

# In A Nutshell

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

Spring 2011

## Dreaming Whole

by Zoran Gotsii

"Dreams are nature's answering service -  
don't forget to pick up your messages once in a  
while." \_Sarah Crestinn

At the heart of being broken,  
is the need to be Whole. A nervous  
breakdown is a radical, often painful  
and disorienting experience to say  
the least. Yet somewhere, within the  
shards and pieces laid bare, is also  
the great need to recover - to be  
Whole. To be broken like this is a  
call that we are forced to face and  
answer, with much needed assis-  
tance and support, while doing  
things that compliment the process.

Hopefully and eventually, if a  
right balance is struck, i.e. basics being met, it all  
starts to turn into picking up the pieces. Where is  
my glue? In simple terms this means integrating  
our physical, emotional, mental, spiritual and  
social dimensions are *nourished* back to health, as  
the road to Wholeness. And, in that long, long  
process we start to ask: How can I nourish all that  
makes me Whole, in a way that is intelligent, wise  
and loving? While reminding ourselves of healthy  
habits -and doing them again, and again.

In this journey to Wholeness, dreams have  
played a very important role in my recovery. For  
over ten years, I listened and was open to receive  
these strange messages from sleep. Eventually I  
realized dreams are like a best friend. Able even,  
to be more honest that I could be with myself. It  
just happens that this best friend speaks only  
poetry.

The following are some general tips, to  
start considering dreams as part of your Holistic  
recovery. It is not a substitute for professional  
help, but a compliment. Remember to be kind and

patient, and listen with respect, while  
not needing to figure it all out. We  
are not supposed to. And, it is a  
world of poetry, metaphor, weird  
physics and timelines, etc. not math.  
Let's go fishing!!

+ Get a dream journal and a  
pen. Put it by your bedside. Write  
down anything that you remember at  
first. Title the dream and put the date.  
Repeat.

+ As soon as you wake up,  
don't move your body! Hold that  
position and *then* recall dreams. When you move,  
it's as if you change the channel away from  
dreams.

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+ Understanding dreams as metaphors ask: what does it remind me of? What is associated with this object, person, and feeling to me? What time in my life is this from?

+ Don't be scared of weird or painful dreams. Remember, it's just a dream. Do your best to write the images, and trust that these will change. These dreams show what you might not be noticing, i.e.: feelings or hurt. You can always take a break and get back to dream-work when its right.

+ Your therapist might be receptive to hearing your dream. Or, other friendly support

who is willing to listen and share. Share what you feel comfortable.

+ To go further look at library books. Avoid dream dictionaries, as dreams are not one size fits all.

Well, there are some ideas to get you started. Remember, dreams can be a complimentary practice to all the other things you are or could be doing to take care of your Whole Being. Have courage and be kind to yourself. Happy fishing!

# Losing It One Day At A Time

by Anita Smith

I have always struggled with my weight, being what people called plump or chubby. There were few good years of slenderness but mostly I have been overweight. Having a baby caused a gain of 60 pounds and then a high dose of anti-psychotic medication resulted in another gain of 60 pounds. In the last few years, 48 pounds have been lost. The reason why it has taken me so long is because I don't want to yo-yo anymore and want a permanent weight loss this time.

I joke often with my father about my weight gain and tell him it is the medication and baby weight that makes my figure so full. He will not cut me any slack and insists that it is what goes in my mouth that causes the weight gain. And the reason he doesn't cut me any slack is because of type II diabetes. He has it and it runs in my family

as does being overweight. A lot of us on medication put weight on and the reality is that it costs us. Our health can be compromised by the overbearing weight and the stigma of mental illness. The medical label of obesity is disheartening as society does not look fondly on fat people and the media tells us we're not good enough.

How do you lose 48 pounds? Struggling with illness takes a lot of energy and does not afford us with the motivation to lose weight. First of all I got a scale. Buying a journal and recording my weight, I wrote what I was going to do about my health. It became my responsibility. I decided to lose 2 pounds a month by eating smaller portions, taking more walks and drinking more water and also started watching and limiting my fast food intake. A treat every now and then was okay and

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was allowed. The scale readings continued faithfully - from 250 pounds to 203 pounds. 2 pounds a month equals to 24 pounds a year, and it is almost painless to do. Small changes and baby steps were the only way to lose weight this time, after years of yo-yoing. Some months I lost 1 pound, some none but by the end of the year I was down at least 15 pounds. I also started to learn how to maintain that weight successfully by being faithful to the morning weigh-ins.

Most of all I refused to let the medication get the better of me. I had a large appetite and started to find ways to watch was going into me. I started walking everywhere I could. It was uncomplicated and didn't cost much. You are not alone in this.

Many of us want to lead healthier lives but don't know how. I found my library card handy and started to read about health and different diets. Often I go to Value Village and thrift stores to buy books on weight and found plenty to choose from. Find a walking partner. It could be fun and social at the same time. Most of all, don't give up because you are on medication and think the weight is impossible to lose. It is possible; think of what you can gain by adopting a healthier life style. Years to your life no doubt! Part of my recovery has been to become self-aware and that has made it possible to lose the weight. Join me in self-empowerment and a journey into better health. We are precious and deserve healthy bodies!

# The Whispering Little Voice

by Michael Crain

A lot of my ongoing struggle with bipolar disorder has revolved around very strong feelings of wanting to end my life. This feeling rears its ugly head many different ways. Sometimes I get flashes of my life ending in very vivid and painful ways. One of the more recent lovely images that pass through my mind is being strung up and hung by the neck with barbed wire.

These images usually don't last for more than three seconds, and I am usually able to push these nasty visuals away. Along with these visuals I often have this overall feeling or sentiment that 'I wish I was dead'. Again, when these feelings occur I do my best to push them away, but at times it does become a vicious little merry-go-round that I feel that I cannot get off of.

When I was in my late teens and early twenties I did not understand these feelings. It wasn't until being diagnosed with bipolar disorder that I finally understood where this was coming from. The explanation was a great relief to me, but it did little to help me figure out how to deal with these feelings or cope.

As time went on and I began to have more and more experiences with bipolar disorder, I began to get a better grip of what was happening and when it was happening. I was also able to put

people in place around me who could help me when I went this way. However, this was a long time in coming and took a great deal of trial and error.

Two main things were at issue with finding people who could help me cope with these issues.

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*"In that moment  
of ultimate hope-  
lessness, something  
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me has held me  
back."*

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On the one hand, I did not want to be a drain on people or bring them down when I was feeling particularly low. On the other, finding people who were up to the task of dealing with this or helping with this was very difficult. Even inside the mental health system I remember several occasions where I put the feelers out with people who were professionals and seeing faces fall when I raised the topic.

I also learned that when raising this issue with a psychiatrist that the usual response was an offer to tinker with medication. Suffice it to say, I do not feel that there is a perfect pharmacological cocktail out there that can help me with this and have no side effects. I am more worried about what might happen when tinkering with new drugs than I am with changing what I am currently taking.

Back to feeling suicidal. The thing that amazes me about this is even the two times I have

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come close to ending things; there has been something there that has pulled me back from the brink. In that moment of ultimate hopelessness, something instinctual inside me has held me back. Thomas Magnum on the show *Magnum P. I.* used to talk about his 'little voice' all the time. For me, this is something similar. Some little something buried at the back of my brain whispers that this is not the path to take and pulls me back from the edge. All the other things that are around me to help me are great. Some I have sought out and some have found me. But ultimately, without my

little voice, I would have left this world many times over.

My purpose of making myself vulnerable in this article is not a plea for help but rather to try and share what my experience has been and perhaps the experience of some other people. The other is a suggestion to find your little voice. I've found that the things that have kept me anchored to this world are the people I love, which are my parents and much beloved cat, and my little voice. Find your little voice and listen to it when it whispers soft and low. It will help you to find the path you need.

## False Hope

by Rose Ananda Heart

Your compliments  
tasted like sugar,  
a candied coating  
covering an ancient vial  
filled with the shadowy remains  
of anger, sorrow and fear.  
Appearing as a fancy disguise,  
your illusion of beautiful words  
blinded me so that I failed to see  
your betrayal of trust  
and I did not notice  
how you'd forgotten  
to hold me dear  
like a precious gift  
lying next to you.  
You called me your woman,  
and I called you my man.  
We clinked our glasses  
in joyful celebration  
to a relationship being born.

