

# THE MEMOIRS OF THE SQUARE PEG

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*One man's search for a 50p coin he dropped down the back of the couch in the 1980s, or something like that...OK, I'm not sure?....  
but he is definitely searching for something.*

TAM CASSIDY

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#### WARNING

This book contains descriptions of drug and alcohol misuse and its effects. It in no way condones such practices. Anyone with substance or alcohol issues should seek professional help.

#### DISCLAIMER

The information provided in this book is based upon the author's personal life experience and his own opinions and is not intended as advice or guidance and is in no way a substitute for professional advice. Always consult a medical professional or healthcare provider if you are seeking medical advice, diagnoses, or treatment. Always consult a financial advisor before making any financial decisions.

THE MEMOIRS  
OF THE SQUARE PEG

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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I dedicate this book to my children and grandson Dylan, Jody, Lyla, and Archer.

You have driven me and inspired me to be the best version of myself I can be,

I may not always live up to that,

And I am far from perfect.

But having children like you made up for my shortcomings.

I love you and will always be there for you whether I am in this world or not.

Remember,

Never be afraid to be just who you are,

Because as far as I can see you will go very very far.

You will continue to do great things, and you know that deep down.

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# PREFACE

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I'm a human being. Born into this world on 28th July 1969, at Rottenrow Maternity Hospital in Glasgow, Scotland, Great Britain, Europe, the planet Earth. I believe this it to be true because my parents told me and talked about it all my life. There is even a certificate to prove it, which was produced by the UK Government, so it must be true because the government doesn't lie? The Government have our best interests at heart, don't they? There are several people who claim to have witnessed the time of my birth, I call them my family and friends of my family, and I have no reason to doubt them because, well, they care about me.

There were many decisions made about me and my environment before my birth. I was given a name from two people called my parents. I was given a religion, a location to be born in, and a nationality. I was born with good eyesight, good hearing, and all of my bodily parts intact, which was lucky, I guess? I was then taken to a place they called home. Again, I don't remember this. I was told this happened and I've never questioned it. Well, you don't do you? That would just be weird!

There are photographs of a baby that I'm told is me, but I really have no recollection of having these photos taken, but I've

always been told that this is fact, and these facts, have become a part of my story, like pieces of a jigsaw that fit into the other parts of my life I have memories of. My parents were the first to contribute to my growth and development, and I suppose my first memories begin about the age of 3 or 4, when I started Nursery School or preschool. By that time, we had moved to another place called home. I am now forming memories of this part of my life.

How do I form memories? because in my mind or my memory, I can recall images, not only that but I have associated feelings with those images, and this is where my memories or associations with people, places and situations seem to begin. I always seemed to have powerful feelings that would overwhelm me. I was always told I was a wee sensitive soul. These feelings were not good ones either, and they played a significant part in my life, more so in how I would interact with others within the environment I was to grow up.

As far back as I remember, I always felt, well.... shit. I always felt as if I was lacking in something. And if I'm being honest, I don't remember having any feelings other than anxiety, worry or fear. I'd experience joy or happiness, when something nice was happening around me. But that was only ever temporary. The anxiety was a constant, and a feeling of impending doom in my life was never far away.

As time went on, my parents forced me to attend nursery school. They left me with strangers and I was not happy about that at all; but I was told I had to go there. Then I attended school; I was not happy about that either, however; I was told I had to go there too. Then I left school and worked in a job, I was not happy



about that either, but once again I was told that I had to do it. Despite that, I tried to give those areas of my life as much effort as possible. Not for myself, I didn't know what I wanted, but I tried so hard to please those who said I had to attend these places. But it just never felt right.

I spent my entire life wondering around confused, from day to day, from situation to situation. I didn't ask any other person what to do because I felt daft that I didn't know, and because you all seemed to know. I looked at life, the world and society and wondered if anybody else could see how mad all this seemed to be? Where was the instruction manual for this gig? I never felt that I fitted in to what I was told I was to be by family, friends and education. The adverts on TV, the songs in the music charts, the dramas and movies depicting what life is like didn't ring true for me.

I was the proverbial square peg trying my best to fit into a round hole, and incredibly, I spent the next 45 years trying to squeeze into something that I couldn't fit into. I changed shape, names, friends, girlfriends, wives, my geography, my hair, fashion, tried drugs, changed friends, but I still felt I didn't belong and just felt something was missing; I tried to understand why, rationalising my life over and over, before conceding to myself; "Well, I suppose this is what everyone else does, so get on with it".

I was always in mental turmoil because on one hand I felt unique yet, everything in society I was subject to told me I wasn't. This gave me an even bigger sense of confusion. As a child I'd ask the most obvious question, such as "why can't I just do what I want to do?" the reply would be, "How could a child know what they

wanted to do..... do as you're told, or you'll be in trouble", was the message to me, and you learn not to ask such stupid questions when it results in you being punished or being laughed at.

I didn't realise it, but I was being conditioned. Conditioned by having ideas, concepts, an entire way of life and how to perceive the world, installed into me almost like a program installed onto a computer by the authorities in my life. These authorities came in many guises, they came in many names, such as teachers, parents, ministers, priests, police, judges. They represented the institutions of family, school, religion, and government; and they all served the same purpose. To teach me their version of the world, to introduce me to the rules of what I can and can't do, and to implement sanctions or punishments when I didn't follow their rules. I call them the Programme Managers.

They compelled me to memorise and regurgitate their version of the world, to accept their concept of work, to pay tax into their system and believe that in only about 65 years I could rest on my retirement; if I'm lucky. Unless I drop dead from exhaustion or do it to myself, either quickly, or over a period of years using a variety of tried and tested ways such as drugs, food or alcohol.

They conditioned me to accept that if my life is shit, then that's just how it is, and there is no other way because it's the same for everyone, and who am I to change that fact? Then they taught me to fear, fear, fear. Fear everything; fear the future, fear the present, fear your dad, fear the teacher, fear what's on the news, fear the police, fear the bogie man, fear what people think of me, fear the thoughts I have, fear the thoughts you have, fear the Russians; no wait, they are ok now!..... ah nope, fear them again!

fear North Korea, fear Iran, fear Freddie, and fear the consequences of not doing what they say. I mean, what's not to fear, right?

However, all my life, I didn't quite see the world through the filter that was placed before my eyes, and although I tried so hard to join in and pushed all that independent thinking to the back of my mind. The world still felt crazy and wrong in so many ways? Therefore, it was so comforting for me to hear other people express similar feelings. In one of my favourite songs by the American band The Doors from their album 'LA Woman' called 'Riders on the Storm', the singer and poet Jim Morrison sings the line. "Into this house we're born, into this world we're thrown". When I heard this a switch went on in my head, it describes how I'd felt about my existence and how I wondered why the hell I was here? Who the hell are all of you? And what am I supposed to do about it all?

(Sigh)

By all accounts, Jim Morrison consumed large amounts of drink and drugs and this is a behaviour which I too followed as I reached my teens. For me it was self-medication, and it worked for a while and to a point, until I discovered that the effect it had on numbing my mind, and subduing my negative thoughts ceased, and I just felt the same when intoxicated as when sober. This was a very dangerous combination when stoned, because I was more liable to act on my thoughts and feelings of isolation, worry, anxiety, insecurity, jealousy, resentment and good old-fashioned anger, and get myself in needless trouble.

I also possessed this feeling of an inherent remorse. What I mean by this is that this feeling always seemed to be there, even

though I had done nothing wrong. I could go weeks without saying a crossed word to a soul, or getting into any arguments, yet still feel I had done something wrong, and that an impending doom would soon visit me related to.....well.....to nothing I could recall? I don't remember not feeling anxious, like something was about to kick off.

However, as I got into my late 20s early 30s, after a bumpy start, I learned to play the game of life like everyone else seemed to do, yielding to the Programme Manager's wishes. I embarked on the 'normal' things. I got educated, I got a career, I got into relationships, I had wonderful children. Sometimes I'd think to myself, "Wow, you're just like a normal person now, just like a real grownup". I'd be dropping the kids off at school before heading off to my job. My close family and friends would have told you I was now successful in all aspects of life.

However, deep down I knew that apart from enjoying the role of being a dad. I was only successful at 'acting'. This coincided with the time in my life when I gave up drink and drugs, and just as well; There is nothing worse than a performing substance user, trying to play a lead role in the game of life; The scene is set, the supporting actors are in place, but the star of the show is, well, not on location, and when he is, he tries to change the script several times a day. However, clean and sober, I was a wonderful actor, and they awarded me many times for my great acting. Attractive jobs, a degree, relationships and even the odd certificate.

However, no matter what I did, or who I did it with or for, there was always a nagging feeling in the back of my mind, telling me I wasn't a part of all this; in fact, I felt more 'apart' from this. I

was just an actor playing a part in this, and in the back of my mind, something didn't sit right. Well actually, it wasn't in the back of my mind, it was far deeper than that. It's those feelings again, that constant gnawing of imminent doom and anxiety, like the wind blowing through my belly.

This feeling seemed to sit in my solar plexus. Some call the sensation 'the butterflies', but it's basically fear. And my butterflies were constant.... nagging.... and ever reminding me to worry about something I knew nothing about. Neither the time, the place or the action that was going to happen. This feeling just became a part of my life, and I suppose I just learned how to live with it. It became the motivating factor for most decisions I made, in all aspects of my life, always in fight-or-flight mode, and always potentially, one step away from taking a beneficial situation, person or thing and turning it into a disaster.

So, to cut a long story short (and no, I'd still rather you read my book); Eventually, I played the game of life quite successfully, but I felt like a fraud, because inside I still wondered, "There has to be more to life than this?" And in 2018, after immigrating to work in Australia, to a place I always wanted to work, with a dream job, and dream home in paradise, with a new baby of the way, and apparently a man of much success. I watched it all disintegrate before my very eyes. And I set myself up for one of the most difficult and trying periods of my life, which leads me to here, writing these words, and beginning a search for the answers to why the hell I have found life to be such a challenge.

I'm so tired of comebacks, restarts, resets, new beginnings, new me's; So, so tired. I have had more setbacks in life than I can

even put in this entire book. But this was different. This shook the very foundations of my being. It sucked the life out of me. Like the biggest kick between the legs, I'd ever felt. I was approaching 50, and the need to find happiness seemed even more urgent, and a more difficult prospect to achieve; Why? Well, the Programme Managers had always told me that by the age of 50, my life's almost over, and it's far too late to start again or try anything new.

I don't think what I'm writing is a story of; I was down; I picked myself up; I worked day and night; I became a millionaire; I found new love, then lived happily ever after. Here's what I did, and you can do it too. I'm definitely not trying to give any advice, God no! It's just a story about me clumsily trying to figure it all out. What will the ending of this book be? I do not know? It's kind of exciting to think I don't know how this will end. I just feel compelled to write it, and it's going to be the greatest story ever told.... Why? Because it's my story, just as your story is the greatest story ever told... to you. Or if it is not, it should be, shouldn't it? So, I think this book is about my journey, what happened, and where I end up? We'll see.

As I write, apart from a lost weekend, I've not drank for 17 years. At 29, I crawled through the doors of an Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) meeting after I had developed a problem with my drinking. Well, everyone else had a problem with my drinking, I didn't; I had a problem sobering up. During the meeting, someone in the room shared that they had felt like a square peg trying to fit into a round hole all their lives. Now I identified with their story about drinking; Any problem drinker can identify with another problem drinker's behaviours when consuming alcohol,

but what made me take notice was when they described how they felt... they felt different, out of sorts, lost; like a square peg trying to fit into a round hole.

So why am I in such a malady? What can I do to solve this conundrum once and for all? I am determined to answer this, and in the proceeding chapters, I will try to describe my journey as revealed to me as I look back in my life to identify the causes of my unhappiness or discontent and my unwavering ability to fail, through childhood, to adulthood. I will look to identify the key factors or parts of life which reinforced certain behaviours and emotions.

I am not a doctor, or a psychologist, I won't be giving any professional insight. I am just a working-class man, who grew up in a council estate in Scotland. I'll tell you what I find from that perspective. I have often felt that being brought up in that environment gave me much grounded values and aspects of my personality which are very endearing. However, it also seemed to set limits on me and the way I see the world and my place in it. That stuff must go now. I need to start from the beginning. I must be open to every solution available to me if I am going to do this right. If I'm going to find happiness. But is happiness attainable?

I suppose this is like a live show, except in a book. Am I winning? Have I discovered what I am? Who I am? And what the hell I'm going to do about it? I want answers to my many questions, and maybe they'll turn out to be your answers too. This book is whatever you take from it, it's whatever it is to you.

Thanks for joining me and here goes.





# CHAPTER 1

---

## THE CONDITIONING YEARS

**O**K, first things first. During this book I may go off on a tangent and rant about something I'm discussing once in a while, and to the untrained eye you may think I am going off topic. OK, so I am, but I can assure you, I'll always get back on topic once I run out of steam and hey, it's my book, and if you can't have a rant in your own book, where can you?

So, how did I end up as such a mixed-up guy? What is it about me that results in it all blowing up in my face just as I'm doing great? With only a little enquiry, I discovered that there are libraries full of books that can help us with this kind of question. I'm not alone in this. There are a myriad of books I have found useful to help me. Within them all, I came across a reoccurring theme that is such a simple answer, and so opposite to how I'd seen the world and how I'd always lived in it.

It's not so much a first step, but a giant leap and change in direction as I embark on only the first chapter; there is no middle ground and no gradual change of opinion. When I discovered this information, it hit me like a freight train. It had been so obvious all my life. How could I have missed it? Well, the truth is I didn't

miss it. I was just persuaded to look the other way. Persuaded by the Programme Managers to focus my attention elsewhere.

I have discovered that we are 100% responsible for the lives we have by how we think. I have discovered that as human beings; we are living in a dream world, or we are not living in the reality we think we are. We are living in a world they have conditioned us to believe in since birth. Conditioned to believe that what they present to us through the 5 senses of smell, touch, sight, hearing and taste, is all there is.

Yet, I did always feel that there was something greater going on outwith these senses. However, that's called spiritual, and that sounded weird; Anyway, the religion Programme Managers had taken ownership of spiritual stuff and they told us we can only reach it, and God through them.

I had always felt at odds with what the Religion Programme Managers presented to me growing up. A lot of what they taught made little sense and couldn't stand up to scrutiny, even in the mind of a child. This was similar to education, where they taught me to do many things that made little sense to me and how I felt as a person.

They compel us to go to nursery and school, where we learn how to say yes, and thank you. To be there and to leave there at a certain time, and this encompasses all of our childhood. They make us believe that our success in their education and our intelligence level is reliant on our ability to memorise and regurgitate information which only serves to condition us and to reinforce the

predetermined belief systems that are in place to influence our mentality and life.

They taught me to say yes please and thankyou, and they decided what I should be thankful for, and through years of their education and a constant process of being fed their information, they convinced me that if I didn't succeed in my exams, I wouldn't be able to get a good job, and if I can't get a good job, I wouldn't be able to make good money, and therefore, society will look upon me as a failure.

We are told that a good education will get you a job which will pay more, so you can have a bigger house to live in with your family, in a more desirable area, which you need if you want the perfect partner, like the one on TV that the real men have. We learn, as children, to give up our freedom to the education system, then when we leave education, we are ready and willing to sell our freedom to an employer who pays us money for our time. The amount of money they will pay us is usually relative to how well we pleased the Education Programme Managers.

The employer also pays a part of what you earn to the government called tax and National Insurance contributions. They spend this on?... You're not sure are you? That's weird, is it not? Consider this. If you were giving anyone just 2% of your monthly income, for a service someone promised they'd provide to you, you would want to know what the service is you're paying for? And you'd be checking with them frequently, to make sure you're getting your moneys' worth; and rightly so. Yet, we hand over a lot more than 2% of our salary and rarely ask where it's going?

Yes, we are told it's for public services, infrastructure, your pension, but what does it all go on? Even when our public services fall apart at the seams, we don't demand a breakdown of where our money is going? Why don't we ask? Because they have conditioned us to believe that this is just how things are. But if you scratch the surface, you'll see that the real beneficiaries are those who plan and enforce these structures and laws. A part of which is compulsory attendance at school to begin the conditioning process.

I was conditioned from birth to accept many aspects of society. Aspects that, if you examine them, are crazy, at any level, yet we allow them to go unchallenged. Think about this. We have an unelected Royal family, who are rarely held accountable even when they allegedly break the law, and yet they have survived hundreds of years of existence convincing us we need them. In that time, they have sent millions of human beings to death, stolen possessions from people and countries at home and all over the world. They take your taxes so that they can live in mansions, travel all over the world and eat like kings and queens (well, they are Kings and Queens).

Look at the Pope and the Vatican City. The papacy is not a dissimilar structure to monarchy. Within that structure, laws are broken, people get hurt, however, in many cases those responsible aren't held accountable for their actions. Many people who follow this structure live in poverty, yet are convinced they should give the little that they have to the church. However, those within this hierarchy live in a very different lifestyle and want for nothing, whilst millions of their 'followers', live in poverty, encouraged to believe that such a way of living will bring salvation to them when

they die. All done in the name, and the gain of the church, not to mention the wars and other associated activities in which millions have been slaughtered.

Yet, when any of the aforementioned appear at an event or a parade, people flock to them in their hordes, just to get a glimpse of them, they kiss their hands and bow to them, even people who have lost loved ones in their petty quarrels with other similar families and religions. No matter the suffering they have inflicted throughout the world, people still bow and curtsy to them, they beg for their forgiveness for not being worthy and their favour as a loyal subject. Now that's what I call being conditioned, that's what I call being hypnotised.

We are conditioned in so many ways we don't even realise. Think about this. How would you feel about boiling a massive insect the size of your hand with enormous claws and antenna and a tail and eating it? I am sure most of you would think 'yuk!' But isn't that the same as the seafood we say is delicious? Isn't a king prawn similar looking to a massive insect, in fact lobsters and crabs are arachnids. Think about it; a crab is like a spider with claws, a lobster is like a scorpion without a sting. Yum Yum. Of course, it's the culture in which you have been raised, or 'conditioned' that tells you what it's ok to eat. In many parts of the world, the insects we would regard as disgusting in Scotland are delicacies to eat there. In the same way that haggis is viewed as not so pleasing to the pallet in many other countries.

So, moving on, and sorry for putting you off dinner (or making you hungry, depending on your conditioning). How do we become so conditioned to accept such apparent social

regulations? Because they hypnotise us; hypnotise us into believing and perceiving reality in a certain way, and in a way that suits those who have much to gain from our conditioning, by a consistent repetitive bombardment of our mind from the moment of birth. And yet, once you gain just a small understanding of how our mind works, it not only becomes obvious how they condition us into perceiving reality in a certain way, but we therefore understand that through a similar process we can override that conditioning and develop our own perception of reality, and one that serves us and our needs.

It's kind of embarrassing to think that, even by the age of 47 years old, I didn't understand that there are 2 parts to our mind. The conscious and the subconscious. I knew they were there, but I didn't understand how they worked. The conscious mind, or the thinking mind, is the one that you chatter with all day. Admit it, you speak to yourself. The thinking conscious mind is the one that has an opinion and initiates thoughts and ideas.

Your conscious mind may hear a politician lying and ask why we should let this person get away with it. However, the subconscious mind is the one that tells you "That's just how it is, you aren't important or intelligent enough to challenge it". Again, there is a reason the subconscious mind tells you that. The subconscious mind doesn't have an opinion, it just forms ideas on what it's repeatedly told or instructed. It takes on a repetitive suggestion or a consistent thought or action, and then it becomes its automatic nature. For example, school lessons.

The conscious mind thinks 'I'll ask that girl out because I fancy her', the subconscious says, "She'll never go out with you

because you are not attractive.” Again, there will be a reason the subconscious mind does that. Let’s be honest here, there are 2 sides to us and you know it. We speak to ourselves all the time, we say things like “I said to myself.....” Or “I asked myself...”, and nobody bats an eyelid at how profound that is; yet, we really do “say to ourselves” and we really do “ask ourselves”, and what’s even more profound is that we really do reply to ourselves too. I’ll get into that later. Let’s keep the ball on the deck here, so to speak.

The subconscious reflects all that has been repeatedly fed to it. For instance, you may not feel attractive now, because you’re subconscious keeps telling you that you are unattractive. This could be based upon something said to you in your life, perhaps on multiple occasions, when someone suggested this to you. We term this hetro-suggestion. Following this, you might look at yourself in the mirror and affirm this to yourself. We term this auto or self-suggestion.

The suggestion, and then the continued affirming thoughts, then become your reality. And you actually see yourself as unattractive. No matter how much you cut your hair, wear that beautiful dress or put on that cool shirt. No matter how many people compliment you. You still look unattractive to yourself. Therefore, a consistent, repeated hetro or auto-suggestion made to the subconscious becomes a belief, and therefore your reality. So, if you apply this concept on an even greater scale, such as to entire parts of a population, using the institutions we attend to feed information to them. (For example, that something is good, or that something is bad). You can see how powerful this knowledge can be.

It is so empowering for us to understand that our reality can be whatever we tell our subconscious mind it is. Rather than being told that our reality is whatever the Programme Managers tell our subconscious mind it is. Again, we can look at this more later. But the Programme Managers understand they can manipulate and condition us to spend the rest of our lives serving their needs and staying motivated to do so by an illusion they construct.

As we grow from around 0 to 7 years, our subconscious mind is filled with the conversations and habits of those around us. They too have also been conditioned. We inherit these ideals and fears which form the basis for our future notion of who we are, our self-image, our beliefs and how we perceive the world.

Then whenever our thinking or conscious mind tries to make personally motivated decisions, or perhaps thinks it would be a good idea to make positive changes in our lives, our conditioned subconscious influences us and stops us from making those decisions. Decisions that could help us live fulfilling lives or do what makes us happy. Remember, they condition us to believe that our happiness is less important than our responsibilities to them.

So that shows how at a localised level, how our subconscious takes on board what we hear in our childhood and affects our decisions, even accidentally, from our family life and environment. Therefore, it's easy to understand how this knowledge can be used at a national or population level, to influence people's motivations in life.

It's planned and implemented by the institutions we grow up in, and is part of our conditioning to become a conforming person



who commits their life to the Programme Managers, unfulfilled in their own aspirations, passions and needs. Paying into and enabling a system which benefits the few and supports their needs and aspirations, and maintains the well-oiled machine that has been sucking us dry for hundreds of years. So, to understand my malady or society's malady, I need only understand the power of our Subconscious mind.

I can show how the subconscious mind works, when I am learning a piece of music or a song on my guitar. In order to learn the song, I have to rehearse it over and over by using the thinking or conscious mind. It then becomes a habit when the subconscious mind takes ownership of it, so that I can play it without thinking. In fact, sometimes, when I want to play the song and think about it too much (conscious mind), I can't do it and have to learn to let go, and let the subconscious take over, we are all aware of this at some level, sometimes we say we are over thinking something.

Once the subconscious has taken ownership of the song, I can learn to do another activity at the same time, like sing along, and that too becomes a habit, the subconscious takes ownership of that too. So much so that if I am playing a similar song at a later date which has a similar chord structure, my subconscious may then default to the song it already knows without my thinking mind's permission. Times like this can drive us nuts.

Ironing clothes is another mundane but simple demonstration of the use of the subconscious and the conscious mind, and how they interact. Because I have done it so many times before, it has become a habit. Picture the scenario, I have a massive pile of ironing to do, I'll switch on TV and watch my favourite

comedy show while ironing, I could watch the full show and not remember ironing anything. I just work through the ironing pile, applying perfect creases in my shirt sleeves and trousers, yet I have watched the show and can tell you all about it.

That's because my subconscious did the ironing, and my conscious did the watching. It may even be the case that I get a call on from a friend and I watch TV and talk at the same time using my conscious mind to do the 2 tasks and still my subconscious will take care of the task at hand with me giving no real thought to it. I may even break the concentration as I can't find the shirt I need for tomorrow in the pile, and I switch on to conscious mode again to find it. But as soon as I return with the shirt, I slip back into autopilot (The subconscious). How many times have you been driving somewhere to a new destination but using a route you use every day, perhaps to go to work. The next thing you know, you've turned down the street to your work when you should have gone straight ahead. The subconscious mind strikes again.

The subconscious mind is constantly at work and to discover this and understand this is very enlightening and empowering. It's one of the most valuable discovery of my life because it opens up a whole new world to me. It also reveals to me why I have had difficulties with certain aspects of my life and also what I can do to change this.

In discovering this, it is therefore easy to understand the phrase, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world". Access to a child's early development gives an opportunity to mould its subconscious, to program that child into believing what you want it to believe, whether that is religion, and "You go to hell if you are

bad (or heaven if you do what we say)", or a belief in the history and indeed present situation in your family, life or society.

The subconscious responds to one thing in particular; Repetition. If you keep practicing, rehearsing, and doing something over and over, then the subconscious will take it completely on board, and will take ownership of the delivery of the activity. It does not ask questions; it accepts what you tell it if it's repeated. It's the conscious mind that asks the questions. But you are in complete control of that with a bit of practice. Here now is an important statement that has changed my entire outlook to my life.

Repetition of a statement or action to the subconscious creates a habit which becomes a belief; and what you believe becomes your reality.

I now understand why I had behaved in certain ways, or why I had made wrong decisions in my life, or made the right ones, then changed again. It was my subconscious that was influencing me. This is already a significant moment of this journey because that also means I can change this; it means I can re-condition myself.

But what about people just seems to go through life without the hang-ups I have. Well, I believe they had the circumstances and environment which enabled them to be fully focused on what the Programme Managers had taught them growing up. They could soak up all the information because they had no distractions while growing up. Usually, because of a secure, safe and consistent home-life or environment.

They could concentrate, and therefore, they were fully conditioned. Me? My hang ups result from not being fully conditioned because I couldn't concentrate long enough to retain the information the Programme Managers fed me. However it's not a hang up, it's independent thinking. I had to formulate a lot of what I know and believe by myself. I sought alternative information sources. Which is a good thing, but not recommended by the Programme Managers.

