lawyer and local political candidate. My showering her with flowers and gifts on her thirtieth birthday disturbed her boss, who had me called back to Graylands Hospital for the ninth and what proved to be the *last* time. In desperate protest, seeking a new route to a better Life, I turned my creative energies to the Art of Politics while hospitalised. "Enough is Enough," I thought. "Where's the justice in this sick society?"

CHAPTER 12: United Society – Vote For US

The prospect of a bright, happy future relaunching my art, in partnership with Bunbury's youth, turned sour while I was locked in maximum security at Graylands. Once again I had lost everything for expressing Love openly, for being kind and generous – all considered symptoms of mania! "Who's sick here?" I thought.

My Spirit or "Higher Self," which I called "NgAng" after that name was given me by an Aboriginal elder in a mystical and magical encounter back in 1988, gave me the strength and guidance, while in maximum security, to formulate and found a new alternative political party which I named **United Society**, abbreviated **US**. In its founding documents, I wrote: WE the people are US; it's our party put together by US for US and run by US, so the power of the people will give governance back to US. WE (NgAng/Spirit and I/personality) produced a platform of 40 fundamental policies, derived from 106 issues facing society and invited US, the public, to contribute and participate with an equal say and vote on all aspects of government. I envisioned **US** as a perfectly balanced rainbow government combining all the overlapping positive, loving aspects of all previous political systems including democracy, communism, socialism, capitalism and native tribal law, all with spiritual overtones.

Unfortunately, since I was locked away without financial resources, with the state election campaigns underway in an apathetic society, I/WE had to put **US** on hold for a while. Nonetheless, the foundation was laid and I had learned a great deal. Melissa narrowly missed election to the Bunbury seat, which was a blessing, she later realised.

This ninth stint in the loonie bin was the last straw. I returned home to Harvey, only to find the house and studio ransacked and defaced by graffiti, with most of my art materials and art studies burnt, Tara's baby portrait severely damaged, and no food or electric power. Broken in both personality and Spirit, I felt I was once again on death row. An opportunity to make a new start up north in Kununurra dangled a thin thread of hope, but upon arriving there I discovered the promises made to me had been false. Feeling I had nowhere else to turn, I decided to snuff out my Life's candle. I swallowed over 100 of my prescribed antipsychotic drugs, lay down on the mattress in my barren rented room, and returned to the world of Spirit on November 29, 1996.

CHAPTER 13: Added Mission – After Death Experience

In Chapter 4, I mentioned that my most traumatic day was my birth day; my death was just the opposite, blissful and glorious. Although I was clinically dead for a brief three hours in Earth's time frame, the experience was and is eternal.

No book of mere words could fully explain this "journey of a lifetime." Nonetheless, I/WE attempt to describe my timeless journey in NO space into the Light and Beyond, before the re-entry of Spirit (Life) back into my already decomposing body.

Following my initial embrace of the Divine Light of Unconditional Love, at the end of the tunnel I am greeted by my grandparents and ancestors going back to the source of “The Family of Humanity.” WE play in this magical setting before my inquiring mind takes US further on a Journey through all our Earthly ages, then on through the Planets and Galaxies, back through the Universes, then up through the Dimensions, WOW!!, to finally meet up with eight Archangels who transformed into the Twin Gold and Silver Rays of Creation. Life’s journey on Earth, its importance to our Galaxy and the Universe, the future of Humanity 10,000 years from now, and my/Our part to play – all these wonders and many more were shown and explained.

I/WE, both Spirit and personality, were then happy to return, to be part of this wonderful transmutation of humanity, with an added mission of assisting humanity to become Spiritually Awakened, to connect in ONENESS through Love, and also to reveal the Truths and pass on the Golden Key. During the current transition period we will realise that the story of Moses returning from the mountain to find rampant “idol worship” is being relived globally in many homes in our modern society. The earthly fate of today’s idol worshippers is no different!

On awakening from my three day coma in the small town hospital, I showed no signs of either mental or physical damage. Being without home or money, I remained as a “guest” in the hospital for a few days, during which a Harvey friend’s Christian community raised funds to fly me to Tasmania, to free myself of the psychiatric system and live as a Free Spirit inhabiting a body.