Prepared to love you fully,  
I opened wide my heart  
only to have it shattered,  
sacrificed on an altar of lies.  
With a brutal blow  
you traded the real thing  
for something plastic,  
a security blanket  
with cash to keep you safe  
and booze to keep you numb.  
As you callously shunned me  
with your thoughtless speech  
turning me into the villain,  
I could clearly see a caged man  
too frightened to embrace  
the terrorized boy inside.



# Another Look At Recovery

by Paul Strashok

Having been influenced by dissident voices within the mental health community, I wrote a poisonous piece on the theme of recovery. It is only now, of course that I know that one must have a vision, hope and positive belief in recovery. By recovery I mean not only recovery on an individual level of spiritual emotional, mental and physical wellness, but also a recovery into community and a valuing of the gifts and talents of the individual as expressed within the larger mental health community as well as spiritual expressions of community.

Since I wrote that rather poisonous piece, many have responded with their own views on that which makes up recovery. They were fighting for a more balanced viewpoint than my own, rather, self-defeating views.

During the seventies, I was involved with a local church in that which is known as 'The Lord's Recovery'. They were and still are a very pure, very spiritual, well-taught and strong move of the Almighty through the New Testament pattern of assembly. All the music that has come out of that ministry has been in my heart over the years. This particular ministry was very strong on the concept of 'resurrection life', a life that breaks through the barriers of death and throughout my history within the mental health system I have seen resurrection life break through many times, even in the direst of circumstances. I also had the realization that I was 'filling up the measure of the afflictions that were lacking on the part of the body of Christ' (Col. 1:24). Nevertheless, to this day, I hold those believers in my heart and mind, although many of them have moved out and on.

I now realize that the diagnosis of schizophrenia can be one part physiological, one part environmental and one part hereditary. Having lived through the sixties and seventies, I realize

the use of psychedelics and street drugs must be very carefully monitored by anyone who desires to use them. Even in those days, one could end up having a 'bad trip'. I became 'tabla rasa', so many times and by so many organizations that it has taken me years to find the writer's voice and the healthy perspective on mental health issues. I do not believe in forced drugging nor do I believe in confinement and the use of straitjackets or other

restraints. However there are, today, more enlightened individuals in the mental health community who are offering alternatives to the use of involuntary commitment. I am thankful that I am not homeless and know that part of my housing depends on my being compliant with my treatment. I accept that restriction and have learned healthy ways to treat myself against any potential side effect of the medication that I am on. Meditation on scriptures has been vital to my process of recovery. Sometimes I see myself as a greedy and grasping person, but I know that I am just learning to ride upon the 'high

places' of my responsibility (II Sam. 22: 34). After all these years, the laws of my natural father and mother, as well as my Heavenly Father and mother Wisdom rings in my ears. I would be wise to take heed to both and all the purely worshipping saints of the Most High. My sorrow is that I did not learn sooner. My joy is that I'm learning to be obedient to my gifts and callings.

So in ending let me say, "Do I wear my faith on my sleeve?" Perhaps I do. But when people ask me "How are you doing?" I often say "I'm doing by faith", because without faith we can't be doers of the Word. So I pray for all those who work in our fair city to keep the infrastructures going and solid and I am thankful for small mercies in the writing and music crafts.

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# You Gotta Find Somebody To Love

by Cassandra Freeman

Growing up feeling down a lot of the time was tough. And in my 20's and 30's I was a bit of a cynic when it came to love. But I was happily surprised when the opportunity came to love some people (and a dog) who loved me back without judgment. They came into my life at different times and thinking about them today often makes me feel better when I'm down. Here are a few below including my partner for life. Love has never "cured" the depression I've had to live with most of my life but it has made it easier to get through.

## **My dog:**

The story goes that my Uncle Maurice saw a puppy dumped on a sack of potatoes in an outdoor vegetable stand. He scooped her up and brought her to my family. I was 3-years-old at the time and we both grew up together. She was a white nervous ball of energy, a Maltese terrier we called Pixy. In fact she was quite neurotic and when the letters came through the door's mailbox she would grab them in her teeth and give them a good shaking before we could get hold of them. All of our letters had teeth marks in them.

But she was ever so gentle with me. We would play together when my sister and brother went to school. I remember teaching Pixy to walk up the back stairs, one paw at a time and making dinner for her highness, as she would only eat beef patties. Taking care of her, especially when she got older, took the focus off my problems and onto my special pal. And if that meant taking her to the vet and having her sit on my lap, shaking for 20 minutes, then that's what I did. She was my first best friend.

## **A ballet dancer:**

I was 4-years-old and Alistair would come running into the house, pick me up and put me above his head with one hand until I could touch the ceiling. He was in the National Ballet Company with my Uncle Sam. He was a gorgeous, warm and loving man and we adored each other. I came to understand through him at a very young age that some men liked women and some men liked men and it was no big deal. I saw him about once a year until I was about 10. A decade or so

went by until I heard the news. Alistair was one of the first men to die of AIDS. Since then I've always wanted to find his parents and tell them how influential this man was on my outlook on life and how wonderful he was with me when I was a child.

## **One of many nieces:**

My niece 'Miriam' was 4-years-old, and I was 25. She lived out at UBC with my sister and her husband and I went to visit one day. Miriam and I hadn't seen each other for a while so, when I got out of the car, she opened the door to their house and we both ran across the large grass lawn with our arms open, yelling each other's names. It was a hug to end all hugs. I was ecstatic that this joyous little person had chosen me to love.

We were very tight in those days. I would take her to the playground once a week where she was absolutely fearless and we would later make faces at each other across the dining room table at dinner. One day when I left the table to sit in the den because of a family dispute, she was right there sitting beside me like a loyal little soldier.

## **My partner for life:**

I met Irwin when I was 33. I was teaching improv comedy and he was doing stand-up comedy, so we had a lot to talk about. I came back home from our second date, went to bed and as I was drifting off to sleep when I saw this sign in my head. It was just like one of those huge signs you see on the highway. It said "I have found him". It freaked me out so much I didn't sleep the whole night.

But it wasn't till 3 months later that I knew he loved me. I walked him to the bus stop one night, then turned and started walking back to the house. I stopped halfway and looked back at him to wave good-bye. He had such love in his eyes that it literally took my breath away. No longer a cynic, I knew then and I know now, 17 years later with the same man, that it is possible. You can love someone who will love you right back. You just have to find that someone to love.

# The Gift of Words

by Rose Ananda Heart

Your words feed me with healthy sustenance, mouth watering morsels that nourish the hunger of the lost child inside, the bright-eyed girl who once knew the magic within a mystical universe where fairies dance in the gentle woods and gnomes run wild through meadows fair. Somehow your exquisite storytelling brings her back to me and I can see her sweet round face, covered in a mass of curly red locks, with the wisdom of the ages buried like a treasure within her mind. A wonder child is she, curled up with a book among the branches and leaves of Great Grandmother Maple, where she finds herself in the realm of story, playing out adventures that spring forth from a vivid imagination. Her happy illusions help her to escape the horrors of a brutal reality where children are toyed with to meet the needs of the walking wounded, adults who forgot how to cry.

Like a fragrant salve your poetic language soothes my fractured soul, reminding me who I am and bringing to life the internal flame of renewed zest for life. Your gracious prose is like medicine, the perfect ointment for a bruised psyche, one denied the blessing of a nurtured childhood or the innocence of youth. I'm reminded of cool water on a dry parched tongue, life-supporting liquid that quells the unquenchable thirst for authentic art, beauty and the real meaning of love. I long to hold your literary world brought to life by tantalizing words strung together like precious beads on a necklace. I want to embrace your enchanting tale

within my arms, warming it, caressing it, and bringing it to life in my heart.