I didn't have that stable environment growing up in several ways, and therefore my conditioning was intermittent. To the Programme Managers, I suppose they could describe me as a reject, a rebel, abnormal. But, I believe that my concentration levels and some may say, dysfunctional home environment, meant their conditioning didn't fully get through to me. If you had a secure home, a consistent environment, and were encouraged and enabled to revise, study and regurgitate their bullshit, you've a better chance of being what society terms, a high achiever, or level-headed, or normal; the Programme Managers much prefer to work with those people. They learn fast.

So, I am now armed with the knowledge that they have conditioned me through my subconscious and how they did this. The reason I couldn't hold on to the nice things I got in my life, was because when I gained them, I'd believe that I wasn't worthy, not worthy of good relationships, money, the luxuries in life because I had accepted this into my subconscious. But this also means that I can change this belief and work on my subconscious and create fresh ways of living that I want to experience. But of course, at that moment my subconscious pops up and protests,

“That’ll take too long, you don’t have time”. It’s at this point I decide to change my way of thinking from this day on.

“If you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change.” (Dr Wayne Dyer)

To me, this statement means that if we change how we think about something, that something changes or alters in response to that. I have begun to change the way I think about things. For example, if I have an erroneous task to do, which may take a year and the thought of doing it fills me with dread. I fast forward to the end of that year and ask myself, “Will I be glad I completed it next year? Or will completing the task make me feel disappointed and sad?” “No, I’d feel great.” Also, if I don’t do it, the year would still pass anyway, wouldn’t it? Note that I’m talking to myself here, which is cool, because it highlights my previous point.

In another example, but in a shorter timescale, if I am planning to attend a keep fit class that lasts an hour, and maybe when the time comes I can’t be bothered going, I may try to talk myself out of it. However, if I remind myself that whether or not I go to the class, the hour will still have passed. I can see that after that hour, I’d feel better if I’ve spent that hour doing the class than if I didn’t.

I’m learning to talk myself into things. I can talk myself out of most things in life, big or small, for a variety of reasons. Maybe because I may imagine someone I don’t like will be involved, or it feels like it’s a waste of time, or there could be a million reasons I don’t want to go; real or imaginary. But that can stop me from moving on, taking a chance, and achieving stuff. Talking myself

out of something is my subconscious overpowering me again, “You can’t do that, you will end up bankrupt”, or “They will laugh at you”, or something along those lines. It’s not that my subconscious has it in for me, that’s just its nature, it deals with what it believes, and it believes whatever it’s told.

The negative intrusions on my everyday thinking were suggestions made to my subconscious over the period of my life. So, I’m now working hard at going against the grain. For a while, whatever I’ve thought of, I’d do the opposite. I’ve pushed myself to do what my subconscious was screaming at me not to do. The thing is, as I have found, once I do it enough times, my subconscious mind accepts this as my new condition, and it becomes my belief, and therefore (and this is the cool part), my reality.

So, one way to implement repetitive messages to myself through auto-suggestion is by practicing daily affirmations. I have practiced telling myself every day that I am the best version of myself that I can be, that I can achieve anything I want, that I am a success. I wrote a first draft affirmation to say every morning as I wake and every night before I sleep. Any positive expression, and that’ll do me. It goes like this.

I am perfect; I am good; I am powerful; I am strong; I am loving; I am courageous; I am successful; I am harmonious; I am happy; I am full of desire; I am compassionate; I am full of faith; I am romantic; I am enthusiastic; I am joyous; I am free; I am grateful; I am healthy.

And, do you know what, I bloody well am.

# CHAPTER 2

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## MY EDUCATION

So, understanding that access to a child's subconscious mind is the perfect opportunity to pre-program them before adulthood means a part of my research into my dilemma must examine what happened in my education. Education plays a massive part in all of our childhoods, and I want to know what part it played in me becoming so discontented, confused and ill at ease with my environment.

To be clear, I am not saying that teachers or anyone involved in my education were trying to mess me up. Well, not all of them anyway. I was at secondary school during the 1980s when teachers were taking industrial action and striking for better working conditions all over the country. Or days off to us. Their resources were becoming more and more stretched, and they took industrial action to rectify this. Therefore, this is a clear demonstration that they were trying to do the best they could for us, and their hearts were in the right place. However, the thing about conditioning is that we all play an unwitting part in it. They were also conditioned; we are all conditioned to be a part of the conditioning. That's how it works.

Anyway, school was a very confusing and fearful time for me. It was such a shock to my system, and I found it hard to accept that I had to attend such a place, with all these strangers, for all those years. I also had so many unanswered questions by the time I left school at 14 that could have just started again. From the word go, I hated even being in school; it was like being punished for being a child. The adults involved always seemed pissed off and serious, but looking back, a lot of them must have felt like a square peg too.

I grew up in Alloa, a small town in the centre of Scotland in the county of Clackmannanshire. When I was about 3, before attending primary school, I attended nursery school. I remember being taken to my first day at nursery school, now this was a place that felt friendly, the teachers or assistants were all very nice and they made you feel happy. However, this was only to lull you into a false sense of security and if you like, get you ready for primary school and acquaint you with being away from mum and dad or your guardians, so that school wasn't such of a shock. However, it still was to me.

You leave the home, the secure space with those that you feel safe with and find yourself with strangers who now have the right to tell you what to do, when to do it, and if it's not to their liking, then they can punish you. Not only that, but the people you trust the most in your life are also in on this, they are part of the bloody conspiracy, when you don't want to go, mum says, "You must go!", when you get punished, mum says "That's right, you must do as the teacher says!" Ok the punishment was pretty low level, sit on a naughty step, or no sweets for example, but hey it's all relative!!



However, nursery was OK, I suppose, I remember playing in a sandpit, and reading cheerful stories together before being collected to go home. However, if you grew up in a council estate like me, mixing with other children your age introduced you to some very crazy people. One minute I'm in my room playing with my toys, the next I'm in an environment with psychopaths, murderers, and sex offenders in waiting. Pending offenders if you like.

Don't believe me? They forced me into being around people who were just that (ok so we weren't to know that, but that's not my point). I then had to spend the next 11 years with these people, and by the time you go to secondary school you are either one of them, have a tendency to violence, are good at acting like you can be violent, are good at getting the violent ones on your side, or good at morphing into whatever you have to be. I think in the end I did a blend of most of them, which was to be my biggest achievement and which carried me forward for many years.

So, what did nursery do in the bigger picture of my life. It sold me and my trust to new people; it helped me realise and understand that soon, I will leave my home comforts, my individual uniqueness, and will now hand myself over to a new authority, so as much as we say it helps a child become accustomed to going to school, what it means to me is that it's the first step in getting you into shape and get into a routine. Learning to say, yes, no, please and thank you against your will, and to begin the next 11 years of conditioning, on your way to being a good little citizen.

It introduced me to the forthcoming 11 years under the regime of the Education Programme Managers. I remember being

shocked to realise that I had to keep doing this for 11 years, with no say in the matter. I questioned my parents; “This can’t be right, is there an opt out option available?”, ”Oh, yes there is”, they warned me. To be taken to another place and locked up in that class.

I then attended Primary School from the age of 5- to 11-year-old. They still used corporal punishment, or ‘the gut’ as we used to call it in Scotland. A teacher administered this using a long thick leather strap which opened into 2 prongs at the point of impact with your hands. This was to be my first experience of being taught that I must remember things that were told to me in the class, because if I don’t, I won’t be clever, and if I’m not clever, I won’t get on in life.

There was a habitual reminder from Primary school Teachers you are being prepared for the ‘big school’ or Secondary School. That this is where they will judge you on how well you can memorise and regurgitate the information that they feed you in class during a test or exam. In fact, when you were ‘bad’, they would remind you that your type of behaviour, they meant personality, will not be tolerated in secondary school. It was said to me with a grin by a certain teacher at Primary School, “Oh, you’ll get sorted out at the big school”. What? Did she mean as opposed to being helped to grow and develop? Yes, I discovered. This was the first introduction to the fear.

They call this education, or being educated, however, this is not education to me, it’s just for those who have a good memory, or those who have good concentration levels. You see many of the people I grew up with, had home lives which were not contingent

on having good concentration levels because their environment at home did not understand or facilitate the need for it. I struggled with this myself.

In class or at home, I'd read a few lines of a book then think about something else, leaving my eyes to dart from right to left, only mimicking reading. Ironically, I be thinking of something I wanted to learn. So maybe if they had given me something to read, which was something that I, the individual, had a passion for, I may have excelled at that. However, exams on what you are passionate about aren't on the curriculum. Only what someone else was passionate about.

I've always viewed intelligence differently from what the education system or society told me it was. The Education Programme Managers equated intelligence as having a good enough memory to read something and regurgitate it in a test. But I disagree, it's not about memory. To me intelligence is more about how an individual can interact with the world around them, or as I'm discovering, create the world around them.

Consider this; How successful are you at working out how to get through the day, pretending to be someone you aren't, or pretending you can do something that you can't, and fooling those around you? I knew people at school who were dyslexic. Dyslexia wasn't recognised as a learning difficulty at that time, and there was no support available. So, anyone who was dyslexic may not even have understood why they found it difficult to read. They had to pretend that they could read what was in front of them. That meant that some people went through at least 11 years of schooling

without even being discovered. Now that is intelligence put into action, that is a master mind.

So primary school was just another step towards being moulded into the non-individual I needed to be for the Programme Managers. The main features were to ease me into a process of being punctual, sticking to a routine, doing what I am told by complete strangers and giving them authority over my body and my mind, learning to read and write, and more importantly, being afraid to disagree with what was happening to me because pain will come. Psychological and physical. Oh yes, and we had to go on a special visit 3 times a year before the holidays, at Christmas, at Easter and before the summer to liaise with the other Programme Managers of my nominated religion at birth. This was to be a feature in my upbringing and another piece of the story to compel you to do what they tell you to do.

Then it's on to Secondary School. I got nothing out of the 4 compulsory years at Secondary school. Well, I say I got nothing, but I learned how to cheat, lie and pretend to be whoever they wanted me to be. To be fair, I was probably unteachable. And I didn't serve, sorry 'attend' the full 4 years, anyway. I had limited concentration levels, and this would never compliment sitting my memory regurgitation exams. I only lasted 3 years at secondary school and that ended when a friend and I jumped out the window of the classroom (don't be alarmed, it was on the ground floor), and we ran away, never to return. Leaving our teachers ears ringing with that old Scottish phrase, " get yersel tae fuck!"

So, you may question at this point how I can claim that school could have played a part in my conditioning when I didn't fully

attend. Well, for the little time I attended they still installed the main core beliefs system into my psyche, such as a fear of authority, when to eat, when to go to toilet, what society expected of me, and most importantly, how to conform and be aware of my peers and the social regulations that must be followed. Yes, I could still think for myself and jump out the window, but that was all just fear based bravado. And fear followed me out of the window and stayed with me from that day on.

So, had I failed school? Had I failed the education system? I had no qualifications, and I spent the next year pretending to my parents that I was going to school every day while I was off on adventures. I didn't fail the education system, the education system failed me. I was a child. I wasn't one of the really bad boys, and I wasn't a good boy. I was more of an inbetweenener; I was indifferent. However, I could disappear off the radar and run wild for over a year, whilst playing the "I've been at school all day" card to my parents when I got home.

I began hanging around with older mates who left school the previous year. They seemed much older than they were to me, and they were out and about robbing ice-cream vans at night. So, when we got to their house to hang about with them in the morning, their floor was covered in sweets and cigarettes. Heaven for a teenager who was already smoking as much as I could afford.

So, I learned a lot of stuff, yet at school they'd label me as lacking intelligence, yet I lived a double life by the age of 14, almost like an undercover cop, or a spy. I'd say that takes a lot of intelligence. Intelligence that our education system did not recognise and develop in me. So the education system failed me.

So, what was the point in all of that? Almost 11 years of “be here”, “do this”, having to ask to go to the toilet, parents handing over authority to complete strangers. I was being taught to be something or someone that was not me, taught to be a good citizen or a good slave. To learn how to sit still and shut up, I learned how to memorise their history and to hold a piss in until the teacher said I could go to the toilet.

I was being domesticated into being a good conformist, so I will work hard from the day I leave school until I am an old man, paying taxes, and being a part of the well-oiled machine. Through getting belted I learned to take my punishment for not playing by their rules, humiliated in front of the class, and learning to accept that this is what should happen to me when I’m “bad” and don’t cooperate.

Therefore, is it such a surprise that in almost every single one of us, there is, what we term, a teenage rebellion? We trivialise this part of our lives and describe it as just a silly phase. But it’s not a silly phase. It’s real, it’s a last rebellion against what is plain to see at that age, that we are being forced to be who we are not, to do what we do not want to do, by people who we see are complete hypocrites, for reasons which are so hypocritical that it makes us angry and frustrated. It only appears to be a phase because they kick most of us into submission and we give it up after they impose a few sanctions, like restricting the resources we need for living a healthy, secure life, or even prison detention.

It’s a rebellion against losing our identity. I believe it’s also like a so-called mid-life crisis, another trivialising term to describe someone trying to be who they are or rejecting who they aren’t.

Except this is after years of doing what others want and playing society's game. Call it what you want, but I believe it results from awakening to what is going on in this world and screaming;

“I’VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS BULLSHIT, THIS IS MY LIFE AND I’LL LIVE IT HOW I WANT!”

So, folks, that was my education. I think I could have learned all I did by the time I was 9, but I had to continue for another 5 to 6 years. It sure did a job on me? I left unable to function, unable to think freely and with the firm understanding that while this is my life, and I can do what I want, there are only certain things that will be acceptable for me to do within the parameters of those wants.

I can also prove that education is only about memorising and regurgitating information so that the Programme Managers are happy that you have adopted their rules and their view of the world. They then give you a ticket into the society, which is called a certificate or a qualification. I know this because despite my school experience and being an apparent failure; I got a degree at 32 from the University of Glasgow. I can say I learned nothing that helped me in the chosen field, or which made me better than my colleagues who don't have the qualification. Yet I've worked for the past 20 years in that field by producing my certificate and being what they wanted me to be.

A degree showed me I could do what the other 'achievers' had done at school. To get the degree, I had to play the game, I had to listen to what I was being told and regurgitate it in a way that pleased the Programme Managers; and hey presto, I'm in the club.

I ducked and dived using all the skills I had gained by not attending secondary school, and I got my degree, which has been my ticket to many wonderful opportunities and experiences which are the rewards for my compliance.

Another observation I have made is that in the UK we have a 2-tier education system, which has established and continues to facilitate a 2-tier society, creating a yin and yang approach to schooling and its outcomes. There are those who attend comprehensive education and those who attend private or fee-paying schools. That works perfectly, because at a comprehensive school, they teach you to comply with, and to fit into the cogs of the system. They encourage you to develop an inferiority complex, and to know your limits and your place in society, and to perceive a world of limitations and lack.

Meanwhile, in the same city but at the private school, you'll learn how to run the system that the others comply with. If you join the Army, you won't be a common soldier, you'll be a Commissioned Officer. In a large company you'll be the boss, not a worker. In politics you'll be a minister, not just an MP. They encourage you to develop a superiority complex about yourself and perceive a world of abundance and opportunity, and you're taught to have a sense of expectation and be self-assured of your over-inflated place in society.

Both approaches produce a match made in heaven and show a perfect example of social engineering through conditioning.

The fact is, we live in the same world and the same space. We only perceive it differently because they teach us what to perceive



as children, within the institutions set up by, yep you guessed it, the abundant ones previously mentioned. But this again should be a welcome revelation to you because it shows us that if your perception of the world defines your reality, then defining your own reality should only be a matter of perceiving it. Again, we are conditioned, manipulated, hypnotised into perceiving, and therefore believing the world is a certain way. As we covered in chapter 1, understanding how the mind works empowers us, or them, to create the reality we live in. So what is my lesson in all this? I don't have to accept this as my story any more. I can choose how I perceive. I can choose my way from now on.



# CHAPTER 3

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## THE LOW SELF-WORTH CONUNDRUM

I was always proud of my roots, and I was always proud to be working class. Why? I'm not completely sure? I have always felt there is a certain dignity around this status, a moral high ground maybe because we suffer more? I know that growing up in Scotland there were certain admirable aspects or values to working-class people that we all shared, but I don't even know if there is such a thing as working class anymore. Many working-class people are now in a bracket of salary which falls into the middle class range, and there is also a workless class that exists on a lifestyle of living off the state and taxpayers' hard work. This has continued for generations and I see no change ahead. But let's not get into the British Royal Family again.

My working classless, if you like, was more about a way of seeing life, it's an attitude towards life. Within this there are engrained or conditioned coping mechanisms of dealing with hardship and struggle. You see this expressed in the likes of music, humour or also in self-destructive attitudes and activities. That may be what I mean by moral high ground. Unfortunately, I also feel that within this attitude, there is an acceptance that hardship and

struggle are a part of our life, but surely this limits the expectations we have of what we can do as people and our ability to contribute to the world and aspire to higher expectations in life. They reinforce this in the 2 tier education system.

There seems to be a common working-class mindset of accepting failure or settling for what you get handed to you in life or not being good enough; this is a mindset that is popping up as I write this book. "Who the hell am I to call myself an author?" As I've described, having a negative self-image have been my closest companions all my life, simply feeling or believing I was just not good enough.

So, how much of that could I contribute to being a working-class Scottish or British guy. Even after obtaining a Degree, on graduation day, I was half expecting someone to ask me to come outside so they could tell me there had been a mistake and I didn't pass. Is this a cultural working class trait? Or just me? Or a bit of both?

On my travels around the world, I have found that working-class people, or people who are in a similar pecking order in that society, seem to share the same traits and show similar low aspirations. There is a common thread that goes through most countries' population structures. That there are those who serve (the majority) and there are those served (the minority). And it's therefore in the interests of the minority that they keep the majority in a state of low aspirations, low expectations, and an ignorance of their true potential and abilities.

Our society's class structure of 'working, middle, and upper class' couldn't exist if all the working-class people woke up one day and had aspirations to live in a house like Buckingham palace. Not because it's not obtainable, but because it doesn't suit the minority's agenda. It's important to the Programme Managers who do the minorities work, that we feel less worthy so our so-called ruler's positions can remain relevant and intact. They condition us to believe that we couldn't run the show without them. I mean, what would we do without their wars, and what would they do without us to fight them?

So, when I said I was proud to be working class. If I stop and really examine what that means, I am saying I'm actually proud to accept a status that the few invented a long time ago to label me to suit their agenda. Being working class is about me knowing and accepting my place. It's about taking ownership of a belief that is cultivated within the institutions they compel us to attend, manifesting itself in our communities and homes as self-defeating conditions and attitudes. This has been the pattern over hundreds of years.

We have accepted, nurtured and preserved this status within the attitudes and traits we hold. We even pass it down from generation to generation as something we believe is of our own making. So much so, we even become proud of it. However, it's not of our own making, this story of who we are, has been drip fed to us by the Programme Managers to consolidate the rest of the bullshit illusion they feed us. And it clings to us like a bad smell wherever we go in life. It's their making and their design. If you think about it, how dare someone tell you what class you are.

It's like taking 50 people who are all similar putting them on an island, and telling 45 of them they are now subservient to the other 5. Of course, to begin with, the 45 will not agree with they'll no doubt rebel against this, however, the 5 have weapons and quickly they use force to make the 45 succumb to their wishes. 2 or 3 generations go by and this just becomes the way it is. Rebellion stops and nobody asks questions anymore. They forget how it all began because their children learn a different version of their history. That's what we do in society.

We are all equal human beings; we are born, we eat, sleep, piss and shit and then our body is food for the worms. Nobody should have a birthright to privilege or class the same as nobody should have a birthright to suffering. So that's looking at the broad picture. But what about me as a person living everyday life?

I'm not attributing my low self-esteem to singularly to being labelled as working class. Lots of so-called working-class people have great confidence and high levels of self-esteem and get on in life with minimum effort. They don't analyse everything, which unfortunately, is another trait of mine. I have a habit of reading between the lines of simple interactions with people in life. Reading between the lines of stuff that isn't there or is not worth worrying about to most people.

It's almost like I have 2 thriving businesses in his head.... One that buys bullshit, and another which sells bullshit. What a perfect match! They are amazing partners and help each other thrive. And it's this type of thinking or behaviour that has impacted negatively on a very important part of my life. My relationships.

Let's face it when you have a low self-image of yourself, or low self-esteem, people who may get close to you will see you in that way too, and you can't expect them to want to be around you as a crutch to help remind you that you are a worthwhile human being. I am talking about relationships in terms of boy meets girl or whatever your preferences are. I have never been too great at being in a long-term relationship. I always seem to fail in some part of the process, a process that lots of my close friends seem to manage successfully.

This is the usual pattern I seem to follow; I meet a girl and it sparks straight away. I have always found that relationships begin wonderfully. I usually can't put a foot wrong with her, its effortless, we do everything together; we are both smitten with each other. Then one day, something happens. I sense a change. My 2 businesses go into full operation. It feels like she doesn't quite kiss me the same, or maybe I'm feeling bored; I wonder what is wrong; I try to approach the subject, usually in the wrong way. I say the wrong thing; I become insecure; they sense this; I analyse, questioning the future, the past, the present, they become annoyed, and so on and so on..... Sound familiar? Hard work isn't it.

My low self-esteem certainly impeded any relationships I had. For example, I could be attracted to someone, however, if I started dating them, I would lose interest in them because... get this for crazy... they liked me. Yep, I had such a low opinion of myself that if you liked me; you went down in my estimations; it meant you must have something wrong with you. How sad is that?

I also struggled with a relationship ending if the ending of it was initiated by them. If the person didn't want to be in a

relationship with me anymore. I had to find out why, then once I found out why, I'd adapt myself to amend their point of view of me and aim to get them back. But of course when I got them back, they went down in my estimations again and I'd be more liable to end the relationship. Imagine the torment, if you end it or won't go out with me, I need to get you back or win you over. When I accomplish what I set out to do and win you over, you become a less attractive proposition.

Having to chat up a girl used to bemuse me too. I was fine if there is an instant connection, or if I had drink or drugs in me, and in that condition I'd have a connection with a post box. But if I have to try a little and do it sober, I struggled. Also, if a woman didn't show me they were interested straight away, then I didn't bother even trying. I have always been afraid of the rejection, so when a woman plays, so called 'hard to get' with me, (which is apparently a common female trait), I'd simply translate that as they aren't interested, or it meant there is a probability that I may get rejected and I'm going to steer well clear from that. Because rejection will only reinforce my negative self-image.

Jealousy! Now there is one of the most negative emotions I have ever had. It is a direct byproduct of low self-esteem and low self-worth. Jealousy is, on one hand, just childish and yet on the other, very damaging and destructive. It's basically saying, "I am scared I'll lose you when you find out how shit I am". And by showing jealousy, I gave that person a lot of power. If I show I'm jealous, a good woman will feel that its overbearing and shows an element of non-trust towards her, ruining the connection we have; if I am jealous with a woman who is a bit of a dick, then I've just



let her know I'm worried I'll lose her, which tells her, I won't walk away from her in a hurry, and that she is 'oh so amazing', and I'm massaging her ego in the process. Again, this is not a great way to be in a relationship. And it's not nice for the person involved with you.

I have been married twice, and had 2 relationships, which were heading towards marriage but ended before that point. But my relationships always seem to follow the same pattern. I liken it to an alcoholic who keeps picking up the drink and making the same mistakes over and over with similar results. Check out the similarities.

1. I go out with someone and keep measured and cool with her - (Controlling the drink consumption)

2. I then get serious with them and subsequently put parts of my life on the back burner to make room for this new and all-consuming infatuation - (Binge drinking)

3. Then it all becomes a mess with both of us hurt, desperate, damaged, and vowing that they will not do that again - (Active alcoholism).

The thing is, most of my friend have successful, long happy relationships and marriages. So why not me? I think there is a common thread that runs throughout these marriages. Compromise. They seem to make a success of their relationship. I was never and good at this. So really, I suppose I must learn from this self-awareness I am developing and showing in these pages, and if I want to be in a long-term relationship, I have to learn how to cooperate, to compromise. But I must learn to have a better

relationship with none other than me first. I must deal with this negativity I have about myself, and I very much intend to.

So what other traits do I have that have been a contributing factor in frustrating any progress in my life at a personal level? Well, I am also a time traveller! Yes, I can go anywhere, to another time in my head, and disappear from the present moment instantly. Even if you are in my company, you may not notice it happens. But I can assure you I disappear into other dimensions that are real to me. I can waken up through the night and suddenly be in the school playground 40 years ago determined to “Get that bastard back for what he did to me”. It’s a remarkable gift. I can be just about to enjoy a planned day I’ve been looking forward to, and I suddenly remember that that prick stole my girlfriend when I was 16. Woosh, back I go!

And it gets worse; I challenge myself “You let him away with it?” I then ponder where he is living now and fantasise about how I can deal with him. Baseball bats, crash helmets, I’ll wipe the smile off his face. He could be dead for all I know? However, travelling back in time is not the only talent I have. Yes, I can also travel into the future. I have the superpower and ability to predict what will happen in situations that haven’t happened yet, “She’ll do this and with him” or “I’ll see those two there if I go.” or “I won’t try for that job ‘cos I won’t get it, anyway.” and “What’s the point in asking her out, she’ll only say no.” Or, my best one is, “I can’t write a book, nobody will read it?”

Hello nobody!

However, this ability to predict the future usually has one tiny flaw; I am usually wrong! And the worst part about this is that I frequently take proactive action to protect myself from what I predicted will happen; before it actually happens. Subsequently, I then find out that it wasn't actually going to happen. Then the people involved get hurt, and I am hurt when I realise that I have fooled myself again and listened to the 2 businesses in my head, and so the self-loathing cycle begins, or continues and it's easy to dislike yourself if you behave like this.

And what I've discovered is that while I am time travelling, I am missing out on the greatest gift I have, and the only reality that exists. That is right now, in this moment. In fact, the only place we can be is now, and it's perfectly alright. Try it right now a take in this moment. Take a deep breath, then exhale, forget the past histories that were hurtful and the future concerns you may have. Right now, all is well. There is nothing wrong in this moment. Yes, you may have worries about the past or the future, but they don't exist now, they are only ideas. The fact that you are sitting still in this moment taking a breath proves that all is well right here, right now. So, I am learning to enjoy now for a wee while before I jump back into my time machine. No matter what time it is, it's always now!

