

In A Nutshell

"... I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space..."
Wm. Shakespeare

Spring 2009

The Tyranny of the D.S.M. - IV

by Estaban Kubla

Last summer, I was having a conversation with a housing worker in mental health. The conversation turned to the writings of William Shakespeare, one of the most prolific writers in the English tongue. I mentioned that I had read that Shakespeare had added something like 6000 new words to the English language. He, of course, immediately brought up the old saw about the authorship of the writings and the question of Francis Bacon having been the actual writer of those famous works. But then the conversation took a deeper bent.

He began to say that Hamlet, MacBeth, King Lear, and others are now believed to have suffered from psychiatric disorders including obsessive-compulsive disorder and post traumatic stress syndrome. (Now isn't that a good way to take a perfectly wonderful piece of classical literature and hack it to bits!). Needless to say, I quickly lost interest in the conversation and went about my daily business.

It has become very popular, these days, to place a diagnosis on just about everyone and everything in the literary and artistic world. I was at a church house meeting and one person there (who has never gotten over his childhood traumas) stated that it is now believed that the Old Testament prophets suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder. I would enjoin that person that, if he would study and read the writings of those prophets in the original tongues (or with special attention to the original languages), he would find that there is no inconsistency at all in that which they preached and testified; as a matter of fact, he

would soon marvel at the consistency and accuracy of scripture.

I have even heard others say that Jesus the Messiah was schizophrenic. This simply reveals their profound misunderstanding, lack of reverence, personal prejudice and dearth of personal study of the Christian sacred scriptures. When one delves into the truths of those scriptures, one can find many hidden gems of wisdom and one also finds that there is no inconsistency, contrary to many modern popular beliefs. Yes, Jesus scourged the temple in anger at the money-changers. Yes, Jesus wept. Yes, Jesus felt all the emotion and vitality of a human life. But when you thoroughly read and understand the scriptures, His Divine nature

also shines through.

This is the tragedy of modern psychiatry, that it has become popular to place diagnoses not

(continued page over)

In This Issue

The Tyranny Of The D.S.M. IV by E. Kubla	pgs. 1,2
Too Smart To Understand by Frank G. Sterle, Jr	pg. 2
News Briefs From All Over by Scott Dixon	pgs. 3, 13
A Case For Maturity by Terrence Levesque	pg. 4
What We Are by Terrence Levesque	pg. 4
Satya's Soapbox by Satya Devi	pg. 5
(Un)Happy Birthday To Me by F. G. Sterle, Jr.	pg. 6
In The Minds And Hands Of Love by Jim Gifford	pg. 7
Poetry by Remi Tremblay	pgs. 8, 9
the second coming revisited by reinhart	pgs. 10, 11
Emotional Wellness And Mental Health by P.D.S.	pg. 12
Liberate Dead Knowledge by P. Strashok	pg. 13
Websites of Interest to C/S/X	pgs. 14,15
Bulletin Board	pg. 15
Artwork by Y. van Unen	back cover

M.P.A. Society
122 Powell St.
Vancouver, BC,
V6A 1G1
Tel:
604-482-3700
Fax:
604-738-4132
Website:
mpa-society.org

only on living persons, but to go through the archives of history and literature and diagnose many of our heroes, heroines, and protagonists with a psychiatric disorder. Even now, parents are dragging their hyperactive children to psychiatrists, watching them act out in front of the therapist (without even trying to discipline them in any way) and readily accepting medications for their children, medications that were originally meant to be prescribed for adults only. Teachers and psychiatrists are teaming together to get children hooked on anti-psychotic drugs at

younger and younger ages. This is a national and international tragedy!

This is the tyranny of the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of modern psychiatry. It is chopping and segmenting our modern world into bits. Must we look at every character we hear or see through the lens of psychiatry? Nay and again I say Nay! Let them all stand on their own merits: to live or to die, to love or to hate, to stand or to fall, and not to be categorized into some kind of labelled box that causes us to question their right to exist.

Too Smart To Understand

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

They admit they'll never know how much sand
lays on the beach, but they will not depart
from their belief in the secular art
of scientific "fact" which, though quite bland,
much of society can't understand;
yes, they may be reacting from their heart
yet they are (not good for them) too darn "smart"
and thus closed to the Spirit - God's own hand.
Though the intellectuals will do naught but brand
the Spirit as "hokus pokus" and start
muttering amongst themselves how quite grand
they are, like a bull's eye hit by a dart,
and the large grants ready at their command,
and how God's the donkey pushing the cart.

