

In A Nutshell

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

Winter 2010-11

Embracing My Introvert Nature

by Rose Ananda Heart

I can spend a great deal of time enjoying my own company. I'm an introvert and according to studies on introversion, this means that I naturally live my life from the inside out, unlike extroverts whose orientation is external. As an introvert, my battery gets recharged when I spend time in pastimes like contemplation, meditation, composition, reflection, daydreaming, listening to music, singing, and improvisational dance alone in my living room. A great deal of time in solitude is essential for me to feel centered and grounded, to relax my mind, to be tuned in to the creative inspiration that comes from within. I am easily exhausted by external matters and become tired or bored with social engagements especially if the talk remains superficial or I am unacquainted with the people I am with. I prefer close encounters with those whom I feel emotionally intimate. When I am with groups of people, I favor activities like acting, dancing, a sing along, poetry reading, yoga or engaging in a sport. In this setting there is human interaction but the focus isn't on making conversation.

Being an introvert doesn't mean that I am not outgoing or social. In fact there are times when I am very gregarious particularly when sharing my creative pursuits within the fellowship of open-minded folk. I can be amazingly outgoing and talkative around topics that inspire me or ideas that make my heart sing. Because of my congenial nature, there are times when the extroverts in my life get confused about my needs and limitations. Unlike those who are energized

by lots of social interaction I can become depleted, over stimulated, and anxious. This signals the necessity of personal retreat for the restoration of self.

"Being an introvert doesn't mean that I am not outgoing or social... there are times when I am very gregarious."

As a single parent I find that most of the energy I have for relationships goes into supporting my teenage son and his wellness. As his mother, he needs a significant amount of attention from me, engaging me in ventures that keep me occupied. Because of all the many demands associated with parenting it is vital to my health that I am selective about the affairs I participate in. Along with my dedication to mothering, my choices take into consideration my commitment to deepening my co-counseling connections, taking care of my body and spending time in artistic

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endeavors. This leaves little time for social pursuits.

Because we live in a capitalist society that supports the extrovert nature, it has been difficult for me to respect this personal trait that I seem to be endowed with. For most of my life up until recently, being an introvert has left me feeling deeply flawed, like I am innately dysfunctional because I can't keep up. My disposition requires large servings of unplanned time just to be, and when I partake in socializing, I need lots of breaks between engagements. It is essential that I flow with my personal rhythms rather than the demands of the outer world. This can often be a tricky balance and I still find myself feeling overwhelmed with a tendency to get sick if I do too much, my body insisting that I take time off.

In my family of origin, my need for time and space were not honored. It was not OK for me to spend what was considered 'too much' time by myself. This was believed to be anti-social behavior and therefore abnormal. I remember my mother coming to my bedroom where I was lying comfortably on my bed, deeply immersed in a mystery novel and forcing me to go out and socialize with the rest of the family and guests that were visiting. My mother is a people person and thought that I should be one too. She did not understand my need for retreat. I used to daydream a lot and my dad would say things like, "You'd forget your head if it wasn't attached." I remember being reprimanded by a teacher because I was looking out the window, lost in a fantasy world, not paying attention to her lecture. I was probably bored, satiated by the demands of an overwhelming busy school day. Rather than feeling good because of my brilliant solution to my dilemma, I was shamed and felt humiliated. I internalized the message at a very young age that there was something wrong with me.

I have found it interesting and reassuring to find that the physiology of introverts actually differs from that of an extrovert. Those who prefer to put their attention on the inner landscape have much more blood flow and electrical activity going on in the brain. Because of this higher level of cortical arousal, introverts need to pull away from environmental stimuli on a regular basis. Extroverts on the other hand seek more stimuli to keep them happy and balanced. That explains why this natural socializer likes to attend parties, thrives on networking, and generally considers 'the more the merrier' to be true. On the other hand, the introspective mind is buzzing with insight and ideas and for these inner seeds to grow and blossom all external distraction must be shut out. Introversion is like the receptive yin energy that compliments the outward moving yang. The gifts of both are required for balance. As an internally based writer I can certainly use the assistance of an externally based marketer to get my work out into the world. It can be a beautiful dance of opposites working together.

Fighting against my temperament has been a life long struggle. With knowledge about this trait, it's a relief to simply accept that I'm just right. There is nothing amiss. I can stop comparing myself to others, thinking that I'm not doing enough, that I'm not having as much fun, that I'm not very exciting, that I'm not as successful, etc. For me simplicity is good, solitude is vital and relaxing on my balcony surrounded by plants with the warm sun beaming down on my face, content and breathing deeply, brings a deep sense of satisfaction. I've decided to happily indulge my introvert nature and for now my life tastes delicious. I'm falling in love with me, just as I am and I'd say it's about time!

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.

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The Psychic And The Spiritual Rock On!

by Cassandra Freeman

They say that my great great grandmother was taken to the King's palace in Baghdad, to interpret the dreams of the Royal Family. She was also employed there as a psychic healer and passed her skills down through the generations of her family.

My mother is a psychic healer who takes the pain away from people who are sick and dying.

I have only had one psychic healing experience: I was half asleep and had terrible cramps in my stomach. In my dream like state I saw myself put my hand into my stomach to calm the pain. It worked. I fell asleep.

I grew up in a house full of Jews from Baghdad and India so matters of this kind were considered normal. I was also taught to see a Divine Presence in everything.

For most of my life I took great strength from my belief in God. So much so that when I emerged from hospital at 30 and had the urge to throw myself into the street, this thought rushed into my head:

"Oh, no, when I reach the other side (heaven) God will send me right back here as a frog."
A silly thought you might think but one that saved my life.

At 39 my grandmother died and that began a series of communications with spirits that still occur today. I remember that terrible day and how the family was gathered around her bed. Suddenly, I felt a feeling of ecstasy coming from a long ways away. It was my grandmother's spirit calling out that she was more relieved to be out of her body and away from the terrible pain.

I once asked an East Indian psychiatrist what he thought of my ability to connect with spirits. He looked at me levelly and simply said: "Well, these experiences run in your family, don't they?" The fact that a mood disorders psychiatrist could have such a reaction gave me hope. It seemed he was saying that my experiences were beyond the DSM.

This was very unlike a couple of years ago when a very well known psychiatrist dismissed an encounter I had with the Divine as a delusion.

I was trying to fall asleep at 2 a.m. in a dimly lit room. All at once, the room seemed even brighter. I sensed a Presence that was not unlike "the Force" in Star Wars. The communication was "you are not alone, you are safe, you can go to sleep now" and so I did.

It was a very positive experience for me but my psychiatrist at the time callously said "I've had many patients who swear they see the Virgin Mary when they go to bed."

This comment caused me to question my spirituality and psychic experiences and sent me into a bad depression that I am still coming out of.

Recently, the obvious occurred to me. My brother is a Hasidic rabbi who runs "Ask the Rabbi" on the international Chabad organization website. He has many years of study in Jewish mysticism.

So – I asked my brother the rabbi! In part, this is what he said:

"So what benefit did the psychiatrist provide you by attacking your faith? What is his evidence that the Shechina (female Presence of God) did not come to your room? What is the basis of his credibility? Because he has studied neuropathology, does that make him an expert in metaphysics?"