All this provides me with evidence of one thing. I must develop a better relationship with me. I must cultivate raising my self-esteem, developing a positive self-image of myself, and treat myself with a bit more respect and care and stop being so hard on myself. To live in the way I've been describing is torture. It's so

easy to get stuck in a rut spending the present worrying about the future, based upon the past.

But why do I do that? I believe it's simply an attempt by me to cover up my own failings from the past so they won't happen again; It's a form of control. On one hand, I'm attempting to assert control over the environment I live in, so it can't hurt me like it did before, and on the other hand, it's being egotistical and projecting an image to the world that I'm in control and I'm always right. If I say it'll be shit and it is, I can say "See, I told you so." and I suppose in my mind that means you'll respect me and say, "Wow, you were so right with that prediction." Which of course is nonsense.

I've lacked the courage to be positive and stick my neck out and declare, "Do you know what, it's all going to work out great and in the best way possible." That takes guts, because there is a danger, I could be wrong, and the world will laugh at me. As if the world cares. In fact, no, it doesn't take guts, it takes faith. It's important to go easy on myself though, too. I don't behave like this because I'm a bad guy. I did it because, like us all, I've been hurt, and I'm only trying to protect myself from it happening again. However, the results I'm getting aren't what I want, so it's time to try another way.

So, I have had a real problem with my self-image, and this is something I have to overcome in order to move forward in my life. I basically didn't like myself, which I guess came from years of apparently making a complete mess of my life, over and over, hurting people I cared about, and also because I allowed negative people into my life and allowed them to treat me in such a bad way

that I was ashamed of myself. Being ashamed and not liking oneself are intrinsically linked. Now I must develop methods that help me see who I really am. I also have to forgive myself for allowing myself to be hurt and move on.

I have a friend who suggested this way of forgiving myself and looking at myself in a more wholesome and positive way, cultivating self-love. It's a start, and it worked for me. She asked me to picture myself as a child and think about a time when I was hurting, or I was in pain. I thought of a traumatic event that happened when I was a child and remembered how this felt. She explained this child is the essence of my human experience, that it is the essence of me in this life. She asked me to look at that poor child. "Do you dislike that child?" she asked.

I realised at that moment the lesson she had taught me; I didn't dislike that child; I wanted to hug that child, to tell them it's going to be alright and to protect them, I loved that child, and this gave me a fresh way of looking at me. I need to hug and protect myself. That child is still me, and it's the same with us all. I am not unique, almost every human being has been damaged and hurt in some way. However, I can either be a victim or a victor. I am no longer prepared to allow the biggest critic I have ever faced to abuse my child self.... ME!

When the dust settles, all the negativity, the self-doubt, the low self-esteem, the fear of being hurt, are all just illusions from a variety of forms of conditioning throughout my life. However, this type of conditioning resulted from misinformation that I picked up and ran with, or some traumas that happened in my life, perhaps from being hurt physically or mentally as a child or adult,

and then the subconscious accepts them as reality and then establishes behaviours to protect me from it happening again.

However, I have to cultivate a belief that these things will not happen again. In fact, the opposite is true if I can convince my subconscious of this. All the things I have covered in this chapter have been impediments to my progress in being a happy human being. The feelings of low self-esteem are brought about by a consistent process of hetro and auto suggestion which has been channelled into me in the ways I discussed in chapter 1.

Think of the beliefs that have been installed in you from birth as being like a computer operating system, such as windows (your sub-conscience mind). Then think of the programmes on that system, such as Word, Excel, or PowerPoint being like your conscious mind. Now imagine there is a virus on the computer operating system, (negative belief in the subconscious), and it is inadvertently affecting your programmes (everyday ideas, thoughts, and actions). Every time you try to write on Word, something else happens, calculations on Excell get affected, and things just don't work, and everything just slows down and becomes unworkable.

Well, in the context of a computer we understand we don't fix the problem by opening Word, for instance, or PowerPoint to see if we can do something there to fix it. No, to fix the problem, we need to go into the computer's operating system (the subconscious). Once we do that and change or get rid of the problem there, then we can operate the programmes effectively and in a way that benefits us. Similarly, once we insert new positive belief systems through repetition into our subconscious, we can use

our conscious mind without negative intrusions, with more intention and in a way that benefits and compliments our everyday thoughts and actions.

It's time to reject the old thinking. I am not defined by where I grew up, who I grew up with, where I live, what happened in a relationship, what I have done in the past or what I perceive they did to me in the past. Events from the past that only exist in my mind now, do not define me now. There was a real danger that I could have looked at my situation after returning from Australia and thought. "Wow, I'm almost 50, I'm homeless and have no income." and believe that defined me. I could have taken this belief and merged it with my established low self-worth and low self-esteem. However, something has changed in me.

That's why I'm writing this book. I seem to feel a message from somewhere deep inside that is telling me I will use this as a platform to change my life once and for all and move towards the life I want. I feel I am shaking off the past insecurities. All that has held me back is becoming clear to me now. In fact, it's more than that. I am beginning to not give a fuck. I'm beginning to see my worth. My best day is still to come. I am destined for great things. Onwards and upwards.





# CHAPTER 4

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## COPING STRATEGIES – PRAYER AND MEDICATION

So, as you have read in the previous chapter, there was a lot going on inside of me I had no clue about. However, on reflection I can look at this objectively as I learn more about how I work as a human being, and I can change this. However, When I was a child growing up, all those feelings of low self-worth and of fear and anxiety, pulled me towards a search to just feel better. To feel better feelings than the feelings I have described in the previous chapters and which accompanied my every moment.

It's apparent that it's not just me who feels the way I have described up to this point. There are large sections of society who have their own internal malady. And from this they turn to a variety of ways in which to deal with or subdue these feelings. This can express itself in anything from overeating to sex addiction, to drugs or drink dependency or as feelings of sadness and depression, going from one disaster to another feeling there is no rhyme or reason to their life, trying their best to not make any big mistakes before they die.

However, I now understand the reason for this in my own life experience and as I write this, I'm uninstalling my old programmes and installing new ones. I have said already that I knew nothing other than feeling anxious. I was searching as a child for a better feeling. Something that comforted me from the constant feeling of inadequacy, insecurity, and discontent with which I suffered.

When I was just 13 years of age, I was already screaming out for help, but without a coherent message. I didn't understand what was wrong, and I didn't have the language or maturity to express it. And who would have listened? I had already begun smoking cigarettes, which attracted me because they made me dizzy when I inhaled them. This itself shows my level of maturity I had then.

I had started drinking alcohol, and maybe worst of all, I began glue sniffing. For those unaware of what glue sniffing comprises, we would take a glue with solvent in it (the solvent gave you the high, glue without the solvent would be similar buying non-alcoholic lager if you get my meaning). We would pour the glue into a small plastic bag and put it to our mouths and inhale through our mouths by blowing back and forth. Like someone does with a bag when they are hyperventilating. It just took 5 or 6 puffs, and you would go into a buzzing sensation all over your body. If I'm honest, it felt nice, really nice, but it would wear off after a couple of minutes, then you'd go again.

I shudder to think how dangerous it was because I would become so intoxicated that I didn't know if I was buzzing or not, I would go into dreams and suddenly come to, somewhere like the middle of the busy town centre with the bag in my hand and glue all over my face, or somewhere equally baffling like a field or

railway line a few miles from your starting point. Now when I look back, to be doing such a thing at 13, when most kids that age are getting paper jobs and saving up for computer games, me and my friends were blowing our heads off buzzing glue, or if we didn't have glue, we'd buzz something else; correction fluid, nail varnish, paint, dry cleaner, you name it; we buzzed it. During my teenage years, a handful of my friend lost their lives living like this, either directly because of doing it, or from the side effects on their mind or life.

I now understand that I was only trying to change or eradicate the constant feelings of anxiety I felt. I was searching for relief and it provided that, if only temporarily. I was attempting to alter my reality because basically I didn't like the reality I was in; I didn't like my environment. I didn't trust anyone. When I was buzzing, I felt free.

If you asked me why I did it, I'd have told you because it feels great. But what that really meant was that it made my perception of reality look and feel better. It's quite self-explanatory isn't it, we take substances to alter how we feel as a method of changing our reality, so it will become more entertaining or in my case, more bearable, which is just self-medicating. Yes, this was my medicine to cope with my malady, but I didn't know that.

Not long after that I experimented with another mind-altering substance, Magic mushrooms we called them, or 'mushies'. They grow all over the place where I grew up from around August to September, before the frost comes to signal winter has begun. Again, the attraction was that when consumed, their effect was to

change my reality. Anything we discovered that did this was a wonderful and exhilarating revelation.

Throughout the world there are plants similar to mushrooms in many cultures, peyote or ayahuasca,. These natural mind-altering substances are consumed by people, usually as part of an ancient ceremony and are believed to unlock the door of this world and take us to another realm in which we can unlock the secrets to who we are and why we are. It is also commonplace to have guides, or people experienced in this activity, to assist you through such a mind-altering experience. However, we would just get together in a crowd, ingest an unquantified amount (we never knew the strength of each mushroom we took), and sit and take the pish out of each other. It was almost like Russian roulette tripping.

We would take these and sometimes you would have a magnificent trip, one that showed you that the world is a beautiful place, that everything is love and you feel love for every grain of salt, every blade of grass, even the mere intake of breath gives a feeling of utter relaxation, ecstasy, bliss, and oneness with the world. Or, which I also discovered as many others did, you could endure a terrible trip that I can only describe as hell on earth. Round edges become jagged, innocent smiles become prolonged sneers, laughter becomes cries of pain and anguish.

In fact, I'm sure from what I understand now about the subject, that I may well have suffered from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, resulting from a bad trip because it was so intensely horrific and at such an impressionable young age. If fact many of us did, but we called this flash backs. You could go about your day and suddenly feel that you were starting to trip. Very disconcerting,

and you had to just help yourself through it because you couldn't go for help anywhere.

I'll try to describe a bad trip I experienced when I was 17. This took me years to get over. In fact, I'm not sure I ever have got over it at a human level after what I saw and felt that night. The questions that it brought to my mind didn't help an already troubled child. It made me question the reality I lived in. It made me see that if we perceive a reality, that we see and feel it, then that is our reality. The common terminology used is that we hallucinate on mushrooms, I'm not sure I agree, I hallucinated on glue, tripping isn't a hallucination. To hallucinate means to perceive something that isn't there. But when tripping it is there, it's as real as the reality I'm in now. Or maybe the reality I am in now is a hallucination? Myself, and others who I 'tripped' with, wondered if we had seen the true reality. That this was a false one. But I think what I took most from the experience, is that there are other ways to perceive reality. Once when I was tripping, I understood the smell of a colour; for god's sake, explain that because I can't.

Later in my teens I was to discover alcohol. Now when I look back, this may have been a way to help me cope with how I felt after my mushroom experience. I discovered that when I took as little as one drink; I felt different. Like there was a warm protective glow around me. I would lose any sense of worry, anxiety or concern that I had, and I felt that I could be who I wanted to be once I had a drink.

In fact, when I discovered alcohol, I thought I'd found the solution to my anxiety and a way to socialise like everyone else seemed to do; to chat up women, to speak with authority, I could

hold court in a room full of people. Alcohol opened up a door to clubs, pubs and I suppose women and new friends and associates. I was good at this; I was good at taking a drink. Or so I thought. But that was a notion, based upon my ability to consume more than most people I knew, not how I behaved. I remember thinking, “Ah, so everyone feels like shite and this is what you do to be a happy adult.”

From the age of about 16 until I was about 32, I was also a habitual user of cannabis. I had smoked it on and off before that, but by the time I was 16 I smoked it every day. I don't know what to write about cannabis. I smoked it for around 15 years and I can't tell you any high points (No pun intended). I look back on it as one of the most boring drugs I have ever taken. I smoked it and became a non-speaking, gormless, lazy person.

Maybe I'm wrong, but apart from the times I remember some strong grass which made us laugh till our bellies were sore, it did nothing for me apart from maybe give me a great sleep. In fact, I'd say that I didn't even enjoy it most of the time. Its effects are pretty boring and made me pretty boring too. There is usually a label attached to cannabis users that they are partaking in some kind of anti-establishment activity. However, I'm sure that any authority that wanted to keep me quiet and under their control, would encourage me to smoke cannabis because as a result of doing so, I just became indifferent and inconsequential. Not like the next phase in my substance misuse development. By the time I was about 19, I discovered ecstasy.

Ecstasy, or 'eccies' as we called it, is a drug that I can look back on as a life changer. My first encounter with it was one of the best

nights of my life. Even though I was in a shit club in my hometown. I loved everyone, and I could dance like crazy, I had more moves than jagger, and I didn't just think that everyone, or every girl in that club I pulled up onto the floor seemed to think so too; (well that's my recollection and I'm holding on to it).

The feelings it produced were those I can only describe as of unconditional love and rather than my usual feeling of impending doom, an overwhelming feeling that something wonderful was about to happen and all was well. I loved everyone, the bouncers, the bar staff, my friends, my enemies, my job, my boss. And they all seemed to love me back, high fiving and cuddling anyone I met.

Then after the club closed, we'd head off to a house to gouch, which was sitting feeling fantastic and pulling the most embarrassing faces like one of those old guys with no teeth gurning. Even the slightest intake and outward breath felt wonderful, like an intake of love. A cup of tea with lots of sugar became a beautiful and memorable experience, and you would prefer a cup of tea over a beer.

Sometimes you'd be sitting in a house with guys you knew had recently been released from jail for crimes such as attempted murder or GBH. However, on eccies, they'd be the most loving and caring human being you could encounter. Attentive to your needs, asking if you'd like a drink and if you are ok mate? Wonderful human beings.

But then the inevitable happened. The effects wore off. It always wore off. And then it would come. The comedown. The complete opposite of what I'd just felt. Tired, irritable, scared of

what I may have said to someone while I was out of my face. Over the next few days my entire life would just seem to present itself as some unmanageable mess, with a feeling that everything was just falling apart, my job was shit, my relationships were shit, I was shit, my life was just utter shit.

Around this same time, I discovered LSD or Acid and Amphetamine or speed. Wow!! I also discovered that this was an amazing cocktail which made me feel electric. I'm sorry if I'm making this all sound good. But it was. All I can say is that when I took these things, the world seemed to open up to me, opportunities seemed likely to present themselves, conversations would flow about how we would work on a project, and idea, or what we could do to make the world a better place and we'd plan (always provisionally) to take the first steps in making a new exciting life. This meant leaving where we lived and working hard to obtain the goal we discussed. We'd plan to do it next week, of course.

However, this could only be a fleeting glimpse of a world we aspired to, the reality we craved, or how I wanted to feel. Because as the night went on into the early morning and the drugs dried up, that feeling of hope, confidence of wanting to seize the day would rapidly wane and turn to dust. The feeling would disappear with the night, swallowed up by the reality they had conditioned me to perceive since the day of my birth.

I didn't want to go to sleep because I knew it was over then, and if I felt fear before, now I was terrified. Sometimes I'd be at parties until the Sunday to Monday morning. If I had a job to go to, I'd ask a girl at the party if they'd phone my employer up,



pretend they were a relative and say I was unwell. That's IF I had a job, because my social life was now proving uncomplimentary to holding down a job, never mind a career.

The fear that would permeate my every being would then engulf me and my world. It would then feel like there was no love, there were no plans, there was no friendship, there was no opportunity. It was all complete bullshit. It only existed in the synthetic, temporary reality I would create at the weekend. The 'come down' as we called it was horrendous.

Monday off work because of the fear, Tuesday, no appetite and too full of fear to go to work, because everyone would know why I was off on Monday. I'd force yourself into work on the Wednesday, maybe eat some soup at lunchtime, and by the evening I'd be able to eat a small dinner, maybe open my curtains as the paranoia dissipates, telling friends I need to stop taking that stuff as it's messing me up, then comes Thursday and;

“..... I can't fucking wait to go out this weekend and do it all again. What was I so worried about?” So, I spent most of my 20s living like this; week after week, month after month and year after year. Even though I was eventually married and had children, I was like a hamster in a cage. I'd become a habitual smoker of cannabis, and I'd drink at least a bottle of cider and a couple of cans most nights. Taking it easy, I'd say, then going for it at the weekend. Self-medicating, but with no diagnosis.

But it was taking its toll on me. I was now getting involved in incidents when under the influence that I regretted. I lost weight and lost sight of the brief vision I had nurtured. When I was 25

and 27 my 2 oldest children were born and this seemed to give me the missing ingredient I needed to have a purpose in my life. But I still had difficulty in the anxieties and continuous worrying I had.

I was doing what I had always done, but I was now in my late 20s and married with 2 beautiful children. Whereas before, I could hide among all the other people who were like me. Now I wasn't able to hide, dropping off the kids at nursery whilst having that horrific come down and hangovers, trying to merge into two opposing lifestyles, was becoming unbearable.

It's ok to be responsible, or irresponsible for myself, but now I had to be responsible for 2 wee guys. I was not meeting the requirements and eventually it all amounted to a session to end all sessions one weekend. I'll never forget coming out of an alcohol induced black out that day. One thing I learned was that blackouts were not me falling asleep. Black outs are when you become aware that you are in the middle of doing something and wondering how the hell I got there.

This day I came out of a blackout with 2 police standing over me and looking at me in bewilderment and one said "why did you do that?". My answer was as true as they were coppers. "Do what?" I replied. I did not know how I had got there or what I'd done. The Police took me away, and they gave me a warning and then dropped off in the town right next to a pub I knew well. As I fumbled in my pocket, I found a ten-pound note. All my anxieties evaporated. I thought, "Thank God I can get a drink."

After all that had happened just minutes before, and being taken away by the police, I walked straight into the pub and

ordered a double whisky, acting like I'd just came in from my work. Later that evening I awoke from a sleep, hours had passed and the pub was filled with people all laughing at me. To this day, I do not know why. I exited the pub and made my way to my mates where I asked to spend the night. I collapsed on his couch, wishing never to wake up again.

The next day I reached out for help to Alcoholics Anonymous and found myself at my first meeting that I described in the Preface. They welcomed me, and then the people there shared what they called their experience, strength, and hope around what had happened in their lives because of alcohol and how they are now. They described their drinking, the trouble it caused them, and how they hurt their family and friends. Then the man chairing the meeting declared to me that all his life, he had felt like a square peg trying to fit into a round hole. "Oh, my god" I thought, "I am home."

My conclusion to this chapter is that I believe drink and drugs actually saved my life. There is much talk in the field of recovery, about recovery beginning when someone stops taking the substance of choice. Personally, however, I believe that my recovery didn't begin then. For me, stopping the habit of taking drink and drugs was a part of getting well and recovering. It is crucial because it gave me the gift of sobriety, which enabled me to think straight and be independent from cravings. However, when I arrived at the door of AA, I believed the only thing wrong with me, was that I drank too much and I behaved like an asshole when I did it. However, the more I grew in my 'recovery' the more I realised that drink and drugs were just a symptom of what was really wrong with

me. And what was really wrong with me was how I perceive the world. All the substances I was consuming were basically my coping mechanisms because of how I felt inside and how I perceived the world.

I believed that all the negative stuff in my life, all the unmanageability in my life, would disappear once I stopped drinking and drugging. But the reality dawned on me that there was a lot more wrong with me than wanting too much of a good thing. No, the drinking and the drugs were a symptom of what was wrong with me in the first place. At first, I believed I was crazy because of the drink and drugs, but they actually kept me sane, barely sane I admit; but hanging in there, nonetheless.

But the truth is, I was crazy before I took to drink and drugs. That's why I took them. I was screaming out for relief in my head because, as I say, I was becoming aware that I was a square peg and did not fit into the round holes the Programme Managers presented to me as life. With drink and drugs, and no pun intended, I could fit into any hole you wanted me to, for a while anyway.

The thing is, I needed that stuff to get through the early years of my life. The day I reached out for drugs and drink, was the day I began my search for relief from a feeling of my anxiety and of not fitting in. In fact, sniffing glue was a manifestation of me searching to find relief for how I felt. And although I didn't know it then, I was only trying to feel better than I did, trying to find a way to exist with my fellow human beings in the environment I found myself.

I was trying to overcome feelings of despair and hopelessness, and it worked for a while. Without drink and drugs, I don't think I'd have got through the first 20 years of my life. But like a lot of external things in this life, their ability to help me disappeared and eventually they no longer held any value for me.

However, I still had to learn the hard way and when I went to live in Australia 2017. I began to reach for these aids for relief again, almost like a default position, only this time, I was doing great, feeling great, embarking on a new wonderful life I had worked hard for. So why had I turned back to this behaviour in Australia? I thought about this long and hard, and there is a very good reason. I thought I had made it; I thought I had reached the outcome. I didn't have to create any more; I had my woman, my child, my home, the sun and a permanent job, I believed I had reached my goals and all I had to do now was exist and enjoy it.

So, as I sat on my balcony admiring the pelicans flying past and waving to the people on their boats sailing past, and I thought, "This would be great if I could have a wee drink too." Then that thought turned to "Why can't I have a wee drink, everyone else does? I deserve it." And the rest is history. The lesson for me this time is that I can never rest on my laurels, and after testing my ability to drink after 14 years continuous sobriety, I am now convinced I'm just not supposed to drink or drug which I'll touch on in a later chapter.

I have had to find a new coping mechanism in my life, or a foundation to my life that allows me to deal with the other stuff that has caused me to suffer. If I am sober, I have the foundations to deal with life, I can complete tasks, I can think clearly. I have

discovered at this point that I perceive the world in a certain way because of the auto and hetro suggestions installed in my subconscious, and therefore that became my reality. But I am changing that now. And if I'm going to re-programme myself, then there can be no room in my life for the consumption of drink and drugs. I need a clear mind now if I'm going to condition my subconscious to benefit me and the world. I can never be the best version of me, with a fuzzy mind resulting from drink and drugs; Therefore, those days must be over, and from this day forward, a day at a time, they are.

# CHAPTER 5

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## LIFE AFTER EMPLOYMENT, A SLAVE NO MORE

**B**eing sober minded, means I am in a better position to deal with the mental congestion that has accrued in my life. This congestion is like a blockage in my progression affecting certain aspects of my life. I accumulated these because of the fear-based way I've lived. There are many aspects to my life that I am unhappy with and which need either amended or eradicated if I am to progress. To move into my new way of life, I have to clear the decks of all that stuff.

If I am being honest with myself, one of the biggest barriers to happiness was the expectations society has on me in relation to my working life, or my employment status. Being employed by a person or a company or organisation is something I've never been comfortable with. Don't get me wrong, I don't believe for one minute I shouldn't have to work or that the welfare system should pay for such a choice, and I believe that we are all responsible for our own part in being here on the planet, and providing for your family, but I have always found the concept of work in our society as a strange one. Most people seem to hate it for a start.

It's easy to see the correlation between the education conditioning as a child and then working as an adult. I don't mean in gaining knowledge or skills to use in a job. I mean being taught how to become an agreeable, yes sir no sir, knowing my place kind of human being, or as I call it; undertaking my 'slave training'. I have always been uncomfortable in a job, not because I'm lazy, far from it.

I've never been comfortable selling my time to anyone, or someone having ownership of my own life, normally for 5 days a week, and most times, I end up taking the concerns of that person or that organisation home with me. I always felt that the most important things to have left school with, was the ability to read, write and have basic maths skills. And, at least an understanding of what I wanted to do, such as what would be the best way to enjoy the world; and how to minimise working and maximise income, and utilise the time left to allow me to have a comfortable life with the least anxiety and struggle possible. But that's not promoted at school as even being a possibility.

Couldn't we learn these things at school and live the life we want to when we become adults? In theory, it's easy to show that we could if we put some thought into our early years of development. We can learn to utilise our time more efficiently towards our goals and find a perfect balance of work and life in adulthood. To provide some evidence to this, we should examine an article in The Independent in 2018 which examined the normal pattern of an employee in the UK.



<https://www.independent.co.uk/life-style/british-people-work-days-lifetime-overtime-quit-job-survey-study-a8556146.html>

Their survey found that during their lifetime, the average Briton spends 3,507 days at work, including 204 days of overtime. They also commute 94,192 miles to and from their workplace, spending 14,053 hours commuting. They found that British people think about quitting their job 16 times a year and think of starting a new career 10 times a year. However, only a third re-train to follow a new career, which may be because many believe it is too late to change their career path once over the age of 47. What this actually highlights, that the many people are unhappy for at least 3,507 days of their lives because of their working life. Why should people accept that?

So, consider this; by the age of 18, when we are most unlikely to have any enormous expenses, we know we will potentially give 3507, 24-hour days of our own time to somebody else. About 45 years of your own time, working 8 hours a day for 232 days a year. Yet we have the knowledge and the knowhow to make an informed decision to spend that time on what we know we want to achieve.

Maybe if we concentrated on utilising just 1000 days of working lives, to achieve what we want; we would have earned more than enough to be comfortable, and could then spend the other 2507 days doing the things that make us happy. Such as being with our family, our friends and contributing to the community we live in. And with the survey suggesting that the average worker thinks of changing their job an average of 16 times a year, that's a clear indicator that most average people aren't happy

for what is, a massive part of their daily lives. Yet, they settle for this, highlighting how well we have been conditioned growing up.

Is it not madness to spend your life doing something that makes you unhappy? This is what I find difficult about being employed. I hate the feeling that someone has ownership over my time. I mean, this is my time, this is my life. Right? I had the same difficulty at school, not just with the content or the environment, but with the fact that my time was not my own, my body had to be somewhere at certain times, and as an employee, I've always struggled with that too. Ask any of my previous employers. My biggest problem with being employed is being owned by someone. Believe me, if you employed me the worst thing you could do is say, I'm on your time.

So back to the 3507 days. Can you imagine if we taught children though education to project who they would like to be and where they would like to be after using just 1000 days. In 1000 days of work with set goals like this, just think what they could achieve. Imagine your life plan was a project you did at school.

So why don't they teach this at school? Why don't we have an education system that teaches you how to get wealth as quickly as possible and then live a full and enjoyable life; travelling, continuing to learn, living your life to the full, spending more quality time with your family, and contributing to your community. Why don't they condition us to think that way? Well, they do, if you attend a private School.