The Editorial Board of **In A Nutshell** welcomes letters, articles, and poetry on mental health issues from you, our readers. Authors of writing that is accepted and published will receive an honourarium - \$50 for articles over 500 wds, \$25 for shorter articles, \$10-\$15 for poetry depending on length.

Deadline for submissions for the Summer 2009 issue is Monday, May 04, 2009.

In A Nutshell is a publication of the M.P.A. Society. The MPA is a non-profit organization that offers a variety of programs in **ADVOCACY, HOUSING, RECREATION and SOCIAL ACTIVITIES**. Editorial Board: Jim Gifford, Paul Strashok, Ely Swann, reinhart, Frank G. Sterle, Jr. All works are © The individual authors, 2009.

The opinions expressed in this newsjournal are those of the individual writers and not necessarily those of the M.P.A. Society. Donations toward the cost of **In A Nutshell** publication will be gratefully accepted by the M.P. A. Society.

News Briefs From All Over

Compiled by Scott Dixon

Just Because You Think People Are Against You...

According to Britain's Guardian newspaper: Nearly three quarters of people with schizophrenia feel the need to hide their diagnosis because they fear they will be discriminated against, a study has found. People with schizophrenia say that other people's negative attitudes affect many parts of their lives, such as making friends, holding down a job and having a close relationship. Researchers interviewed 732 people from 27 countries for the study.

Life Court

Soon, a young man will experience a measure of success, as he becomes the first graduate of a mental health court in Oregon. The Argus Observer newspaper reports that some of his accomplishments include 15 months of sobriety, a high school diploma and a driver's license. He is currently searching for employment and is checking out college classes. He has regained control of his finances. He has found a local church and attends regularly. Recently, he moved from a substandard apartment to a nicer unit and is beginning to fill it with the "creature comforts" he lost during the fog of untreated illness. Most importantly, he is willing to continue to connect with those who encourage his success with their support or services. His success encourages his hope for a brighter future, and he serves as a motivator for those who follow him. The focus of the Mental Health Court is on recovery. Members celebrate small benchmarks along the way as they work toward their goals.

The mental health court is a unique program of treatment, wrap-around services and supervision. Members meet weekly with a presiding judge. Once they're accepted into the program, each member meets weekly with an assigned probation officer who has experience with persons with mental disorders. Treatment is provided by a case manager, supported employment specialist and

others, supervised by a clinician with a master's degree. Violations are treated swiftly with sanctions that could include work crew, community service and even jail.

Lest We Judge Others

The Miami-Dade County Jail is the largest inpatient psychiatric institution in Florida, housing more people with mental illnesses than any state hospital or private psychiatric facility in the state. The vast majority of these people with mental illnesses caught up in the criminal justice system have committed minor, non-violent crimes. According to the Lakeland Register newspaper, Florida is the fourth-largest state, but 48th in per capita public funding for mental health. What this translates into is the state of Florida taking a back-end approach to the mental health of its citizens. In other words, to receive any semblance of mental health treatment in Florida,

one first needs to commit a crime.

High Hopes

An Australian woman with a history of depression and anxiety has self-published a book called "My Little Book Of Hope". The now-recovered Melinda McKeown writes, "...the book is a straightforward and reassuring guide to understanding and overcoming depression, anxiety, stress and low self-esteem. It demonstrates how to dispute those negative and self-defeating voices in your head and deal more rationally with these conditions..."

Do As We Say...

Thumbs down to the Toronto Globe and Mail for the headline "Crazy Talk" over a review of two new books on psychiatry. This from the same newspaper that published a major groundbreaking series on mental health care in Canada last year.

"In other words, to receive any semblance of treatment in Florida, one must first commit a crime."

(continued on pg. 13)

Winter 2008-09

A Case For Maturity

by Terrence Levesque

As we get older we do not move quite as fast. We can't keep up with the energy level of the younger people. We have a tendency to conserve our energy. And we have a tendency to get mixed up when things don't make sense to us. We tend to rely on our experiences and our knowledge instead of our raw energy and courage. This is in the hope that saner minds will prevail. A lot can be said about being a little bit older. It is not a case of right or wrong. It is a case of maturity being brought to bear in a difficult situation.

But the younger people insist on learning things the hard way. We have already made these same mistakes. And we see no reason to keep repeating them. If we can see the mistakes then we can avoid making them. And then we can move on to the next step which is to correctly assess the situation. It takes patience and under-

standing. But much can be gained by a little clarification.