... If a doctor demonstrates wisdom, then there is room to consider his wisdom even in fields that he has not studied. But if he acts foolishly, then why give his words any credit at all?"

As for the Virgin Mary, I decided that God comes to those in ways that they can understand. Including me.

My faith is starting to heal now. I look forward to learning how to heal not only myself but others, like my mother.

Under The Volcano

by Janet Roddan

Something pierced the darkness where I lay dreamless. I didn't want to come up from that deep, quiet ocean of sleep. Later I would blame some of this grogginess on the Seroquel I was taking. My smart phone flashed, 'Battery low, plug into power' 5:06 a.m. showed on its face and then it died. I sunk back under the covers.

Much earlier that morning, on the mountain slopes high above my cabin tiny rivulets of water skated and slid along the surface of the rain soaked soil. The rills forged runnels and channels that joined together and rushed into the main creek until the creek itself began to hiss a dull roar of white noise. Outside it was too dark to see the trees. Their branches had been the first to pick up the descending drafts and currents. The lacy fronds of cedar wavered, shimmied like cheer leaders while the Douglas Fir boughs, heavy with clustered needles bobbed and brushed big strokes through the air as though they were urging on the event.

Catalina creek provides water for my community and descends two thousand feet from the upper slopes of Mt. Duffey down to Lake Lillooet. Its relentless erosion had cut steep canyon walls down the mountainside. For six years a rocky notch high above us had collected debris. When the plug was finally broken by the rain, thousands of meters of undulating, writhing mud, rock and water coursed down the mountain like a living thing. It jumped the banks of the creek bed in several places and laced down the mountain creating its own new lines. Its passage kicked up the thick, waxy poplar leaves and lifted their heavy, green tips skyward, their pale veined bellies arched up, surrendering to the out breath of the release. Many broke free at the stem and helicoptered down to the dark wet soil.

I tried to fall back to sleep but the creek was so loud I reached up to the small window at the head of my bed and shut it firmly then slid back under the covers. I wanted to put this day off as long as possible. I had a 4-hour drive to the

city ahead of me and a lot of running around doing jobs that I would have liked to avoid. Sometimes my bipolar brain predicts an outcome, like how my day is going to go, with such conviction that I don't even question it. The situation is foreclosed. I wasn't going to have a good day and I was going to evade it as long as I could. So I buried deeper into my covers.

Logging trucks are dangerous brutes. I try to pull over when one comes careening towards me on the lake road that runs below the cabin. Up

"I heard him slow down, honk at my driveway and shout, "Janet, you gotta get outta here. Something big is coming down"."

to a dozen trees, some 50 feet long are chained together on these rigs and when the logging truck hits a pothole or a section of washboard the binding chains screech and the big trees cajole each other as the wheels and flatbed crash into the hole. The echo reverberates like dull and rolling thunder. High up on the mountain slopes above the cabin I could hear this thunder. Had they pushed a logging road up there? I pulled the comforter over my head.

The first tremor brought me awake. I could hear the cat door slam shut before I finished convincing myself that this happens all the time, after all we live on a fault line. The warm place that Zizi, my cat, had made in the crux of my knees was empty. I lay still, holding my breath, so I could hear better. The second and third tremors were smaller but harder to rationalize. But I continued to lie there stewing in a morass of uneasiness and denial. Until I heard the deep, gravelly, gargle of my neighbour's diesel pickup truck. I launched out of bed and fumbled around for my headlamp in the dark. I was pulling on a shirt when I heard him slow down, honk at my driveway and shout, "Janet, you gotta get outta here. Something big is coming down."

I slid down the ladder from the loft, headlamp askew, grabbing for some pants I'd left down stairs and I could hear his voice approaching. "You gotta come right now. Come with me."

"I can't, Gordy. I'm not dressed, and my cats, one of my cats is gone. I can't leave without them."

"This one's bigger than last time. You gotta get outta here." But there was no time to argue.

"I'll follow you. I'm right behind."

I do high-risk sports because I love adrenaline and thrive on putting myself in the position of having to respond to unforeseen events. Rising to the level of the situation and attempting to stay calm and focused when the shit starts to hit the fan is one of the aspects I love about paragliding. But when I heard Gordy driving away, my years of training, of not letting fear run me evaporated. What do you do when you are caught in the middle of a landslide?

I could feel the adrenaline spurting through my system and my mind settled into three layers. The light frothy one repeating a breathless mantra: "Hurry, hurry, hurry." The middle layer was calmer, methodically dealing with getting my clothes on without throwing the headlamp, which kept sliding off my forehead into my eyes, into a corner and then the deeper, pitch black and bottom layer that was whispering, "Why didn't you get out of bed earlier? Why do you always take the easy way? Why do you ignore things until they're disasters?" Before any on these questions really registered the second part of the brain took over, opting for slip-on shoes rather than taking the time to tie up laces. At this point the frothy part was visualizing what was happening outside and in my mind's eye one of the huge Douglas Firs behind the cabin was about to crash through the roof. "Where's the keys?" asked my second brain, zipping up my jacket. "And the cats?" The frothy one babbled, "This is like the end of the world. A massive, boiling river of mud and boulders is about to slam into the cabin and crash it apart." "There's Kuzu," responded the 2nd part. "Take her out into the truck, Let's get out of here." All the while I was calling Zizi. Over and over.

I put Kuzu into the truck and kept calling. The creek noise had intensified, the tree branches waving crazily. In the midst of this chaos, I had a horrible realization. Zizi had been my first cat, my little boy, a great friend and companion these past three years out here in the woods. But the thought materialized in my head and I couldn't take it back. "I'm going to leave him." "Take your 'little girl' and go." my second brain ordered. I countered, "I'm going to leave the door open for him, just in case." And as I ran up the steps, out he popped from beneath the cabin. A moment of joy! I grabbed him and we were in the truck and

off. I've never been so nervous backing out of my driveway. We headed down the hill and a few small alder trees growing close to the creek were upturned and lay across the road. We were able to navigate through and the frothy brain started humming the Mary Tyler Moore theme song: "You're going to make it if you try." We rounded the corner. Home free!

As we approached the junction there was something up ahead that I couldn't quite make out in the headlights. We slowed. Three feet of dirt crossed and blocked off the road. No sign of Gordy or his truck. We just sat there for a while then I plugged my cell phone into the truck and called 911. It must have been just before 6 am, just enough light to find a place to turn around. We went back home and made coffee.

It wasn't long before the helicopters buzzed overhead and I went out on my deck and waved and wondered if we would get a pick up. In the growing light the monsters of the slide had dissipated, but had left their trails of grey sand and debris everywhere. The road above the cabin, the road Gordy had driven down was knee deep quicksand-like mud, pocked with boulders. I counted off 50 paces, about 100 ft. from my driveway to the place where the slide had veered 90 degrees into an old ravine and carried on down from there to block the road. Boulders the size of trucks blocked the lake road out for 3 days. Amazing that no one was hurt and very little property damaged. Gordy got out 5 or ten minutes ahead of me then the slide had blocked my escape. Unbelievable! Fate? Luck? Chance? "You lead a charmed life," one friend commented.