Yours is a powerful narrative portraying the life of a kindred soul, a creative woman who has been beaten down, captured in the net of despair and yet has triumphed, allowing for the radiant human to emerge from unspeakable darkness like a colorful phoenix rising from the flame. Your

symphony of brilliant thoughts are music to my ears, the melody of a love sonnet that allows me to remember the wondrous depths that lie below the surface where dreams are sown and joyous visions are set free to roam the fertile mind. My being swells in amazement at how simple sentences, clusters of nouns, adjectives and verbs can bring me the deeply satisfying pleasure of nesting with you, like a dear friend in the sweet haven of endless possibilities.

You are a teacher whose lyrical gift inspires me to write an account of my faded memories, honestly sharing my own epic drama, a tragic tale that

has turned out to be a transformational experience, awakening my purpose. Although I feel as vulnerable as a newborn, my need for meaning is satisfied when I compose a personal account that births hope, thus watering the seeds of understanding so I no longer have to walk alone. With my words, linked in yours, I now hold your hand and smile, partaking in quality time together as comrades sharing a common destiny, working to heal the broken hearted, those with the courage to reach for the light.

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whose lyrical gift  
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## Quote from the Roundtable

by M. D. Arthurs

"sometimes there is very little difference  
between psychosis and enlightenment"

# I Put My Heart Into It

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

"You could drop dead at any time—just like that," my GP informed me, which he'd do one more time some months later. My heart's aortic valve was a bicuspid, congenital deformity (i.e., two valve flaps instead of the normal three), that an echo-cardiogram just happened to identify during an unrelated battery of tests during the early 2000s (also when dark patches mysteriously appeared at the top portion of my lungs during an x-ray). The malformed valve was causing considerable stress on my aorta, at the point immediately following the flawed valve.

Thus, I'd eventually ("within 10 years or so") have to undergo open-heart surgery to replace the flawed valve with a pig's, cow's or mechanical valve.

Some years later, on the eve of the surgery at Royal Columbian Hospital, my soon-to-be surgeon recommended that I utilize a pig's or cow's heart valve; however, that would mean having to replace that valve every 10-or-so years for the rest of my life. (No, thanks!) The surgeon was concerned about a brain stroke possibly occurring due to blood-matter solids accumulating on one or more of the mechanical valve's three flaps, then being released or pulled back into my blood stream.

Also mentioning his concern regarding a brain aneurysm I'd endured in 1983, I informed him that Peace Arch Hospital did a CT-scan on my brain approximately four years prior (for an unrelated reason), and it came out negative; and so the surgeon, having contacted PAH, actually later told me that my choice of valve replacement was a good one.

Suddenly dropping dead from heart failure rang a cord with me, for I once knew (about a dozen years prior) a very large, though not at all obese, strong, 31-year-old, non-substance-abuser (e.g., tobacco and other illicit drugs), who had, while lifting a stereo-system component, dropped dead—"just like that."

It really made me wonder whether he may have had a heart-valve malformation similar to the one I had but was not fortunate enough to have had it identified during an echo-cardiogram and thus treated.

Right up until the operation itself, I could not help but worry about my heart refusing to start

up again after my flawed valve was replaced. I was also somewhat worried about what I'd experience while I'd be clinically dead (for about a minute while the medical staff got my oxygenated blood flow going via the bypass machine, and then again when putting my heart back together before restating it)—would I perhaps see Dad and/or the two felines that I adored and tragically lost many years before? Or would I actually experience that 'other place—Hell'?

On the matter of the visual heart-monitoring tube they'd insert into me perforating my esophagus, "which can be very serious," a rather-young RCH anesthesiologist reassured me that there would "only" be a one-in-10,000 chance.

However, as for the 'awake' effect—not to worry, I was told, it's extremely rare: My bronchoscope about four to five years prior at PAH during which I was fully awake as the 'professional' pinched off a sample of my lungs with some cable device was, said the anesthesiologist, probably due to me being too large for the likely-small amount of anesthesia they'd given me.

The last thing I recall while laying in the operating room after receiving an injection was inhaling medicinally-odoured anesthesia. The next thing I knew, I was waking up, under the influence of morphine—without which I'd be forced to endure the pain of having had my ribcage sternum sawed open, albeit unconsciously, then literally permanently wired shut. (Try sleeping like that!)

The nurses and other medical personnel repeatedly listened to my chest and said that they could hear the unique, healthy sound of my new, mechanical aortic valve as blood flowed through it. (To this very day, I occasionally hear it ticking, just like a watch, sometimes up through my auditory canal.)

Soon enough, the day after the surgery in fact, they took me off of the morphine drip; but they did give me extra-strength Tylenol to minimally perform the morphine's job. It, the elimination of painkilling opiate, really was not so bad; the lousiest part for me seemed to be the waiting to heal well-enough to go home.

However, I unfortunately began to consider that my new mechanical aortic heart valve may

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# Embracing The Balance

Fri Aug 25/06

by Jim Gifford

Embracing the balance,  
Of society and solitude,  
Life offers up her dance  
In swings of mood.

Whether joyous or sad,  
Going deep in the flow,  
A poet who is mad  
Needs space to slow.

Whether down and out  
Or up and in,  
God is tempted to tout  
With an inner grin.

Beyond the mundane,  
Nothing lacked,  
Ends meeting in refrain  
As opposites attract.

# Mood Wave

Fri Aug 25/06

by Jim Gifford

On the crest  
Or in the trough;  
At rest  
Or in the rough.

Up and down  
In calm or rave;  
Skyward or earthbound  
Mood wave

Like the Seven Seas  
Vary in vibration,  
Each swing decrees  
Despair or elation.

Down and up;  
Order or misbehave.  
Full or empty the cup  
Mood wave.

# The Nations Shall Assemble

by Paul Strashok

The nations shall assemble,  
Before the Throne of the Lamb.  
We all will stop and consider  
The greatness of the infinite 'I Am'.  
The people will be flowing  
In streams of uttered praise  
Before the Risen Son  
and The Ancient of Days.  
So where is your world-plan then, my friend?  
The future is in God's Great Hand.  
The future of a planet, the future of a universe  
We are all by His mercy spanned.

The nations shall assemble,  
Far from the shroud and veil,  
That hangs o'er our darkened planet.  
The nations shall come through travail.  
It's not by the plans of earthly potentates  
Or the eco-desire to save.  
But the will of a Loving Father,  
Making friends out of those who once were slaves.

The nations shall assemble,  
In heaven, yes I know it is true.  
God's word established strong and secure  
Says this is our eternal due.  
So as the planet grows smaller and smaller-  
Yet the bigness of heaven calls;  
Where God clears away all empires and fortresses  
To establish His own great walls

The nations shall assemble.  
Will you be there, will you be there, my friend?  
In that great overflowing of gratitude  
To the Eternal Undying One.  
And the people He called out of darkness  
Will shine in the bright, new day.  
Then at last we will see the full purpose  
Of the Truth, the Life and the Way.  
We'll rejoice in the clarity of vision  
We'll be glad to know we are home  
When the nations all assemble  
Around God's Great Throne.

# The Succourer of My Heart

by Paul Strashok

Loose in me the line of life  
Set me free from daily strife  
Let content and substance of being come forth  
As I take up the walk, as I travel the course.

For this life is much more than vanity and pride  
It's a God-given gift and from Him I won't hide  
So why compare to others with so much to be done  
We are all equally loved when we embrace the Son

And the Son is the centre of God's gracious plan  
Not only the Son of God but also the son of man  
He's our surety, our counsellor, our friend  
One day we'll be with Him world without end.

So press on to know Him in each and every day  
He makes Himself known as the truth, the life, the way  
His presence is perfection regardless our mortal frame  
And when the time is right, He reveals the Father's Name

As the Father has loved Him so He loves us too  
The promise of Glory He bring us unto  
So let not earthly cares overcrowd the soul  
But trust in Jesus and you'll be perfectly whole.

For His love is greater than all this world could give  
And to know Him is to trust Him and in Him live  
Jesus the Rock the succourer of my heart  
He sees us and knows us and never will depart.