As an older person I do not agree with the younger people even though they think they are absolutely convinced of the rightness of their position. They have a tendency to have a knee-jerk reaction to every situation and they do not take the time to think. I, therefore, speak for the maturity of sane minds. I strongly believe that knowledge and experience are positive assets that can be used in the most beneficial of ways. And that when handled properly, they can make all the difference in the world. I, therefore, speak for the maturity of an older generation and am against the "slam-bam, thank you m'am" mentality of the young people today. And I do not wish to keep making the same damn mistakes.

Quote:

"Bright youth passes
swiftly as a thought"

Theognis

What We Are

by Terrence Levesque

With pipe in hand and coffee on the table, I am going over some points. There is a new political reality. There is a younger generation that has arrived on the scene. I am certainly getting older. All things come full circle. There are endings and there are beginnings. There is "water under the bridge". There is the past, the present, and the future. There is a time for sowing seeds, a time for reflection, a time for deep thought, a time for laughter and a time for friendship.

One day leads into another. There is night and day. There is spring, summer, winter and fall. There is great tragedy in the world. There is rebirth and healing of wounds. There is the human spirit and man's industriousness. There is man's

thoughts, feelings and actions. And there is light at the end of the tunnel.

We are grains of sand on the beach. We can be blown away in a high wind. Our ambitions, vanities, jealousy, our anger, hate and our loves are small things. We are and are not important. We are part of society. We are part of the whole.

When, in the end, we are forgotten, will it make any difference? I don't know. The earth turns on its axis. And we will go from dust to dust. From ashes to ashes. And, in the end, we will be what we will be.

Satya's Soapbox

by Satya Devi

So, I have been having a writing block for a few weeks as I got some severe news about my health and have to make some long-term plans for my recovery from spinal column surgery. Usually, when I get like this I have to develop a few lines of copy or a phrase and then a list of items I want to weave into the story. After many failed tries, I thought I must be an Ancient Mariner, and started off with, So this old broad goes into a pub, with a collection of albotross' and starts beckoning them towards her in groups of threes: You see, me and Al and Mohandas used to walk every-where. It was never too cold or wet or dark to go walking, and every night Al would call out the Constellations and show them to me, and they all came out as he called to them, but I only pretended to see them; it didn't matter, we were walking and Mohandas, our little Pomeranian, was, and still is, an insatiable walker, any time, any day, all day, all night. We never thought it would end because me 'n' Al 'n' Mohandas used to walk every-where. Every walk was different and each outing a novel of its own every night. The people would stop often and talk about their own dogs, usually the old timers talked about their old pets, and how they missed them. We were down to a toonie one night and went to the Dairy Queen to get 2 hot teas, but on the way, we met a bag-man with his shopping cart with 6 little kittens he rescued out of a dumpster—too young to feed without an eye dropper and cruelly left to die of starvation and cold. We offered him our toonie and he played with Mohandas for a while and said, "Don't get him spayed (SIC) I don't believe in it."

In all the years since Dad died, I miss him most on one day especially, which would probably for a lot of people Christmas or birthdays. But it was Labour Day, at the North Sydney Exhibition, the

last day of freedom from the filthy reality that passed for life. Dad was not a miner or a steel worker, he was mostly a mechanic, but during those last weeks of August, we'd see the miners hitching a ride somewhere as the pits were closed all at once and they had no say about when they could go on holiday, with their brown paper bags containing a little change of clothing and packages of peanuts to keep them going. The horses that would work in the dark mines were allowed to run loose in the fields, and I think they ran to exhaustion and then pranced and ran and whinnied, Equus!!!Eros!!! And that's how I imagined Dad on his 2 week holidays, laughing and walking the endless shores of his lonely eyes, and me 'n' Dad used to walk every-where, when I was little and he showed me the 7 Sisters and the Big Dipper. When we would climb hills by the sea, he would always make it up the hill and lean down with his arm outstretched and grasp my hand. It is that second of rapture that I spend my days searching for. Now, Al is severely challenged in a wheelchair and I in a walker or a wheelchair—maybe the surgery will help, and Mohandas walks with the very kind John Hatfull and David Mullen who take him every day, no matter what. Mohandas is slowing down now, he'll be 9 this month-February/09 and is considered by the Vet to be an "older" dog. But he's still sniffing and squirting and happy and chasing and charming everyone. He "allows" me to tickle him just because he's such a good sport.

I have been taking Melatonin to help sleep and I often get vivid dreams, and just this past week, I dreamed me 'Al'n' Mohandas were standing at the enormous painting of the Creation, and for a second, the slightest, tangible second, I saw God's hand pull away from us.