When I look around my yard now I see all the many boulders and rocks that border the gardens and pave the walkway to the outhouse. I can't help but think they've all come from up above, in previous slides. We're sleeping on the back of a dragon here! And I wonder what else am I ignoring, refusing to see, denying?

Finally Ian, one of the big machine operators, came up after work and cleared a trough through the debris on our upper road so we could get out too. And funny, once the road was cleared, I didn't really want to leave after all. This place is my home; my cats love it here. This is where my spirit smiles.

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Someone said that the earth's hydrology is changing, all over the planet, one outcome of global warming. The geologist's report on the slide states that since we are living in an active flow zone we should follow high risk industrial safety standards and evacuate immediately if 75

millimetres, that's about a quarter of a cup, of rain has fallen in 12 hrs. Well, I've bought 2 rain gauges. And now I always park facing out, ready to go. I'm impatient for winter, when it freezes up there. And yes, we are living under a volcano. But aren't we all these days?

Media Matters

by Michael Crain

As someone who majored in History in University, I have learned to look for commonalities in experiences. Studying how two different groups of people view the same event, or how certain things repeat themselves and tracking these patterns is one of the things I really enjoyed. One of the commonalities that I have observed recently is the direction that the media in general have taken and, specifically, the direction they are going in portraying mental health.

Whenever things are bad economically in a country, doom and gloom prognosticators in the news thrive. Perhaps I'm just a left wing softie, but I find it amazing that Fox news has become as popular as it has in the United States. How anyone can take Glenn Beck seriously is beyond me, or the way that Fox chooses to cover the news.

Taking this a step further, I have become concerned more and more about the way that the media might choose to portray mental health and mental illness. It seems logical that if the news believes that doom and gloom is what will sell, this is the way that mental health and illness would then be portrayed. So the last few weeks I've kept my eyes not just on the news, but also on television shows and movies and popular culture as well to see if this has penetrated beyond the news.

To my surprise, I have not noticed that things are any better or any worse than at any other time. The thing that I've noticed is that if the media outlet or program tries to be sensitive or informed in the way it portrays anything, this has remained consistent. If the media outlet or program has a tendency to over-sensationalize things, this also remains consistent.

So then the next question that seems logical to ask then is has there been a rise in media outlets that sensationalize things? The answer to me also seems to be no. News media have entered into a difficult time in trying to remain financially viable and this instability may be at the root of why new media outlets are not

appearing. Blogging and posting and everyone having a voice have hit the media hard and have forced many media outlets to close or amalgamate recently. So the observable trend beyond doom and gloom that this history major has noticed is a trend toward larger media outlets covering everything.

This then leads me to the conclusion I come to about most things in society. Money speaks volumes, and the people who own these media outlets are the ones who need to be held accountable for the way they choose to portray anything. I feel that the best and perhaps easiest way that I can voice my feelings on how a media outlet chooses to portray anything is with money. If a media outlet portrays something in a negative way, not only will I avoid watching or reading anything from this media outlet, I will also do my best to avoid buying anything that the sponsors of the outlet are trying to sell.

So if Fox news decides that Glenn Beck is the voice of reason, then I won't buy the dog food that chooses to advertise or sponsor his program. As relates to mental health, I am much more likely to want to read the Vancouver Courier that goes out of its way to portray issues of mental health in a sympathetic and gentle way or the Vancouver Sun that attempts to cover many different sides of a story than I am to want to read the Vancouver Province that seems to miss the point and draw the wrong conclusions consistently for the sake of sensationalizing things. From there, I am also more likely to support the outlets that I feel get things right by paying attention to the sponsors, and am more likely to avoid the sponsors of places that I believe get it wrong.

Money talks and right now more than ever the media need to be afraid of any of us walking. The media need to be concerned that the only voice we may choose to listen to is our own and not theirs. The medium may be the message as Marshall McLuhan once said, but only if we choose to listen.

Roamin' In The Om-In: A Retreat On Atonement

by Ely Swann

It was September of this year (2010) and I was ready to go up to Westminster Abbey in Mission, BC; more than ready, really. It had been a long couple of years and I felt depleted physically, mentally and Spiritually. The plan was two of us plus the kind driver, Erai, were going to go first thing in the morning when the traffic was relatively quiet and walk around on the grass at the Abbey as the dew was lifting. But there were some initial problems, and we ended up going very late in the day. While at home I felt annoyed that there were drawbacks, and began feeling down, wondering whether I was only wearing a cheerful facade and was not going up for the Atonement—Atonement—At-One-Ment—yes, I was ready. After all, I didn't sign up for e-harmony dating and although I knew these other two only slightly, by the end of the Retreat, we had a most special bond, and on the way up, we didn't have to impress each other with lines like I once walked through a cloud with no oxygen or whatever one is supposed to say to impress and entertain. We were talking about the leaving of our other schedules behind and felt lighter as we passed out of the city to the farmland. You can tell when it's the Bible Belt when there are more Churches than Starbucks. "Senor, senor, can you tell me where we're headin', Lincoln County Road or Armagedon"—Bob Dylan.

I was bringing with me only pencils and paper to write while in solitary moments away from the substantial crowd, and in-between listening for the Grasshopper. "TV Preachers yell, 'come on along!'—I feel like Fay Wray face to face with King Kong." —Bruce Cockburn.

The world did seem far away as we took the hill, like walking into a Hindu Brigadoon, something that only happened for 1 day every 100 years. It didn't even bother me that my walker couldn't take much wet dirt paths and grass, I would find a space protected by a tree and sit barefoot and allow my mind to go in and out, not concentrating deliberately on any one object. There is a Holy Mantra of Hong-Sau and is done with Hung on the in breath and Sau on the out breath. I started it, "Hung".....I feel like I 'm on a

magic carpet taking flight with this dewey grass....what is Truth? Truth changes ...Being just is, Being is what it is....is that not it? It is. It's like some beautiful epigram I wrote in a dream....if I had that kind of writing talent and those kind of dreams....Twenty minutes later "Sau"—oh, was that on the in breath or the out-breath? Wait a minute, what was I thinking about when.....?

The Meditations and chants all went beautifully, and even though it was a silent retreat, many people whispered to me in the Dining Room where the Monks had made delicious vegetarian meals and people gladly brought me soft foods from the cornucopia laid out on the long tables, a warmth of personalities all silent and so profound.

We tried to do yoga outside but the rain got to us and we did the yoga in the gymnasium. Other than the kitchen and dining room and office rooms, we took up the second and third floor—filled the Abbey with Devotees from all over Mainland B.C., Washington State—Vancouver Island.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to us all, there were 33 Miners trapped in a small space under the land and below sea-level in Chile, and they were having a trying time, but found strength and courage from each other. Every day, they had Fitness routines, an appointed Spiritual advisor, even re-cycling. What wasn't trash—which was kept near water to dilute it and carry it off. They sang, and they even had a Poet Laureate who sent messages and poetry up the shaft once they were found. Imagine having that much hope and courage! Perhaps not too strange that they would have a Poet from a country like Chile, no strangers to Nobel and noble Laureates coming in plenty.

At short-last, we were having our last Meditation and Kirtan chants and we were back on our way to Vancouver, with trunks of joy and memories of a weekend of Atonement—At-One-Ment to keep us over the rougher times, as they are all gifts.