(continued from pg.8)

have been flawed, for when I'd walk only a few metres to the hospital's TV/lobby rooms, I'd feel somewhat- to considerably-lightheaded; and when I'd walk back to my room, the lightheadedness became more intense. Indeed, one night (July 2nd, 2010), I felt as though I might blackout while walking in the hallway, and when I did make it back to my room and sat down on my bed, I found myself panting. (That was one report I definitely would not relate to Mom, for she'd get sick with worry.) *Am I going to die because of my mechanical heart valve's flaws?* I thought. *Perhaps my death would be due to the valve's apparent propensity, at least in my body, to eat up blood hemoglobin necessary to deliver oxygen to vital organs, especially my brain.* All I knew was, my cynical mind did not feel lucky, and I *really* did not feel like going through anymore heart-valve surgeries—nor any other kind of cutting, for that matter.

*Could the operation perhaps have been a major mistake?* It was difficult for me to tell, because all of the medical personnel praised, “how well [the procedure] went.”

On a lighter note, though, what I also had a hard time accepting was the bareback gowns that I was occasionally forced to wear; there also were the female personnel, though trying not to, sometimes baring my private parts. True, they, being professionals, were/are unlikely to experience novel pleasure in catching a glimpse of the bared opposite sex; nonetheless, though, the patient can't be sure what the health-care personnel are really thinking as they glimpse.

In fact, one nurse subtly tried to talk me into letting her shower me off before surgery, but I adamantly refused, telling her, “really, I don't think so” and “thanks, but no thanks.” She said that it was a matter of patient safety, that I might slip and fall. Perhaps she was sincere, and it all was naught but a misunderstanding; or perhaps it was/is just a factor of her ethnic background, a culture in which the women may sometimes bathe the (elderly?) males.

On a much more serious note, though, suffering is prolific and profound at hospitals—and incredibly so; one can observe the utter misery that many patients endure by just looking around from one's hospital bed. In the intensive care unit, I witnessed a male patient (likely in his late 70s), who had, like me, just come out of the operating room, where he'd also (I believe) undergone heart surgery. However, that man really did not seem to be ‘cured’; indeed, he squirmed and pulled his body mass from side-to-side in quite-apparent

misery (he even once tried to remove his gown). And his life signs kept dangerously fluctuating: At one point, he even blacked out, and his life-sign monitor blurted out a serious-sounding warning that even alarmed the ICU nurses; two of them immediately attended his side, and I (wrongly, fortunately) felt that I was about to witness a hospital death.

It was about a week later that I witnessed a new, though very temporary, patient in my room. He was wearing, apparently to him, a very annoying plastic oxygen mask; and, like the ICU patient, he was squirming about, apparently in utter pain, and he was giving the staff a hard time in moving him.

I truly hoped that he would eventually find relief—even if through death. Having it that such severe suffering is through no fault of the patient, such great pain should not be inflicted upon and endured by some and not others (also having it that inequitable suffering is universally immoral, be one theist or atheist).

As I listened to (and wrote notes about) the poor soul, he grunted, groaned and coughed in seeming agony. He told the nurses, when they asked, that he was experiencing stabbing sensations in his back and stomach (at first, though, he was experiencing excruciating pain in other parts of his body). It really was an awfully incredible and eye-opening incident, to witness such anguish.

Some hours later, that night (July 3rd-4th, 2010), I had a nightmare in which I read in two newspapers, both fairly-popular publications, how I'd massacred a noteworthy number of people and/or animals. Thus, while having, with Mom, found the newspapers' large stories about my horrendous crime(s), in the dream, I knew it was just a matter of time before I'd be busted, found guilty and sentenced to prison or even death. When I awoke, I thought about the nightmare and felt that it may mean that I might have a difficult day ahead.

I did experience more breathing difficulties and lightheadedness, during which I felt that I actually might not make it back to my room on my own two feet. But I did, with more blood tests to come.

Nonetheless, I eventually saw the results of the incision the surgeon made down my chest: It actually had *staples* holding it together. I was told that the following day (July 4th, 2010), the staples would come out; even so, when I looked down at my (to me) mutilated chest, I saw Frankenstein's monster. My God—*staples!*

I also learned that I'd be receiving a blood transfusion that same day. Apparently, my blood hemoglobin level was too low (mostly explaining



my perturbing lightheadedness). Needless to say, I hoped that HIV and/or Hep C were not in the cards for me.

"Your [mechanical] valve may be chopping down the hemoglobin in your blood." That was the news I received from one head-honcho doctor late one morning (July 5th, 2010) after being paged back to my room while watching TV in one of the two lobbies on the ward. When I heard the page, I thought the worst: *What if the test(s) and/or x-rays show that my mechanical valve is not working right—completely flawed, even—and thus it has to be removed and then replaced with, horah!, another mechanical valve or a valve from a dead cow or pig?!*

However, I was reassured by the paging nurse that everything would be O.K., that eventually they'd fine-tune my new-heart-valve and hemoglobin condition, probably with just the right amount of medication and more donated-hemoglobin infusions until I'd have an adequate level in my system.

Yet, even if the hemoglobin level went my way, I'd still be hospitalized for another week or so; I also learned that they'd be testing my hemoglobin count twice a day instead of just once.

Nevertheless, on one inexplicably emotional morning (July 6th, 2010), I felt as though I could bite anyone's proverbial head off, for I was so upset over that which I became so readily convinced: My blood test result would show insufficient hemoglobin. I then neurotically hypothesized how I'd verbally assault a nurse and how I'd then become despised, all because my blood test results are all showing low hemoglobin counts, thus leaving me with an unknown-if-even-effective 'Plan B.' I thought about how, if the test result came out bad, I'd tell the staff that I'd no longer take any blood transfusions, nor would I again go under the knife. I actually began feeling somewhat sorry for myself, before almost-immediately scolding my mind for allowing a moment of self-pity.

One morning (July 6th, 2010), I actually got angry for my roommate—ironically against whom I spoke roughly at one point for making too much gratuitous noise early one morning—who got bumped off of his surgeon's wait list at the very last minute and therefore endured intense anxiety for quite a while that day.

Furthermore, later that morning, I experienced inward persecution-complex fits of rage in regards to what I interpreted as unfair treatment towards me (perhaps they didn't like me writing about 'who did or suffered what and how,' much of the time). For example, they (mostly) made me

wait as their last patient to receive medication. Again, I had neurotic hypothetical scenarios rampaging through my mind, in which I'd verbally assault some of the nurses and, once again, become unpopular with the staff on that ward.

Soon enough, I received the blood, as my nurse-of-the-day easily removed the staples sealing the large, vertical incision on my chest. All seemed to go well: My chest got a bit closer to looking somewhat normal, and my rising hemoglobin count, according to the next day's blood test, seemed to be increasing the amount of oxygen reaching my brain, significantly reducing my lightheadedness and heavy breathing.

A few days before being discharged from RCH, my nurse-of-the-day removed my old, stale, large intravenous-insert needle from my left arm and replaced it with a new one which went on my other arm; however, she (perhaps in a rush to end her shift and go home) failed to tape enough gauze onto the old intravenous hole. Only minutes later, as I ate dinner, came the bloody mess, mostly onto my hospital bed; I must've lost a good half-litre of blood in the incident. Another nurse who answered my hail for assistance and seeing the bloody mess immediately upon coming into my room accusatorily asked me, "What did you do!?" *I did absolutely nothing wrong*, I should've immediately replied. *Nothing*. Perhaps it was just human instinct at play, but that first nurse took no responsibility whatsoever for the awful, very-unnecessary bleed, and thus obviously no apology was forthcoming.

It was as frustrating as the three visits (and especially the final one) that I received while at RCH from three different psychiatrists. The third and last visit (July 5th, 2010) came along with the usual plethora of questions, always enough to make me sleepy, my eyes glossy and to make my facial expression one of an "over-medicated" mental-health consumer. Thus, she then wanted to decrease my medication based on her apparent misdiagnosis.

During the entire 10 days I spent at RCH to have one of the most invasive forms of surgery performed on me, I received not one visitor. However, that was mostly of my own making because of the fact that I did not want any visitors. I found that RCH, probably like most other hospitals, seemed too often the proverbial lion's den of Earthly suffering, and, thus, I did not want anyone I cared for to come there in a probably-futile attempt to console me, which was something I didn't even crave. Just *me* being there was more than enough, and I put my heart into it.