"Oft in the stilly night
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

Thomas Moore

(Un)Happy Birthday To Me

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

**Dysthymia: "A type of depression involving long term symptoms that keep you from feeling good."*

If society wants well-functioning youth – and, therefore, adults — we need to establish a progressive governmental act that would see high-school education curriculum including mandatory courses on child psychology and rearing that would commence at, perhaps, Grade 8. Unfortunately, many people refuse to think before they act and are procreating without a sufficient capacity to raise normal, happy offspring. Thus, dysfunctional offspring – not to mention future bullies, racists and even violent criminals — are being created.

Such education should be instituted, especially when considering the fact that a child is vulnerable to a dysfunctional thought process in later years because of even small flaws in their rearing during their first six years of life.

All of which is where I, and the times of each year I should be happy and celebrating, come into the picture ...

Although it's unfashionable to blame siblings and/or parents for one's current dysfunctions – and I know I'm going to be labelled a whiner and playing the "blame game" by those who are generally, smugly happy with their corporeal existence – I, one with formidable psychiatric illness, must admit that, for the most part, I had an unhappy childhood (and, so far, adulthood); thus, there was/is not much reason for my birthdays, for starters, to be "happy."

It seems that although my parents – who themselves endured very hard lives — did provide cake(s) and presents for me on those days, they couldn't provide emotional stability. Needless to say, I've had/have little appreciation for my corporeal existence (good God, I already have arthritis in both hands, and my condition is only going to get worse!). Sadly, I must also admit that Fathers Day and Mothers Day are, like my own birthdays, basically null and void of any appreciation, which is no surprise to me.

However, admittedly and sadly, on my last two birthdays (40 and 41 years), I did find something about which to be satisfied: half of my life is over/endured – I've managed to survive that long, despite the erroneous predictions of a "friend" who said I would not make it to my 31st birthday – and I believe that, at most, I only have the same amount of years left to endure. Perhaps obviously, I prefer that my birthdays go unnoticed, for I cannot help but cringe whenever someone says that they wish me a happy birthday.

"My shrink... had not seen me smile once until I began talking to him about my beloved cat."

Christmas time is rather the same: I verbally return "merry Christmas" wishes, but I don't really mean it, for Christmas is not a merry time for me. And the fact that I have a roof over my head and enough to eat only exacerbates my guilt complex, for there are too many deserving souls out there across the globe who only have misery for Xmas (not to

mention that many go hungry for most of the year).

And then there's the incident involving my former shrink and the thoughts of my precious pet cat, Mimi. My shrink pointed out to me that a smile actually broke out onto my face when I was talking about Mimi. As this was pointed out to me, he noted that he had not seen me smile once until I began talking to him about my beloved cat.

As for my parents, I believe that although they, especially Mom, did their parental best (including not drinking, smoking or consuming illicit drugs), I cannot help but wish that they hadn't conceived me.

I must emphasize, though, that I do/did (my father is deceased) love my parents, and I do/did not ceaselessly bonk them over their heads regarding their past parenting.

Nonetheless, there just doesn't seem to be any real reason, in my mind, to be happy about the anniversary of the day in 1967 on which I was brought into this world – this life.

Self centered? Perhaps: however, that's simply the way I feel *

In The Minds And Hands Of Love

by Jim Gifford

As a consumer/survivor, and one with a mystical nature, the other evening I was overwhelmed by a profound sense of meaning and unity, all this while waiting for a bus at McDonald and Broadway, in the Kitsilano neighbourhood of Vancouver.

To my core, I felt the divinity of everyone and everything; persons at the corner, crossing the street, and passing in cars, royal beings one and all, our complex realities united in the simplicity of here and now, the universe streaming in the flow, outward ripples manifesting the heart of truth, in endless circles of eternal delight.

Store signs became great vessels of the symbols of language, pouring forth enticing information, intimating the diversity of communion. Architectural majesty, Gutenberg's imprint on the library, the industrial and technological impact of Ford, Marconi, Bell, and Tesla, in the cars with radios and cellular phones. Streets and avenues, our Appian Ways.

The mystery of money and corporations: the person in Levis, pulling out of the Petro station in her Volkswagen, stopping at the Royal Bank, then shopping at Safeway for various and sundry brand name products. A newspaper strewn along the sidewalk, and benches, and posters, sacrificial

blessings to our human ways from forest trees touched with the élan vital of Creative Energy by means of earth, sunshine and rain.

Spring blossoms, pigeons foraging for food, winging away as a dog with master come by, blades of grass pushing through pavement.

Fashion statements: a fellow in torn jeans with a beard and baseball cap, looking a little scruffy; a

made-up and well-dressed elderly lady; a young couple with tattoos, coloured hair, and nose and lip rings. Cottons, wools, leathers, synthetics, spectral images of countless shades, tints and combinations of primary, secondary, and other hues. Sounds: the hum and grinding of motor vehicles; caws of crows and chirps of sparrows; and man's music, country, rap, jazz, pop, and rock, a mesmerizing cacophony.