Song of Many Lovers

by reinhart

many lovers sing of body bliss
many lovers still dissect your warmest kiss
the naked man alone can know the truth
while the naked woman is changing in the confessional
booth

moses came down from the hill
he resoundingly broke all the commandments
an egyptian soldier he did spontaneously kill
and thousands of the camp of israel
who engaged in orgy, idolatry and dance

the darkness is not evil, it is merely the colour of space-time
it is the canvas on which the lord g-d works the laws of
physics
without the darkness there can be no light
and the stars would fall from heaven

the buddha said to me that the anxiety in my mind
is my own creation
a figment of my imagination
this anxious feeling is caused by my own anticipation
and the circular expectation of feeling anxious

i have spoken face to face with yhwh
and lived to write about it
but maybe I'm mistaken and it was only an angel
or maybe it was a disguise of the devil himself

the christ said to me, my yoke is easy and my burden is light
peace i leave, my peace i give you
then he said, pick up your cross and follow me
so i'm trying to love my brother as well as i can

i went back to the buddha armed with these truths
and he said to me, suffering is not real,
it is not permanent but transient
then he said to me, suffering is caused by desire
either your own desire or that of others,
even the desire not to have any desires

when ignorance, delusion and illusion have passed
from man's mind
shakyamani buddha shall return and reincarnate
zarathustra said to me when the age of grace is over i shall
return
jesus said to me, at the end of this world he shall return
with his army of angels and saints

mankind is a fire and when there is nothing left to burn
truth will conquer the lie and light will conquer the dark;
ahura mania again is torn
g-d himself will walk among us and there shall be no need
for sun and moon since he shall be our light
and the world shall be restored as it was in the garden of eden –
no sickness and no tears

until that glorious day appear
in all honesty there is really nothing to fear
let us love one another as hard as we can
let the man and the woman love as comes natural to them

in the privacy of our homes we can act as if we're in paradise
we can walk around naked in our living space
we can love in wanton abandon and fury
and then return everything to its intended place

the sages said to me, a man of wisdom is more valuable than a
prophet
the rabbi said to me, do not speak the name of g-d
socrates said to me, you must also deduce what a thing is not
but first of all you must know the meaning of the word

a philosopher said to me, that there is merely space and energy
and that everything is merely mind
a priest asked me to pray for the salvation of his soul
and i said to myself, there goes a man of g-d
(i have told you this before)

so there you stand scrutinized,
assaulted, hypnotized, overexposed, commercialized
dear mother of g-d, that's a dylan song
that's everything done right and everything done wrong

my ladyfriend calls me at midnight and asks me to kill a
spider
my neighbour frantically pounds on my door and asks me
to put out her oven fire
might as well buy a boat and sail around the world
because in your civilization you're all guilty and you all
know it
(g-d save you all from hell)

long ago i aimed never to share my thoughts
i resolved to avoid the collective hive mentality
and the eradication of individuality
the brain hopelessly submerged in the group mind

but like the book says, no man is an island
and when my loneliness felt so bad like sin or even
holiness
i opened my mouth and uttered some words
just a few because most of the time i preferred just to
listen

all understanding strives to weaken the will
and to dissolve the ego and it's wicked pride
i still search for enlightenment, compassion, infinity and
eternity
where my soul dances on the surface of the sun
as a jew my salvation is inherent in the perfection of the
law
as a christian i cast my soul upon the mercy, grace and
forgiveness of the lord g-d almighty
as a man i am unable to fulfill the law
as a believer i know that i am eternally guilty, deserving
damnation and in need of daily forgiveness

as jesus i ride upon the waters of politics
i ride upon the whore of egypt and assyria
yes indeed i ride upon jerusalem the whore of babylon
i love zion and samaria her sister which is also a whore
yes indeed i love israel
as the beast of perdition i love the whole world except for
israel
because she refuses to surrender her sovereignty to the
one world government
as the beast of perdition i hate jerusalem the whore of
babylon
and when the time for armageddon comes i shall declare
war upon her

all the priests, pastors and rabbis declare that the end is near
these spirits of revelation ride upon the memory of my
consciousness
and upon my death the four riders of the apocalypse
shall mount their steeds and then the end shall begin

as to my current lover i can't speak of these things to her
she often complains that i don't talk or have anything to say
how can i tell her that i'm just doing time
waiting for the end

it is a good thing to be occupied and engaged in the affair
of mankind
granny always said, idle hands do the devil's work
let us not be blind by knowing how to work
and how to labour in the gardens of love

let us labor to erect good monuments
works of beauty, grandeur and art, creations that withstand
the test and dust of time
g-d ordained that the man shall have dominion of all life on
earth, water and air
it is our duty to be good stewards of our inheritance

imagine the writer's pen slowly transforming into gold
growing heavier with every stroke and line
such is the destiny of the writer
who must endure the slings, arrows, castigation and
censorship of his time

so sing the song of love and light
sing throughout the starry night
let your soul be lighter than light itself
in the heavens the sphere of music and song dance forever-
more

oh thou beauty which did capture king kong
oh wings of words that didn't come
and with an invisible wind thou wert gone
the music of the night is dark, brooding and melancholy
(the chord must strike the heart of the mark)

twas beauty which did tame the savage beast
twas love which invited us to the feast
the heavens themselves shall set the table
and cain shall be reconciled with abel

but for now let's stop crapping into the ocean
for now let's stop farting into the air
for now let's stop pissing into the rivers
let's stop polluting everywhere

i'm not so stupid that i don't know
that things will get a lot worse before it gets better
but for the sake of my children i shall shout
that the human being is a lousy lout

i ache to paint the masterpiece of truth
i yearn to love my woman in freedom
i want our world to be a home
i need to love her and call her my own
(i need to love her all alone)

my leonine forehead over dark savage eyes
my hunger for flesh – my red heart coursing with blood
i live forwards, backwards, upside down, inside out
and sideways
damn it, i'm alive

either there's a purgatory or the most be bound for hell
and all the heroes of history would be best not to tell
and release the bounds of misery
than all of a sudden i'm in another reality

come gather around my friends and let's rehearse the
rules of love
the wind is superiour to matter, the spirit is superiour
to mind
the soul animates the heart, the heart quickens the
body
the body stirs the blood, the blood feeds the brain

the brain actualizes the life, the life is reborn as spirit
the spirit is reborn in body, the body breaks the rule of
love
the rules of love are reversed by the soul, the soul
inhabits the spirit
the spirit is eternal, the rules of love are the constant of
life

the life is eternal: so let's rehearse the truths of love
the life is the law, the law is love
the law is eternal, eternity belongs to g-d
the law is good, g-d is just

let us now rehearse the maxims of love
to live is to love, to lie is to die
life tends from above, love also tends from above
love is selfless, love is kind

love is forgiving, love is long suffering
when my lover and i quarrel, we reconcile by speaking the truth
when my lover and i offend, we forgive one another
when my lover and i love, all is well

jerome, my friend, they're gonna write about me when i'm dead
and gone
you have no idea what a gift music, song and poetry is to me
the poet's fate is to explore possible states of consciousness
and all the many dimensions of imagination

to be a poet is to love and hate and to lust after flesh
to recoil from our mundane humanity
to war with the tyrannies of mediocrity
to sicken at the thought of usury