Another important issue which impacts on society is that if people are drained of energy through work, and are committed to

long hours, they then find it harder to take part in their community and family activities. This has severely affected the very concept of community participation, as it takes away people's ability to take part in neighbourhood schemes and community events.

But, let's be honest, it's important to the Programme Managers that we continue that way. We must be compliant and reliant on them, and feel obligated to play their game and to continue working, even unhappily, all our lives because they give us responsibilities or obligations that can only be maintained, by staying in the job you dislike or hate.

We call these obligations rent, mortgages, insurances, cars, and of course tax. And the Programme Managers want you tied into having these as soon as possible when you leave school. If you think about it, there is a small window of opportunity for people when they are young, especially within the so-called working class, when they have little or no responsibilities except to themselves and that they can live their life any way they want. Therefore, it would be so meaningful if we educated our children in self-worth and confidence and in gaining an understanding of the abundance that there is in the world.

But without this knowledge, they take on obligations or debt for stuff like a mortgage, or the never-ending cycle of buying a car every few years, which depreciates as soon as it leaves the garage. And before they know it, they find themselves in an ever-decreasing circle of ever-increasing debt, unable to do the things they want and love because they need to pay the bills.

This is when people believe that life is mundane and depressing, and use phrases like “Life’s a bitch, then you die!” We become a slave, trudging and commuting the mundane road of depression towards old age and accepting what’s thrown at us. Whilst those educated in enlightenment and abundance at those ‘other schools’ enjoy early retirement and make the maximum income in the early years of their working life.

I was committed to a job I hated because I had obligations. Obligations which had been made available to me by the financial institutions who had hounded me since I turned 18 to buy their loan products. If I was to leave that job, how would I keep my obligations to them? I believed I was in a rut with no escape, doomed to a life of depression in an ever-decreasing cycle of mundane existence.

For some it is difficult to escape it but I’m going to tell you, you have a choice, especially if you live in a country like the UK. I remember meeting up with an old friend who is an accountant and saying, “I can’t do this anymore, I’m living a lie.” I wanted to see the world, do things I’d never done, and get up and go whenever I felt like it. But I had certain agreements with financial institutions, and I believed this restricted me from doing anything I wanted to do. He explained to me some options that were available to me that would help to put me back in control and give me breathing space to reset my life. I took this information, put it on a back burner and didn’t take any further action; as per my usual procrastinating.

Then one day I had an epiphany. I wasn’t a bad guy, I shouldn’t have to go on like this for the rest of my life, working in a job I hated, spending my days in an office with people who all

seemed to hate each other because they were in a similar situation. I was now looking beyond it all, and saw the things which gave me joy- nature, writing, playing music, travelling, and I could see the things which only brought the fear into my life. They had to go.

School introduced me to the fear on a Sunday night, the dread of the Monday. So much so that I became willing to accept this as a necessary part of life. Monday would be a drudge, and at 5 we say, "At least that's Monday out the road", Tuesday is the day that we are just glad isn't Monday but, wish it was later in the week, Wednesday is that midweek feeling, we perk up, Thursday, is the day before Friday so we start to feel good, and Friday is great because it means we can all get to fuck away from there for 2 days; until the Sunday fear and anxiety kicks in again. That was my life. Is it yours? I believed it was all I was entitled to, I believed this is what life should be like. They conditioned me to accept this, and I'm realising this now.

People commit to jobs they don't like and make them unhappy in order to pay off the debt they have. Some move up the career ladder, striving to get more expensive cars and more expensive places to live and more expensive holidays and habits. No matter how much more they earn, their way of life becomes relative to that.

Sometimes there is another reason for an ongoing commitment to their job. That pension, the golden egg they get once they have grown old enough to leave the place, about 70 now for a lot of men, and they stress and worry and work themselves into the ground. And when the time comes to draw that pension, they are so unhealthy that they can't enjoy the retirement they have

looked forward to all their lives. I even knew a couple who, once they retired, found it so unbearable to spend the days in each other's company that they got divorced and then fought over the pensions, property and equity that they had both worked so hard to get.

For the Programme Managers, pushing us to commit to debt at as early an age possible is all part of our conditioning too. Therefore, in order to live the life I want, I have to break free from my debilitating financial obligations to these institutions. I'm no financial advisor, but I'm telling you there are other options available to you if you do some research. There are organisations out there that can help you make an informed decision. I'm not even saying you don't have to pay your debt, just that there are alternatives to the circumstances you may find yourself in.

It's everyone's individual choice. For me, I realised I could never live the life I wanted stuck in a job that made me unhappy for the only reason of paying back financial institutions. I realised this was not a way I could continue to live if I was going to create my own new life.

I can hear you all right now saying, "My goodness, that's so irresponsible, what would happen if we all did that?" OK, tell me what would happen if we all did that? Nothing would happen, and to be fair, I have found myself in a position not of my own choosing, where I have the circumstances presented to me to either continue living the same old miserable existence, or to take advantage of the blank canvas put in front of me which has allowed me to restart my life. I don't know if it's because I am in the right

condition to see it, but unlike any other time, the opportunity has arisen, I see it clearly and I'm taking it.

Remember, we are encouraged to apply for, and given access to finance that we may never pay back in a full lifetime, especially for the biggies such as the house or the car. Then more loans are made available to increase the size, speed or prestige of what we already have. Because the adverts tell you you need this, and you have to make sure the neighbours don't get ahead of you. Then, once they sign you up, the expectation is that you give up your personal freedom and work 5-7 days a week to pay them back. They want you to be in debt to them because it's a perfect way to control you. That's why the financial institutions' best friends are our politicians.

This was demonstrated on a monumental scale when individuals all over the UK were encouraged, some may say manipulated into taking on mortgages, and leave the security of social or council housing. The concept of social housing was a wonderful system, like the National Health Service, and was a part of British culture. In 1980, the government implemented a policy called the 'Right to Buy' scheme. This was a new scheme that allowed anyone who lived in a council house, the right to buy that house. And as a sweetener, the longer you had stayed in council accommodation and paid rent to that point, the more of a 'discount' you would get off the Value of the property; what an incentive!

The advertising campaign for this was monumental, and many working-class people in Council estates bought their home, to be the king of their castle, and become homeowners. By 1997,

1,700,000 homes in the UK were sold under the scheme. The Programme Managers want us to get in debt, to tie us to a job to pay interest to the banks, and pay the taxes the politicians need to exist. However, the price for us is not necessary the monetary obligation, we lose our freedom to make personal choices around our values and the ability to focus on our lives as individuals, families, and communities.

For many individuals, they made a massive profit selling their council house at a much larger price than they bought it for. However, you still need to buy another house, anyway. Almost 30 years on, the policy has taken away a vast amount of much needed social housing from the very people that they built the houses for. Housing paid for by the taxes of our forefathers who contributed into the system.

It's clear that this policy wasn't implemented to help people fulfil aspirations or under compassionate grounds. If it had been, there would have been an element contained within this policy to replace the housing sold off, which would have ensured that people still had the choice of renting or buying a property, which was part of British culture. But there wasn't. They did it for many reasons, I'm sure, but getting people tied into debt was certainly one of them.

So why should we feel a moral obligation to prioritise these financial institutions when we find ourselves in an unmanageable debt situation? If they owed you money and they couldn't pay you back, do you think they would give a second thought about it? Financial institutions throughout the globe have proved that when



they have financial difficulties, the normal people who have invested money into them don't matter.

I've realised I don't have to play this game anymore. Oh, but that's right, if I owed money to a financial Institution, I have no choice but to spend the rest of my life in a daily cycle of negativity and being in a place I don't want to be with people I don't want to be with. That's right, I can't let those financial institutions down, can I? You know, those same ones who caused the credit crunch, the ones who lost peoples pensions they'd paid into all their lives. Those caring insurance companies who, as soon as you have a claim for a crisis that's happened in your life, such as a car crash, or a flooding of your property, search for loopholes or flaws in your claim so they won't have to pay you.

Once you sign that dotted line. They're expectation is that you prioritise them above spending time with your loved ones, and over enjoying what is beautiful in the world. That's why so many people get so depressed, our priorities are back to front. You give away your own time; you neglect your own needs, and you lose sight of what is important for you. So, I've realised that I don't have to do this. I can say NO! I can decide to make it on my terms. I can live my life as I want. This is my life; I will not be a slave to them anymore. It's a ploy that contributes to our enslavement and they condition us to believe that once you are in debt to them, they own you.

I am not owned by anyone. Especially a bank. Yes, the banks, those institutions that have caused bankruptcy, misery, and despair to millions of innocent hard-working people throughout the world, through their activities based on greed. Then they all walked

away with a slap on the wrist and paid themselves bonuses for tinkering about with what they had caused. Do you believe you are indebted to them? Financial obligations to them are nothing more than a button on a keypad that can go from £1000,000 to 0 by pressing the delete button because.....Shhhh, don't tell anyone, but the money only really exists when they say it does. So, don't be fooled into believing it's real just because it's in your name.

And of course after such irresponsible, and even alleged criminal activity by the banks. Who let them get away with it? That's right, those guys we all vote for to keep us safe; The Government, the financial institutions best pals. Why? Because they don't care about you or me. They don't care about our elderly, or our children, or our wellbeing. Government? Our government? There to serve us? When you think about it, they treat us with utter contempt and they don't even hide it. They don't have to hide it, because we are conditioned not to see it.

This is my life, it's not theirs and just because I made some bad decisions that they encouraged me to make, does not mean I should live a miserable existence for the rest of my life, because let's be honest, they wouldn't, they've proved that. They can take away my ability to borrow more money for things I can't afford anyway, but I realised, they can't stop me loving, they can't stop me travelling, walking, writing, singing, laughing, and working for something I believe in and enjoying what is real and free.

On realising this I discarded the biggest cross I have ever borne in my life, being a slave to the machine that taught me to comply. How could I have been so stupid? I don't have to do that. I have a choice. And so do you. You don't have to do this either.

Sure, I have had to make cuts in my lifestyle, I've had to ask for favours, I've had to eat humble pie. However, at this point in this book, I have started again.

So today, I don't have an expensive car, I don't have a big house, I have little money, and the best thing about it is that I am free at last. Fuck them, fuck their schooling and education, fuck their man-made religions, fuck their slavery, fuck their war, their greed, their society. I was bloody well right as a teenager; they must be having a laugh if they think I'm going to give up this wonderful opportunity of my life for them.

And in conclusion; and this is the most exciting part of my story. I now have a plan, a plan of what I am going to do with my newfound freedom. I have ditched all the stuff that contributed to my unhappiness, and I now believe this. With the clutter discarded from my life, with a clear purpose and goals, with the application of a sober mind and right thinking, with the knowledge of the power of my subconscious mind and the development of my new belief system. I am ready to become the man I always wanted to be. I am creating the world I want.

Now the next question is, how do I get rid of all the anger I've just demonstrated?



# CHAPTER 6

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## RELIGION AND SPIRITUALITY

**B**y gaining some basic knowledge about how my mind works and examining the role the Programme Managers had in conditioning me. I am now setting myself on a mission to eradicate the habitual negative voices within me that held me back and prevented progress in my life by reconditioning myself.

Some knowledge I have gathered, although illuminating to my soul, might have left me frustrated because I had to accept, I've allowed myself to be conned for many years, and my capacity to see my real potential and unleash it, was hidden from me. So, how do I stop myself from developing an attitude of blame towards the Programme Managers who have all conspired to condition me; How do I get away from a victim mentality that could become me and stop holding onto the resentment I may have towards people, places and situations that hurt me or may have treated me unfairly? And how do I make peace with the past and look to living with the world now?

I understand that the only part of my existence that is real and has any power is right now. The only concepts I've ever known that

point towards finding some kind of peace in life and transcending this physical reality is usually related to searching out something spiritual. However, that'll be religion, won't it? And if it's the role of religion to help me develop spiritually, then that is going to be one hell of a stumbling block to my progress. In fact, there is a danger it may halt it completely.

Also, if we revisit Chapter 4, I used substances such as drink, drugs and glue as a crutch to lean on. Like a higher power, I would turn to the chosen substance and ask it to work its magic on me. Almost like I could rely on it to give me the ability to cope with the reality I always struggled with. However, as I have stated, I can't afford to have these things in my life any more for the reasons I explained. I accept that. But it is then apparent that this would leave a gap in my life. If I take away that crutch, won't I just fall down? My experience has shown me that the answer to that is yes. Therefore, I need to find another power in my life, something that has the power to give me what substances gave me, but without the side-effects. Again, that'll be religion, won't it?

I could never conform to a belief in organised religion as a child, in my case, Christianity. Now, let's be clear, I'm no expert in theology, I'm just a guy who is sharing his own experience in the role of religion as I've experienced it in my life. Just because I'm not an academic expert in the field and don't wish to be doesn't mean I don't have a valid opinion to express its role in my life and others like me. I understand the religions help millions, perhaps billions of people throughout the world. Religions can offer a philosophy of life to those who follow it, and I am not having a go at any religion or those who follow it. Well, not all of them,

anyway. I mean, who the hell am I to do that? In chapter 1, I've concluded that if the subconscious believes something then it becomes reality, therefore faith in a loving god can't be wrong and would become your reality. However, I just find it difficult to line up the loving god with an entity who would send me to burn for eternity in hell as the Programme Managers told me. That's not loving.

Religion to me is manmade, it's not divine made. It may well have come from a divine source; I'm not arguing that point. But its human beings just like you and I, who have translated and interpreted it through the ages. We can easily identify where they have manipulated its testimony to fit certain agendas of these human beings. Its tailor made by human beings who sit within a hierarchy of authority within that religious structure; and those 'chosen' human beings, usually men by the way, who by their own claims, are closer to god than the ones who follow it; and of course, they proclaim the followers can't get to god or heaven unless they go through them, their structures and their buildings. At least that's what my so-called Christian upbringing dictated to me.

I was told by the religion programme managers that the more I suffer in this life, the better chance we have of getting favour from God when I die. Which I suppose is something to hold on to when you are suffering. However, throughout history this suffering usually came in the form of doing without stuff, dying for, working for, or serving them (they said god). But it always irked me that those at the top of the hierarchy in Religions, or quite a way up the ladder, rarely did the dying, the suffering the lacking and the serving, in fact they benefitted from it as far as I could see. The rub

is that you need to go through them to get to God, you need to sacrifice your life for them to get to God, as this will please God, and if you rebel, you'll go to the other place. Oh, and God's a bloke too, by the way.

Religion as I understood it was constantly lurking in the background of my childhood, it was always there, sometimes subtly, sometimes right in my face. I agree my religious upbringing is very questionable in the context of worshipping God and living by his word. My family originate from Glasgow and I was born into a mixed marriage (a protestant and a catholic being married was labelled this).

I thought that religion was centred around the football team I supported, I didn't go to church on a Sunday, but I watched the match on a Saturday and sang 'hymns' that weren't really directed at God. We called it religion, and the media say it's religious, but it's more of a gang culture. I never once remembered leaving the stadium, filled with the joy of a loving god. But I have left with a spectrum of emotions from dejection to anger to ecstasy, which I am sure any football fan will empathise with.

I know many people who do not show any evidence in their life of believing in a god, or do not practice their 'chosen' religion, yet they identify as being a part of one. Some would fight in its name if someone dared to say theirs was better. Again, I see this as more of a gang culture, feeling you belong to a group, especially in so-called working-class areas of Scotland, and I don't remember one instance when this translated into anything Godly or Christian, indeed the very idea of trying to align our 'religion' with



a spiritual concept would have attracted ridicule and amusement from my peers.

I attended what we would now call a non-denominational school, but it was the Protestant school. Therefore, I grew up educated as and identifying as a protestant or a 'proddy'. All that meant to me was that I went to church with the school before the holidays at Christmas and Easter to get bored out of my head and listen to a guy called a minister at the pulpit. He was full of self-proclaimed goodness and on talking terms with God. On some occasions his cup did overfloweth too, but I never witnessed that myself; thank god.

So, he knew everything about god and was your one stop shop for all things Goddish. As for us? Well, we were all fundamentally bad. Almost anything we did was a sin. Apparently, we were born this way? Therefore, we were already not worthy of reaching the kingdom of God, unless. Yep, you guessed it! We do what he, the Church, and the Program Managers tell us to do. Great joined up working there between education, religion and the family Programme Managers. I mean, you'd think it was all planned or something, eh?

To confuse me more, I had lots of friends who were Catholics, as my mum's side of the family are, and they went to the Catholic School. Now if I thought we 'the proddies' had it bad at church? They had prayers for this, prayers for that. I always felt that being a protestant is just the same as being a catholic, but with less fucking about. We just went to church, sang a few songs, praised God to the sky's and then got to go home. Whereas they were here, there and everywhere, in and out of their seats, shaking hands,

prayers for this, prayers for that. And they had a thing called confession, which seemed scary to me. However, good on them, at least they put some effort into this praising stuff. However, the bottom line was that as children living growing up together in the same environment, we were all as baffled as each other about what we were doing and why we were doing it. And CONFUSION ALERT! – Both religions follow the same God, anyway.

So, getting back on track and the role of religion in my life; I can see how it could be a useful tool in controlling a person or actually a collective population. I don't believe the role of religion in my childhood was to empower me to be more spiritual and develop more spiritual awareness as it should be. I believe it disempowered me spiritually, making me believe my spiritual awareness stops at what the Programme Managers and their interpretation of literature tell me. To stop me from realising that I am closer to God than I think.

Even though I didn't actually practice it, I can still see how the religion they brought me up with played a massive part in programming my subconscious and I can see the reason behind it. Religion, working as a piece of the jigsaw with education, government and the family is the perfect way to control people's perception of the world, how they feel and their reality. It's the perfect way to keep us in line; IF we buy into their threats about burning in the eternal fire if you don't comply. At the very least it still serves to divide communities by labelling some as this, and some as that, and I don't think it helps community cohesion sending kids who live next door to each other to attend separate schools.

Religion should reflect the word of God. However, frequently, the religion Programme Managers change God's word. For example, recently, many forms of Christianity are yielding to society's demands, such as introducing same sex marriage. Now let me be clear, I believe anyone should be able to marry anyone. If 2 people love each other, good on them, love is as close to God as you can be. I'm trying to show that they change Gods so called word when it suits them.

How can a command, which they have told us is the word of God, be changed by them; from being against something, to being for something, if it is already written as Gospel? How can something they have previously preached as Gods word be changed? Are they saying God was wrong and now he has changed his mind? This demonstrates to me that this is just human beings who are used to having lots of power in society. They realise they are losing that power because of societies changing attitudes towards something. Therefore, they make calculated concessions and change their interpretation of God's word to satisfy society, and stay relevant and powerful within society. All to suit their own agenda.

'Tis re-written', so to speak.

So, my problem with religion has always been the manmade or man organised element of it. I don't have the confidence in people who set the religious rules to do it for the benefit of all humankind and the world. Based upon the evidence of what some people belonging to these religious organisations have also contributed to in the world, including wars, torture, paedophile

rings, and in no small dose either, I don't see them as very trustworthy at all.

There is also the wealth that many religions accrue and have stolen on their world tours to 'enlighten' the masses, which only seem to benefit the top of the hierarchy whilst many of its followers are living in abject poverty and suffering. I'm afraid I don't believe they would have my best interests at heart, as I believe God would. So, it would be a problem for me to turn to religion to find a spiritual blueprint I could use as a foundation to my life.

Yet, despite my suspicions about organised religion, I did always feel growing up that there was something bigger than me and my 5 sensed perception of the world. There were aspects of teachings from the bible that sounded fantastic too, but my opinion is that part of the role of my given religion is to fool me into believing that the only place to turn to if I want to engage with anything spiritual is them. So how does a person like me engage with that 'something bigger'? How do I find spirituality without turning to them?

The answer to this question was revealed to me in a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous (AA). There they encouraged me to leave my religion and politics at the door and to find a God of my understanding. I have heard it many times in the meetings that we only need to look around to see the work of God, or miracles. In that context it meant that each person in an AA meeting was once a hopeless drunk who's priority every day was to get drunk, yet they had change and now all they wanted to do was be sober and help others. Faith in a power greater than them had apparently enabled this to happen.

This was very enlightening for me, as it was a practical example. In one hour I had gained more insight of spirituality than the church or a minister had ever offered me in all my years. Also, the message was given to me as a suggestion, not an ultimatum, as the religion Programme Managers had always done. I looked further into this and I learned more about what they termed 'spiritual experiences'.

As I became more open to the possibility of a higher power, I then became more aware of the apparent miracles in my everyday life, and that god, spirituality, and the 'something bigger' are much closer to home than I had known, and not reliant on a 'chosen' human being or a so-called sacred building for me to engage with it. What an amazing impact this was to have in my life. I don't have to look too far into my everyday world to see that there is more going on than what the 5 senses reveal to me.

Nature, which is all around us, can reveal to us so many examples of what we could call miracles. I read recently an article about the tapeworm and the amazing process and cycle of its life. The worm is concealed in grass, in a field in which cattle eat the grass and eat the worm. They ingest the worm and become the 'intermediary host which facilitates growth at that part of their life cycle. The next step of the process takes place as a person consumes the milk or beef from the cattle, which is contaminated by the worm.

Of course, the worm can then decant and travel into the human where it thrives and gorges on the food in the gut of said human. The human becomes the host, and the worm undertakes its adult cycle within them. Then the human defecates the worm

back into the field, and so on and so forth. Now stop and think about this. Just stop and take this on board and ask yourself; Are these worms consciously using and exploiting intelligent humans and cattle (that incidentally, humans have exploited), for their own continuation and survival of their species?

Really think about what is happening here. How the hell did the worms know how to do this? Did they plan it? And, if they planned it, there must have been a period of meetings and testing to see if it worked. Now, if you don't think that comes from a divine source, then you must believe that a group of tapeworms got together, communicated to each other, planned a way of doing it, then tested it?

And even if that was the case, that means that at some point they weren't already using this process as their life cycle, so how did they survive if they were not living in the way they need to live, in order to survive? In fact, if they were already surviving in order to plan this, why would they need to evolve this process in the first place? It's just mind-boggling and my head hurts when I think about it too much.

Take another species of worm called *Toxoplasma Gondii* that is commonly found in cats who are the host in which the worm lives its adult cycle. The intermediary host is commonly mice or birds, and when ingested by them the worm can influence their behaviour to lose their inhibitions towards, for example, cats. This allows the cats to catch them easier and the worm can then decant into the cat, which is the outcome they seek to continue their life cycle. Again, think about this; the worm manipulates the behaviours of the host for their own life cycle. Tests on humans

who have Toxo, even demonstrated a measured and not insignificant drop in the host's inhibitions, such as being more likely to have a car accident. In men, their reactions are slower and they are more prone to anger, and in women they are more trusting and show less self-preserving behaviours.

Here is another example that is beyond proper explanation. It concerns the amazing plants called Bee Orchids. These wonderful plants have flowers which look similar to native bees that share the same habitat. Now these flowers look identical to the bees. And of course they do this so they can attract the said bees who try to mate with them, and as they rub against them, they catch pollen on their legs and then travel to other similar flowers, and pollinate those flowers, thus the survival of the plants is secured, through the exploitation of the bees by the plants.

But again, ask yourself; at what point did the flowers (who, for the purpose of my demonstration must have originally appeared plain), spot the bees and say, "Hey, if we change to look like them, we can use those bees to secure our survival". Following this, the flowers then 'evolved' to look like the bees. However, at what point did they discuss this with each other as a group (or a bunch?).

I have this image in my head of a cluster of plain white flowers getting together and discussing this great idea to use the bees. So, did the flowers see the bees in the first place? And then second, did they meet to decide how to do this? It is baffling and clearly a miracle by the very definition of the word. However, the whole 'meeting of the flowers' idea only works if the plants have eye's to see the bees! It is mind boggling. Again, there is something greater at work than I can explain.

The term spiritual experience is something I've heard about all my life, but never really contemplated its meaning. I've always imagined it as an experience of epic proportions; all lights and angels dancing around; but it doesn't have to be like that. To me, it's the type of epiphanies I've mentioned in the last few paragraphs, that are spiritual experiences or, as I like to call them, 'spiritual realisations'. To understand and concede to myself that I can't explain it, and I have to accept that there is something greater going on than me.

Another example, or a spiritual realisation for me, is to consider the infinite nature of distance, which I have pondered as far back as I remember as a child. I'd think about it for a while, but then it would stop me thinking in my tracks. I would try to imagine infinity, I would imagine travelling as far as you could through space and try to picture it ending. However, I knew that even if it ended with a massive brick wall, there would have to be something behind this, and if there was such a brick wall, it would have to stretch upwards, downwards, left and right for infinity too.

This was such a profound thought that my brain would eventually switch off to it. However, I have always accepted in that context, that distance, in whichever direction is infinite. What else could it be? And did you ever consider that infinity goes inward too? Imagine a piece of string, and keep halving it, and tell me when it ends? As the saying goes, "How short is a piece of string?" OK, you heard that saying here first.

The truth about this is that I can have no argument about the infinite nature of distance, why? Because it's obvious that distance just can't end? How is it obvious? Well, I don't know, it just feels



obvious. Like when I ask myself, do I exist? I can answer, I do, and the fact that I am answering myself means I exist... right? I recognise these thoughts as spiritual realisations. A realisation that there is more than we feel, smell, hear, touch and see and that we can't explain, and these were the beginning for me, embarking on the spiritual side of my existence.

I recently watched an amazing documentary film called 'Putuparri and the Rainmakers'. It's a wonderful piece of cinema about an Aboriginal mans journey back to country to learn about his culture, and it describes his issues in living between the westernised world, and the world of his forefathers. In the film, you see an Aboriginal elder who is his grandfather, summoning the rain to fall by performing a ceremony. It's astounding because they do it in front of the cameras, and then they bask in the downpour. The whole ceremony is there for anyone to watch. So, what is at play here? Is the elder a magical man? Well, he may well be, but there is a magical ingredient that I believe makes the apparent miracle happen. It's called faith.