In the Inner Silence of here and now, within the infinity of space and the eternity of time, in this particular universe, in this galaxy, along the Milky Way, on this small planet we call Earth, circling a modest star known as the sun, one of billions and billions, at this spot in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, returning home at day's end, cradled in The Mind and Hands of Love.

"...from forest trees touched with the élan vital of Creative Energy by means of earth, sunshine and rain."

Quote:

"For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love the human form divine,
And Peace the human dress"

William Blake

Black Memories Come Back

by Remi Tremblay

I was turning off the light . . .
my mattress on the floor,
in my bedroom's corner,
touching the wall,
to feel more secure . . .

I was hiding a sharp kitchen knife under my pillow . . .

I was never sleeping . . .
There was like a tornado
in my brain,
a black thought's storm!

I was hiding a sharp kitchen knife under my pillow . . .

I was lying down in my bed in a foetal position
and when I was hearing somebody climbing the stairs, outside,
I was jumping and my heart was beating so fast ! . . .
and knife in hand,
and cold sweat on my forehead . . .

I was so afraid they would come and get me . . .
To get me? . . . Who . . . and why . . . ?
And it's there that the shame, the fear and the guilt
had given themselves a "rendez-vous" . . .
for hitting me?
for killing me?

All I was hearing was amplified! . . . exaggerated! . . .
I believed I was Judas incarnate . . . the betrayer of Jesus . . .
I believed that they wanted to poison me . . .
I believed that I was wanted
from what I heard and watched on TV . . .
I believed they were plotting my death . . . in secret!
Good riddance! With no regrets!

For a while,
I wasn't taking any acid, LSD . . . neither cocaine nor
mescaline . . .
I wasn't smoking "pot," neither hashish . . .
And also, I wasn't drinking alcohol!
I was "clean," like they say!

I was alone like a rat,
with the sorceress Paranoia . . . !
in my bedroom's corner, in the darkness,
in a foetal position on my mattress,
a sharp kitchen knife under my pillow! . . .

(Very depressive memories from Sherbrooke, Que.)

Come back de Souvenirs Noirs

by Remi Tremblay

Je fermais la lumière . . .
mon matelas, par terre,
dans le coin de ma chambre à coucher
touchant au mur
pour me sentir plus sécurisée . . .

Je cachais un couteau sous mon oreiller . . .

Je ne dormais jamais . . .
Il y avait comme un cyclone
dans mon cerveau,
une tempête de pensées noires! . . .

Je cachais un couteau sous mon oreiller . . .

Je m'étendais tout recroquevillé
et lorsque j'entendais quelqu'un monter
dans l'escalier,
je sursautais et mon coeur battait si vite! . . .
et couteau en main . . .
et sueurs froides au front . . .

J'avais si peur qu'ils viennent me chercher . . .
me chercher . . . ? pourquoi . . . ?
Et c'est là que la honte . . . la peur et la culpabilité
s'étaient donné rendez-vous . . .
pour m'assommer . . .
pour m'assassiner . . . ?

Tout ce que j'entendais était amplifié! . . . exagéré! . . .
Je croyais que j'étais Judas Iscariote incarné . . .
Je croyais que l'on voulait m'empoisonner . . .
Je croyais que j'étais recherché
à ce que j'entendais à la Télé . . .
Je croyais que l'on complotait ma mort . . . en secret . . .
Bon débarras! . . . sans regrets! . . .

Depuis un certain temps
je ne prenais ni acide, ni cocaïne, ni mescaline . . .
je ne fumais plus ni "pot," ni haschisch . . .
je ne buvais pas d'alcool non plus! . . .

J'étais seul comme un rat,
avec la sorcière "paranoïa" . . . !
dans le coin de ma chambre . . . dans le noir . . .
recroquevillé sur mon matelas . . .
un couteau sous mon oreiller! . . .

(Souvenirs très dépressifs de Sherbrooke!)