# The Secret Treasure

by reinhart

Joshua Fox rode into town mounted on a great white steed. The magnificent stallion beast stood seventeen hands high and could run like the wind. Fox loved his horse more than anything in the world. The animal felt equally affectionate toward him. Fox was a private man; a man of few words. To virtually all that had met him he was a complete mystery. The one thing that most knew about him was that he preferred the company of animals to that of people and that he preferred the wilderness to any form of civilization. Perhaps that's why he became a drifter, roaming the countryside from one town to the next. Wherever he went he would hire himself out as a cowhand for his next stake. Once he had saved up enough coin to buy enough in the way of supplies he would mount up and move on to the next town or destination.

At this point in time he was out of money and he was out of supplies. He rode up to the town bank, stepped inside and asked to see the manager. The manager stepped out of his office and said to Fox "What can I do for you?" Fox reached into his pocket and pulled out a solid gold watch. He said to the banker, "I want to sell this watch for twenty dollars." The banker was a pretty savvy dude in his own right. He glanced at the watch and then he looked Fox up and down. He realized immediately that Fox was not a man to be trifled with. If he said twenty dollars then it was twenty or nothing. There was no point in even trying to haggle. The banker took the watch and gave Fox twenty one dollar coins.

With money in his pocket, the first thing that Fox did was to provide for his horse. He took the beast to the town stable and paid the caretaker the required dues. He gave the horse a good share of oats and brushed the animal down while it feasted on its provisions. Once the horse had been taken care of, Fox turned his attention to his own needs. He went to the town barber. There he climbed into a tub and enjoyed a long hot bath. A diminutive oriental woman came and took his clothes in order to wash them. When he was done with his bath and when the barber had almost finished shaving him, the little oriental woman came back with his clothes – now clean and fresh. Fox got dressed even though the clothes were still wet.

The next stop for Fox was the saloon. He stepped up the bar for a shot of whiskey. While he was sitting there he noticed a note tacked to the wall behind the bartender. Fox then ordered a twelve-ounce steak, four fried eggs and an order of

hash browns, plus a pot of coffee. Then he asked the bartender to take the note from the wall so that he might read it more clearly. Fox took the note to a table where he would be served his breakfast, and carefully perused the note. It read like this:

## SECRET TREASURE

The right man will come along who will be able to find the secret treasure. The treasure is to be found in the direction of the small arrow which can only be seen at 9:00 o'clock in the morning. The seeker must cross the river of blood and proceed onward past trees, bushes and grasslands, all the way to the land of scorching heat and sun bleached bones and skeletons. It will take the right man to be able to traverse the desert. If the seeker can discover the dark forest on the other side of the desert, he must push on to the heart of the forest where he will find the lake of beauty. The seeker must follow the shore of the lake to the land of the lost tribe of Apaches. If they accept him and find him worthy of character they will allow him to continue his quest – to the end of his search. The secret treasure is buried in the land of the dead and is guarded by a fierce roaring lion.

Fox gave the note back to the bartender and asked him what this note was all about. He asked who wrote it. The bartender replied that a long time ago an old man had ridden into town. This man told the barkeep that he would give him his horse, saddle and all his gear, including his side arm and his rifle if the barkeep would post this note on the wall. Then the old man walked off into the desert. The bartender said that everyone figured that he went off to die. Fox responded with a question "Has anyone ever tried to find the treasure?" the barkeep laughed and said, "At least a dozen men had tried to find it and none of them was ever heard of again."

After that Fox turned his attention to his own sustenance. He finished every morsel on his plate and drank the entire pot of coffee. And then after that Fox stepped outside to have a look around. He reached into his pocket to check the time before he remembered that he had sold his watch. Fox looked around until his eyes fell on the church steeple which had a huge clock mounted on top of the steeple just below its roof. The time was five to nine. Fox noticed that the clock hands were

fashioned in the form of arrows and that the small hand fixed at nine pointed directly toward the west. The next thing that caught his attention was the river that was the lifeblood of the town and its community. Beyond the river the landscaped became more and more arid. The trees, bushes, shrubs and plantlife became thin and thinner until one came to the beginning of the great dry desert.

Fox pondered these signs and eventually came to a decision. He went to the stable and sold his saddle to the caretaker. Then he took his raingear and all his travel gear and his rifle and took it all to the saloon. He auctioned it all off for whatever he could get for it. He sold everything except the clothes on his back, his hat, his handgun, his canteen, the bridle of his horse, his bowie knife and his steel pot to feed and water his mount. He traded his boots for a well-made pair of indian moccasins.

With the cash from his transactions, he bought a thirty-pound bag of oats for his horse. Then he went to the town carpenter and bought three staffs of wood seven feet long. After that he went to the general store and bought a large swath of cloth. He bought the thinnest yet most densely woven white cloth. The last thing on his list was supplies for himself. Fox bought twelve cans of beans and ten pounds of beef jerky. And then one last thing for both man and beast. He also bought five extra water canteens. He took his stuff to the outskirts of town. There, where he wouldn't be disturbed, he fashioned his three rods of wood into a giant tripod. Over the tripod he draped his sheet of white cloth and cut it to fit with his knife until he had achieved the desired result – a small tepee. His planned intent was to make the load for his trusty steed as light as possible.

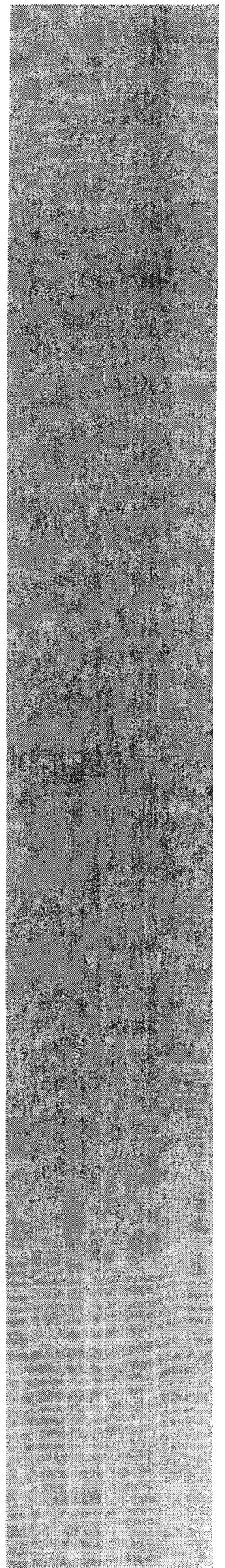
He bunked one night in the hotel and the next morning he packed all his new gear onto his stallion and headed westward. He came to the river, which was only five feet deep at its deepest and was approximately one-third across when two riders who were one-quarter of the way into the river hailed him from their horses. One of the riders called out to him, "Hey mister, hold on there, word has it that you're off to find the treasure. We're coming with you, dude!" Fox turned his horse sideways to the riders as if he was turning to speak with them. He said, "Sorry gents, but I ride alone." The other rider then spoke. "Either we ride with you or your journey ends right here." And with that, both riders put their hands on the butts of their side arms. "Well now," said Fox, "there's two of you and only one of me. Obviously I'm out gunned so let's say I come on over to you and explain the plan." He slipped off his horse on the far side of the riders, ducked under the belly of his steed and with two shots through the heart he shot both riders stone

cold dead. A few minutes later Fox saw the river turning red with blood.

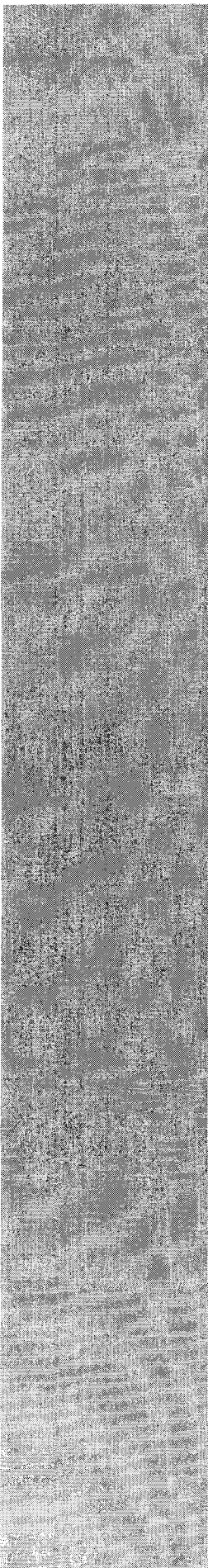
So Fox continued on his trek. He rode through the fauna and grasslands, which became sparser as he went. By dusk, he had reached the beginning of the desert. He took note of a landmark far off in the distance that directed him in a westerly direction – an odd outcropping of rock.