It is the faith of the elder that he can summon the rain, and it is the collective faith of those present that he can do it too. Therefore, it becomes reality. This is a demonstration of the power of faith and this gives me the opportunity to elaborate more about the power of the subconscious which we discussed in chapter 1. I stated that the subconscious creates your reality when repetition of key messages or intentions are given to it, and if this is mixed with an unwavering belief that it will be granted (faith), the subconscious will then manifest this belief or faith into reality. The aboriginal elder's ability to manifest rain is built upon a clear focus

of what he wants and a faith that it will happen, by him and by the others present. This faith grows and gathers momentum as it is witnessed time and time again over generations. The more that what we have faith in happens, the more that what we have faith in will happen.

When I worked in Australia, an Aboriginal friend explained to me how they use the stars as a guide to where water holes and food are situated, which has allowed them to survive during dry seasons for tens of thousands of years. He told me the stars are like a map and they pinpoint where there is fresh water for them to drink. Water, which is sometimes underground. The most fascinating part of this is that he explained that if a star is bright on that night, it means that there is water in that place, if not so bright or dull, then the waterhole is empty.

Can you imagine the faith involved to travel miles by foot to get to that water hole based upon the star's brightness? Needless to say, that after 50,000 years of living on the land as the traditional custodians, the water is there, fresh and cool, as it has been so many times before. But how do we take this knowledge from the other side of the world, from ancient traditions, and relate it to my everyday life living in a wee town in Scotland, where we've accepted life's a bitch, then you die?

Well, I can look for examples that have occurred in my life already. However, I've had to think of it in a different context and by recognising it in other areas of my life. For much of my life, I had a powerful faith without even knowing it. However, my faith was inverted; I had a blind and unwavering faith that all things would go wrong, all would fail, that relationships wouldn't last,

that she'd never like me. That I'd fail at doing that job. I have shown all my life that I have faith, faith in my ability to fail in all I did.

My faith was rewarded every time, and that's what happened in the very last disaster that brought me to write this book and change my entire way of living. However, that type of faith I have learned is actually called another name; Its fear; but it's a faith, nonetheless. I always feared the worst. So with that experience in my own life, I must learn to turn that around to cultivate faith in the good, in thinking the best, and to believe that all is well and all will end well if I repeatedly tell my sub conscious it will.

So, regarding religion, I'll conclude that if you have a belief in anything, and can convince your subconscious of this; then you can create miracles. It works if you believe it does. If you believe there is a hell, then there is, if you believe a guy called Jesus who lived in the middle east had blonde hair and blue eyes, then for you he did, if you believe the world is full or opportunity, it is, if you believe you're limited in your opportunities, then you will be.

Therefore, if an authority wants to convince its population to believe that you must sacrifice yourself for them in order to enter heaven when you die, then religion is a good way to do that. However, that's not the only story. To teach us it is, is a con. Does the Pope live a simple life with only the bare essentials as Jesus or even Ghandi did? I don't have an issue with people living by their religion, it's the double standards of those running some of them that doesn't sit right with me.

I believe that many modern day religions are used to control the masses. If you don't, then that's fine, I respect you and I hope you respect me. I won't preach this to you, so I'd like that reciprocated please. Whether or not, it started out like that; I don't know? But in my journey, which I believed was about discovering myself; I have found that there are routes to spirituality in other ways. In observing wonders before my eyes, in its demonstrations in nature, and in indigenous beliefs spanning almost 25 times longer than Christianity. It's all there if we open our mind to it.

But for me and my journey, I have now become convinced that I can move into a spiritual life, but without going through religion to get there. There are aspects of religions that I will be happy to consider, parts which I believe are the divine basis in which they were started. I can ignore those parts tampered with or influenced by power hungry people through the centuries. I can take what I want from them, I can look at all religions throughout the world and take what I want and leave the rest. And even greater than that; I can look within. I can use my subconscious as my place of worship, to commune with my God, for contemplation of all, and to hear the answers to all my prayers and needs.

I have now made a spiritual realisation that has turned my entire world upside down, then up the right way again. That I have the power to create my reality. That my thoughts become my circumstances, that heaven is within me and here and now if I choose it. I am not discovering who I am, I'm creating who I am. I am in control of my own life. I want to finish this chapter with a wonderful statement from the American Philosopher, Ralph

Waldo Emerson, this encapsulates how I am taking forward my spiritual realisation and relationship with it.

“Yourself a newborn bard of the Holy Ghost, – cast behind you all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity. Look to it first and only, that fashion, custom, authority, pleasure, and money, are nothing to you, – are not bandages over your eyes, that you cannot see, – but live with the privilege of the immeasurable mind. Not too anxious to visit periodically all families and each family in your parish connection, – when you meet one of these men or women, be to them a divine man; be to them thought and virtue; let their timid aspirations find in you a friend; let their trampled instincts be genially tempted out in your atmosphere; let their doubts know that you have doubted, and their wonder feel that you have wondered. By trusting your own heart, you shall gain more confidence in other men.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Divinity School Address



# CHAPTER 7

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## INTRODUCING MY TRUSTED UNKNOWN

**A**s I write this chapter, I am now convinced that there is more to this physical reality, a higher power that is at work in my life. All my life I had thought that because I was a so-called atheist and had rejected the dogma of the religion they brought me up on, that would negate any leanings towards believing there is a God.

In AA there is a 12-step recovery programme, and a part of the recovery programme suggests you should find a power greater than yourself in order to progress spiritually. They emphasise that religion has nothing to do with this. Many long-term members who I met lived what you could call spiritual lives, and they explained to me that to embark on a spiritual life all you need is to be open to the fact that there might just be something, a power, greater than you.

They suggested maybe I should just pray and see what happens. I'd ask, "But pray to who?" They replied, "Whoever will listen!" Their point was that there wasn't any harm in trying it to see what happens. They assured me that things would happen that

I wouldn't be able to explain. So, this allowed me the freedom to pray to something that I didn't even know was there. Almost like, "OK God, I'm feeling daft on my knees here, so the least you could do is let me know your there?"

My prayers were humble, just asking whoever or whatever was out there to let me stay sober today and maybe take away my negative thoughts and feelings and help me get through this day without making a mess of it. I'd do this in the morning and then get on with my day. Sure enough, I'd get to the end of my day and realise I'd had a good day. I'd also see people and things come into my life that seemed to compliment ideas I had for aspects in my life I wanted to improve on. Other spiritual realisations occurred to me. As I've already said, I'd always felt there was something bigger going on than what the 5 senses revealed, and I already had experienced of this?

When I was a child, I had an aunty who lived in Glasgow who I'd visit frequently. I had a close bond with her; she was my mum's big sister, and she took no nonsense from anyone, and she used to be straight with me about all kinds of facts of life, what I should and shouldn't do, what I should and shouldn't put up with.

On my visits we'd sit up late, smoking and talking, and those times were some of the best childhood memories I have., When I was about 14 years of age, she passed away suddenly. It was a bit of a shock to me. I can't explain why, but the bond we had when she was alive somehow felt like it continued. As time went on and I grew into my teens, whenever I used to get into scrapes or bother, I'd think of her and ask her in my head "Aunty, what will I do?" Sure, enough I'd find a way out of it or think of a solution. If I



were in a situation and something turned up from nowhere and helped me get out of it, I'd straight away think "That's my Aunty looking out for me, thanks Aunty". I don't know why, but I always felt she was looking out for me or available for guidance.

So, fast forward about 20 years when I was practicing praying to this unknown higher power, I realised I'd already done this. Asking for help, or thanking my deceased aunty for help, is really no different to praying to a higher power for help. It's equally paranormal or spiritual in that I'm being open to something more than the 5 senses offer me.

This was a big help to me to realise I'd always seen the potential in believing in such a power. It's another spiritual realisation. I have heard many times that if you take one step towards God, God takes a giant leap towards you. As I have said in previous chapters, I had spiritual realisations that there was something more at work, and the more I noticed this; well, the more I noticed this. However, this still left an issue for me; Yes, I have tapped into a power that can help me; Yes, I believe there is a power greater than me; However, I still had unanswered questions!

Why am I here? What is the point of this? Where do I go when I die?

If you are a member of a religion, these questions are answered. However, if you are trying to make your own mind up about it all, like a kind of DIY spiritual journey, then there aren't any answers to this. So, for me, despite my spiritual progress, I was still left wanting for the big questions in life which would always come back to haunt me. Eventually,, I'd get irked by the daily

irritations and routines that I described earlier, the world, employment, people, my fears and I wouldn't react well to these. It's like I needed an instruction manual to go with my DIY spiritual journey.

Looking back, despite my spiritual progression that AA had introduced me to, I still felt a lack in my life. In 2016 I focused on escaping my unhappiness by immigrating to Australia, and within 7 months I was living there. However, the success, the love, the stability I achieved in that time were all short-lived and so as I've stated already, I ended up back in Scotland, heartbroken, homeless and penniless. In a matter of months I had lost everything that I had accumulated in an equally short time. I wondered, what the hell is wrong with me? With life? How had I managed to mess up again?

I was in an unprecedented depth of despair. All day long my mind would be full of what I thought life had done wrong to me. I'd awaken each morning and so begin the usual cycle of thinking. What has happened? The disbelief that I was in this position, overcome by multiple emotions; Anger, resentment, fear, hate, grief, they would overpower me. I felt powerless about every aspect of my life. How could I continue to live every day feeling like this? If you have ever felt so utterly overcome with grief that it is in every corner of your mind, constantly, you'll know that it feels impossible to think of anything else. Loss of appetite, unable to sleep, and once you do sleep, you're unable to wake up.

One day I had to deal with the erroneous task of unpacking my case, which I knew was full of the life I'd just lost, and felt that I couldn't face it. I began anyway and as I was emptying the rest of

my case, with every object reminding me of the life that had been pulled from under my feet. I came across a gift my ex had given me. It was a self-help book, which promised to give me the secret to living a happy, healthy life and to have all I want, and to be all I want. So it didn't promise much then?

I was very sceptical, but at that point in my life, I was willing, and desperate enough to absorb any piece of information that would have helped me to get out of the dark hole I found myself in. I attempted to read it, but my concentration levels were non-existent, and my mind was racing, so I bought it on audio book. This was a brilliant decision. I could listen to it while driving or out walking, which I did daily to get away from my torment. I hadn't read a book for years, so this was a positive step away from where I was. A step away from my usual routine.

I gave the book a go because I had nothing else to lose. Thank God I did. This was exactly the message I needed, which gave me a glimmer of hope that maybe there is another way and it helped put me on a path which I had been craving. It introduced me to the law of attraction. It explained that my thoughts become things, that I create my reality through my thoughts. That we attract that which we are. I learned that if I think or focus on something, that manifest as my life, environment, or circumstances. I looked for other authors and books that addressed the subject. There was lots of information out there, so I researched this more.

Do you know, I didn't have to test this theory. I realised I already have a lifetime of experience to back up the theory of the law of attraction. The information also seemed to compliment the relationship I had developed with a Higher Power, that was still

flickering in the background when I turned my attention to it. My higher power was God, or the universe, or whatever I wish to call it, and it was there to help me achieve anything I wished for.

Life can be a wonderful experience. We aren't judged by a wrathful God, we're supported and nurtured by a loving God. This Law is always at work, it's a law of nature, like the seasons and the fact that if I fall out a window, I'll always fall down the way and never up. Because I'm aware of the law of gravity, I act accordingly in everyday situations. However, most of us go through our lives unaware of the law of attraction, but once we have the knowledge of how it works, with persistence, we can create the life we want. Just like knowing how our mind works, we become empowered in such an exciting way. I will again point out that we have been conditioned to be ignorant of this wonderful power we all have within us. Let me summarise the process of how the law of attraction works.

First, you ask for what you want. This either happens intentionally or unintentionally, if you see something you like, a relationship, a thing, a circumstance, anything; you release a request to the universe, God, or higher power. This is your gig, that's why it's important to get good at taking control of your conscious thoughts, so you can focus and visualise what you want to be in your life, therefore your requests are more clear. Sending a mixed message of what you want to the Universe, through lack of focus, will be reflected in what manifests in your life too.

Then it is the work of the Universe, or God, to give you what you desire or what you believe by what you give your attention to; Your desire or request is always answered, and once you request it,

the universe sets in motion, the people, the resources, and the ideas, that coordinate with your request. You want to learn to play the piano? Out of the blue, a newspaper advertisement for piano lessons will find itself in front of you in the dental surgery waiting room.

Then it's back to you, to receive what you desire; Sounds easy, I just receive and say thanks, However, there are elements within the law that dictate whether or not you can receive your intended desire. You must be on the same frequency or in harmony with the things you desire in order for them to be attracted to you. The nature of the law of attraction is that you attract what you are, or what you focus on. So if you want to attract happiness, that may come as a person who is a happy-go-lucky person coming into your life. However, filled with worry or dread, and unhappy feelings and emotions, means that you are not in harmony with cheerful people or joyful things; and because you are not in harmony with them, they will not, therefore, be attracted into your life.

I must be in harmony with what I want in order for it to come to me. I must find that frequency. It works best if I concentrate on feeling good. The reason feeling good is so important, is that our emotions or feelings are an indicator to let us know if we are attracting good into our lives. If we feel worried, anxious, unhappy, then that is a divine message that we are out of harmony with what we want, and that more of that feeling will come to you in the shape of negative people, places and things. Whereas if we feel good, happy, or passionate, then that is a signal that you are on the right path and that more of that is coming to you.

But who or what is telling you this through your emotions? Through your intuition? Well, that's God, Source or the Universe, whatever you believe in and wish to call it. For me, it's that inner feeling that I've been talking about and the higher power I've been describing. It's related to my subconscious, and the conversations I have with myself are to this higher power. People call this God, Source, the Universe, their inner being. I have called it my 'Trusted Unknown', the name of which is quite self-explanatory. I'm not too sure what it is, but I'm learning to trust it more and more through the experiences I'm having.

Some may feel this is far-fetched, but I had the gift of desperation and saw this as my last chance to get this life stuff right once and for all. I believe that there is more evidence in my life that confirms the law of attraction, than anything the Programme Managers ever gave me when they taught me history or religion as a child. Why? Because I have personally experienced this, and this presents a total paradigm shift from being a victim of my environment, to taking absolute responsibility and knowing I create my environment. It's very empowering, and exactly what I'm needing at this moment in my life.

I looked back over my life and I could see that when I was worried or focussed on something bad, for example, a relationship failing, a job issue, or not getting what I wanted, I could point to thoughts, words and actions which I could clearly see had brought these liabilities into my life. However, I could also see that I had attracted some pleasing things into my life, such as loving relationships, satisfying well-paid jobs and pleasant situations as a result of thinking positively and passionately.

For instance, in 2010 a colleague and I took voluntary redundancy from an organisation, and we decided we would start up a business together, we knew what we wanted to do, and we knew what we would do to get there, there were some barriers along the way which we overcame. However, looking back, we burned the bridges which would take us back the way, and within 3 months we secured a contract worth just short of £100,000, delivering training for a Government agency. What we achieved was nothing short of miraculous.

Another example was when I visited Australia in 2016 for a holiday, whilst visiting, I was pondering whether to work out there. I suppose in my heart I was looking for some kind of sign of what to do. When I arrived at Melbourne Airport, the Customs Officer looked at my British passport and handed it back saying, “Welcome home Sir”. I took that as a divine sign I should go out there to work.

I gave up everything and sold up, and tried over and over to get a visa into Australia, I had many setbacks, but by June 2017, I was in a full-time job, with a car and a house in Lismore, New South Wales. Now I can see how I made those thoughts become things; however, this was without the knowledge of what I was doing. I wasn't intentionally using the law. Remember, this stuff happens whether we do it intentionally or not. It is Universal law, and the difficulties it can bring, arise from not understanding this. As James Allen describes in his essay “As a Man Thinketh” and which I'd urge to read.

“... a man's mind can be likened to a garden., which may be intelligently cultivated or allowed to run wild: but whether

cultivated or neglected, it must, and it will bring forth. If no useful seeds are put into it, then an abundance of useless weed-seeds will fall and will continue to produce their kind.” (James Allen, *As a Man Thinketh*)

Further retrospective demonstration of the Law is that the 2 examples I have just given crumbled to dust quickly. Once fear and negativity plagued my mind and became my focus, “What if we get no more contracts?” or “What if I can’t get my visa renewed?” Everything reflected that attitude and became my reality.

The law of attraction is a law of nature, if you prefer to think of it like that. We have the potential to attract whatever we want to do, be or have in our lives, it is always at work and when we are unaware of this, we’re left wondering why certain things seem to happen to us all of our lives, why we seem to attract the same people, things and situations into our lives which we’re baffled by, especially, when we do not want these things. Therefore, it’s a difficult thing to accept once we become enlightened that the horrendous situations we find ourselves in are of our own making. We attract what we focus our minds and emotions on the most.

Being unaware that I was creating the negative external circumstances in my life, I would try to change them externally too. That meant I would focus on the problem I had created unwittingly, and therefore by the law, I attracted more similar people, things, situations, and circumstances into my reality. So it’s easy to see how we get ourselves in a vicious circle that we can’t get out of. However, we can change this, not by trying to change the external circumstance, but by refocussing our thoughts inward of what we want and going through the process explained earlier.



So, since I have begun to ‘intentionally’ create the reality I want. In a short period some amazing things have manifested. Many resources on the subject suggest testing the Law by manifesting a simple thing into your life to see if you get results. To let the universe reveal to you that this really works. So, always eager to get things moving, I tried to manifest 2 things which I knew I would not see often if at all. The first was a red BMW, because a friend and I always remarked that we never see any red BMWs, lots of white ones, silver, black, navy, but never a red.

So, I thought about wanting to see a red BMW to test the theory. The other testing subject I turned my attention to was the Herron bird. These beautiful animals frequent the locality in which I live. However, I hadn’t seen any in ages, and I just wanted to see one. So, I spent any downtime I would have visualising red BMWs and Heron birds. Do you know the day after I did this a Herron didn’t just appear, it swooped down past me as I was out a walk. Then, as a couple of days past, I saw more and more sighting of these.

Then I would see red BMW’s. Just the one at first, then a couple a week, then every day. Of course, my first reaction was to think “That’s just a coincidence!”, but I realised that was my pre-conditioned self-doubt, and I decided not to think like that anymore. And this part is key. I chose at that moment not to doubt anymore! I decided this is the last practical shot I have to gain happiness, and I have believed this was a manifestation from my Trusted Unknown to show me it works, and to show me I am on the right path.

Another aspect about the Law is that when we ask, it helps to think and therefore feel like we already have what we are asking for. So much so that I already have gratitude for it. Getting that feeling or vibe, imagining how I will feel when I get it and saying, “Thank you Trusted Unknown.” It helps me to get in harmony with what I want, it helps me feel good. I practised this, and one day when I was driving to meet someone for lunch with the prospect of getting some work, I kept saying out loud, “Thank you for the work that you have given me.” Just then, a massive Herron flew over me and a red BMW drove past simultaneously.

I decided there and then that this was a clear sign I was on the right path and that when I see these manifestations; it means I am on the right path and I should have faith. You can choose your own manifestations, go on, try it, see what happens. Do you know when I had the meeting with the guy believing I would get some work, we hadn’t even sat down at the table when he said, “We’d love it if you could come and do some work for us.”

“Circumstance does not make the man; it reveals him to himself.” (James Allen, *As a Man Thinketh*)

I always believed that life was about establishing a satisfactory outcome or circumstance that was an ending of all my worries and tasks. When I could sit back one day and not have to worry or suffer ever again. When I was a child, I believed that when I went to school, things would be ok, then I believed that when I left school things would be better, then when I get married, then when I have children, then when I get divorced and on and on and on and on. But it never was alright. There was never a point when I could sit back, look at my work, have a cup of coffee and a biscuit

and know I have made it. That was a big part of what made me unhappy, never quite reaching the promised land.

If life has taught me anything eventually, it's that it's actually the opposite, I've shown to myself that if I am satisfied with my lot, as I was in Australia, and rest on my laurels, I regress. So, I either create or disintegrate, that is my experience. So, my whole life was a constant struggle because I believed that happiness was indeed in the future and something out there I had to reach to obtain. And that it was obtained by interacting, changing or controlling the external world. But it never was, and it never will be.

We are all the same, we just want to feel good, we just want to feel happy, we just want to feel that we belong. This goes back to the preface and how my problem was always how I felt? Anything I want, any possession, any relationship, any situation; I only want because of how I believe it will make me feel at the point of receiving it.

So anyway, at this point of writing this, It's hard to believe that just a short time ago, I was living in my 3 bedroom house in Australia, with a swimming pool, seemingly a man of much success. Yet, today, on my 50th Birthday, I have let go of the material dependencies I had, so I can begin my life again. I am moving into my mum's house, to turn my old room into a room for my 17-month-old daughter, I have only one day of guaranteed work per week to pay the bills each month. I have no pension, no equity, just a car with an MOT that expires in a month. However, I have now gained something that far exceeds any of that. I am filled with the knowledge and faith that from this point, I can

create the life I want and no longer suffer the life that made me depressed, angry, frustrated and downright bloody miserable. I have a relationship with my Trusted Unknown as the foundations of my life now. I now have a blank canvas to paint my new life; develop my work, attract the people I want into it, and I won't settle for anything less than being the hero in my own life story.

I have taken it on myself to absorb a massive amount of information, some of which I have implemented into my life. I will reference all material I have researched which has helped me along the way. However, at some point I had to decide for myself, based on my relationship with my Trusted Unknown. This relationship has become just like chatting to someone throughout the day. I have even begun calling it a familiar name. 'Big T'.

At some point I had to take what I have learned and put it into practice in my own life and in my own way. That's what this is all about for me. I have all the answers to my own questions within me. I don't have to keep deferring to other's opinions or advice, checking with others to see if I'm right. I must only agree with Big T, and when I feel good or have a sense of purpose about what I'm doing, then I know I'm on the right track. I may not always get it right, but it's ok to make mistakes, what's important is that I don't give up and I learn from it.

I have to take my instructions from me. I must listen to the answers within me, and I must act on them. I must be able to make my decisions on my own. I can't phone up James Allen and ask him for advice. I must learn to rely on what is within me, and I am doing this, in important areas of my life, such as challenging solicitors and what they have advised me, dropping potential work

opportunities that I feel aren't good for me, challenging authority figures, leaving a home, leaving a job;, all based on what I have felt that Big T is advising me through hunches, intuitive feelings, feelings of joy and sometimes just a sense of peace as I take forward the required action.

By listening to within I have discarded elements of my life that did not fulfil me or make me happy and turned my energy towards what does make me happy and I am breaking free from the chains that once held me back. The conditioning. Go to school, be trained to be a slave, leave school and be graded on how well I can remember what they indoctrinated me with. Then do a job that I don't like and say, "Oh well, it pays the bills", and do that till they decide I can retire.

I'm going through what I believe to be a period of recovery from what happened in the past 50 years. Examining me, researching what my life is and indeed what life is. A life that now begins with me changing how I think and doing the things that I always wanted to do. Despite the pressure to get a 'normal' job, despite the difficult circumstances. It strikes me now that I committed a lot of my time to managing and working on projects for years. However, now it is time to manage the most important project Ive ever had responsibility for; Me and my physical life.

So, I have dropped out of the processes, the ideals, the rules, the concepts, that all played a part in me becoming the unhappy, unsatisfied, angry, confused and hurt human being I had become. I can choose my version of rights over their wrongs within me, make their don'ts into my dos, made their won'ts into my wills. And I am never alone, Big T is always with me, this is the

embodiment of my new way of life. The glue to hold my life together.

This feels like success, no more striving hopelessly for something I can never attain, working and toiling for something that is always just out of reach. I have all I need right now to do what I want to do and if I focus on this work, all the people, the ideas, the courage and the resources will come to me. I don't need to gain wealth in order to be a success; I am a success, and I am being looked after, and Big T will provide me with all I need to continue to be a success.

Earl Nightingale said that success is knowing what you want and how to get there. "The progressive realisation of a worthy ideal." Therefore, I am now a success. And so can you be? I am progressing that realisation right now. I'm shoving all that stuff they programmed me to perceive about the world out of my head and right up their arse and replacing it with new information in every area of my life.

I am changing all aspects of my belief system, going fully against the grain. A day at a time, I am trading anger for humility; resentment for compassion; hatred for love; but most of all, I am creating a brand new me and a brand-new life. I'm going to become the person I always thought I was, but felt I couldn't ever be. And it feels good!

Thank you Big T.

# CHAPTER 8

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## SQUARING THE CIRCLE: THE NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE

I felt I wanted to write a chapter on Near-Death Experiences (NDE's). Simply because this is a topic which I have studied over this past year and which naturally merges all I have been learning. I believe the subject lends itself well to the common belief that we are spiritual beings having a human experience. NDEs testimony has helped me to conclude that this is indeed the case and has dotted the i's and crossed the t's.

So, I thought it would be helpful at this stage in the book for me to summarise what I have learned of the subject and how it compliments my growing spiritual beliefs. I wasn't sure where to put this chapter, so in the end my feeling is that it fits best here before we move on to the more practical aspects of my journey.

Although this evidence is anecdotal, which may not be compelling to the more scientifically minded, why can't these testimonials of NDEs hold the same weight as any books written hundreds or thousands of years ago and which claim a spiritual high ground and expertise. The NDEs testimonies are of the present day and are relayed by people as accounts of now, these

people are alive now, some writing books and some making films about their experience. This is in direct contrast to the testimony of people who have been dead for thousands of years and whose testimony has been written and passed down from human to human through the centuries to be interpreted and rewritten by whoever held the power to do so. To be clear, I'm not saying the latter isn't truthful. I'm merely observing that, if people can be open to believe that which was written before they were born, then why not so the testimony of NDEs who are giving testimony now in this present day.

I have heard hundreds of accounts from people who have gone through the near-death experience. Testimony which affirm a consistent version of what happens to us when we die. That our consciousness continues. Such testimony comes from people who were dead, but returned to life to relay the most extraordinary stories of what happened to them at the point of death. Many of which have died in front of witnesses such as medical professionals. Yet at that point, their conscious awareness continued and they're able to tell us about the most amazing experiences.

This NDE phenomenon leaves the scientist and medical professionals baffled. Some are brought back from being witnessed as dead by medical professionals, can relay events that took place in the room because they claim they were watching it all, perhaps as the doctors and nurses were trying to resuscitate them. Some NDEs report having went into other rooms or places and can relay events and conversations that happened there or even some distances away, while their body was somewhere else.