Quadra Island, le 23 Février 1992

the second coming revisited

by reinhart

you said you'd meet me halfway
i said i'd meet you halfway there
but you must explain to me the parameters of salvation
jesus my long lost friend where are you
i've looked everywhere
please tell me when you are coming back

well, now there's a thought
why don't we rebuild the third jewish temple
on mount zion in jerusalem
oh, yeah, right beside the mosque with the golden dome
and for good measure
let us build a christian cathedral up there as well
we could make jerusalem an international city
maybe even the capital of the world

as for the jewish temple
there's a perfectly fine description in the
books of kings and ezekial
with the two pillars at the entrance
the golden doors, ornaments and altar
the objects of worship and the priests
made of all precious metals
the holy chambers divided by fine curtains
of splendid fabric
all the way inside to the holy of holies

while we're at it, why don't we rebuild the ark
of the covenant
balsam wood overlaid with pure gold
the golden lid of the golden chest adorned
with two golden cherubim
there's a perfectly fine blueprint for the ark
in the book of exodus
we could put all the holy books of the world inside
the ark

you all know the ones i'm talking about
all the scripture of the various religions
traditions of the world, past and present
then let us place the ark in the holy of holies

maybe some form of spontaneous combustion will
come
and the true and complete spirit of g-d will be made
plain to all
we could rebuild the walls of this new jerusalem
with the foundations of the walls decorated
with all manner of precious stones
with the wall proper sparkling like jasper
in the brilliant sunlight
just like it is illustrated in the book of revelations

what if we were to build this gracious city
and fill it with learned council and skilled craftsmen
to oversee the constructions and maintenance of
this heavenly abode
(meanwhile the beast prowls slowly but surely towards rome)
while we are the priest kings of the royal staff

we glide through the cosmos in our spherical ship
accompanied by the sun, moons and and other stars
on our sojourn through the universe
let us become worthy of a priesthood that
is worthy of true worship of the lord
let our light shine to every corner of the world
so that we may recreate this tired old world

let us create a world without greed and hunger
a world without war and violence
without discrimination and hatred
a world without fear and superstition
without crime, madness and disease
a world without inequality
without the unfairness of opportunity and its lack

all you scientists and intellectuals
i'm not interested in your reverse psychology
it is as it is
when you may it is what it is
it only confirms your poverty of thought
basically when it all comes down to the nitty gritty
all that you can say – it is

every christmas we celebrate the birth of our lord
yet i see precious little evidence of his return
the last time i went looking for the messiah
i found nothing on the horizon – neither
past, present, nor future
i determined the only option available
was to assume the role myself
the experts and professionals called it schizophrenia

i can live with that diagnosis
i no longer feel the need to try and save the world
everybody knows the world doesn't want to be saved
i can live with that as well
whatever the prognosis – christ or no
i gave it my best shot

do we really need to destroy the entire civilization
before the messiah will come
hey jesus, i remember you said that many
would come in your name
that certainly has turned out to be true
(my own case for example is proof of the fact)
but it's been two thousand years now
and we've grown weary of waiting
can you really and honestly blame us
for trying to take things into our own hands

but, like i said, it doesn't matter to me anymore
what the future holds or doesn't hold
i'm worn out and tired of stargazing, prognosticating
and prophesying
i'm spiritually exhausted and emotionally bankrupt
while i'm flailing around out here in the wilderness
and i've lost interest in the fate of the world
and i just don't care anymore

Emotional Wellness And Mental Health

by Paul (D.) Strashok

In my younger years, when I was applying for a new job, I would often be asked about the huge gaps in my resumé. One tactic that I used in response was to say that I had had 'emotional problems'. Somehow I thought that answering in such a way was more appropriate than saying I had mental problems or that I had spent time in a mental hospital. My tactic never worked. The interviewers would oftentimes begin to dig at this answer of 'emotional problems' until the whole truth would come out and, almost invariably, I would not be selected for the position with their firm.

Now, looking back, I realize that my problems were only partially emotional, whereas the bulk of the problems was with the mind-set that I gave myself to, or the mental manifestations that affected my whole being, including my emotions. I was a seeker of ecstatic, mystical, religious experience and I was not content to live a somewhat ordinary, human life, but rather had a strong hunger and desire for spiritual manifestations in my daily life. For this reason, I was not 'grounded' in my living and my lifestyle often brought me into conflict with authorities, leading to many hospitalizations for schizophrenia.

But this brings up a good point – do we call our affliction a 'mental' illness or an 'emotional' illness. I know that for some people it is both and to try to disengage the heart from the mind in our experience is virtually impossible. Yet we should be clear that emotional health is vitally important to our well-being as well as mental health. Years ago, a former lover said to me "Some people are intellectual morons, some are moral morons and some are emotional morons." It was a point well taken and a few years later the book entitled "Emotional Intelligence" came out to much popular acclaim. It was an idea whose time had come.