CHAPTER 14: Life is Politically Religious

Flying to the core of the heart-shaped island of Tasmania, grieving for Tara and Simon and missing Melissa and others back home in Western Australia (W.A.), I connected with the Fusion Australia Christians at Poatina in order to participate in an art workshop to jumpstart my art career yet again. There I met Maz, an art teacher who invited me to board at her hillside Hobart home, appropriately nicknamed “Eagle’s Eyrie.” I gratefully accepted this opportunity to live in a beautiful, peaceful environment, where I created my most ambitious, comprehensive, and meaningful painting to date: “Life is Politically Religious.”

In this painting the viewer journeys deep into world politics and religions, beyond the superficial surfaces of the formal parliaments and the churches, shrines and temples that have only led to social unrest and wars over time. Placards and signs carried by the world’s children suggest new and ancient guidelines to prevent further domestic and world wars. In images the pious might consider blasphemous, I show how the out-of-balance, hierarchical male energies of politics and religions have caused conflict over millennia through men’s greed, self-righteousness and misuse of power, seeking control based on fear.

Explicating the painting in this chapter, I invite the reader to reflect on the ups and downs of Life on this worldly map. The painting illustrates ways to guide humanity back into line on the “Righteous Spiritual Path,” to celebrate Earth’s impending return to photon energy and our opportunity to become loving Galactic Humans entering into the Divine LIGHT of a new day.

CHAPTER 15: Human Rights Rally, March, Parade and Concerts

Fully energised and inspired after completing “Life is Politically Religious,” I felt I could fly like a White Eagle, my spiritual totem. I was free of the mental health system and all its pressures and free of the damaging effects of forced medications. However, missing Tara and Simon and still holding hopes for a deepening relationship with Melissa, I decided to returned to W.A., despite all the risks involved.

Settling in Fremantle just south of Perth, for six months I became involved with an alternative world system, the Peaceshield Foundation, which became “WORLD FOCUS” through the amalgamation of United Society and the World Freedom Party. I set about polishing up my previously-written policies in preparation for the launch and campaign for the federal election. A promise of \$20 million to bankroll World Focus turned out to be a scam, and with time running out for the complacent conservatives and the apathetic public unable to adjust to change, we decided to hold back the launch until we had sufficient funding to take it forward.

From here my heart turned to help the “Save Our Native Forests” Campaign by leading more than 10,000 anti-old-growth-logging protesters through the streets of Perth. At that time I was caretaking an abused long-term psychiatric patient named George, whom I introduced in Chapter 7. George lived for his music, which inspired me to connect to hearty local musos in rhythm with nature and opposed to the materialistic mainstream. With newly written songs conveying powerful inspirational messages about the environment, these musicians were keen to perform in the Save Our Forest concerts that I organised. But the apathetic public still stood back to whinge during the election campaigns. Having now prepared two attempts to change the direction of Australian politics, I decided to place *US* on ice again for a more warm-hearted day.

Staying with George on a stormy night, the ceiling collapsed onto me. Unhurt, I crawled out, laughing to hear on the radio the Animals’ song, “We gotta get out of this place....” It was time to move on.

CHAPTER 16: Who Needs the Wizard of Oz?

As it happened, a week or so after my cold official divorce was processed in a courtroom in June 1998, I moved in with an Angel named Tereza. Well, she certainly had the voice of an Angel when presenting her own karaoke shows, “Soul Sounds.” I soon painted “This is Love” and “This is Peace,” but then out of the blue our harmony turned to discord from Tereza’s unfounded jealousy, and I went up into the hills of Perth house-sitting. Contrite over her irrational outburst, Tereza followed.

Our house-sitting period nearly ended on the first sit, which was more a cattery sit—the house contained seven poorly trained cats and a smelly old moulting dog. From here on, however, only the cream of house-sits came our way, with no gaps in between. We thrived in the full country-flavoured lifestyle. By December we were in a million dollar home with matching views high up along the yellow brick road. From a dream Tereza had, she wrote a hilarious script for the Wizard of Oz, and to celebrate her 40th birthday we invited four of her closest friends to act it out. Resplendent in full costume, Tereza played Dorothy and I was the Wizard.

After New Year 2000 I decided to write this autobiography, which inspired Tereza to write hers too. We all have amazing stories to share. The year was grand for us until just before Christmas, when a second bubble burst with Tereza, over her jealousy again. I continued house-sitting while Tereza returned to her old stressful lifestyle, buzzing around in the karaoke rat race, though we continued to spend time together.