Many NDE's have different journeys, however, there seems to be some consistent threads and common themes in their experiences which are quite compelling. At the point of death or the realisation they are dying many report that they feel a sense of ease and wellbeing, all worry's and anxieties they had just disappear, replaced with a feeling that all is well, there is no pain, and no panic at the fact that they have just died.

Many report that they have an out-of-body experience, and they float above their body, or somewhere in the vicinity. They comment they see people attending to a body; they wonder why all the fuss, only to realise that it's in fact their body. However, rather than feeling panic or even sadness many, report feeling a sense of relief to be out of it and wish to tell those in the room that they are feeling great and all is well.

Being out-of-body is another commonly reported occurrence, usually experienced from a high vantage point. For example, after a road accident they find themselves in the sky above, looking down at the street, or from the top of a ceiling in the room where they have left the body is quite common. What we should take comfort from too is a consistent theme of feeling a sense of wellbeing, a feeling that all is well. They say there is no pain even after dying as a result of being injured, in fact quite the opposite, many, say they feel an overwhelming feeling of unconditional love, and they feel loved beyond words and feel that they are going home.

There is a sense of being freed from the constriction of the body when leaving it, which could only be expressed by someone who has experienced this. To those who have never experienced

this, I don't think it would occur to me I would feel trapped in my body because I don't remember perceiving reality any other way. I suppose you must have an out-of-body experience to understand how constricting it feels to be in the body.

As the experience progresses, the next common theme is that a tunnel appears, or a doorway, or light which the people feel drawn towards or attracted to. It's sometimes described as a light that is brighter than the sun, but it doesn't burn the eyes, a beautiful light. Many describe the light as feeling familiar and emanating what they describe as unconditional love. Many say the light feels so familiar that it feels like they are home, or they are at their original source.

They say it feels like it's where they belong and that they feel loved beyond words. Indeed, many NDEs who are telling this story invariably shed tears of joy and display great emotion as they share their story. As you watch these interviews or talks, you can see the emotion that comes from them when they relay their experience, and it tells me they are telling the truth.

Some say, as they passed over to this other reality, they felt they knew everything there is to know, all the answers to the questions they ever had. One man stated that he knew everyone who was, had been, or will be on the earth and everything about them. He said he remembered what he had to forget when he came into his body. He said, in order for this experience to work, we have to forget where we come from. It's all part of the illusion. This supports a widely held concept we are all part of the one universal mind, one universal consciousness which is focussed into the physical body to have our physical experience.

To feel that they are home, supports the commonly held idea that we are returning to our source. Source is whatever you wish to call it, the Universe or God. This also supports the idea that we are a part of Source, or God. One NDE explained we are like individual drops of water from the one ocean, and when the drops go back into that ocean, they merge into it, becoming one again.

Many report that there is a moving towards the light. Many describe this from floating slowly to speeding like a bullet. They often report feeling a presence or an entity and sensing it loves them unconditionally. Many have conversations with the presence, many accounts report the presence as a family member, or a known religious figure.

These communications are described as telepathic or take place through a sense or feeling or knowing. Again, the experiencers find it difficult to translate a lot of what they have gone through, as there seem to be no words to describe it. It's also common that whoever or whatever they meet reflects their belief system, and there are also cultural identities throughout the world. This could be to help to ease us back to our home from the physical reality. However, some have experiences that are a surprise to them. Such as an atheist meeting Jesus.

The next common theme is a life review. This comprises seeing their whole life flash before them, some report it like watching a movie reel. An important element to this is that it doesn't appear to be a judging exercise. There is no right or wrong. It just is. Some say that this is revealed in the presence of other loving entities who they have met, and also in the presence of god.

They do not feel judged; the exercise seems to be an opportunity to look back and see what the experience felt like again. They also report their reviews as taking place as the person you have interacted with in life, that perhaps you made to feel good or made to feel bad. Simply, you feel how that person felt from your actions. Again, though, there is no judging, no reward or punishment. The actions just are.

It also seems that everyone involved, the presence, the entities, the family members, whoever, all get something from what you review. One person even said that they did not feel judged for instances when they may have hurt someone, they felt they were looked upon favourably for going through the difficulties we experience in the physical reality and bringing the experience back to them.

The next part seems to be a real mixed bag, depending on how long the experience goes on for. Some people go on still further journeys and have the most remarkable information to bring back, others feel at this point that they have unfulfilled work or a purpose in the physical realm and that they need to go back to fulfil, this could sometimes become a clear revelation during communication with the source or entities they meet. Many say they did not want to go back. This can cause the NDEs some stress when they return as they may have children and family, and yet they did not want to return. They say the physical life looked to them as only a movie or play with characters and sets.

However, some return with a renewed vigour about their lives and the people in them and become focussed on a purpose. I am trying my best to condense into a few pages what they have

documented in thousands of books, talks, films and workshops. You can use YouTube as a great way to start research the subject, which I have found the most useful, because you can see the emotion that they display talking about their experience, this has more impact on me because I can see truth in someone's eyes.

This is all consistent with the belief that we are spiritual beings having a human experience. Everything about the NDE consolidates the stuff that I have gathered through my journey. That we are all part of one universal mind and much more powerful than we give ourselves credit for, and that this is not the true reality. The most interesting concept that comes from all of this is that we come from, and are a part of Source, the Universe, God, yes Big T, and we are focussed into the body to have the human experience.

Many religions say we are made in Gods likeness or image. It makes perfect sense if we are a part of God or the Universe, and a 'droplet' of consciousness is placed into our body so that God can experience what we experience. Therefore, we are a part of God or Source, focused into a specific space and time, and we are all part of the same thing, God consciousness; and when our bodies die, we reunite or merge back into source. As a droplet of water merges back in the ocean. And as we are all from god, we all have the power of god, every one of us, through our ability to create our reality, as my research and experience has shown we can do.

So, the common themes reported in these experiences are that there is no pain, no worry, it all seems to make absolute sense when it happens. We leave the body like discarding an old coat. We feel we are returning from where we came, that we are returning to our

source. This would also mean that at another level in our consciousness, we know all this already, because we must have done this multiple times. This made sense to me because of a dream I had many years ago, which left me pondering what had happened.

I dreamt once that I was driving down a motorway. In the distance I saw a lorry coming towards me on my side of the road at great speed. I had no chance or time to escape. As I drove towards it, I knew I was going to smash into it head on. I braced myself, waiting for a bloody impact. However, as I impacted, instead of feeling pain, and the force of impact, blood, guts or whatever else, I just floated right through, painless, calmly and pleasantly surprised. I woke up and wondered why my dream had not included the impact, which I believe would have happened.

Now when I read or listen to people's NDEs, I see that this is what I dreamt. I've never had an NDE, yet I knew, or my subconscious knew, what should happen as I died in the dream. I believe that this is because it has happened many times to me before, but my physical body had forgotten. However, deep in my subconsciousness, this knowledge and the memories of past deaths provided me with an experience within the dream that matched that of my past life experience.

Yes, I know it was just a dream and anything can happen in a dream, but I don't remember having any dream like that before. In fact, I can't say I ever remember dying in a dream. Do you? It's almost as if in the dream state death does not exist. Is this because I know deep down it doesn't? Or just a coincidence that in 51 years of sleeping up to 8 hours a day, I've never died in a dream. Is it because my subconscious knows I never die?

Regarding this subject, I'd also like to share with you the time when my father died. I was with him right at the moment of his death as we agreed for the nurse to turn off the ventilating machine keeping him alive. This happened in 2005 and it had a very profound affect and how I thought about life and death. I felt I witnessed the life force leave his body. Not that I saw some apparition or anything like that. I merely witnessed the change in his body passing away. It was so clear to see the miracle of life just disappear from him in an instant. His eyes greyed over from blue instantly, his hands changed from pulsating pinky white to porcelain white as he flatlined.

I saw then that what was left was not my father I'd known for 35 years; it was just a costume that he discarded. That miracle that makes it all work had left that body. This had so much of an impact on me I did not go to see the body viewing some days later. What was the point, I thought? I was comfortable with that decision because it wasn't my dad anymore.

I wanted to remember him as he was when the life pulsed through him and I have never gone to a viewing of a body since then. I don't have a problem with someone getting comfort from this as many people do, but it's not for me. I now take great comfort when someone dies in believing what the NDEs say.

The NDE testimony makes absolute sense to me and is consistent with the other information I have researched. And why wouldn't I want to believe these people? They talk of love, forgiveness, purpose, meaning, they ask for nothing from me; they don't make demands of me, which is the exact opposite of what

religion offered me. In many cases, people who experience this can take a long time to tell their story from fear of ridicule.

I am also gaining an understanding of why we are here. I believe we are part of the one universal consciousness, focussed into this human body in order to have this human experience we are having now. Coming from our original source. But why? What's the point of this? This sometimes painful, life which is difficult, and seems filled with a variety of adverse events and circumstances that mean we suffer anxiety, stress and unhappiness. Because it is true isn't it, no matter how much I try, there is always something going on that I could do without. Why can't I just have an easy life?

I have realised and now accepted that I'm not here for an easy life; I am here to gain wisdom through experiencing the adversities that life throws at me. These adversities are my fates. These fates are opportunities for growth into being the best version of myself and to gain more wisdom. There are infinite permutations that can arise from the decisions I make and how I deal with these fates. However, I have the potential to overcome every circumstance I am met with. That's the meaning of the common phrase, "God will never give you something you can't handle". This is how we grow and move on to the next part of life with wisdom, strength and experience to undertake the new roles we can fulfil. And if you don't accept the fate and try to avoid it rather than try to overcome it, I will only suffer more.

I have suffered because I was trying to find an easy life with no adverse conditions. We all do, and how many times do we just about reach that outcome of easy street, when some mild irritation



or total disaster comes from nowhere and spoils it, and we say, if only this wasn't happening, my life would be perfect. But that is a falsehood. The adversities are meant to happen. And by not accepting them, by turning away from them, we only prolong them and increase the suffering. We can't avoid them, they are coming. It's what we do about them that is the point.

We plan these fates before we come into this physical body, and everyone who is a part of the adverse circumstance is a part of it, however, the permeations resulting from what we will do about them are infinite. I believe that there are people in my life; friends, lovers, short, medium and long-term acquaintance who are there to assist me as we planned at source before we came into the physical reality. That makes sense too, if we are all one universal mind. Do you notice in life that there are some people who we just seem to connect with; People who seem to impact on us more than others. Yes, even the people who seem to make life uncomfortable or hurt us.

They are me; they are you. Helping me work out a puzzle or introducing the problem. The people who I love, my childhood best friends, are there to give me mental relief, to help me through it. Sometimes people who help me through things or even make life difficult, are only in my experience for a short time, and it's once I solve that puzzle or learn to let go, that they leave my life and are replaced by others.

I believe this; you don't have to believe it? But it makes sense to me how when we meet some people we feel like we've known them for years, and with others there just isn't that feeling. I believe those others are not a part of my pre-planned experience; they are

in a different movie and sometimes we interact, but no more and no less. Recently, I had an epiphany, that all the people in my life who I felt hurt me, who abused me, all of my life. They were all a part of it with me too. In fact, we are all a part of each other's intertwined experience.

The term soul mates is commonly used to describe that one special lover who we spend all our lives with. However, I believe in this life I have many soul mates, and they are those I have just described. People such as those who I became connected with at a very personal level, as a child or adolescent or adult. They seem to have a purpose in my life, and me in there's. I have friends who I have grown up through childhood with, and I may not see for years, and yet when we meet, we shoot the shit like we have never been apart, and feel better for it, almost re-energised. We seem to be helpful to each other in working out stuff, issues, problems, or just as a companion who helps me to make sense of life.

Then there are those who come into your life for a short period, never to be seen again after your episode. It could be a lover, your relationship ends and you spend weeks, months or even years hoping to get them back into your life, wondering how you'll get by without them and cursing the wasted years spent developing such a wonderful and close relationship with them. But when you get over them and look back, you see how they made a beneficial impact on your life; You realise how the experience of being with them helped you move on in life, helped you be a better person.

Even that bully at school, who attacked you, that lover who broke your heart. They are all you, and you them. This physical reality is just an illusion; we prepare to have our human experience.

So try to love all the people in your life. After all, they are just you, and you are all acting out the roles you picked with multiple permutations and storylines. Maybe it's like a massive mushroom trip, and when you die, you'll realise you were tripping and exclaim, "Wow that was mental, next time I must remember not to take it all so seriously and take a bad trip again, next time I'll have more fun." But as soon as you go on that next trip, you can't let go, you grab control, and you get caught up in the illusion again, instead of just going with the flow and enjoying the ride.

Note to self; I must remember to go with the flow.



# CHAPTER 9

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## WORKING WITH “BIG T”

I am now rejecting all that Big T tells me I should reject, and I am striving and working towards understanding my purpose and what I must do to achieve it. Sometimes, it's not about rejecting, it's not about striving, it's been about letting go. Understanding that I've done all I can, and it's time to let the Universe or Big T deal with it now. That can be hard. Letting go of the need to control a situation can be difficult when this has been a default position to protecting myself all my adult life.

However, this is where the kidding stops, this is where I become who I am supposed to be, this is when I take control of me, stop being a victim and become the victor, stop apologising for being alive and learn to stand up straight, pull back my shoulders and declare... This is who I am, this is what I believe, and this is what I'm going to do about it!

I have chosen to live a spiritual existence, a life that gives me a foundation to build upon and enables Big T to guide me in my life and who I can depend on 100%. However, I have discovered that I must live my life in a certain way to allow the opportunities, the people, the ideas, and the resources Big T has in store for me

to come into my life. They will help me progress the life I wish to create, and therefore, my success now depends on how I live.

It's like I'm in partnership with Big T. There is stuff it does and there is stuff I need to do, otherwise it just doesn't work. Therefore, through trial and error I have discovered by looking back over my life, that there are behaviours I express that will either facilitate or hamper this partnership working well. What a wonderful thing to discover about myself, and to realise that I am already a success because I have solved the puzzle to my existence.

Most people don't do that in an entire lifetime. Most people don't do that in several lifetimes. It gives me so much to look forward to now. That my best days are ahead of me. I'm not saying I've got it all worked out or have all the answers, I'm saying that I am now working in my very own workshop that has all the tools available to create the most amazing things I want.

My side of the partnership may not always be easy to implement. I'm just new to this remember and I have conditioned habits engrained in me which I'm working hard to overwrite and implement. I also want to state here that I am only telling you what I have done from where I was in my life. As you may have realised, this book is not an instruction manual. It's just my story. If it helps someone, that's great, if you identify with me that's great too. This book is whatever you want it to be.

If you look back over the chapters, you'll see I have examined my life, set it in context, identify what I seen as wrong and the reasons for this and then implement a way of living that have brought about a change in circumstances from adversity to the

seeds of success. You can do that for yourself too, and that may mean running your own life as a project in a way that gets you the results you require. I'm seeing results now, and it's exciting.

Ok, so I'm going to use this chapter to summarise the key elements I am implementing into my life or if you like my side of the partnership. Imagine it like a contract between two partners, both of which have something different to offer, and if they work in harmony, they can produce the most amazing results.

**-Speaking to and Listening to my trusted unknown as a way of life-**

I suppose some would call this prayer and meditation. It's getting in a habit that suits me and knowing that there is a power greater than me at work and on my side. Remember, for me I had to grasp the flimsiest of spiritual concepts in order to begin my journey, which has led me to believe that I am not alone, and I am cared for by my Trusted Unknown.

I would initially pray on my knees in the morning, ask for guidance and to stay sober and just handle the day ahead, then before I'd go to sleep I'd say thank you. If I had some issues in my life, and I'd ask for help, this would show up in the most wonderful ways. I remember in Australia trying to find a house to live in, but to no avail and getting frustrated. A friend reminded me to just ask God for a house. I did through prayer that evening, and the next day I found the perfect home.

Then, the conversation became a 2 way one. I remember when I was in training for marathons, I'd head off on a run and discover that by the time I finished I'd have an intuitive answer

come into my mind, addressing the question or prayers I'd offered. I realised that this was meditation. Getting myself into a rhythm of running, which seemed to quiet the aspects of my thinking mind and become more immersed in my body and my subconscious. And being taken over by the no space, no time, that we get immersed in when we lose ourselves in an activity. This seemed to let the communications with Big T flow right to me.

However, if I had to run for miles every time I needed an answer or to communicate with Big T, I would be 7 stone by now and exhausted. So, I have discovered that for me, the best way to do this is to take some time out each morning and spend a half hour or more in what I'd call a quiet state of willingness to be at one with the power. In fact, now I can also waken up to ideas and inspiration which, as I'll explain further in Chapter 10, I have used to make life-changing decisions.

I also believe now the meditation in the morning seems to open up my awareness to all things spiritual for the rest of the day to have more intuitive ideas or answers and also, and this is key, take notice of the subtle messages in situations which present themselves during my day which are aids to my progress in what I have decided and agreed with Big T are the purposes in my life.

For example, I was trying to contact someone who I had worked with over a decade ago but couldn't even remember their surname. A day or 2 later, I'd forgotten about it. While I was out shopping, I bumped into someone I hadn't seen for a while. We had a good 5-minute conversation catching up on this and that. Then, as we left to go our separate ways, I had a feeling about something. Like I'd forgotten something. They too seemed to hang



back, as if they expected more from me. It wasn't until later in the day that I realised this person I met was the Human Resources member of staff where the person I was looking for previously worked. These things happen all the time, but the skill is to be open to it, by expecting it.

**-Staying sober minded-**

Another critical element of my progress has been the need to eliminate mind-altering substances from entering my body. In the past, these substances were a part of my shortcut to finding serenity if you like. However, prayer and 'medication' can't work for me. Substances aided me in sleeping, blocking out the past, to stop worrying about the future. Prescription pills, alcohol, illicit drugs, smoking. They all took the edge off the negative feelings I had from my earliest memory. They replaced that feeling with ones of exhilaration to serenity, but this was always short term.

It always left me with the same feeling, and if there was an emptiness to fill before, there was a deep chasm afterwards. It's futile because I'd wish I could feel like that all the time and I'd become despondent that I couldn't, and that would then make my reality even more unbearable and an ever-decreasing circle.

I have had to face the truth now, that if I want to be the best version of myself possible, I won't be able to do this. With a dependency of any kind on such substances, I can't think to the best of my ability on them. I have to be honest with myself; it may be nice to even just sometimes have a wee pill now and then and sit with a glauk face listening to an old doors album, but I can't be the best version of myself under the influence of any mind-altering

drug. And in my new way of living, I have learned that my mind is an important tool in my life, both as an initiator of thought, and a creator of my reality.

I have decided to believe my thoughts create my reality, therefore, if I'm taking substances, my thoughts are not what they should be. They are intruded upon by what becomes an obsession to continue accessing and feeding myself with the substance. Also, I cannot focus on what I want, because what I genuinely want, is compromised by the need for the substance, and to be honest, I just become weaker, I am less decisive, and I am also less courageous, and it's not long before fear comes back into my life, and so on and so on.

I have a host of friends who will tell me there is nothing wrong with me having a wee crack now and then, but I am in business for myself and I am not the man I aspire to be when I do this. Do I want to be stoned and mediocre or straight and superior? That's my stark choice. I have accepted that there are certain things that I am just not supposed to do, and taking substances, especially alcohol, is one of those things.

I've had this feeling for years, it's almost like my higher power has told me. "I've given you the ability to sing, play music, write, attract, work with people, lead people, be creative and be funny, but drinking and drugging is a no no. Do that and life will not work out for you". Then when I'm doing well at all the stuff I'm good at, if I decide to have a wee session.... its BANG! I have proven this to myself throughout my entire life. Even my last drunk, which was no more of a session than people have every

weekend all over the world, Kick-started a series of events that almost destroyed me.

For that reason, I have surrendered; I have given up; I have decided, I can't do that. Even the hangover after 14 years of not having them was like hell on earth, and worst of all; I compromised, myself. I gave people the opportunity to attack me and use what I'd done as a platform to forward their own agenda. This can never happen again. NEVER!. Or should I say, for this day. I always have to remember this, I only ever have to stay clean and sober today, there is no tomorrow and there is no yesterday. Things are much easier if I only have to do them for today.

So, the upside is that it has proven me right. I accept that when I drink or drug, shit stuff happens, and when I don't, the entire world opens up to me and I do now believe that I can do anything in this world, Just not that. And it's paying dividends, as you'll see described in the following chapter.

### **-No More Resentment & Anger -**

This was and is a Biggy for me. I believe one of the biggest obstacles to living a happy life is when I allow others and their actions to affect me, and when I cultivate a perception that others have harmed me. It's one of the biggest examples there is to being negatively affected by something that doesn't even exist, something that has already happened and that has affected you so much that you keep playing it back over and over.

I always allowed the solution for this to be reliant on external things which I have no control over, such as expecting the people involved to apologise for what I perceive they did to me, or those

people having some kind of retribution visited upon them because of what they did.

By doing this, I'm creating a situation in my life which I disempower myself from choosing how I feel in my day and give power to the very people I have resented. I'm saying to them... "You hurt me once, and now you can continue to hurt me, until you decide you should punish yourself for what you have done to me". That's an unrealistic expectation of anyone or of any situation. I'm creating a situation in which my peace of mind is reliant on another person. But the absolute truth which I have had to face up to is that there can be no resentments, no hatred, no animosity within my heart, or Big T can't work with me.

No matter how much I can justify it to others, and no matter how others can back me up, or sympathise that I am quite right to feel such a way, there is no real progress to be made, or there is only progress to a point if I choose to carry resentment or negativity toward a person or a situation. Notice how I use the word choose in this paragraph. I always have the choice. And yes, sometimes I choose to hate.

In my lifetime, I had built up so many resentments that I don't know how I had the room to fit them all in. (Thank god the subconscious is an infinite storeroom and can take as many of these as we feed it). It wasn't just the old ones, you know, the ones when you can't sleep and remember that guy that upset you 30 years ago; or he girl who did the dirty on you 24 years ago. I could take on resentments like a canoe full of holes takes in water. I would begin my day being annoyed at the news which reports everything bad that is happening in the world, I'd resent the weather, I'd resent

the fact I had to go to work, and I'd resent that I had to scrape ice off my car and so on and so on.

I resented the situation which happened when I returned from Australia, and the people I deemed responsible for this injustice. But all these feelings only made me feel worse. It's like dealing with drugs and drink in that I've had to learn to forgive, even just for that day; and I have learned that I don't forgive people for them, I do it for my wellbeing. How can I be the best version of myself, live in this moment, and make the best of it if I am affected by other people's actions I have no control over?

It's not helpful to me and I have had to learn to forgive those who I perceive had done me wrong. There are three aspects to this; the first is that it is causing me pain, it's spoiling my sleep pattern and its upsetting my day; the second is that it then blocks the flow of what I want in my life from coming because, as I've said already, we attract what we think about. If I resent, I get more to resent. And the third is that I am keeping myself in the frequency of and in harmony with people I don't want to have in my life.

I must continue to remind myself of the relationship between how I am feeling and what will become my reality (or not). As I've said, if I now believe that I can attract what I want into my life, and that my thoughts become my reality, then I must concede that if I continue to think about a certain person or thing, and think about them negatively, then this is what I will continue to manifest in my life. I'll continue to have the same problem with this person and not only that, I will attract similar people and things into my life too. I can demonstrate examples of this when I look back at the results I've had in my past, and you can do the same. I must

gravitate towards better people, places and circumstances and leave those people behind who I have a tendency of allowing to make me unhappy.

As I have moved away from a certain situations and people, forgiving them and choosing to move on, I can only describe this as being set free. It's almost as if I had been chained to that person or situation, and now I have walked away and into the amazing life I am creating. Here's the thing. When I look back at them, I see them stuck in the same world, a world of their own making, whilst I move into a world of limitless possibilities, new awareness, and a sense of personal freedom.

However, this isn't easy to do, especially when the ego gets the better of you, or when you may still have to deal with the person you resented in your everyday life; and no matter how hard you try to move things forward with them, they still act resentful to you and attack you whenever they can. So, in that case, the overcoming of the resentment or ill feeling towards them needs to be compartmentalised. That is trying to deal with it maybe one day at a time, or even only when you are in contact with them. The rest of the time I have learned to reaffirm to myself that I forgive them and send blessings and hope that one day we will both be in harmony. It works for me when I practice it.

What do I mean, be in harmony? I realise now too that this is another way of saying I'm on the same frequency as them, or wavelength. What does that mean regarding this? Well, it's quite significant. When I have forgiven people, I've sometimes expected we will be back in each other's lives. I'll attract them back through the natural law and we will all get on fine again. But they may not

have the same attitude as me. They may wallow in that resentment and the law of attraction brings that which is likened to me, so if we are out of harmony (e.g., they are hateful and I am forgiving), they won't be in my life anymore.

Therefore, forgiving someone you were once close to and thinking that will bring them back might not be the case. However, a consistent loving attitude towards them may see a change in their feelings towards me, and therefore put them on the same frequency, in harmony and so attracted into one another's lives again.

You may even find people don't like when you forgive them. Sometimes those you forgive won't appreciate it, so it doesn't always help to tell them. You can forgive inside without approaching the person, because they may get angry at you, and you may find yourself in confrontation, which will again, in my experience, hamper the flow of goodness you are attracting into your life. Also, when you tell friends and family that you forgive someone that they witnessed hurting you, they, for good reason, may not like this either.

Have you ever shown tolerance or forgiveness and a friend says, "Well you're a better man than me". I'm sure they don't mean that; they mean, "I think you're less of a man for that, I'm far too hard, cool, smart, or whatever to be such a fool like you." I had to learn to forgive the people I perceived hurt me, not for them, but for myself. My Cognitive Behavioural Therapist taught me to always ask myself one question about my responses or reactions. "Am I getting the results I want?" I can honestly say that now I am.

**-The Need to be Honest with myself-**

I must be honest with myself in all aspects of my life. When I say be honest with myself, I mean recognising what's good for me and what's not, and acting accordingly. But that isn't easy. I have been a master of self-deception all my life. I also deceived myself all my life. I was so dishonest with myself that I didn't know when I was being dishonest. It sounds crazy, but I have had to learn to have a conversation with myself which is sparked by my emotions or feelings telling me something isn't right, or this is not what I want. It's important, in my new way of life, to identify when I am embarking on a thought, word or action which will end up making me unhappy.