When it comes to the idea of emotional wellness, some of us have such a broken and wounded past that we have no real concept of what it is to be emotionally well. Even when a romance fails and you end up with a 'broken heart' at least you know that you have a heart and are capable of true feeling, whereas for many of us

who have been medicated for years and years, it is true that we are on an even keel and are not experiencing emotional highs and lows, but in many cases there is an 'emotional bluntedness' caused by a medicated lifestyle. For me, I know that which I seek in my emotions is the content of 'love' a word which is vastly overused and romanticized in our present culture. From a spiritual standpoint, I know that there are different kinds and

forms of love and romantic love is only one kind. My greatest fear, perhaps, is that because of 'emotional bluntedness' through the use of medications that I am incapable of true, heart-felt love. The Christian sacred scriptures say that 'perfect love (agapé) casts out all fear' (1Jn. 4:18). At this place in my life, I must take that to mean not that I have perfect love, but that I am loved perfectly by the One who laid down His life on my behalf.

In these days of the biomedical model of psychiatry and the emphasis on brain chemistry, our essential humanity is being dissected and degraded by the medical 'technocrats'. From the point of view of our emotional well-being we are being categorized and boxed-in on many sides. Yet I know that the Saviour and His salvation is for the whole person – spirit, mind, emotion, will, body – and He sees us in all our struggles and trials. May He 'restore our souls' (Ps. 23:3) by bringing us out into the light of emotional wellness.

*"...in many cases
there is an 'emo-
tional bluntedness'
caused by a
medicated
lifestyle."*

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
and weep with them that weep."

Rom. 12:15 (A.V.)

Liberate Knowledge

by Paul (D.) Strashok

We've got to liberate dead knowledge
and bring it to bear
on the quality of life
for all everywhere.
What use your test-tube teachings?
When they have no effect
on your brother or sister
to bring them the best
or maybe just better,
And lead them to life
out of war, pain or strife.
We're the information society
or so I have heard,
But is it living content
or just cluttered word?
So let's put it to work
for those alongside.
Let's liberate our knowledge
and from truth no longer hide.

Quote:

From the Roundtable

"Being crazy isn't all it's cracked up to be."

by M. D. Arthurs

News Briefs From All Over (continued from pg. 3)

Hurry Up and Wait

David Eby, Acting executive Director of the BC Civil Liberties Association, has told the Province newspaper that conditions are getting worse on Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. He notes there's a 300-person wait list for a new provincial mental-health facility.

Terminate This

A constant theme in US media coverage of mental health issues during the recession has been the

amount of cutbacks in mental health funding. One example: Experts say Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger of California has turned his back on the more than 200,000 state residents who've benefited from community-based mental health treatment programs. (Must make for interesting dinner-table conversation when he meets his Kennedy family in-laws)

Websites Of Interest To Consumers/Survivors/Ex-Mental Patients

This list is not intended to be comprehensive or exhaustive, and has left out many well-known sites that are widely available and easily accessible from local directories.

Organizations (General)

www.mind.org.uk www.power2u.org www.mhselfhelp.org www.wnusp.org www.tao.ca/~pact
www.u-kan.co.uk www.mentalhealth.com www.icspp.org www.oikos.org www.icomm.ca/esinfo
www.aapd-dc.org www.mindfreedom.org www.geocities.com www.mdri.org www.breggin.com
www.cvdinfolbase.ca/mh-atlas/ www.szasz.com www.antipsychiatry.org www.peoplewho.org
www.walnet.org/llf www.mentalhealth.org.uk www.fsu.edu/~trauma/ip.html www.radpsynet.org
www.contac.org www.buildfreedom.com/ft/psychiatric_survivors.htm www.samhsa.gov
www.nucknfuts.com/index.php www.cam.org www.lino.com/~raiddat <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Antipsychiatry> <http://aix1.uottawa.ca/~nstaman/alternatives/OVNVinternational.htm>

Advocacy and Activism

www.mental-health-matters.com/activist.html www.m-power.org www.narpa.org
www.protectionandadvocacy.com www.cchr.org www.popan.org.uk www.advocateweb.com
www.gamian-europe.com www.hri.ca www.hrweb.org www.iahf.com www.benzo.org.uk/prawi.htm
<http://members.aol.com/jimhofw/jimho.htm>

Alternatives

www.talkingcure.com/index.asp www.alternativementalhealth.com www.medsfree.com www.mosher-steria.com
www.transtherapy.org www.patchadams.org www.healthfreedommovement.com
www.weglaufhaus.de www.elcollie.com www.stopshrinks.org www.lstpm.org
www.emotiosinbalance.com www.the-bright-side.org/site/thebrightside/ www.doctoryourself.com
www.emotionsanonymous.org www.projectresilience.com www.bu.edu/cpr/tr/alternative/
www.religiousfreedoms.org www.wildestcolts.com <http://stopbadtherapy.com> http://nht_amhll.blogspot.com <http://essence-euro.org/iasp/> <http://myweb.tiscali.co.uk/erthworks/nonmain.htm>