The following February I was asked to caretake a wonderful homestead on five acres, with pool, three-hole golf course and tennis court, and to bring the award-winning gardens back to their former glory after the owner’s wife’s death. What a gift of time and peace! All of this Part Two was written there. In early December, when I hosted a Family reunion around the celebration of my mother Rose’s 78th birthday, the final bubble burst with Tereza, this time over her jealous fantasies about my young cousin. “Enough’s enough,” I said, and that was the end of our romantic relationship. Nevertheless, our close friendship continues to flow into today.

I was awakened by Spirit at 4 a.m. the next morning with a clear message: “To BE! Be in Christchurch on your 13th vibrational year.” I was turning 49 in February. With no hesitation, I prepared for my flight, and at my farewell send-off I gave away to close friends and family all the possessions I couldn’t carry. As the plane left the airport, I kissed the past goodbye in gratitude for the lessons learnt, inspired by a *New Zeal* and open to the Birthing of whatever was to come.

PART THREE BIRTHING OURTOPIA

The plot of my Life advances towards the Light in a new environment and circumstances. Within a supportive relationship and community, I find a new zeal to work towards living the Sacred Relationship in sustainable self-reliance as a model to spread worldwide. In this section of the book, I share not only the details of my personal life, but also the future visions that I experienced during my Death Experience. With the accelerating collapse of mainstream culture worldwide, I focus my art and activism on helping to create “Ourtopia.” My wish is to inspire all people to join hands, to connect to the coming “2010 Comet” and to raise our consciousness to celebrate Humanity’s Coming of Age, as WE enter the Photon Energy Belt in our full enlightened glory, creating Heaven on Earth at last.

CHAPTER 17: A New Zeal and Our Female Rebirth

Heeding Spirit’s prompting to be in Christchurch for my “Master vibrational year” proved instantly rewarding, as nearly 10,000 guests at a wine festival welcomed me to New Zealand on my 49th birthday. What an omen for my “New Zeal and Rebirth.” I/WE soon found a long-term housesit up on top of Freedom Mountain, near Golden Bay in the top of the South Island. Feeling like a White Eagle perched high amongst winter snowdrifts, with amazing views, I decided to go only by my Spiritual and Artistic name, “NgAng,” which means “Peace” in the Aboriginal dialect of my birthplace. “Kelvin” seems like the ghost of a W.A. past life now.

I soon connected with my neighbours, Dick and his wife Vicki, a Maori princess, who organise dance parties at Canaan Downs atop Takaka Hill. I volunteered to help with the parties, where I was able to demonstrate to many drug and alcohol users that a pure mind “tripping” on fresh air and music, rhythm, and dance in a beautiful Natural setting, can take them on a far greater high. Witnessing my joyful abandonment to substance-free ecstasy, many were hungry for my Natural “drug.”

During this first year, after presenting an initial exhibition in each Island and healing from a bout with cancer which demonstrated beyond doubt the healing powers of Body Mind and Heart, I moved down to settle in Golden Bay. In a “test” of whether I would return to a life of drama and trauma, I was briefly involved with a beautiful, brilliant but deeply wounded woman who would express healing wonder from her inner Spirit one minute, then flip to borderline behaviour acting out as a Sorceress the next. Leaving her before my own Spirit could be destroyed, I revisited W.A. to attend my father’s cold, heartless funeral before returning to New Zealand to produce my third exhibition for the year, titled “Our Female Rebirth.”

CHAPTER 18: HarpFlight with an Angel

After her harp assisted my healing from cancer, I invited my friend Lethea to play during the exhibition opening. A series of amazing synchronicities threw us together repeatedly in the coming weeks, igniting a romance neither of us had been seeking, and I moved in with her in August 2003.

Both tall with dark blond hair, mutual friends nicknamed us "The Golden Couple" of Golden Bay. With Lethea's doctorate in Partnership Communication and Education, we combined our lives to put partnership theory into living practise.

Connecting to many new friends, we became very involved in our community. While establishing our home permaculture gardens using biodynamic practices, Lethea with her camera and I with my paintbrush combined to create the Elemental Arts home gallery/studio. Self-reliance was also our focus, starting at home then expanding to the neighbourhood and entire local community. We brought the neighbourhood together to stop an inappropriate subdivision by taking the developers to Environment Court, a costly three-year process which ultimately succeeded, setting a precedent to protect rural land throughout New Zealand.