As the stars came out Fox took note of the constellations. He dismounted, rested and watched the sky to see which stars would point him in a westerly direction, and which were far enough away in the heavens to remain relatively fixed throughout the night. From there on Fox took the horse's bridle in his left hand and walked beside his mount all through the night. He fed and watered the stallion quite often in small portions. As for himself he drank a minimum of water and ate sparingly. When dawn started to break Fox took note of another landmark that would keep him going west. This time it happened to be a giant sand dune. Man and beast walked side-by-side until ten o'clock in the morning. At that time Fox assembled his small tepee, coaxed his horse inside, got him to lay down and then joined the horse inside. It was no big effort to get the animal to cooperate since the horse trusted its master implicitly and adhered to all his directions completely. Man and animal slept inside the makeshift shelter throughout the hottest part of the day. At six o'clock in the evening Fox woke up and packed the tent back on his steed. As night began to descend and the stars came out he once again took note of the stars that would guide him. As it got dark he mounted his stallion beast and rode all through the night. He made damn sure the horse was watered sufficiently and was fed enough to keep up its strength. The lion's share of the provisions went to the horse, not only because Fox loved the beast but also because without his animal he would soon become a dead man. At dawn he dismounted and once again walked his horse. And then again at about ten o'clock in the morning he pitched his tent for protection from the sun. Horse and rider once more slept through the scorching heat of mid-day. Fox watered and fed his mount and then opened a can of beans with his bowie knife and ate it with two strips of beef jerky. For all intents and purposes Fox traveled by night and slept during the day. It was somewhat chilly at night but the body heat of the horse kept him warm enough as he rode all the night long. This routine continued in much the same fashion for about ten days and nights. After a couple of days, Fox had noticed white bones and skeletons here and there in the sand. It gave him confidence that he was on the right path. The further he went, the more bones he found along the way.

**(continued page over)**



*Spring 2011*



Ten days later, in the morning, Fox spotted some small trees in the far distance. As he came closer, he noticed that the trees grew taller behind the small ones. And so, as he grew nearer to the tree lines, he made out that not only were there taller trees further on but that the deeper he went into the forest, the denser and lusher the environment became. He carried on toward the heart of the forest until he came upon the source of all this thriving vegetation. In the middle of the forest glistened a fair-sized lake. The lake was fed by an underground river and there from the lake, the water simply evaporated so that the lake level was always constant. It was more than a welcome sight for Fox. It was a thing of beauty. Deep waters glistened bluer than the sky itself.

At the edge of the lake Fox unpacked all the load on his horse, stripped off his own clothes and guided his mount into the lake. He began washing the sweat, dirt and dust of the loyal beast. He had brought his brush and with it he thoroughly washed down his snow-white stallion. All the sweat and dirt he brushed off. After his horse had been taken care of, Fox bathed and washed his own sweat, dirt and dust from his body. Having finished that, he next washed all his clothes. Then man and horse stepped out of the water to dry off. Fox laid his clothes out on a log when he spied a pile of clothes a short distance away. He went over to inspect this anomaly, still naked. He quickly ascertained that it was the dress of an American Indian. A woman's dress, to be sure, with buckskin blouse and skirt. Fox peered out into the lake and was able to detect a native woman swimming in the crystal clear lake water.

The native girl swam toward shore and stepped out of the lake onto dry land. There they stood looking at each other, both stark naked. The girl was startlingly beautiful and most likely came to the lake for a swim every day. What Fox didn't know was that the native girl had been watching his ablutions with the horse and later with himself. She was keenly aware of how much he loved his horse and how he felt no shame being naked. Fox was momentarily entranced until he came back to his senses, picked up the girl's clothes and handed them to her. He then went and put on his own wet clothes. Then he packed all his gear back on his horse, mounted his steed and rode over to the beautiful girl. He stretched out his left hand to her and when she gripped it he pulled her up onto the back of the horse. The two of them rode along the shore of the lake until the girl pointed toward a somewhat different direction. They kept riding with the girl indicating every change of course.

An hour later the two of them came upon a small village of Apache Indians. The girl slid off the horse and went to talk to an older man among the entire village crowd who came to see this

strange sight – a man with white skin and hair on his face. It seemed to Fox that the man the girl was talking to was either the chief, or maybe her father, or perhaps both. Fox dismounted and stood beside his horse until the crowd had dispersed and resumed their usual business. The native girl motioned to Fox to come inside one of the tents. Inside the tepee sat the same man she had spoken to first when they had come into the village. The girl then motioned to Fox that he should sit down on blanket of bear fur. Fox sat down and in short order the girl came back with a bowl of venison stew – one bowl for Fox, the other for her father. By this time it seemed almost certain to Fox that the girl's father was also the chief. After eating, the chief took out a long-stemmed pipe from a small shelf, stuffed it with tobacco, lit it and took a deep drag off it. The chief then passed the pipe to Fox. He also took deep drag and then he blew the smoke up to the sky, down to the ground and then left and right. Fox then stretched out his right hand to the chief who appeared baffled by the gesture. A few moments later, the chief took Fox's hand and Fox shook it vigorously and smiled. The chief smiled as well. Thereafter Fox clasped both his hands together, bowed his head respectfully and thus excused himself from the tent.

Once outside the tent, Fox walked around the village observing their way of life. He watched children playing with handcrafted wooden toys; he watched women cooking, cleaning and tanning leather. He saw Indian bucks come and go with some wild game in their hands – brought down with bow and arrow. Some of the braves tended the tribe's herd of horses; bringing them in from the pastures to the corral. This sight reminded Fox to water and feed his own horse, which he had momentarily forgotten due to the excitement which came with this part of his quest.

As night approached the same native girl motioned to Fox to enter the tent of the chief, presumably to sleep there. She pointed to a mat of fur blankets. Fox and the chief shared one last smoke and then all three of them settled down on their respective beds and went to sleep.

In the morning, when Fox awoke, he found himself alone in the tent. He had slept in from the exhaustion of his arduous journey. He stepped out of his tent and was greeted by the chief's beautiful daughter. She gave him a piece of hot bannock which she had just baked on a flat slab of stone. Fox ate the bread and then went to get his horse from the corral. He rode up to the native girl, stretched out his hand to her and pulled her to the back of his loyal steed. He decided that he wished to explore the area surrounding the village. It didn't take long for him to discover that the oasis was watered by the moisture that spread from the lake of beauty, which was located at the centre of



the forest. This lush oasis was surrounded by dry hot desert. The lost tribe of Apaches was totally isolated from the rest of the world; and it didn't take Fox long to clue in to the fact that they were quite content to stay in their little plot of paradise. Fox and his lady friend rode out of the village and took in the surrounding stunning wilderness scenery. Having ridden for a while, the girl tapped him on the shoulder. She pointed straight ahead and shook her head from side-to-side – indicating no, no. Fox continued riding in the same direction. Again the girl pointed straight ahead and shook her head – no, no. Fox turned and looked the girl straight in the eyes and nodded his head up and down – indicating yes, yes. Thereupon the girl slid off the back of the horse and went and sat under a large, shady tree. Fox waved to her and then kept on riding.