my friend, my friend, i will write to you
of the deeds and words of the son of man
i hear his singing and praying in gethsemanne
in the moonlight of the garden, he is dancing

my son, my son, i will sing to you of the story of adam and eve
g-d said it is not good for the man to be alone
i will make his helpmeet to tend the garden
obviously g-d intended the man and woman to love each other
despite being naked

my relationship with myself is paramount to my relationship with
you
time is innate and conceived in the consciousness of mind
you must love yourself before you can love me
aren't you grateful you're here to see me keeping you young and
free

dear, dear augustine how didn't thou see me so far from whence
thou stood
you soared so high above the neighbourhood
where the spirit of the beast doth crouch and brood
where the soul of the man like blood flows round and round
let me tell you this, my heart must pump the flood
that doth water the tree of life
and the mind of man delude
and the mind of man delude
(and the truth be misconstrued)

i know this minister dude – he weren't no priest
he didn't do much by way of ritual and tradition
didn't make no blood from wine
didn't break bread and body
(didn't do much but waste his time and mine)

every week he had some insipid tale to tell
and that's how he earned his bread
so that he might buy the best in creature comforts
and always the best it had to be

the best fishing rods, flat screen
h.d. television, personal computer and laptop
high powered clear playing top of the
line stereo and home entertainment system

what kind of minister is this i thought
does he really think that he can be the exception and serve
mammon and g-d at the same time
i was totally suspicious of his priorities
and i thought to myself: give me a priest who takes a vow of
poverty anyday

the last time that i spoke to my latest lover
i said to her, I'm gonna stop writing songs for a while
i need a little more rest and freedom or something
that's the first intelligent thing i've heard you say she said

in the afternoon we walk trails around the lake through
the old oak forest, she said to me i know nothing
of wagner because of his hatred of jews
some sunny days we read poetry on a windswept beach

the pale bone-like logs sit like thrones in the sand
we kissed with dew on our lips
the beach was deserted and we loved silently
and we loved silently

one day we were sitting on a park bench
feeling perfectly free and enjoying our bag lunch
i said to her i don't read shakespeare because he was a racist
that can't be true she said, oh yes i insisted

i've never read "mein kampf" because hate is contagious
i must stand alone, victorious at the shores of the sea
the word is exhaled into the dark
thru' vapours of the night she speaks of naked love and then
goes to sleep

in the morning he looks down onto her pillowed locks
he looks down upon the lines of her lithe, long limbs
he lies beside her and watches her sleep for a while
the he gently rises so as not to wake her and goes and lights a
cigarette

meanwhile there are billionaires and there are
people who have a bowl of corn mush and some leaves
just three times per week
you cannot ignore this fact and neither can you excuse it
the structures, institutions, history, paradigms, social
organizations, ideologies

learning facilities, media interests, labour categorizations,
thought discriminations
and the banks: these are they which foster this monstrous
disparity and this gargantuan perversion of justice
it simply must not be permissible that governments
tolerate such a misallocation of property, opportunity,
resources and wealth – not to mention food and water

free market economies do not work
capitalism does not work
free enterprise does not work – for every winner there's a
loser
democracy does not, has not and never will work

christ crap it's morning again
i awaken somewhere between suicide and eternity
the last instant we were free the pale, weak, yellow haze
of morning
called me to choose between to be or not to be

another day has passed and i sing praise to thee thou
golden g-d
thou globe of glory freely glowing and blazing
praise be to thee thou giver of gladness
which giveth life and doth sustain it

and then once again the sun gives way to the moon
and sweetly the night lowers its cape
upon the nape of her neck and my lips though slightly worn
remain soft enough to sweetly make her smile

sweet moon you speak to each man's soul and each
woman's spirit
you accept and receive the warm light waves of the sun
and shine yourself
thou we must report for duty and pay our dues to the man
still art must yield while we trade in sex and beauty

and thou which sacrifices all thine body
is that light upon all those who would live
oh sun of g-d thou wouldn't see
the tapestry of space dust cast upon the cosmos

sailors sing of brave new vistas and venus the moon's
morning sister
the wife of every sister must respect the golden silence of the
listener
so let us make them church bells ring
for the love of g-d let us make them church bells ring

call the fire and the fire will devour you
speak the truth and it will deceive you
when the sin of the world empowers you then confess to the sinless
one
and then the love of g-d himself will empower you

so hallelujah christ is king
so praise the lord christ is king
dear brother, dear sister, let us make them church bells ring
the love of life is everything

Let Us Compare Add-dictions

Anonymous

i've got this filthy habit,
it sticks to me like glue.
there's always a cigarette in my pocket,
just in case i feel that one is due.
i guess it's a form of uncleanness
according to the Word
and i'm dealing with other add-dictions
but for this one i need the Lord.
He see's me in all of my actions
as long as i don't run and think i can hide
will never turn the tide.
sometimes i pray about my add-diction
i ask for forgiveness and believe
but afterwards i reach out so easily
perhaps deliverance is what i really need.
and Christian community, i'm finding it almost daily
the younger ones don't have this need
to burn their money so freely
and on the taste of nicotine to breathe.

i once was delivered through my own prayer,
and through my own prayer alone.
now I seek the place of forgiveness
and healing from the Throne.
There are secrets to quenching this add-diction,
but i never believed in the self-made man
i'm add-dicted to the love of the Saviour
and i realize that cigarettes aren't part of his plan.

Maybe it's just a symptom of loneliness
or a lifestyle that's easy and soft.
i know if i lived under water
it would be no problem at all.
The pressure is on from the potentates
to quit, cease, desist from this weed.
but i don't have much faith in the potentates
to them, image is all that they need.

Sometimes i think it could be worse than this
like cocaine or heroin or pot.
i know it's a form of a death wish
to do something to damage your bod.
But i still think there's some reason that's dwelling inside
emotional pain or turmoil or strife,
It's pretty hard to sort it all out at this late date
but to work on it, that is the key.
it may be a form of uncleanness
or a striving against medications unseen
but pray against the side-effects, she said
so i do that daily, too,
but there's nothing as clarifying as the breathe and the cup.
to bring me up out of the muddy thoughts
and express at least ideas that once were lost,
and as for emotions they may rise and fade
or is my gentleness just because i'm afraid
to face the real issue of oppression in the name of health
so thanks for the ones who changed it to Mental Wealth.

A Story About 'Steve'

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

Is it all just 'water under the bridge'?

The furthest back that Steve (not his real name) can recall beginning his dysfunctional life was when his brother did not come home on time, which was not a frequent occurrence. His mother and father, especially his mother (perhaps because Steve's brother was her 'favourite'), would worry themselves sick, and Steve, a five-year-old at the time, along with them.

Yes, it was not the very first time a worry gripped Steve – an abnormality for someone so young; he can recall often sharing in his parents' frequent and usually unwarranted anxiety/worries, "but that was one of the worst times. We began to wonder if he was still alive as each hour passed by. He eventually got home, but about three hours late, and the relief was intense."

This may have been a fairly normal form of caring parental behaviour, notes Steve, but allowing your five-year-old child to worry sick along with you, the parents; actually, including him in the intense anxiety is definitely a great way of starting a child off on his way to a life of diagnosed chronic anxiety and (perhaps suicidal) clinical depression.