In search of even better ways to communicate, in August 2004 we flew to Queensland for a nine-day international intensive with the Non-Violent Communication (NVC) founder, Marshall Rosenberg. NVC, or Compassionate Communication, teaches how to "speak peace in a world of conflict" and develop a daily practice of communicating from the heart. We then spent six days in the sacredness of Uluru and Kata Tjuta at the Red Centre, before I introduced Lethea to my close friends and family in W.A. The following year Lethea hosted me to her homeland, Oregon in the USA, where I met her friends and family. I thus acquired three new sisters, which brought home the importance of Family along with community.

With our focus on partnership in Life, I began focusing on the symbolism of gender balance and harmony in my Art, and I met several visionaries like Elisabeth von Madarasz who are working in this area. The 2003 Divine Feminine Rebirthing von Madarasz wrote about was followed by the nine-month birthing of the Divine Masculine in 2007. I experienced much personal and family healing in this period prior to mainstream society's collapse. This year proves to be a turning point for humanity. My major installation "Tyme Haz Kum" illustrates "The End of the Mainstream" and the "Birthing of Ourtopia" Approaching sexuality as sacred, we continue to learn how to *BE* Love, becoming Lovers for Life, and expressing Love in all we do. We both believe Love is the Golden Key, a Heavenly passport. With Lethea's HarpFlight and HarpsEase CD's in hand, plus our co-created art workshop on Creating from the Magic Within, and others on Partnership planned, we step out hand in hand, meeting other Lightworkers to play our part in the healing process of the world. I envision this book as a major part of my contribution.

CHAPTER 19: Compassionate Communication the NVC Way

We had become close friends with Sura and Jean, two of Marshall Rosenberg's key trainers, each with more than 15 years' experience teaching Nonviolent Communication. We hosted them twice to introduce Compassionate Communication to our Golden Bay community, and many strong study groups formed throughout the Bay. These grew rapidly as they followed the workbook to gain a fluent practice of this humane way of communicating. NVC is communication from the heart, wearing empathetic "giraffe" ears at all times to observe without judgment, connect to feelings and needs, and make clear requests, with the intent that everyone's needs are met. In this chapter I take the reader through the process by referring to Marshall's book, "Speak Peace in a World of Conflict," to spread the "words": observation, feelings, needs, and requests.

My NVC training was all put to good practice dealing with my children over my right to use my art journals and have a special artwork returned. Guided by Spirit, this was the issue – the chronicle of my Life, really – that I used to initiate the process of rebuilding the Sacred Father/Daughter/Son relationship which had been damaged by my separation from my Family in 1993 and perpetuated through distorted perceptions the children had acquired from their mother in her own woundedness.

This relationship with my now-adult offspring means the world to me, and really to all of us with children, no matter what our ages. I believe that healing “parental alienation” is crucial for the healing of Humanity. Whether couples stay together or not, these Sacred parent-child relationships need to be respected as Divine from conception onwards. The trends set in society have caused nearly half of marriages to collapse, particularly in recent decades, with severe damage to parent-children relationships.

Through conflict over my right to have my own personal and artistic journals, I realised how much my children had been alienated from their father, and I came to understand the reasons. I decided that the “Tyme Haz Kum” to heal all past wounds, and that has been the focus of my energy during 2007 and 2008.

*The remaining chapters depart from the chronology of my life, focusing instead on expanding insights I’ve gained through the life experiences described earlier, as well as the visions I was given from Spirit during my death experience and since. However, the reader must remember that these are **forecasts** and not **predictions** set in stone. Since changes in human consciousness and behaviour can effect changes in future events, branching off into alternative “realities” and destinies, I truly hope that some of the more dire forecasted events may be avoided on our way to Ourtopia, and that this book may help bring about a gentler “Great Shift” for Humanity and all living beings on Earth.*

CHAPTER 20: Tyme Haz Kum: The End of the Mainstream & Birthing Ourtopia

This chapter follows themes illustrated in my 2007 installation “Tyme Haz Kum,” which comprises two major new paintings – “The End of the Mainstream” and “Birthing Ourtopia”— a dramatic backdrop “Gaia’s Cleansing,” plus “Perfect Spiral Galaxy” painted in 2002.