Drug Information

www.larsmartensson.com www.drugs-and-medications.com www.drugawareness.org
www.outlookcities.com/psych/ www.canadiandimension.mb.ca/v35/v35_5ab.htm#three
www.nmsis.org www.antidepressantsfacts.com www.socialaudit.org.uk/1.4.html
www.chemsense.com www.prozactruth.com www.quitpaxil.org www.talkingcure.com/archive/drugs.htm www.truehope.com www.astrocyte-design.com/pseudoscience/index.html <http://members.fortunecity.com/siriusw/Biochemical-Imbalance.htm> <http://groups.msn.com/SIDEEFFECTS>
www.benzo.org.uk

Children & Youth

www.voice4kids.org www.aspire.us www.hearmyvoice.org www.ritalindeath.com www.p-a-r.org
www.adhdffraud.org

Tardive Dyskinesia/Dystonia

www.power2u.org/selfhelp/tardive.html www.wemove.org www.dystonia-support.org www.dystonia-foundation.org
www.iatrogenic.org/index.html www.breggin.com/tardivedysk.html
www.caromont.org/16036.cfm www.emedicine.com/neuro/topic362.htm www.drugdigest.org/DD/Articles/News/0.10141.513136.00.html www.psyweb.com/Diction/tardived.html www.thebody.com/pinl/phenos.html www.reglan-lawsuit.com www.ninds.nih.gov/healthandmedical/disorders/tardivedoc.htm www.easyweb.easynet.co.uk/simplpsych/tardive.html

Bulletin Board

The Self-Help Resource Association of BC (SHRA) has changed its name to **PeerNetBC**. They also publish a Directory of Self Help/Support Groups in Greater Vancouver with over 600 listings, many of them dealing with mental health issues. **PeerNetBC** is located at suite 306 - 1212 West Broadway, Van. BC V6H 3V1 Tel. 604-733-6186 Fax. 604-730-1015 e-mail info@peernetbc.com . Website - www.peernetbc.com

West Coast Mental Health Network sponsors many self-help groups. Office at #201 - 1300 Richards Street, Vancouver, BC V6B 3G6 Tel. 604-733-5570 Fax: 604-733-9556 e-mail vrhmn@vcn.bc.ca

Named after Vincent van Gough's homeopathic doctor, Paul Gachet, **Gallery Gachet** works to provide a safe, borderless place of artistic expression. It is located at 88 E. Cordova, Vancouver. Tel. 604-687-2468

Ron Carten, Co-ordinator of **West Coast Mental Health Network** has a new blog on-line at www.aimstest.ca. Check it out for interesting information on consumer/survivor issues from a personal viewpoint.

Check out the **Our Voice** website at www.ourvoice-notrevoix.com.

Websites Of Interest To Consumers/Survivors/Ex-Mental Patients

(continued from previous page)

Electroshock

www.ect.org www.banshock.org www.idiom.com/~drjohn/review.html <http://bmj.com/cgi/content/full/bmj.326/7403/1363>

Forced Treatment

www.freedom-center.org www.namisco.org/newsletters/August01/MindAid.htm www.hri/doccentre/docs/gosden.shtml www.garynull.com/issues/Psych/Index.htm www.psychlaws.org www.kqed.org/w/hope/involuntarytreatment.html

Mental Health Law

www.bazelon.org www.ac.wvu.edu/~knecht/law.htm www.psych.org/public_info/insanity.cfm www.forensic-psych.com/pubs/pubADment.html www.psychlaws.org www.imhl.com www.ialmh.org www.justiceseekers.com www.safe-trak.com/main/competencyl.htm www.abanet.org/disability/sites.html www.experts.com www.expertpages.com/psychiatry-psychology.htm www.psych.org/advocacy-policy/leg_res/apa_testimony/testimonysub-crimeposted91800.cfm www.ilppp.virginia.edu/ www.law.cornell.edu/topics/mental_health.html www.helpforparents.net/LegalResources/1LegalResources.htm

History of Mental Health Care

www.psychiatricurvivorsarchives.com www.webcom.com/thrive/schizo/kdarch.html www.cwu.edu/~warren/addenda.html www.epub.org.br/cm/n02/historia/psicocirg_i.htm

Online Publications

www.mentalmagazine.co.uk <http://members.aol.com/asylumpub> <http://userpage.fu-berlin.de/~expert/psychnews/>

Orthomolecular Medicine

www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/hofferhp.htm www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/ www.orthomed.org