Steve recalls the first, greatest dysfunctional aspect of his childhood being the clinical depression and chronic anxiety attacks considerably disrupting his childhood 'happiness' in 1978, at the age of 10: It was on a Maverick bus tour at Christmas time (down through Washington State, Oregon and then on to southern California, to Disneyland, Knotts Berry Farm, Universal Studios and lastly San Diego Zoo) that Steve could recall being so depressed and anxious/worried over the strenuous and tense conflict(s) between his father (who didn't join the rest of the family on the bus tour) and older brother. At that point, his dad was threatening to remove (more of) his brother's magazine photos of famous musicians from the wall of the room that Steve shared with his brother; thus, during the entire bus trip, Steve (being a worry wart) suffered considerable anxiety over what would be left of those magazine photos when his siblings and mother got back from the trip.

In fact, matters had gotten so tense, Steve recalls, between his brother, father and mother –

with the mother totally siding with her son – that she was threatening to cancel the entire trip for the family just the day before they were to leave. (FYI: all of the magazine photos were still there when they got back from the trip.)

During the trip, Steve can recall, even the tour bus hostess (the wife of the bus driver, Lance) gave Steve's depressed demeanor a concerned and bewildered expression, as though she knew that something was really bothering him – and such a young boy on a Christmas time trip to Disneyland; "it was not right: everybody else on the bus tour was having a great time, except for me."

Especially with his parents fighting so frequently, verbally and sometimes physically, 'Life in Hell' was, with the exception of the few worries he'd endured in his earliest years, had really only just begun for Steve.

OCD, Neurosis & Psychosis

For Steve, once one 'problem' is solved (or task accomplished), another problem preoccupies his mind: "It's like that way for me the whole time that I'm awake. And the same worries are 'solved' in my mind, over and over and over again – yet no satisfaction or finality. I'm always – *always* – worried about something, to some degree; it's really chronic anxiety in its fullest form." And he's convinced that his psyche will be this way until the ("hopefully soon") end of "my mostly miserable life." He's accepted this as not whining but rather just a simple fact of his clinically psychotic life.

Furthermore, Steve finds that he cannot 'live for the moment': He wants time to pass by quickly so that he can, as soon as possible, attain those times which he enjoys; but 'before he knows it,' the good times are over – they flow swiftly, and he gets somewhat depressed, usually for the following day.

However, he still believes that there may be "some hope for treating my condition," a belief that is contradictory to the above-noted hopelessness. "I know: it sounds like an oxymoron, but I seem to feel different ways for my different

(continued page over)

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dysfunctions. I, from my knowledge, have not been diagnosed with schizophrenia, though.”

Sometimes Steve has thoughts or recollections disturbing enough to cause him to sometimes-audibly (though usually quietly) blurt out a profanity in public. “But I don’t think [that] I have Turret Syndrome or something [cerebrally] wrong – only [psychologically]; and sometimes it’ll just be the word, ‘No’ or ‘Stupid’.”

Steve exasperatingly mentions that the bad/wrong decisions/choices he makes in his life “are unrelenting to my [psyche] – they bother the hell out of me and allow no room for self-forgiveness.”

Also, Steve’s Obsessive Compulsive Disorder procures him to try to control his thoughts and thought process(es) by trying to keep the negative thoughts and memories out of his mind.

And, “as I’m attempting to inhale ‘enough’ oxygen into my brain, I must breathe at a certain rate and [intensity] – all the while trying to keep negative thoughts out of my mind [as I breathe], or I have to take mores breaths. It’s crazy, but I can’t help it.”

He adds that, “I find that it’s like trying to hold back a running river, and the harder I try [to keep out of my mind the offending thoughts], the harder the thoughts push their way into [my head].” He says he feels “weakest” and most vulnerable to the “tortuous” OCD-induced habit when he awakes and then gets up – “and especially so until I get enough coffee into me” – after a night’s worth of unconsciousness and REM (rapid eye movement) sleep.

He also gets obsessed with controlling the amount of light – “mostly from the television set, when it flickers flashes [of light]” – to which his eyes are exposed. Thus, he tries to anticipate when the TV screen is about to change into a bright image or flash a bright light, and then he feels strongly compelled to look away before it occurs. “I’m that paranoid about my [eye] retinas. Deep down, I don’t believe the [TV set] flashes would actually damage [my retinas]; but it’s just become such an ingrained habit. I know – it’s nuts.” He notes that the psychotropic medication he’s prescribed alleviates his dysfunctional ideas and habits – and thus keeps him somewhat social and non-hospitalized – but only to a barely-acceptable extent. (He was hospitalized twice in the 1980s.)

He also relates how, again usually in the morning, he’ll feel some sensitivity in his tooth/teeth, where a chipping or banging had occurred some time in the past; or where there’s a cavity, for which he cannot immediately afford to pay (and welfare funding has run out) to have drilled

and filled: “I will try to mentally force a sensation in one or more healthy, non-damaged teeth.”

Steve says that he ‘knows’ that his father also suffered from OCD “in some significant ways” and that Steve acquired and inherited “most of my OCD from Dad.”

As an undiagnosed and thus medicinally-untreated child, Steve used to tighten the water faucet knobs throughout the house to the point that his father occasionally had to replace the gaskets, “all for the sake of a few drops of ‘precious’ water – hot and cold – dripping throughout the night.” And at bedtime, he’d press down on the light switches repeatedly, “lest it somehow not go down all the way [into the Off position] and then pop up [into the On position]; and the light would be on all night, wasting all of that electricity,” he says, sarcastically.

On a somewhat different note, Steve mentions that he was/is not ‘mechanically inclined,’ and he was/is a messy hand-writer/-printer, especially in elementary school: He recalls that in Grade 4, he’d occasionally go through page after page of notebook paper because he would wear the paper right through while continuously erasing the pencil prints, for his hand work was simply insufficient. “I was a naturally messy writer [and printer], and even though I’d often come close to being satisfied, it simply would not be good enough.”

Steve also notes that in Grade 7, the students took an I.Q. test: “And I – being obsessive – went over each math question right after I’d complete the question, and [therefore] I ran out of time with many of the questions untouched! Of course that dragged down my [I.Q.] score, considerably. You’re supposed to – when you’re a normal kid, that is – do all of the questions first and then go over them [to check for errors].” Steve, nonetheless, scored a 121 I.Q. on the test.

Perhaps most disturbing to Steve is the psychological fact that he has had “for quite a while, now,” a burdensome, seemingly-uncontrollable habit of, mostly inaudibly to himself, combining the ‘F’ word with that of “my Saviour when I get angry and frustrated; or it may even be just an embarrassing or [guilt-inducing] thought that comes to [my] mind. And I feel lousy about it. In fact, I don’t even mean it at all!” Steve – believing that the Almighty knows his thoughts, feelings and intentions – “will over and over and over again, immediately think, ‘I don’t mean it, Lord. I’ll never mean it. Please forgive me, all in advance, for the rest of my life. Please!’ Pretty f—d up, eh?”

Steve's bewildered by all of the above because he does not, at least not on a conscious level, believe that his Maker has done him any wrong nor desires to do so, in the past, the present nor in the future. Steve says that God would be doing him a "big favour by simply continuously ignoring my 'curse thoughts' – permanently."