During 2008, the worldwide housing bubble bursts, with inflated markets collapsing and buyers stuck with huge mortgages and rising costs for everything else, due to “peak oil.” History repeats itself as home foreclosures and bankruptcies result in a major economic downturn. America leads the way into worldwide recession. Our Kiwi dollar is bought out, making local currencies such as HANDS (LETS system) in Golden Bay a lifeline for many. The flush-out of the mainstream has begun in earnest, and with the outbreak of widespread warfare in 2008, it couldn’t have happened at a worst time for those invested in “business as usual.”

This recession soon becomes the world’s Greatest Depression. Houses, businesses and vehicles flood the market. With money scarce and prices of food and fuel skyrocketing, people try to downsize at first, then have to trade most of their possessions for food and water. The foolishness of commodifying food and water, as well as people, becomes apparent.

Health issues come to the fore, as pandemics of all sorts spread across the globe, and stress-induced anxiety and depression become common. The failures of mainstream medicine and psychiatry require a mass return to natural, holistic treatment methods which offer a glimmer of hope for true healing.

Meanwhile, Nature starts to reclaim Her land back. Natural disasters everywhere add further distress; new volcanoes erupt along with earthquakes, tsunamis and hurricanes, as Earth gives us all a shake-up, wake-up call. Governments fail to offer relief, and people panic in anarchy, not knowing which way to turn. Soldiers stay home to aid disaster relief rather than go to war. Many cities throughout the world disappear from the map in a short period, and coastlines are drastically reshaped, with displaced populations fleeing inland for safety.

As all non-Life-supporting aspects of the mainstream are flushed away, a new wave of healers and alternative technologies surfaces to offer hope of a sustainable future to humanity’s survivors.

During the years leading up to this long-predicted convergence of crises, some individuals and small communities have been preparing to become role models for these times. Golden Bay leads the way towards Ourtopia with sustainable, self-reliant practices well in place and a strong sense of community in a truly democratic, leader-full environment establishing a “BrotherlySisterhoodship.” Those amongst us who have kept true to Nature and free of chemical abuse enjoy simple abundance and immunity to disease, riding on the crest of the “new wave.” Some look in churches and shrines for God’s help, while others seek inside to be guided by Spirit, discovering the mystery of SELF, the Oneness and Divinity both within self and everyone else. Those who follow this transformative path become fit, healthy and fearless, destined to be in the right place at the right time. Love, Expressed and embodied, is the key.

CHAPTER 21: The Art of Making Love, Living, and Healing

Simultaneous with the collapse of the mainstream, I see many positive, life-nurturing developments in human relationships. The re-emergence of the “Divine Feminine” in 2003 was followed in 2007 by the rebirth of the “Divine Masculine,” establishing a balance which ushered in a new Epoch in human history filled with healing potentials previously glimpsed by very few. Over the next few years many of the emotional orphans of the world either adopt or are adopted in true Love. Broken hearts are healed and guided by 144,000 Light-workers (this Biblical figure symbolises a 12x12 combination of the Divine Feminine and Divine Masculine consciousness and energies) to rediscover the importance of the Sacred Family.

Through their search for Balance, Love and Truth, most people become able to feel and see auras once again. Becoming “Lovers for Life,” couples live in true partnership based on trust and driven by passion. We move through our days in grace, lightheartedness, dignity and Oneness, able to experience Eros through a deepened sensitivity to the physical world. It seems as if everything we touch turns to gold or silver, as the Lover archetype awakens the Artist Within. Through Love we overcome fear to become Co-Creators with the Divine once again.

We learn that sexual energy and the creative life force are the same energy. Sexuality, abused by both mainstream religions and secular society, is reinfused with sacredness, revolutionising human relationships. Discovering our greatest strength in vulnerability, we learn to Make Love from the cores of our Hearts. We Tantrically Embrace one another, to BE and to flow naturally with a true sense of Family and Community. We begin to work and Live Harmoniously together in Love, as One. We all have a new lease on life and a shared purpose to complete the mission we came here for in the first place: to Love and be Loved. Humanity in general learns the lesson that brought me through my seven years of hell: Love does indeed heal All.