I have a habit of getting into relationships, starting jobs, or digging some kind of hole, which causes me frustration, anxiety, or some kind of stress later down the line and I now understand that is because it goes against my true wants or my true purpose or what we call my intuition. Sometimes I'll get involved in something because it's giving me some kind of short-term pleasure or contentment. Getting honest with myself has meant taking time out to ask Big T first if I'm doing the right thing. The answer usually comes in how I feel, an intuitive nudge, an idea or a coherent message during my daily activities. It can also be more subtle than that, and I am practicing being more aware of this.

The next part is more difficult. Because sometime the message is there, but I don't want to accept it and act, which has been the story of my life. Again, it may be a feeling when I go on a date with someone, something they do or say waves a red flag telling me I must get out of it ASAP, but maybe they are attractive, or it has



been a financial opportunity which would have paid the bills for the next year. Big T has sent that feeling into my solar plexus and said, “Bad idea!”, and I’ve ignored it.

In the past, fear of being alone or financial insecurity has caused me to ignore my intuition, resulting in a mess to clean up. I have got better at listening to Big T and acting accordingly, and it seems to work. The trick is to remember that if I am honest with Big T; I am being honest with myself, and if I’m honest with myself, I am being honest with Big T. This brings me into that alignment with him. That’s the partnership working. And that’s when I become inspired or when ideas come into my head, resources turn up out of the blue, things come to me which show that following my intuition was the right thing to do. Sometimes that red BMW and the Herron show up and I smile inwardly and say “Thank you Big T.”

Therefore, I have learned that the best way of being honest with myself, is to take time out, retreat into the quiet and meditate on it. Make a cuppa, go a wee walk. Ask and listen for the answer or feel the feeling that tells me, then act on it with no further questions. Just do it.... it works.

**-Realise Every Moment is Important-**

Every memory I have, either good or bad, is part of the jigsaw of my life. Even when that moment feels like the worst thing I have ever gone through, my experience has shown me that this is an opportunity to grow and move forward, and to benefit me. You don’t know good, until you have bad, you don’t know how great it is to have a roof over your head and food to eat until you have

done without; you don't enjoy your car as much until you went without one for a while.

And all the minor aspects of your life are the pieces of the jigsaw that make you who you are. Yes, they are all important, and the way you perceive them is vital too, because each moment, even this moment. Every moment has the potential to be positive or negative, and it's only our perception of this moment that dictates how they affect our lives. We can choose to live in heaven or hell now. For example, look at these 2 statements about one person and decide which one must be true?

I am a failure in life because of the memories I have as a child being bullied and having an abusive parent who did not provide for me growing up.

or

I am a success because I use the memories as a child of being bullied and having an abusive parent to motivate me to make sure I defend myself and provide for my children.

Both these statements are about the same conditions for someone growing up. The individual can use these moments in their life to become either a victim or a victor. The statement that is true is the one the individual chooses to be true. Sometimes, the first may sum the individual up and at other times the second will be their truth. But that individual chooses what defines them, not the past related circumstances that only now exist in their imagination.

At the time of writing this book I am homeless, I have no income, and I have no car. However, I know that this does not define who I am if I don't allow it to. I know that like everything else that has gone before in this life, this is only a temporary situation and if I don't give up on my purpose, I'll have all these things again, and more. I'm a success, remember, because I am working towards my purpose. It's all about how I choose to perceive my circumstances. I could sit in the house on a rainy Sunday, on my own, poor me! Nothing to do, I can't be with my kids, the weather is awful, and I miss the sunshine; OR;

I see this time as creative. I shall go for a lovely walk in the rain, talk with Big T, ask for inspiration of what to do and go from there. When I go on the walk, it comes into my head that this is a wonderful day to work on my writing. Nobody will bother me. I realise I am so lucky to have a roof over my head today; I am so lucky that I have this wonderful time on my hands to do what I love to do. I will plan my next day with my youngest daughter and look forward to my new grandson arriving and visiting him and my older daughter in the States. The gratitude flows with this attitude. And how grateful I am to have been granted the courage to gain the freedom I now have in my life.

Every single moment is important, every moment matters in terms of its potential. And every moment has the potential to change my entire life or to keep it the same. Right this minute you can decide to change your life. You can apologise for what you know was wrong, you can write that poem, sing that song, you can call that friend, start that business, or you can relax and take it easy.

It doesn't really matter what you do, and it really does matter what you do.

**-Define and work towards your definite purpose-**

I struggled with this all my life. I always felt as I'm sure we all do, that I was destined for great things if I only knew what they were. But when I look back at most of the ambitions or ideas I had, I never failed trying to achieve them, I gave them up. So, once I decided to pursue a purpose in my life, I stalled. Why? Because I didn't know what my purpose was. I didn't know what I wanted to do.

I think that was because I only thought it was worth having a purpose if I could achieve it now. Or as society had conditioned me to believe, my purpose had to be about making money or its pointless. And, if it doesn't make money, that falls into the hobby category and you can only have a hobby when you have the spare time and the money for it. This is where Big T once again became important. I asked him during my morning quiet times, and the answer came as always.

What is my purpose? What do I really want to do? I was being told through the books I was reading, the people I was listening too on social media, that the reason that people are unhappy is that they are not doing what they truly want to do with their lives. That is a reason that I am not feeling fulfilled. No matter what type of job I got, even if I'd pursued this job and got it through working hard. I would eventually still end up unhappy because I don't enjoy having to be at a place for a certain time. I don't like to be told

what to do, and I am always going to be at loggerheads working for someone else's dream.

Of course, a business or an organisation is the idea of another individual. It's their dream, and if I'm working for someone else's dream, there will always come a point that it won't be my priority, and I won't want to focus my day on it. Needless to say, Big T pointed me in the right direction. And I have, one step at a time, begun to understand what my purpose or purposes are, and I'll describe these in the following chapter. But I realised that the search for my purpose was not something I had to find in later life. My purpose had been presented to me years ago, it was within me from the outset, but I was not in the right condition to recognise it.

### **-Never Quit, Persist in your Purpose-**

I have adopted this attitude into my life with significant effect now. I refuse to give up what I know my dream is. I dare the world to say no to me. I dare people to not believe in my dream. When I look back over my life, I only ever failed at something I wanted, such as a relationship working out, getting a job, or getting anything, when I gave up on it myself. If I persisted, history shows I got what I wanted.

In the past 2 years of this journey, I have persisted in several small, medium and large things in my life and this persistence has paid off. I will also go into these in more detail in chapter 10. One of my motivations in refusing to give up, for persisting, is the realisation that persistence is a demonstration of faith. Big T loves that, and this follows on from my realisation of what a desire is. If

I feel a desire for something, then that is a divine nudge from Big T telling me it is possible to achieve it somehow, someway. When I have a desire to achieve something, there is a possibility I can achieve it. If I persist through temporary setbacks on the way to achieving it, then I'm showing and cultivating faith.

“Wherever there is unexpressed possibility, or function not performed, there is unsatisfied desire. Desire is possibility seeking expression, or function seeking performance.” (Wallace D Wattles, *The Science of Getting Rich*)

A desire that fires up the imagination and sends joy through you is a divine sign of the possibility of achieving this desire. Then as I embark on working towards this desire or intuitive feeling to do something, I begin to feel passionate about it, joyful, and damn well good about what I am doing. Then the people, the ideas, the courage, and the resources come into my life to help me achieve it. This is a sure sign that I'm headed in the right direction, and that if I keep going, no matter what, I'll get there in the end.

**-Be Grateful for the Past, Present and Future Gifts I now Possess-**

The statement above may sound like a contradiction. How can I be grateful for the FUTURE gifts I NOW possess? Well, because I have faith in Big T that they are coming. The same as I would be grateful for the car, I have ordered yet will not possess until next month. Or the holiday I have booked, but I won't go on until the summer.

These things are just ideas in my mind, yet I can feel good about them because I have faith they are coming. Therefore, I am

happy about a future I now possess. And of course, if I am grateful now for a future event, because I believe it's coming, that generates happiness.

So what? Well, remember feeling good, facilitates the process of the law of attraction, to allow or bring the things to me I am asking for. So, by being grateful because of my faith, I allow myself to feel good, therefore allowing the good stuff to flow into my life by the law. It's all about building momentum. I have faith; I experience it coming to fruition. Therefore, I develop a stronger faith, which comes to fruition again, this develops even more faith, and so on and so on.

I know that when I was in times of despair; I didn't feel like I had anything to be grateful for, but there was; and there always is, it could be a friend who gets in touch or the fact you have your health. Feeling grateful for the blessings I have in my life allows more blessings to come. Therefore, don't be fearful that the bank account is dwindling, be grateful that you still have money in there, don't be fearful that I'll never be in love again, be grateful that you have felt love in the first place, or don't get annoyed that you can't find a job you want, be grateful that there is one on the way, there always is, if you believe it so. Even if your show of gratitude feels like you are faking it, have faith that this action will be rewarded by achieving a feeling of genuine gratitude, because of the faith you are showing.

Don't just be grateful for what you've had, or have, be grateful for all the things that you want as if they are yours already. Every day I say, "I am grateful for the past, present and future blessings I

now possess.” Do you know I get butterflies when I say that sentence.

**-Don't get bogged down by stuff in life, that won't matter to you on your deathbed-**

Another behaviour that has had to go from my life, is my habit of getting caught up in stuff that only serves to hold me back from my purpose. Especially stuff that breeds fear and anxiety into my life. I'm quite an opinionated guy, but do I have to get involved in petty arguments and prove my point? Even though I know I'm right, of course. I used to engage in debate around politics, but nothing I ever said ever changed what was happening in the world. I'd sit up on a Thursday evening to watch the political debate 'Question Time', on the BBC, get myself all riled up, raging sometimes, shouting at the Tele. But why?

It's almost like I felt that if I raged about it and shouted at the TV, I would've had some kind of impact on the political affairs of the country. But since I have stopped watching this, I have enjoyed my Thursday evenings much more; I am not filled with fear about impending war; I am not raging at the comments of an MP and livid that they are all liars whose only motive is their career. I know what they are, and they won't change. And I guess they have all survived without me watching too.

Now I can hear all the politically minded and the activists jumping up and saying if everyone just stopped engaging, the politicians would get away with murder. Well, I'm sorry, but it's plain to see they already do and have done since long before I was born and by the looks of it long after my death. But I won't engage



in their format anymore. I won't contribute to legitimatising what they are doing to the world. That's part of the problem. They use this method of engagement called politics in the same way religion uses its dogma, structures, and buildings to engage its congregation.

According to them, if you want to have a say in the world, you must go through them and do it their way. Similar to the religions, who say if you want to engage with god you have to do it through us. You'll see in the next chapter that I do engage, but I do it by attempting to bypass their methods and rules for engagement as much as possible. As the old saying goes.

Whoever you vote for, government wins!

I try to develop ways of deciding if something is worth me putting my energy into. This should always relate to knowing what my purpose is and realising I only need to engage in something that contributes to my purpose in life. If I know what my purpose is, then it stands to reason I know what is important in my life and therefore what needs addressed by me. This takes away a lot of wasted time, energy and thoughts spent on things that do not align with my purpose.

Through my past experiences of growing up in a council estate in Scotland and having to fight my corner constantly, I have had to re-condition myself to let some things go. I based a lot of this stuff on what others might think about me. But who cares what they think? What they think about me has nothing to do with me. If I know who I am and where I'm heading, I only have to concern myself with that which concerns these things; Simple.

I admit, there will be times in life when I'm 'off' purpose, and I will feel compelled to still get involved in something unhelpful. So, what should I deem as important? I use this analogy to answer that question. Imagine you are lying on your deathbed. Not able to do anything else but see out the last few hours of your life. You look back over your life. Would you be glad you hadn't spoken to your daughter again because it would have been like backing down to her husband who you'd argued with?

Or would you have been glad you spent all that time together? Yea, you had to tolerate the guy; he annoyed the hell out of you, and you had to bite your tongue a lot, but you and your daughter and your grandchildren had your time together and created memories that will never die. Or will you think to yourself, "I'm so glad I haven't spoken to my daughter for 30 years, and missed my grandchildren growing up because at least her husband knows I can hold a grudge and don't take any shit from anyone". I think the answer is obvious.

When we get ready to leave this body or when we perhaps leave unexpectedly; I don't think that stuff will matter. It's not about how many people I can show to that if you cross me, you'll get hurt. The Universe will take care of them regarding how they live their lives. It's not about how I always get even in the end. It's about how much I can make things right; Or how much I can TRY to make things right, and how much I can demonstrate I believe nothing has to stay the same in this life.

If I concentrate on trying to be the best version of myself, I can be. Miracles do happen, people do change, events occur we would never have expected could have occurred in such a way. We

must be open to this, and if we hold grudges and refuse to open our minds, the chances are, we may miss some lovely moments that we could have created in our lives for us and for others. And anyway remember, we are all one consciousness focused into this individual physical experience, think how daft you'll feel when you leave this body, and go through the tunnel of light and cry out loud, "Ah shit, I forgot I was an infinite spiritual being, here to gain wisdom, spread love, happiness and joy; Can I have another go please?"

**-Conformity kills creativity. Turn away from conformity and do not care what other people think-**

Most of us in our westernised world live our lives in a daily routine of conformity that is installed from birth. This is consolidated within the institutions we experience in our formative years and then maintained by ourselves once we go out into the world to do what society says we need to do. We judge one another in little ways, such as of how to behave, what to say and how to dress. We judge one another in how we live their lives, and we feel restrained from expressing ourselves because we worry about what our fellow judges may think.

How many times have you revered a musician, poet or philosopher who has described a feeling, emotion or even a situation which mirrors something that you had pondered yourself yet were too afraid to discuss. We applaud comedians whose comedy is an observation of our own human behaviours that we already knew about, but wouldn't dare mention.

So why don't we comment on this before someone else did. All an observational comedian does is point out what we already know because we do and see it every day in life. So why don't we point it out? Because we are conditioned to believe that we should only speak our mind if it is socially acceptable. Therefore, many of us don't express our own opinion until someone else has the courage to do it first. Then we say they are a genius, or it's funny 'cos it's true.

When we conform to the dos and don'ts of society and others' opinions, we block our own creativity. By conforming to everything that is deemed normal to everyone else, we don't allow ourselves to express what we feel or what we believe in our gut about a certain situation or viewpoint. This means that we look to another, usually in authority, or people we put on a pedestal in life for answers. Look through history at the prominent men and women who were laughed at for their ideas, music, views and later held up as geniuses who dared to be different.

We look to the majority to see what they think, then we go along with it. Why? Well, we have learned from the Programme Managers that to do something that differs from the majority, means you can be held up to ridicule, and being held up to ridicule is one deterrent to being a non-conformist and thinking freely and which is part of the belief system we adopt. It stops creativity and asking questions that our own God is prodding us to ask or comment on.

If you escape school with your own ideas and values still intact, we as a community are not slow to kick it out of you. As discussed in a previous chapter, it's obvious now to see why young

people rebel. It's not because it's just a phase we go through or just for the sake of it, it's because we are revolting against being forced to be something or someone we are not, forced to not think for ourselves. If you were rebellious as a teenager, you would have been told that it's just a phase, and you'll grow up soon enough. But I say that this is a stage in your life when you can smell the bullshit a mile off. This is when you are going through the most objective period of your life, and you can see the exploitation of people by government, and the Programme Managers scams.

I have discovered that if you want to fulfil your own purpose, and do what makes you happy, then you must stop caring about what other people say. This is the magnificent key to freedom. Because, if I am afraid to express myself, and what Big T is telling me, then I can't be the best version of myself, and Big T can't work with me. That is a simple fact.

**-Live as the person you wish to be-**

See Chapter 10



# CHAPTER 10

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## THE FRUITS OF OUR PARTNERSHIP

**T**his is who I am now. I am a complete success. I am the successful Manager of my organisation. I travel all over the world to learn and teach about different cultures. I have an important message to give and purpose in my life. I am a successful writer, performer, and composer. I am a bestselling author and successful recording artist. I cannot and will not fail.

So how do I become the person I want to become? Well, first, I have to identify my purpose. Who do I want to be? And who am I? It's all well to say identify your purpose in life and work towards it with intention and passion. But I'd never made a decision in my life, save a couple I've mentioned, and even when I had decided, I would change my mind or, and this is key, I would revert to the old habits and my accomplishments would dissolve before my very eyes.

Those habits would materialise as letting fear into my life, brought on by wrong thinking about the past or the future, or perhaps by taking mind-altering substances that put me in a state of irritation and/or having ill feeling towards people a place or a situation in my life. Maybe, not even in my life, as it could be

something from the past that happened a long time ago and now doesn't exist. Or even more stupid, from a future that doesn't exist.

Before I plan who this new improved Human being is, I have accepted for myself and in my mind that I am a spiritual being having a human experience. I've had spiritual realisations throughout my life, the realisation of a universal power that makes all things work, and that I can tap into the miracles that happen around me if I will take notice of them. And the overwhelming and consistent testimony from thousands of NDEs of what happens when we die. I have learned enough now to believe that this is who and what I am. I have come into this body to experience life, to gain wisdom, to be the best version of myself, to experience and spread joy, and create my reality.

All my life I had been trying to find my reason for living, trying to discover myself, who and what I am supposed to be in this lifetime. However, this would never be possible for me because of how I was conditioned. I believed that in this life you can't expect to be happy; Settle with your lot, even if it's an unhappy lot. Spending most days of your life feeling anxious, depressed, and worried about the future, and believing that's how it is and that how everyone lives like that so just get on with it.

So, when you think about it, it wasn't ever going to be possible to DISCOVER a new happy me, living within the parameters and expectations of a life like that. Coupled with society's pressure to conform so much that it's acceptable to give up on any dreams if other people don't deem them as worthwhile.



What I have learned is that I don't discover who I am, I create who I am. I decide from this moment on who I will be and what life I will have. Stop searching and start being. This comes in a multitude of different approaches, which include me dictating how people will treat me. I'll decide what is good for me. I'll choose the people who will be in my life.

I have the power to rewrite my conditioning, knowing that the subconscious takes on repeated messages and actions until they become habits, and repeating daily affirmations is a tried and tested way to do this.

Many resources on this subject advise that I should write down exactly what I want to do, who I want to be, and to be very exact about it and then repeat it over and over. It is also suggested that I should try to create a vision in my mind of what I want as much as possible. So, I wrote the following and repeated this to myself every morning and evening.

I decided who I was going to be;

I am Tam Cassidy,

I am a successful performer, composer and recording artist, selling and performing my music all over the world.

I am a bestselling author and a successful writer.

I am a successful Manager of my successful organisation.

I have a wonderful relationship with my children and all of my family.

I took advantage of my newfound freedom to focus a specific part of my day into doing something that gave me peace or made me feel good. I would take time for myself to go for a walk in the fresh air in the country. I'd drive half an hour to go to a place I loved to be, and I'd take time to just try to let go of my worries.

Then I would imagine the outcome of my affirmations visualising them in as much detail as possible. I would imagine myself giving a talk about my organisation to a group, I'd imagine how it would feel when I was being paid for what I do, how good it would feel to travel the world meeting new people and learning about new cultures.

Then suddenly, and subtly, new ideas would come into my head. "What if you called this person?" or "Why don't you try this?" Not only that, but my vision would include more detail. Then I'd be pleasantly surprised to find that I bump into someone, or somebody gets in touch with me, or something pops up on a YouTube channel I'd be watching, which was related to what I had been affirming and visioning. Thanks, Big T.

I did the same with my dream of being a writer; I imagine myself at my launch and book signing event, people queuing up to get my book autographed by me. I had other ideas about my book, it could comprise workshops too, in fact I had an idea to do a PowerPoint presentation, a slide for each chapter and bullets covering the aspects of the chapter, I did this, and it came to life and helped me structure and inform my writing. My book made sense!

I visioned playing my music all over the world, and pictured myself playing in a club to a nice quiet audience, just me and my acoustic, I had an epiphany that all I have to do is keep writing songs and this will happen. I had an intuitive feeling that I have the skill and knowledge to undertake these things, and if I make a start, then all I need will come. The people, the ideas, the courage and the resources.

At that time, I was in a situation where I could not see my youngest daughter. I would affirm the outcome I wanted and vision the situation I wanted to be in with my daughter. This was a tough time as a parent for me, however, it was also a magical time, because I had to be strong, develop blind faith, let go, and go against actions that solicitors were telling me not to do. I had to trust in Big T and in the end, through listening to my voice within. I then experienced that my actions were the right ones, and my faith grew.

I was now putting into practice listening to my intuitive voice over that of a sheriff, or a solicitor because for the first time in my life I believed in me. Although they follow the letter of the law. I knew deep down that I had to take certain actions at certain times because it was the right thing to do for my daughter, and had to find the courage and challenge them, which I did by representing myself in court. It was a challenging experience, frowned upon by the court, and they made me to feel fearful and very uncomfortable. However, just at the right time I came into possession of a quote by Ghandi which encouraged me to keep the faith and act for my daughter's rights to be with me. He said....

“Many people, especially ignorant people, want to punish you for speaking the truth, for being correct, for being you. Never apologise for being correct, or for being years ahead of your time. If you’re right and you know it, speak your mind. Even if you are a minority of one, the truth is still the truth.”

The outcome of this very uncomfortable and stressful experience was a positive one for my daughter. Despite my fear, I did what was right, and it changed the entire course of a festering situation and put us on the right track.

I learn I can refuse to be relegated to inferiority by people in positions of power. The Programme Managers conditioned me to do so all my life. Their power is only superficial compared to my inner voice and the Universal consciousness. On so many occasions in life, I let so-called experts tell me what is right when deep inside I felt they are wrong. However, I would go against myself and defer to their so-called superior knowledge.

But they are fallible, the police, doctors, lawyers, parents, the programme managers. They don’t always know what is best for me or you. They don’t always care what is best for me or you. Sometimes they are simply wrong. Police and the courts jail innocent people, doctors make the wrong diagnosis of patients, parents don’t always know what’s best all the time. Sometimes they are wrong. Sometimes you are right.

Another change I brought into my life was rising early in the morning. I felt an actual connection with Big T. I repeated my affirmations every morning. Sometimes I’d get so encouraged and

inspired about what I affirmed that I'd forget my difficult circumstances.

I saw the power of these affirmations in my life. I would express them to people who asked what I did for a living, and I'd feel justified in doing so. Of course, early rising follows early to bed, whatever that means for you is fine, but for me I'm in bed no later than 9.30pm and up no later than 6.00am. I can take advantage of the stillness and this became my quiet time in the morning, to connect to Big T. Other ideas came to me about how to use this quiet time, as I've already stated in this book, there is a role that positive emotions have in allowing what we want to be attracted to us. Gratitude is a wonderful tool to develop that channel between myself in this physical world and my connection to my Big T.

With this in mind, I have listed all and give thanks for everything I have in my life instead of focussing on what I didn't have. Cultivating gratitude before starting my day is a wonderful way to start the day. I made it a daily habit to count my blessings. I thank god for every friend I have by name, family members by name, every asset, my purpose, my sobriety, for wanting to be sober, for knowing how to fulfil my purpose, I tell you the list is endless. Coupled with my affirmations of what and who I believe in, made me want to go to bed early in order to wake up early to have this satisfying time.

So, my affirmations grew from stating positive stuff about who I want to be but in the present tense. I would repeat to myself at any time of the day I am powerful, strong, loving, harmonious, passionate, caring, compassionate, enthusiastic, successful; you give

me a positive adjective and that was enough for me. I am a success; I am a total success in everything I do and nothing with change that, and the quicker that everyone and the universe realise that the better for all concerned.

The third part of my quiet time has been doing nothing or trying to do nothing. Its Meditation, but to me it was just letting go of the noise in my mind and being open to the messages Big T has for me. I'm no meditation expert, I have found yet again, an ocean of resources on You Tube which cover any type of meditation, for any length of time, lessons, guided sessions. It's all there, have a look.

**-“What’s My Name?” (Mohammad Ali)-**

So, I tell the world who I am and not the other way around. I've realised I can be whoever I want to be. I already have experience of this. I learned years ago I can even choose my name and what I want to be called and people go along with it. If you have a name that they gave you at birth that you dislike, that makes you cringe, you can change it. My father gave me a name that caused nothing but annoyance all my life. At 13, I decided I wanted called something else. A nick name, a name which suited me, and I felt comfortable with.

By that simple statement when I was 13, I told the world what it would call me from that day on. Even though my legal name is still my name given at birth; I have made the world call me by this name. When I say the world, I mean the world. I have been introduced by this nickname all over the world. In the USA, Australia, New Zealand, Europe, you name it, in different

languages and even though my official name is different, when I have dictated to the world that this is my name, the world has fallen into line.

The world accepts what I have dictated. Some people such as family, or those I grew up with, refused to call me anything but my birth name, some because they loved me as a child and feel an affinity with that name. However, some because they associated my birth name with someone who was easy to manipulate, which they could do when I was a child, someone who they could poke fun at because of the name. But they just looked like idiots, going out their way to call me something I didn't like..

So, first things first, if you don't like your name given by others, if it makes you squirm, or if you just want a change, you don't have to put up with it. It affected my confidence having a name that drew negative attention to me, and I'm telling you it has made a difference.

A hero of mine, the great Mohammad Ali did this exact thing when he changed his name from Cassius Clay, and he had every right to do so. He dictated what the world would call him, and the world accepted it. And here's another strange thing. It surprises people who have only known me as my nickname to find out my proper name, and they say that name doesn't suit me one bit. Ill say what I answer to. I have conditioned them. The point is, I'll decide my name and you'll call me for it. If you don't, I won't answer you.

**-I am The Successful Chief Officer of my own successful organisation-**

What is a success?

“... success is the progressive realisation of a worthy ideal...”  
(Earl Nightingale)

After I arrived back in Scotland, I had what I could only describe as this nudge within me with continuing work that I had left behind in Australia. But that seemed impossible now. In Australia I was working for an established NGO in Lismore, New South Wales; it was such a wonderful experience. I loved the work and I felt so lucky to be living in such a beautiful country. I'll always be grateful to my employer and colleagues out there for the opportunity, and all they did for me and my daughter.