Whenever Steve does feel a sense of self-pity, he'll rebuke himself, instantly. "I tell myself [that] I don't have the right to feel sorry for myself."

Murphy's Law Syndrome & 'Man, that really bugs me!'

Steve is conflicted between being a believer in the cynical Murphy's Law (e.g., if you leave your umbrellas at home, it will end up pouring rain that day) while simultaneously realizing/acknowledging that it's all really not true – that what can go wrong, will not always go wrong. He says he knows, at least to some degree, that he indeed has a share in life's distribution of good 'luck'; he also believes that there's usually some form of 'silver lining' to every proverbial gray cloud. "And I was once told that, when I'm troubled about not immediately seeing a 'silver lining' to my 'gray cloud,' I need to put that 'gray cloud' on the [proverbial] shelf for a while. Or sometimes I'll try to create a 'silver lining'."

For example, Steve says, if he'd lose \$10, he could skip buying the case of beer he'd plan to buy on the following weekend.

Fairly recently though, says Steve, really good luck and timing suddenly turned into really bad luck: His mother and he were, by coincidence, going to "make a bus just by a few minutes. The bus is coming, and so I prepare my [infirm] mother to [board]; but then 'Murphy's Law' abrasively kicks in, and a totally different bus pulls up, out of nowhere, just ahead of our bus without me realizing it. And, coincidentally, I didn't take the usual look at the bus-route display [just above the windshield] because I was busy with Mom. So we boarded the wrong bus with the right bus behind it, and then as it turned out, Mom had to drag her sore legs [about a kilometer] back to her place. She felt positive about the whole matter – 'at least I walked [my legs] a little' – while I felt, 'all of that good luck went bitter bad!'

And it really stuck in my craw for the rest of the day."

Steve's mother tells him that it's very bad for his health to let so many 'minor misfortune' experiences get on his nerves, "yet she was the one who got the flu the next day, likely for walking home in the weather."

Not winning a consolation prize in the lottery also irritates Steve, leaving him at-least-somewhat depressed, usually for the remainder of the day. "Normal people, young and old, typically accept [total] lottery losses in stride, but not me ..."; even though he's won a fair amount of lottery consolation prizes in the past, the proverbial glass is, "as always, half empty." Furthermore, he emphasizes, he'd rather miss a win by a mile rather than by but a metre when playing the lottery, "which is why I let the lottery computer's [ticket] scanner check my tickets rather than risk learning [that] I'd just missed a [consolation] prize by just one number." Indeed, Steve's cynical enough about his 'luck' that he does not even contemplate the concept of just missing a grand-prize by just one number, leaving him with a very large 'consolation' prize.

When asked what seems to frustrate him the most, Steve replies, "even though I try my very best not to get my hopes up high, choosing rather to expect the worst, I'm still devastated whenever my pessimism surfaces. I'm left as disappointed as ever – nothing seems to help." (That may be why, he adds, that he's a follower, generally speaking, of the philosophical position that 'ignorance is bliss'.)

"[For me], not only is the [proverbial] glass half empty instead of [being] half full, but my cynical mind is misinterpreting my 'luck' glass – usually lottery luck – as being three-quarters empty. I know that deep inside [my mind] that I get a share of good luck in almost all aspects of my life, but it's like I'm in, or want to be in, some sort of denial of that fact." He mentions that, "if you choose 'heads' or 'tails' in a coin toss that's repeated an infinite number of times, you'll win exactly 50.0 percent of the tosses. It's true – believe it or not."

"Perhaps," Steve adds, "I should not take life so seriously."

Quote from the Roundtable

by M. D. Arthurs

"psychotherapy is so much harder than
prescribing medication"

Sugar: The Sweetest Poison Of All

by Bob Krzyzewski

Whether we investigate the effects of soil depletion, or chemical fertilizers, food processing and toxic additives, genetic modification, or changes in the western diet due to fast food availability, we can't avoid the conclusion that our bodies are being stressed, nutritionally deprived and chemically toxified.

One culprit that has long contributed to this ecological mayhem is sugar and even worse sugar substitutes. I'll explore the dangers of sugar, but both these two imposters are not really food, or nutrients. They have no nutrient value; do not combine in any real food interactions, demonstrated by suppressing the immunity system of the body, and feed Candida yeast and other invading predators at the expense of healthy flora.

As if this is not indictment enough, they are addictive even in small amounts, poisonous in medium amounts and carcinogenic in excessive amounts. They also desensitize your body to its real needs and in case you haven't noticed, decrease your threshold to pain (just try to go for an acupuncture treatment after eating a chocolate bar... ooch!).

You may be feeling a little superior if you don't add sugar to your meals or use sugar replacements, but manufacturers add plenty of sweeteners to our foods, often in the form of corn syrup or even scarier, "modified corn syrup" (likely, genetically modified, and untested.) Some soft drinks and even fruit drinks have the equivalent of a whopping 12 teaspoons of sugar, per twelve ounce serving/can. The amount of sugar consumed by the average North American has risen in the last quarter century from 7 lbs per year to 73 lbs. or more.

Problems galore result from this unprecedented increase. For starters, one has only to observe children at recess gulping pop and candy bars and see how excited and over active their nervous systems get. Many Doctors have treated so-called hyper-active and attentional deficient disorders nutritionally, by eliminating sugar, food dyes and other chemical additives. Instead, on a whole food diet these same children are restored to health and function much better in school.

This phenomena has contributed to the understanding that some foods cause allergies, due to the immuno-suppressive action, and often these allergies pass the blood brain barrier and act as neuro-excitatory toxins, stimulating or confusing signals in the brain's processing modules disrupting hormonal and neurotransmitter functioning. Thousands of people may not be hyperactive or attentional deficient per say, but they experience a daily roller coaster of emotional and cognitive symptoms due to brain fog and hypo-glycemia. Here the pancreas producing insulin becomes overloaded by the massive sugar intake and can't keep up with insulin production necessary for metabolizing sugar into the blood stream. This causes a drop in blood sugar supply and rapid depression, disorientation, dizziness, mild memory loss and emotional hypersensitivity results and can produce impulsive reactions, outbursts, hostile behaviors and crying jags, among other symptoms too numerous to catalogue here.

In an Ohio study within the judicial system, 102 probationers were asked to check off systems on an inventory and some had as many as 50 symptoms. However, when they were placed on a balanced corrective diet, free of sugar and refined carbohydrates, their behaviours and attitudes showed a markedly positive change.

On a parallel track, several residential treatment clinics are now treating alcoholism, drug and food addictions and other concurrent mental health disorders from a holistic nutritional perspective (aka "orthomolecular"). An early pioneer in this field is Seattle's Alternatives in Medicine Program, directed by Dr. Janice Kelly Phelps M.D. Treating both alcoholism and chemical addictions, they boast an impressive 50% long term recovery rate using abstinence (sugar, caffeine, processed foods, and tobacco) and support clients with an in-depth detox protocol, and mega-nutrient diet and supplements, including intravenous intake of mega vitamin B and C. Other programs are not so strict on the "abstinence protocol", and include more whole food, amino acid and mineral consumption.