CHAPTER 22: World Freedom Alliance - 2010 Comet

Looking back from the perspective of 2010, we clearly see that September 2007 was the turning point for humanity. The change and transformation came out of Divine intervention through humanity’s rebirthing, just as the world was on the brink of World War III. It becomes widely known that under the Illuminati’s “New World Order,” America was becoming a Militant State aiming to control the world via NATO. Previously unknown to most, China had a similar agenda, both intending to completely take away the people’s Liberty and force us to give up our Free Will.

As has happened previously in history, in these three years much of mainstream society has collapsed (along with many of the people caught up in it) giving way to a new and better life for those who survive to transform their lives and cultures. Although much land and many cities have been swallowed by the sea, new lands and species have sprung up and the world map is being redrawn.

Through decentralising into close sub-communities within larger communities, and holding a strong Compassion for the wider world, the World Freedom Alliance is formed to take humanity forward into what I call the BrotherlySisterhood of Oneness.

Our life-giving Sun is preparing to dance with its “partner,” a twin star/sun yet to be acknowledged (perhaps it’s the dim “Red Star” astronomers have recently noticed), who is about to step onto the stage. A Comet I have long foreseen and spoken of since 1994 arrives to help prepare humanity for the Dance. The Comet’s role is much like that of John the Baptist 2000 years ago, announcing something even greater to come. Several years ago, humanity was excited by the visit of Comet McNaught, but this one lights up the entire sky. Both the Moon and the Comet appear fiery red through Earth’s atmosphere, tinted with dust from volcanoes and nuclear fallout. Scientists are astonished and panicked to see this Comet approaching Earth at such a fast rate. But then the Comet just stops in space and hovers as if watching us. The Hopi Indians and Australian Aborigines predicted this “Purifying Comet,” which follows the prophesied “The Blue Star,” will come and clean up all that is in disharmony with Mother Earth..

During this pause period, my role is to assist humanity’s Compassionate Ones in connecting psychically to the Comet.

Once the connection is made, the Comet moves on, heading straight for the Earth. However, Deep Impact is avoided and instead it lightens us all up with its glorious and spectacular tail as WE, being One with the Comet, change its course. It swings by, blessing us all and raising our consciousness to prepare us for entrance into the Photon Energy Belt in a couple more years. This is the “Second Coming” of Humanity that Jesus spoke of. WE, transformed, *are* the Second Coming.

To receive this Blessing, the collective human race needs to live the Oneness in the NOW and totally believe we are fully of the Comet, as it is of US. To help make this possible and to save the human race, the World Freedom Alliance is formed, synthesising all the wisdom teachings of ancient and recent years. Those baby boomers still amongst US may hold just 1% doubt in our minds, but that is as undermining as 99%. A bird flies with 100% faith, so humanity must learn to fly, like a Comet, with that 100% faith also. It will be our Great Grandchildren, whose hands we hold, who will help US discard that 1% doubt by seeing ourselves reflected in them. This wonderful Blessing will quantum-leap humanity consciously into that 5th and 6th Dimension which we will all need, to withstand the entry into Photon Energy.

CHAPTER 23: BrotherlySisterhoodShip

Coming out of the Blessing and the formation of the World Freedom Alliance, WE have re-connected into BrotherlySisterhoodShip as individuals as well as a collective humanity. As a unique “Godly/Goddess,” WE each now realise we are a pure aspect of the Divine Oneness *as well as* our individual human selves, with the Free will of God. Nowhere in the Universe does this occur until this Photon entry. We have come to realise that we are both the centre and circumference of the circle of Life, just as we are at the same time a single drop and the ocean, a single sun-being and the Sun.

Much fine tuning of the Divine Humanness occurs over the two years following 2010. As we adapt to using our 13 chakra points, we are becoming Galactic Humans in readiness for the entry into the Photon Belt, with its intense transformative energies, on the 21st of the 12th 2012 (see Chapter 24 synopsis). By then we can all see and feel one another’s auras – no more lies or dishonesty are possible; everything is transparent. Deceit is something of the past; now we know each other’s thoughts, and giving and sharing from the heart are perfectly natural. The harsh lessons we have just survived will give humanity guidance well into the future, reminding us not to lose touch with Spirit/Nature, fall asleep again and repeat the same unnecessary pains and sufferings.