Half an hour later, he came upon a rather eerie sight. A plot of land with many wooden poles that were topped with ornate feather headdresses. There were also a lot of charred poles from funeral pyres. Here and there, large stones were erected to commemorate some special grave sight, or cremation. Fox had discovered the village's graveyard – the land of the dead. Out of respect for the site and its dead, Fox dismounted his horse and chose to walk through the graveyard. A large stone, greater than most others, caught his attention. He went to investigate this site and walked all around the large stone. From a certain angle he noticed that the stone looked like a roaring lion with its maw ajar. He pushed the stone over and found a metal box underneath where the stone had stood. Fox opened the box and found a six-inch square mirror inside. That was all. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and decided that he could use a shave. He set the mirror on a convenient rock and with his bowie knife shaved himself the best he could. After shaving he looked into the mirror at his weather-beaten face. All of a sudden, a flood of images came upon him. He remembered himself as a small boy – how he could never quite fit in. While the other kids played in groups, he was left out, until he came to prefer playing alone; exploring the scenery and all the critters that made their home in the landscape. He remembered himself as a young man who was never satisfied with what the role models in his life had to offer. He thought about his life as a drifter – the loneliness of the trail, the hard work as a cowhand and the utter futility of it all. He remembered how he had loved a girl a long time ago. He left her behind because the urge to travel was more powerful than his love for her. But now he was a little bit older, a little bit wiser and a little less inclined to shun the family life. He thought back on the hardships of his journey and how he had hoped that the secret

treasure might provide some meaning to his lonesome life. The next vision that captivated his mind was the face of the chief's beautiful daughter. And suddenly a great sense of peace came over him. He put the mirror back in its box, laid the box in its prior place and then tilted the roaring lion stone back to its original position. Fox walked out of the graveyard, then mounted his horse and rode back to the shady tree to pick up the lovely indian princess.

Fox found her still sitting under the shady tree and together they rode back to the village. He rode up to the chief's tent, where both he and the girl dismounted. The chief came out of his tent in order to greet them. Fox took the girl's hand in his own left hand and with his right hand he gave the reins of his horse into the chief's own hand. The chief then spoke, "You wish to marry my daughter." Fox was stunned. "What the... how is it that you can speak the white man's tongue?" The chief replied "A long time ago another white man came to us and then stayed with us. He married one of our girls and built a life for himself here among us. That man was my father. When he was an old man this white man rode off into the desert. And this father of mine taught me how to speak the white man's tongue." The chief then handed the reins of Fox's magnificent stallion into his daughter's hand. He then said, "If you wish to marry my daughter, and if she will have you and if she will accept your fine horse, then you have my blessings." Fox asked the chief, "What is your daughter's name?" The chief told him that her name was Morning Star. Fox responded by saying, "In my tongue we call that star Venus."

And so Fox and Morning Star got married and Fox had finally found a home where he could stop trying to escape the hypocrisy and duplicity of the white man's world. He was ready to settle down and raise a family. Fox was well aware that the tribe needed fresh blood in order to prevent them from becoming inbred and defective. Fox figured that the chief's father was well aware of this genetic predicament and that's why he went off to the white man's town and posted the Secret Treasure note on the saloon wall. His intention was to attract worthy individuals to add to the tribe's gene pool. Fox said to the chief, "Your father was successful in traversing the great desert and he left a message in the white man's village. And it was this message that inspired me to make the arduous journey to find the secret treasure." And in the process Fox found a home among a tribe of beautiful people. The last thing that Fox realized was that the real treasure was the home he had found among the tribe with his beautiful wife. And he was finally content, and at peace.

## 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](http://www.mind.org.uk) [www.power2u.org](http://www.power2u.org) [www.mhselfhelp.org](http://www.mhselfhelp.org) [www.wnusp.org](http://www.wnusp.org) [www.tao.ca/~pact](http://www.tao.ca/~pact)  
[www.u-kan.co.uk](http://www.u-kan.co.uk) [www.mentalhealth.com](http://www.mentalhealth.com) [www.icspp.org](http://www.icspp.org) [www.oikos.org](http://www.oikos.org) [www.icomm.ca/csinfo](http://www.icomm.ca/csinfo)  
[www.aapd-dc.org](http://www.aapd-dc.org) [www.mindfreedom.org](http://www.mindfreedom.org) [www.geocities.com](http://www.geocities.com) [www.mdri.org](http://www.mdri.org) [www.breggin.com](http://www.breggin.com)  
[www.cvdinfobase.ca/mh-atlas/](http://www.cvdinfobase.ca/mh-atlas/) [www.szasz.com](http://www.szasz.com) [www.antipsychiatry.org](http://www.antipsychiatry.org) [www.peoplewho.org](http://www.peoplewho.org)  
[www.walnet.org/llf](http://www.walnet.org/llf) [www.mentalhealth.org.uk](http://www.mentalhealth.org.uk) [www.fsu.edu/~trauma/ip.html](http://www.fsu.edu/~trauma/ip.html) [www.radpsynet.org](http://www.radpsynet.org)  
[www.contac.org](http://www.contac.org) [www.buildfreedom.com/ft/psychiatric\\_survivors.htm](http://www.buildfreedom.com/ft/psychiatric_survivors.htm) [www.samhsa.gov](http://www.samhsa.gov)  
[www.nucknfuts.com/index.php](http://www.nucknfuts.com/index.php) [www.cam.org](http://www.cam.org) [www.lino.com/~raiddat](http://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](http://www.mental-health-matters.com/activist.html) [www.m-power.org](http://www.m-power.org) [www.narpa.org](http://www.narpa.org)  
[www.protectionandadvocacy.com](http://www.protectionandadvocacy.com) [www.cchr.org](http://www.cchr.org) [www.popan.org.uk](http://www.popan.org.uk) [www.advocateweb.com](http://www.advocateweb.com)  
[www.gamian-europe.com](http://www.gamian-europe.com) [www.hri.ca](http://www.hri.ca) [www.hrweb.org](http://www.hrweb.org) [www.iahf.com](http://www.iahf.com) [www.benzo.org.uk/prawi.htm](http://www.benzo.org.uk/prawi.htm)  
<http://members.aol.com/jimhofw/jimho.htm>

### Alternatives

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

### Drug Information

[www.larsmartensson.com](http://www.larsmartensson.com) [www.drugs-and-medications.com](http://www.drugs-and-medications.com) [www.drugawareness.org](http://www.drugawareness.org)  
[www.outlookcities.com/psych/](http://www.outlookcities.com/psych/) [www.canadiandimension.mb.ca/v35/v35\\_5ab.htm#three](http://www.canadiandimension.mb.ca/v35/v35_5ab.htm#three)  
[www.nmsis.org](http://www.nmsis.org) [www.antidepressantsfacts.com](http://www.antidepressantsfacts.com) [www.socialaudit.org.uk/1.4.html](http://www.socialaudit.org.uk/1.4.html)  
[www.chemsense.com](http://www.chemsense.com) [www.prozactruth.com](http://www.prozactruth.com) [www.quitpaxil.org](http://www.quitpaxil.org) [www.talkingcure.com/archive/drugs.htm](http://www.talkingcure.com/archive/drugs.htm) [www.truehope.com](http://www.truehope.com) [www.astrocyte-design.com/pseudoscience/index.html](http://www.astrocyte-design.com/pseudoscience/index.html) <http://members.fortunecity.com/siriusw/Biochemical-Imbalance.htm> <http://groups.msn.com/SIDEEFFECTS>  
[www.benzo.org.uk](http://www.benzo.org.uk)

### Children & Youth

[www.voice4kids.org](http://www.voice4kids.org) [www.aspire.us](http://www.aspire.us) [www.hearmyvoice.org](http://www.hearmyvoice.org) [www.ritalindeath.com](http://www.ritalindeath.com) [www.p-a-r.org](http://www.p-a-r.org)  
[www.adhdfraud.org](http://www.adhdfraud.org)

### Tardive Dyskinesia/Dystonia

[www.power2u.org/selfhep/tardive.html](http://www.power2u.org/selfhep/tardive.html) [www.wemove.org](http://www.wemove.org) [www.dystonia-support.org](http://www.dystonia-support.org) [www.dystonia-foundation.org](http://www.dystonia-foundation.org) [www.iatrogenic.org/index.html](http://www.iatrogenic.org/index.html) [www.breggin.com/tardivedysk.html](http://www.breggin.com/tardivedysk.html)  
[www.caromont.org/16036.cfm](http://www.caromont.org/16036.cfm) [www.emedicine.com/neuro/topic362.htm](http://www.emedicine.com/neuro/topic362.htm) [www.drugdigest.org/DD/Articles/News/0,10141,513136,00.html](http://www.drugdigest.org/DD/Articles/News/0,10141,513136,00.html) [www.psyweb.com/Diction/tardived.html](http://www.psyweb.com/Diction/tardived.html) [www.thebody.com/pinf/phenos.html](http://www.thebody.com/pinf/phenos.html) [www.reglan-lawsuit.com](http://www.reglan-lawsuit.com) [www.ninds.nih.gov/healthandmedical/disorders/tardivedoc.htm](http://www.ninds.nih.gov/healthandmedical/disorders/tardivedoc.htm) [www.easyweb.easynet.co.uk/simplpsych/tardive.html](http://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](mailto:info@peernetbc.com) . Website - [www.peernetbc.com](http://www.peernetbc.com)

**West Coast Mental Health Network** sponsors many self-help groups. Office at #207 - 1300 Richards Street, Vancouver, BC V6B 3G6 Tel. 604-733-5570 Fax: 604-733-9556 e-mail [office@wcmhn.org](mailto: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

**M.P.A.** is having a **40th Anniversary Party** on March 24th, 2011 at the Croation Cultural Centre, 3250 Commercial Drive from 1:00 - 4:00 p.m.. The theme is 70's retro so try to wear something hippy-dippy!