If you, the reader, can identify with these symptoms or conditions and want to improve your diet, consider the following suggestions, although discuss changes with your health practitioner before making drastic changes.

First, replace fiber deficient sugars and sweet pastries and other refined carbohydrates (e.g., white flour pastas, white rice, buns and French fries) with fresh vegetable salads, whole flour breads and pastas, seeds, nuts, fish, lean meat, free range eggs, and poultry, fresh fruit and melons for dessert. Many practitioners recommend raw food intake (e.g., salads, fruit, nuts, seeds, and berries) as most ideal for diabetes recovery; see Gabriel Cousins website, "Tree of Life Foundation" for Diabetes Cure. Other supplements are widely recommended; for example, the spice cinnamon has several compounds beneficial for blood sugar stabilization, as well as green tea, is noted for catechins, which is a powerful insulin

stabilizer. Chinese practitioners favour "bitter melon juice" as a digestive aid, with studies confirming the benefits for blood sugar regulation. The orthomolecular doctor, Carl C. Pfeiffer, Ph.D., M.D., also recommends the following supplements; chromiumGFT, zinc, B6, manganese, 2000 mg. of vitamin C, and daily exercise for maximum benefits.

A less technically written book, I would recommend as a good overview and starter read, is Kathleen DesMaisons, Ph.D. *The Sugar Addicts Total Recovery Program* (2000, Ballentine Books). You can also check her out her website at www.Radiantrecovery.com, as well as for more on the Chinese (TCM) approach, see www.DrDannyJui.com, a local practitioner who has written for the *Choices Bulletin*.

Till next time, stay well with mindful dietary choices and daily exercise.

Lark To Flight

by Paul Strashok

Lark to flight,
Regardless of the day or night,
Lift your wings
In featherblown freedom fly.

Lark to flight,
Whether the day be stormy or bright,
Lift your wings
Against the open sky.

Now bursting within and without all around
Now bursting alone, then in flocks you are found
Lark to flight
Your promise is sunny and bright,
Leaves me cheered
and gazing at beauty that's all above.

Lark to sing
Break the bonds of frozen staff
Lift your voice
And teach us all the master craft.

Each note now rising and falling anew
Each note now ringing with voice so true
Lark to sing
A song so perfect and sweet
Leaves us calmed
And listening for all music from above.

Lark to flight
Take the course that few will find
Lift your wings
And leave the earth behind.

Now bursting within and without all around
Now bursting alone, then in flocks you are found
Lark to flight
Your promise is sunny and bright,
Leaves me cheered
and gazing at beauty that's all above.

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/csinfo
www.aapd-dc.org www.mindfreedom.org www.geocities.com www.mdri.org www.breggin.com
www.cvdinfobase.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-soteria.com www.transtherapy.org www.patchadams.org www.healthfreedommovement.com
www.weglauthaus.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/rr/alternative/
www.religiousfreedoms.org www.wildestcolts.com <http://stopbadtherapy.com> http://nht_amh11.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/L4.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.adhdfraud.org

Tardive Dyskinesia/Dystonia

www.power2u.org/selfhlep/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/pinf/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**. **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 office@wcmhn.org

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

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.bazon.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

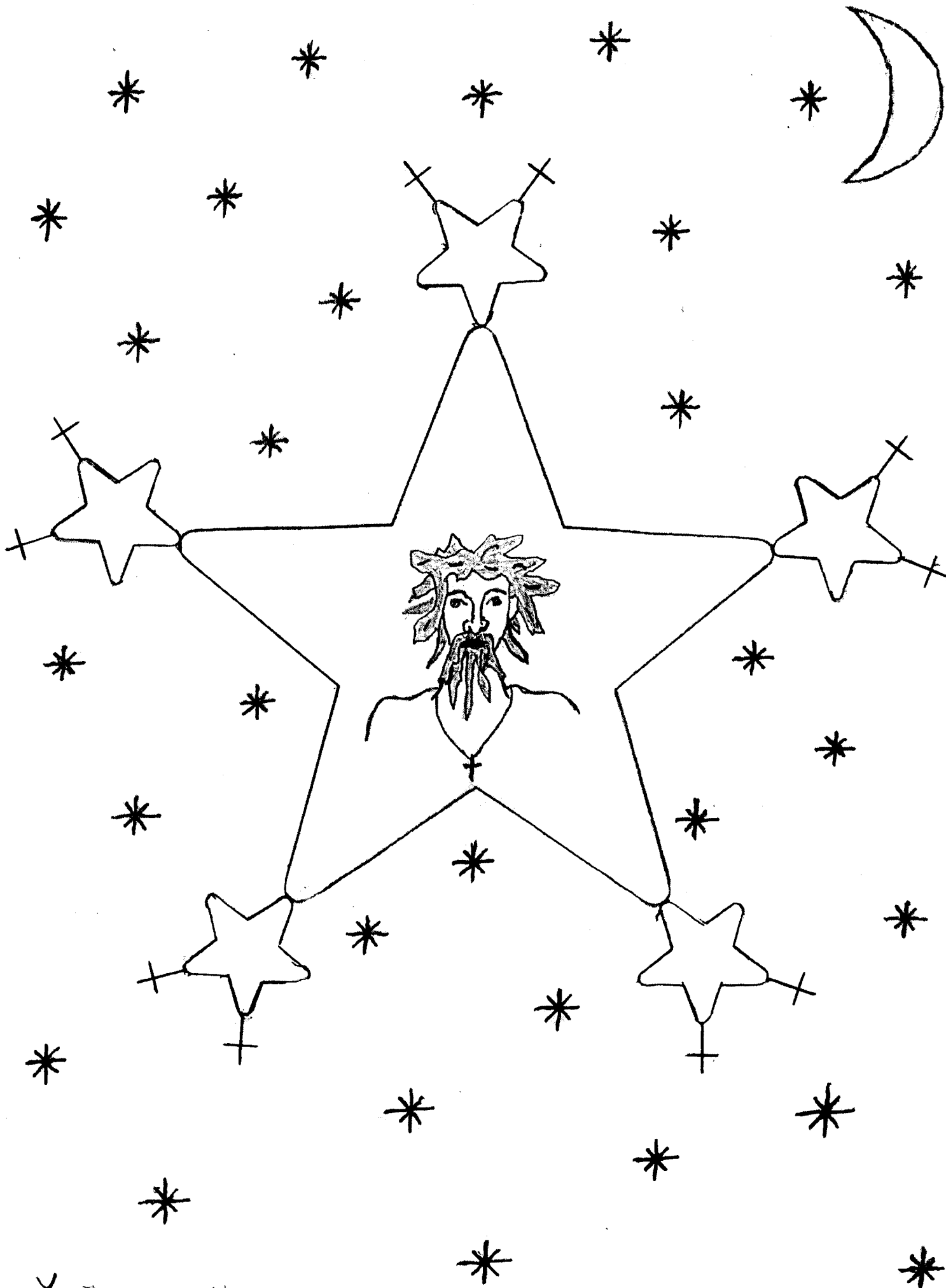
www.psychiatricurvivorsarchives.com www.webcom.com/thrive/schizo/kdarch.html www.cwu.edu/~warren/addenda.html www.epub.org.br/cm/n02/historia/psicocirg_i.htm

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



Yvonne van Lier