In historical times, the Irish “Druids” came close to perfecting life in Oneness with God, as did the Lemurians for a long period before the warlike Atlantians tried to submerge them under the Pacific Ocean. Until now, peace was never a total collective state of consciousness on Earth. Recalling humanity’s somnolence before 2007, WE now understand that if we had entered the Divine Light of Photon Energy in that state, we would have burnt instantly to ash through internal combustion. It’s scary to think that just a single thought can take US all back there. WE now realise we *are* the Divine Light and always have been. I like what Ken Carey said in “The Third Millennium”: “You have lived always inside the being of God. There is nowhere else to live – except illusion.” WE just forgot, but now we are ready to fly as Angels, in Heaven on Earth.

The lessons of humanity’s past mistakes and failures are well recorded in our subconscious minds for the next Golden generations, who will not experience time, or any form of abuse, ageing, violence, possession, sickness or religion, and hierarchical authority will be only a memory of the past. But we must keep these memories, to avoid repeating them. Lest we forget, our transformation could be undone!

CHAPTER 24: Enlightenment – Into the Light and Beyond

We are now into that special time and space that the Mayan civilisation, the Egyptians, Hopi Indians, Aborigines, many indigenous peoples, Christ and others have long prophesied – **2012**. Love and Peace, evident in all hearts and minds for the first time in human history, finally unite US as a beautiful human(e) Family, all equal and harmonising male and female energies as true BrotherlySisters to one another. Many advanced and enlightened Souls are reborn, some as infants, soon some as adults, and return to the Family Circle.

The Second Coming of humanity, the Grand Finale, is about to take place. Yes! WE ARE all part of the Second Coming. Volcanic eruptions give birth to new land, air and water species, including the return of dinosaurs in a new loving form, like us enlightened and playful. With only millions, not billions, of humans about to enter Photon Light, humanity is about to experience a new form in semi-etheric, translucent bodies. Throughout 2012, we have seen and felt the seduction of the Divine Light as IT draws closer, the plants in their glowing auras have excelled in their growth and fruits have given US abundance in their Love and form. Our Solar system is travelling at 200,000 mph through space.

Every 25,860 years our solar system completes its orbit around Alcione, the central sun of the Pleiades constellation. This year is the Harmonic Convergence of the Grand Cycle within cycles that this single point only happens every 206 million years. WE ARE now entering the “crust” of the “donut” of the Photon Belt. To pass through the crust will take 144 hours, about six days. The central 72 hours will be in the void. The night stars fade and there will be three days and nights of total darkness. WE ARE in the null zone, the VOID, passing through Zero Point, where we will be One in comfort with the Divine Source ready to be Born Again.

On the 12th of December the remaining hundreds of millions of humans join hands in prayer and thanksgiving in a festive feast as We celebrate our readiness to enter Photon Energy on 21-12-2012, the last recorded date of the Gregorian calendar. This entry process and the two glowing days of birthing into a New way of life move us from the 3rd dimension into the 5th/6th dimension. As our Sun’s Twin finally enters into the dance of our solar system, it will appear as if all the stars had fallen to Earth, dissolving night and day into one. Symbolically, WE ARE all now stars in our own right, and our two-strand DNA transforms to 13 strands. 13 is the new “Master of Perfection” vibration.

To make this entry and alignment possible, the entire solar system has been placed into an inter-dimensional holographic envelope of light and our fields are transformed into a new type of inter-

dimensional magnetism. The Earth's Magnetic fields have reversed once again. Without electromagnetic fields our conventional electrical circuits and batteries will be non-functional. However, Photon Energy – LOVE energy – will drive our thought, and WE will travel and communicate by this Loving thought.

All atoms and molecules are changed and so it is with US. WE ARE now, finally, Divine Human, ENLIGHTENED. WE ARE now a new race of Galactic Humans in semi-etheric bodies, Godly Goddesses, all One with God. The veil of consciousness is removed, allowing US to lead the way in this new Perfect Galaxy and Universe.

It is Heaven on Earth in Ourtopia for 1000 years. Then, corrupted by one thought born of ego, we start the fall once again. Approaching 10,000 C.E. we are drawn into the War of the Worlds, which clears the universe of all evil and fear forever. That's an entirely new story, even farther beyond today's comprehension than what I've written above, to be saved for another time and space. We'll meet again there. Blessed BE!