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

(continued from previous page)

### Electroshock

[www.eet.org](http://www.eet.org) [www.banshock.org](http://www.banshock.org) [www.idiom.com/~drjohn/review.html](http://www.idiom.com/~drjohn/review.html) <http://bmj.com/cgi/content/full/bmj.326/7403/1363>

### Forced Treatment

[www.freedom-center.org](http://www.freedom-center.org) [www.namisc.org/newsletters/August01/MindAid.htm](http://www.namisc.org/newsletters/August01/MindAid.htm) [www.hri.doccentre/docs/gosden.shtml](http://www.hri.doccentre/docs/gosden.shtml) [www.garynull.com/issues/Psych/Index.htm](http://www.garynull.com/issues/Psych/Index.htm) [www.psychlaws.org](http://www.psychlaws.org) [www.kqed.org/w/hope/involuntarytreatment.html](http://www.kqed.org/w/hope/involuntarytreatment.html)

### Mental Health Law

[www.bazelon.org](http://www.bazelon.org) [www.ac.wvu.edu/~knecht/law.htm](http://www.ac.wvu.edu/~knecht/law.htm) [www.psych.org/public\\_info/insanity.cfm](http://www.psych.org/public_info/insanity.cfm) [www.forensic-psych.com/pubs/pubADment.html](http://www.forensic-psych.com/pubs/pubADment.html) [www.psychlaws.org](http://www.psychlaws.org) [www.imhl.com](http://www.imhl.com) [www.ialmh.org](http://www.ialmh.org) [www.justiceseekers.com](http://www.justiceseekers.com) [www.safe-trak.com/main/competency1.htm](http://www.safe-trak.com/main/competency1.htm) [www.abanet.org/disability/sites.html](http://www.abanet.org/disability/sites.html) [www.experts.com](http://www.experts.com) [www.expertpages.com/psychiatry-psychology.htm](http://www.expertpages.com/psychiatry-psychology.htm) [www.psych.org/advocacy-policy/leg\\_res/apa\\_testimony/testimonysub-crimeposted91800.cfm](http://www.psych.org/advocacy-policy/leg_res/apa_testimony/testimonysub-crimeposted91800.cfm) [www.ilppp.virginia.edu/](http://www.ilppp.virginia.edu/) [www.law.cornell.edu/topics/mental\\_health.html](http://www.law.cornell.edu/topics/mental_health.html) [www.helpforparents.net/LegalResources/1LegalResources.htm](http://www.helpforparents.net/LegalResources/1LegalResources.htm)

### History of Mental Health Care

[www.psychiatricurvivorsarchives.com](http://www.psychiatricurvivorsarchives.com) [www.webcom.com/thrive/schizo/kdarch.html](http://www.webcom.com/thrive/schizo/kdarch.html) [www.cwu.edu/~warren/addenda.html](http://www.cwu.edu/~warren/addenda.html) [www.epub.org.br/cm/n02/historia/psicocirg\\_i.htm](http://www.epub.org.br/cm/n02/historia/psicocirg_i.htm)

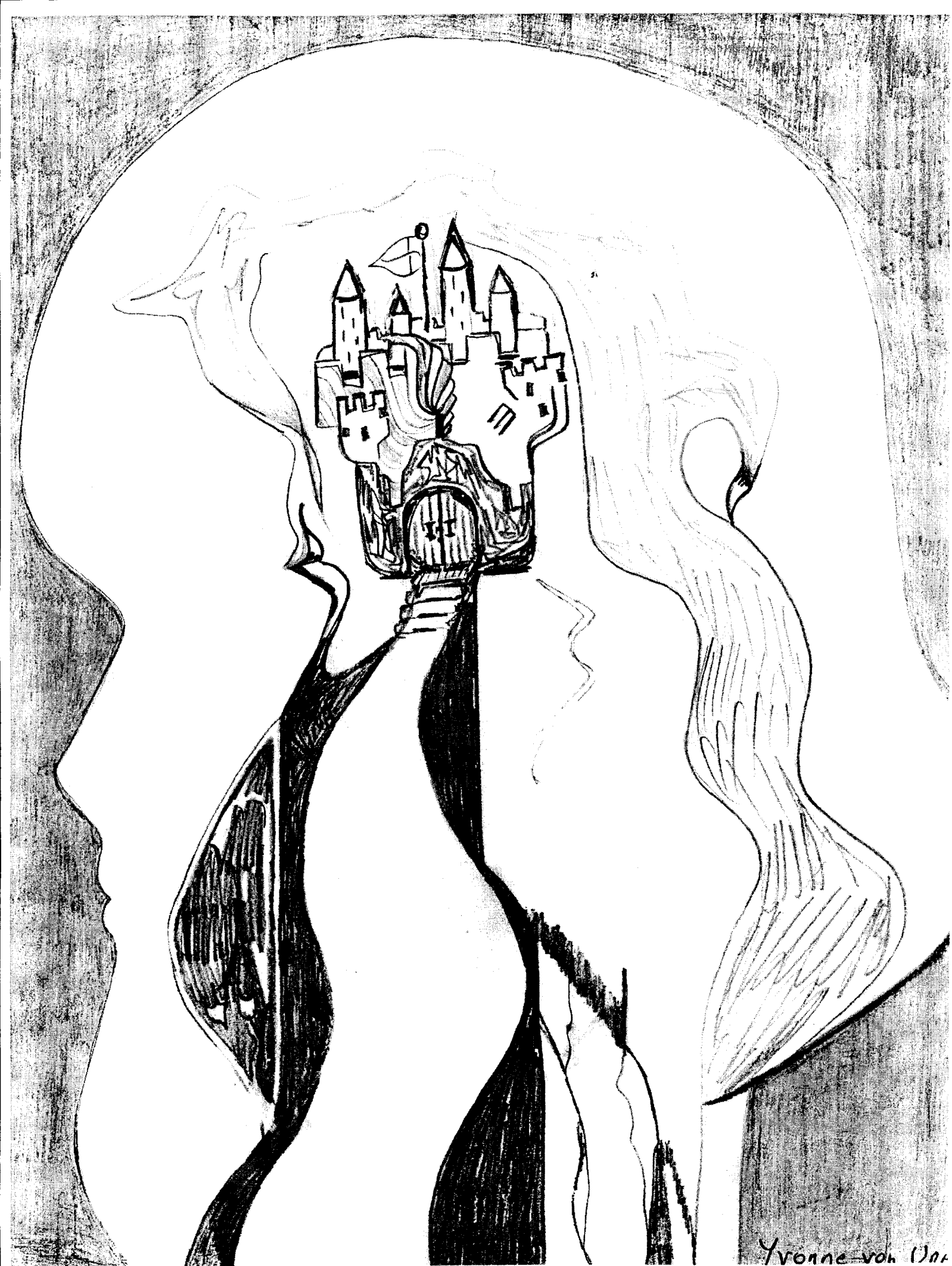
### Online Publications

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

### Orthomolecular Medicine

[www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/hofferhp.htm](http://www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/hofferhp.htm) [www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/](http://www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/) [www.orthomed.org](http://www.orthomed.org)

Spring 2011



Yvonne von D...