While I was there, I always felt an interest in the Aboriginal cultures, the country, and the nature of the country. I remember when I first began the job, and as anyone reading this will know from experience, when you begin a new job you meet your new colleagues to introduce yourself, explain your new role, and also a bit about how you may work with them.

During this time, I met with my new colleague, Dianne Crighton, who is a proud Aboriginal woman, and who ran 2 projects within the organisation. I was not well informed about the Aboriginal communities' way of life, cultures, and traditions and their story, more so, around the impact of historical British Colonialism, but I wanted to know.

First off, I acknowledged I was a guest in her amazing country, and that I wanted to learn as much about the culture as she would tell me, and that if I was in her company, and I said something that showed ignorance, please tell me. I explained my heart is in the



right place and to understand that I am just a daft Scottish guy who probably needs most things explained. But I'd learn. I conveyed I hoped I could contribute positively while I was living there.

Well, this seemed to be appreciated by Dianne, and so began a friendship and a journey that was to change the direction of my thinking and plant a seed, that would sprout its first shoots, 2 years down the line when I'd be working toward my new found purpose in my life. She invited me to visit her hometown; a place called Moree, in New South Wales. Dianne is a descendant of the Murries, who are the traditional custodians of those tribal homelands. To be accurate; the Gomeroi Tribe who are part of the Gamilaroi Nation.

It's about a 6 hours' drive inland from Lismore to Moree, over the Great Dividing Range towards the Moree plains, eventually arriving at the town of Moree. To someone from Scotland, you notice when somewhere is flat, and this flat land spread all the way out to the horizon. It was a wonderful drive through the changing country, from lush greenery in the Northern Rivers to the yellow plains of Moree.

Moree Plains Shire is a local government area in the North-West Slopes region of New South Wales. The northern boundary of the Shire is next to the border between New South Wales and Queensland. Moree itself sits at the South-Eastern boundary of the Great Artesian Basin, a vast underground water resource spreading across eastern and central Australia. The Shire has a relatively high Aboriginal Australian population compared to other parts of the country.

Now looking back there were two significant things which happened to me in Moree. At the time these things seemed like incidental situations and conversations that sprung up as just passing moments. However, on reflection, they have changed the direction of my working life. Dianne wanted to show me a place called 'Mary Brand Park'. She explained to me that they named this park after a woman who is part of the heritage of Moree, a woman called Mary Brand. She was the first European and white woman to settle there, arriving with her family around 1850 and settling there until her death in 1900. She opened a shop to sell provisions and then an Inn and she was the first female entrepreneur of that pioneering time.

Dianne explained that Mary was remembered positively by the Aboriginal community in that area. She apparently raised an Aboriginal child and taught her to be a midwife. At the time I remarked that the name Mary Brand sounded familiar to my homeland. Like the name of someone who would have lived in the same street where I grew up in Alloa. Later I did some research to discover she was from Stirling, which is 8 miles from where I grew up.

The second significant event happened when we attended an event in the town recognising the Aboriginal culture of that area. Dianne introduced me to a Gomerai Elder because she knew I wanted to learn. We discussed why I was in Australia. She told him I was interested in their Culture and very respectful towards them and acknowledged their country and the impact of British colonialism.

The elder told me a horrific story about the Myall Creek Massacre. This happened in 1838 when 28 Aboriginal people, women, and children, were slaughtered by a gang of colonists who went on a rampage and killing spree. There are many other instances of this happening, and it horrified me to learn of these atrocities. I had never known of these events. Back in the UK, this is not something we had been told about growing up.

He told me he was concerned that their young people are now growing up with a sense of anger and resentment towards what was perpetrated on their forefathers and their land. He explained however, that hate, anger and resentment are not legacies that he wished to pass down to their young people, as these emotions are debilitating, and destroy people from the inside-out, emerging as addiction issues, violence, and other self-destructive life situations.

His willingness to reconcile the past, to move forward in a spirit of peace and hope was inspiring to me. I learned that once a year there is a memorial to the Myall Creek Massacre, which is attended by the ancestors of the victims and the ancestors of the perpetrators. In terms of his concern of leaving a legacy to the young, I understood this but from another angle. I was becoming more and more ashamed when I would visit places and hear these stories because of my tie to the colonists who came from my homeland. And I realised this sense of shame was not a legacy I wished to pass down to my children either.

I explained this to the gentleman, and we discussed at some length how good it would be if our children had opportunities to learn from one another and move on into adulthood discarding both the anger and the shame, looking back as a reference point

but never as a barrier to progress. Anyway, we said our goodbyes, and I headed back to where we came. I continued to settle into my new life, and I thought no more of it. However, I am very grateful that Dianne continued to educate me about her culture and I learned about her life growing up within a climate of racism and segregation and how she overcame this to achieve so much in her life with both her work and her wonderful family.

Fast forward about 14 months and I'm back in Scotland, wondering what the hell my purpose could be? Wondering what the point had been in going to Australia, to only have to sell up and come back. God has a funny way of kicking you up the backside. And with Dianne and a little help from my friends as the song goes; I have set up an organisation which develops links with indigenous people in regions of the world affected by historic British Colonialism. I have never looked back. This has been one of the scariest things I've even done, however, Big T assures me it is the right thing to do so I'll keep ongoing.

**-I am a successful performer, composer, and recording artist, selling and performing my music all over the world-**

I always had an ability to, as I'd called it, make up tunes. I could always get a tune out of a musical instrument. I remember when I was at school and at Music class, we had drum lessons. I was surprised at how easily I did it, while lots of my fellow pupils were all over the place when they had a go, I seemed to have a natural feel and coordination for it, I surprised myself at how I fitted into the rhythm of the song we played along to.

It was the first time in my life that I impressed my peers. I gained some respect because I guess there is something about performing music, that's appealing, especially if you have that *je ne sais quoi*. Not everyone has it, some people who are cool in their everyday persona, come across like a clown when they try to play music, pulling involuntary funny faces and just looking quite clumsy. I seemed to go beyond my years when I played.

I soon got myself an old, battered drum kit, ala a loan from my pal's big brother, and started playing the drums for a daft wee band we put together. I loved it. For the first time in my life, people seemed to want to do what I could do. However, I was soon driven to put down the sticks and pick up a guitar. I loved the drums and still do, but I didn't want to be in the back of the stage, I wanted to be upfront because I just felt I had more to say.

My dad had an old guitar which sat rested against the corner of the walls in his bedroom for years gathering dust. One day I picked it up, and I began strumming it. It was an old Hofner President, and the strings on it were like telegraph cables, but I got a sound out of it. And soon, I could play a song and sing along to it. It wasn't long after that I was playing with another 3 guys on a wee adventure in a band called the Coloured Dreams.

I remember the first gig we did. In Alloa, Clackmannanshire, where we all lived there seemed to be only 2 kinds of bands, Blues bands and, well I'm not sure what you even call it, guys with permed long hair who sang or screamed in a high pitch. But we were different, we had grown up listening to a mixture of Punk and 60s music. We played our first gig to rapturous applause, people dancing on tables, we played stuff nobody dared play from 'Run

Like Hell', by Pink Floyd to 'She Loves You', The Beatles, or the 'Sex Pistols', Pretty Vacant. It felt like a drug! I became the performer that night.

Following on from this and after being approached by a man to go on a busking tour around Europe, we travelled all over Europe playing Beatles covers and again, everywhere we went, we were well received. Following this, there were a couple of false starts that we thought may send us on the road to stardom. However, nothing more would come from it.

In the background, I was always writing my own songs, however, I would never have dared play them to anyone because I thought people would think they were crap. Despite this, a few times I'd conjure up the courage to play to some friends, who were always very complimentary. However, I'd keep my compositions locked away like a shameful secret.

Even though I had performed for several years, I still never saw myself as a musician, even though I wrote songs for years I would never have seen myself as a writer or composer. Yet I saw people who couldn't hold a candle to my ability, call themselves both. This was a confidence thing, more conditioning. Pretty soon, my ideas and hopes of becoming someone in music faded, as did my voice through years of smoking weed and fags and I all but gave it up. The truth is, I never believed in myself as a musician to begin with. I never thought I was a musician and vocalist. I thought I just played chords and sang tunes.

The problem here is that the programme managers had made me believe that to make a living from being a musician was not

viable or realistic, and I bought into it. It's not a proper job. People like me don't do that. Compound this with the fact that I was heavily into drugging and drinking, especially around the activity of performing music it was always going to be a struggle to make and implement any kind of plan towards such a goal.

I also don't remember ever making a conscious decision to be a musician. There was always a fear that would kick in that said I had no right to earn a living that way, people like me have to work hard at doing what they hate so that they can go a holiday once a year and get smashed at the weekend to forget how shit their week was and try to convince people they could have been someone.

So I've realised whilst looking at my life to write this book that if I was to do something that made me feel passionate, then music would be one of them. I don't mean performing either. I realise that's not too important to me. I do still crave to write music, not only that but I have the actual ability to do so too. I realised that this is a fundamental part of who I am, I always felt good playing my own songs, I always knew deep down that there had to be a reason for me writing such profound songs, filled with emotion and conviction. That reason is possibility seeking expression.

Now armed knowing that if I have a desire, that means there is a permutation I can accomplish it. My desire is pending possibility. I can still write my music, I can record all of my songs, even if it is only for my family. What am I scared of? What have I got to lose? And think what might happen if I do record and catalogue all of my music. I realised and you may be the same. My purpose or purposes in life, the things that thrilled me, were

something I had realised a long time ago, but for whatever reason, gave up on it. If you look back on your life, you will identify what you felt passionate about, that thing you loved, but the programme managers kicked it out of you by the time you left your teens.

I decided to call myself a musician and singer songwriter, in fact I got brave and asserted I am a composer. But the truth is, I am! And I will develop a plan which will treat this like a project. Not, however, with the outcome that I make money from it. But that I am doing what I want, using the talents god gave me and trusting that if I do, Big T will provide me with all I need to do it. I wrote my plan. I will dedicate 1 day per week to my songwriting and rehearsing. I will record my music, I am a successful writer, performer and composer. Not only that, but when people asked what I do for a living, I would tell them this. I had to change my whole mindset because they had programmed my subconscious to work against me.

I even had it in my head that I had written the best music that I could have when I was a young man. Believing that the creative juices slow down as I got older, my writing days are over, and to be fair I had not written a song for years. What has happened next has seen me write the best music I have ever written at any point in my life, and at a rate I have never written in my life? It's almost as if I have turned a creative tap on. Not only have I written the best music I have ever written, but I have attracted the resources to help me, including getting a grant for a new guitar and acquiring a PA to play live. Something I have never had in my life. These resources have come from nowhere from a baseline of having nothing, and



they have appeared once I dictated to the universe who and what I am and played the part of that man.

Then more ideas come to me. It would add more weight to the book if I included the song's I have written on the Audio book, which I will release. I have realised while I'm doing this that If I sell just one audio book, then I am selling and performing my music all over the world. Just as I have been thanking Big T for, over this past 2 years. My visions are coming true. In fact, I will make a soundtrack to accompany the book and make this available on music download formats. I'll sell my music.

**-I am a bestselling author and successful writer-**

I always felt that I had a book in me. I just didn't know what the book was about. Therefore, it was always going to be difficult to write a book about nothing. But again, I became open to the idea that if I have a desire within me, no matter how large or small, that means that there is the potential for that desire to be realised.

This is an important discovery for me. It turned me from being someone who thought, "Wouldn't it be great to", or "If only I was", to understanding that if I have a desire, then I know I can fulfil that desire. In fact, if I put myself in the hands of Big T, then the desire is a message from him saying I have to "Get the hell on with it!"

I believe that to have a desire defines my purpose. It makes me feel great when I think about it. Then, when I embark on it, great things happen. The people, the circumstances, the resources and ideas that help me along the path to fulfilling it come into my

life. This is the same process as I have been going through all of my life, only inverted. Just as I'd inverted faith into fear.

I embarked on relationships, activities and environments which were not in fitting with my purpose and instead of feeling the message from my feelings. I'd hear it from other sources external to me. Telling me what I should be doing. And when I'd follow this source, (friends, enemies, programme managers), I became miserable or unhappy.

So, I was open to the signs from Big T that I am an author. Suddenly, I had an epiphany of memories I had discarded. I remember at Uni when I had to write essays; I was pretty good at descriptive writing; I was pretty good at engaging people when I spoke. This has been relayed to me as feedback when I have presented at meetings, or when I had addressed conferences and workshops. Even when I felt that what I had said was not my best, or my delivery was not up to my expectations (the negative conditioning), people would feed back to me that what I had said was great.

Do you know I have sometimes met people who have approached me and thanked me for what I had said years before at a meeting or workshop they attended, and they told me it had helped them move on in their life or work. I've always been good at omitting such positive stuff from my memory. So, it occurred to me I have something of interest to say, and if I can write it down, then this would interest a wider audience. Ok, maybe to just one more person.

But what would I say?

I was at this point asking Big T to tell me what to write about. It would be great to be an author, but what would I write about. Then, I had an e-mail arrive in my inbox, one of those you seem to see all the time and keep thinking I'll have to unsubscribe to that. It had a heading of "Become a Bestselling Author in 90 days". I was about to ignore it when I insisted to myself this is a message from the Universe. Its Big T. I read further. It invited me to an online workshop about how to become an author.

The old me would have said "Yea right, its probably just a con to get money", but the new guy had to look at this in a new way. I logged on and checked it out. During the workshop it described me, how I wanted to write a book, but wasn't sure what about? It then asked me to create a mind map to develop a topic and structure for my book. Right out of the blue it came into my head "I am the proverbial square peg trying to fit into a round hole." This is the title of my book. As I said earlier in the book, this came from a thing I heard at an AA meeting 20 years previously. Suddenly the mind map came to life.

How did I end up this way?

I was conditioned!

How?

School, religion, society!

Why was I so unhappy?

Because I was trying to be someone, I am not!

At this moment, I had my book.

I decided that very day that I would write this book, a decision that I have not gone back on. When people have asked me what I do? I tell them I am a CEO of my organisation; I am a writer; I am a composer and performer. At first this felt daft, because I hadn't set up the organisation, I didn't have a real project, I hadn't written a book, and I hadn't written any new songs. However, now, I can tell you it is the truth.

It's like my insistence of who I am deciding to be, has been taken on board by the universe, and this is now who I am. I now know, through my experience, that if I consistently tell the universe through my words and actions who I am, the universe eventually agrees. Good, bad or indifferent. If you don't believe me, try it.

And also, regarding the musical compositions I've written over the period of writing this book. The songs have an uncanny resemblance to the book, yet I wrote some before I even made a connection between the book and the music. I have created a project which encompasses both my writing and my composing, and which can be transferred onto performance. It's like a musical story now, and I am extremely excited about it, as is Big T. Time will tell if anyone else is.

**-I work to provide for my family and I also maintain the flexibility to accommodate my daughters need to spend quality time with me-**

This is one of the most worthwhile decision I have ever made. As a father, and bringing up 2 children, I understand the importance of spending quality time with your children, as opposed to spending that quality time at work. I came back from

a dream life in Australia to be in my daughter's life, and that's what I am going to do. I have created an environment in my life that is all about a work and family balance.

I have had to make some critical decisions in the past 2 years and believe in what I was doing. I will not go into the nuts and bolts of what has happened, because you could write a full book on the subject. And that is what I intend to do next. All I will say is I have worked to create an environment in which my daughter can spend quality time with her father and be provided for.

I have accomplished all of this in only 2 and a half years. True, it's just a beginning, but I'd rather be at this beginning of a new and exciting life, then to be in an ever decreasing circle in a life of unhappiness. What a place to be. Thank you, Big T.



# CHAPTER 11

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## THE END OF A BOOK, THE BEGINNING OF A NEW CHAPTER

**M**y new belief system: I believe there are no outcomes, my existence is an infinite process and a never-ending expanding continuation.

This book is not an outcome, it's part of the process in my expanding continuation within this physical human experience.

I know where I came from and where I'm going; I am part of the one universal consciousness focussed into this human experience.

Within this human experience I create the life that I have, and will have, and I live a certain way to compliment my ability to intentionally create the life I want, sobriety, honesty, Love, forgiveness, positivity.

My Trusted Unknown, God as I understand it, is within me, Big T is always available, always giving me what I need, always showing me what's good for me.

I am not here for an easy life, I cannot avoid my fate of adversity, I will meet my fate and gain wisdom from it whilst becoming a better version of myself as I progress

I arrive at the end of the last chapter in the first book I've written; I am beginning a new chapter in my life.

I named chapter 10 "The fruits of my partnership with Big T", but I suppose what I mean is 'the green shoots' of the partnership, and the wonderful life I'm embarking on. This is just the beginning and the fruits are still to come. However, I must emphasise, even at this beginning, I possess the most delicious fruit I could have dreamed of. I am now at the complete opposite of where I was when I wrote this book. When I was living a life which had no direction, and in which I felt trapped, suppressed, and just sad.

This is not my position today, and that is the genuine success, the real fruits of my labour delivering the most rewarding project I've ever worked on, me. The results may not be visible to the naked eye because the success is within my being. The tangible physical aspects that I am now working towards and which are my purposes, result from my new self-awareness. These purposes now fill my days with inspiration, ambition, and joy. The genuine success is that I have a quality blank canvas to paint my life on, and the brushes and paints of my own choosing to create my work of art.

Yes, I was born as a human being into this physical world. Predetermined rules, histories and beliefs were systematically implanted into me, or downloaded into me as a programme or a



perception of the world around me, being told how I should perceive it, and how I should interact with it. From my birth, they conditioned me with external information that set up who I would be for years to come.

I was conditioned by a coalition of the Programme Managers, to follow the rules, to fear authority and learn my place and the place of others whom I am expected to serve in our society. The education Programme Managers labelled me a reject or failure and I believed this to be the case. But I wasn't. The problem they had was that they actually failed! They failed to fully condition me because of my lack of engagement or my lack of attention towards their institutions, which meant I didn't fully accept into my subconscious all they wanted and demanded of me. So I saw the inaccuracies in everything they said in their institutions, and I searched for alternative answers.

When I look back now, I can see their view of me as a nonachiever in my youth was wrong; on the contrary I achieved quite a lot, I learned how to think for myself; I learned how to become a chameleon in life; I learned how to survive with little resources to adapt on my own and I discovered that mind-altering substances aided me to cope in the world I'd been thrown into without an instruction manual. I learned quickly how to read and write; this gave me an ability to express myself, which I would use in later life.

My allocated religion had its dedicated Programme Managers who worked in partnership with education and family. If I didn't fear what the institutions and family told me to do, then I was told a supernatural power called (a loving) God would avenge me. This

programme was used to compel me to believe that to reach God, a higher power, a spiritual power, I had to go through them to find it. I've discovered now I know that this is not the case.

I know that there is much more going on within me, which is spiritual, and which the Programme Managers have nothing to do with in my relationship to it. They don't manage the universal laws we are all a part of; they manage their own programmes; they make up their own laws to fit their own finite agenda. I've rejected their dogma, and it feels great.

I discovered how my mind works, that there are 2 parts to my mind, the conscious and the subconscious. I understand that through repeated auto or hetro-suggestion, my subconscious takes on board what is repeated to it and it becomes a belief, and that belief then becomes my reality. All circumstances I found myself in were of my making and not something that was done to me.

It was easy to look over my life and see evidence of this, to see how I had created a hell on earth you may call it, or when I had brought amazing achievement and success into my life, demonstrating that I have the power to change anything in my life that I don't want and replace it with what I want.

Repetition of words, actions, behaviours and conscious thoughts to my subconscious are how I reprogrammed myself and change my reality. My sub-conscious is the channel or rendezvous point between God or Big T and my physical self. When I take time in the morning to meditate, I am learning to go to that place. I can also feel and recognise spiritual realisations, intuitive answers

and a peace within me, and I don't need anyone else to do this for me.

I have learned that we all have something important to say, or express. Not just how the weather is today, or what was on TV tonight, or what was on the news. But deep inside; we all have thoughts and inspired visions and intuitions that we have a habit of keeping to ourselves. We don't express it because we don't believe it's important or that it is of value, or that people may laugh at us or mock us. Yet I have learned that our smallest original words or actions can have such a positive impact on someone's life. You could be the one to say the thing that puts a person on the track of the most amazing journey. You could be the one to say what a person needed to hear. God, Big T works through people, and nudges me to say certain things at certain times. I feel him doing it now. I doubt no more.

Sometimes, we may think that there is no point in expressing ourselves because we feel we won't be heard, what we say is unimportant or that nobody is listening. But does it matter who may or may not hear us, express it and see what happens. Sing the song that's in your head and see how you feel, dance around the room, when you notice how funny something is but nobody else does, point it out and laugh out loud. That's all the comedian does.

Imagine this, a deep, desolate valley with no obvious life for miles around. Sitting there, in the middle of it, there is a single little plant. This plant only blossoms a flower on one day each year, possibly unseen, possibly unheard, and apparently unnoticed. Does the plant decide not to blossom a flower just because there is no one around? No, when its big day comes it screams with delight,

“I am beautiful, I am here, I am alive”. It needs no validation, no consent, no permission. Then, its natural essence reaches out for miles to a solitary bee who then makes its way to the flower, and thus continues its life for the following year and past, present and future millennia.

You may ask yourself, what is the point? To me the point is just being, expressing what I have the power to express, just because I can, and just because I have a desire to do so. I try to be like the plant, to be still, and when inspiration and intuition come; when my big day comes, I express the flower that sits within me.

I now know that intuition, or that still small voice within that prompts me, that whispers to me, is very much a helping hand in the physical life and I have made multiple important decisions based on that ‘nudge’ from within. I’m learning to trust it more and more. I am learning that Big T and I have something important to say, and that my creativity in music, my writing and ideas for projects is the vehicle to do this, and this goes on and on if I believe it does.

I have discovered that whatever I put out from within me; I get back as my reality. My research has given me the answers I needed to move on in my life in a way that had never been possible before. This was because I was always trying to change my environment by reacting to the external circumstances as they presented themselves, unaware that I was creating them in the first place.

Now I know that if I can hold a vision of something and focus on that as if it were already happening. I can change the external

circumstances that are distressing to me. And my experience has shown me that the right people, the right ideas, and the resources I need come to me at the right time. This is now being woven into my life. I decide what I want; I vision what it will feel like to have it, and I know it will happen. I know it's coming. And of course, feeling good and having gratitude are like a lubricant that allows all the things I want to flow through the universal channels and become my life.

I have learned that no matter how justified I feel, I can't afford resentment and hatred in my life. If I choose to hate, I plant the seed of the blossoms, which are resentment, fear, turmoil, and despondency. Experience shows me they will follow, they always have, and they always will. I don't need validation from anyone to know this to be the case. I know it from my own life experience, and I always knew this, of course. I chose to hate most of my life and I could always give you justification for it, and maybe you would agree with me. However, the bottom line is, that hating, anger, resenting either a place, a person or a situation, never helped me, it always hurt me, whereas, whenever there has been love in my heart, the world around me has radiated it back to me.

But if hate makes you feel good, you get stuck in, knock yourself out. That's how I learned my lesson. It has no place in my aspiration to be the best version of myself I can, and I try to eradicate it daily. I don't always achieve this, but I know I can start again as soon as the suffering it causes manifests and inhibits my personal progress.

I have also concluded in myself that as much as it's wonderful to learn from gurus, authors and life coaches (and thank god for

every one of them). It's important that I don't get hooked on what they say alone. I feel I'd be selling myself short if I was to look only to them for guidance and advice through their experience and not listen to what my inner voice is saying to me as well.

I believe the greatest gift these people have given me is the ability to listen to my voice within. And do you know what? From that place, I now receive information that I have read nowhere; stuff I have never heard from anyone. This is what I'm doing now, I am telling you my beliefs learned from my life story and I would encourage anyone to do the same.

One of the most liberating aspects of my progression has been my realisation about employment. How we're taught to fit into a way of thinking, a structure that is all about us doing whatever we have to in order to make money, doing it for a certain amount of time, and then retiring when the Programme Managers say so.

It's all about working hard to make sure you have a comfortable retirement, it's all about shutting up and getting on with it because, well, we all have to work; and in the background, we pay into a pot that keeps us as slaves and allows the few to live lives we don't even dream of, because they curtail our capacity to dream at an early age.

I have awoken to the fact that debt and financial responsibilities are a trap set for us, in order to keep us tied in employment. To maintain the partnership between Government and the financial institutions and to make you believe you have limited choices in life to accommodate the need to do that job, to

pay those bills, and to live that life that the TV advertisements tell you is real.

I never realised that one of the biggest factors for my feelings of despair, sadness and depression came from having to work the way society told me I had to. Especially after being a so-called failure at school. The message from the Programme Managers is that failing at school means you must take whatever shit is handed to you and suffer it for the rest of your life. I can encompass the whole concept of education as a child and work as an adult in this sentence.

“Prove to the Programme Managers you have memorised their bullshit version of the world, and you’ll get a certificate which will enable you to access an easier way to earn a living, and suffer less.”

Well, I don’t have to prove anything to anyone. They conned me into believing I had to endure a dead-end job and a dead-end life by being given access to material possessions that I wanted but couldn’t afford to buy, a house, a car, holidays. This way of living sucks the life out of us. It sucks any creativity we have out of us until we just give up and live a miserable existence.

I demand the ability to focus on what I want to focus on every day. To do what makes me happy and I reject this con now. I have moved away from this, using the tools and resources available to me to declare my independence as a man and a human being. And more than any time in my life, I have never relented; I have persisted; I have refused to accept that which makes me unhappy, and that which I do not want in my life anymore.

It's been such a noble pursuit, to treat my life as the biggest project I've ever worked on. To evaluate my life, and others' lives, to research the resources available to us all and decide for myself what I believe is to be the true nature of my existence and not some pre-packed cellophane wrapped version from someone else. I have to ask myself why I treated my existence as a subject way down the pecking order, behind satisfying the boss, impressing my friends and serving a fake society. How shameful is it that we treat ourselves like this? We worry more about what others think of us than we think of ourselves. Is it any wonder I was so unhappy?

For the past 2 years I have gone from the depths of despair to somewhere in the middle of the road and I am thrilled to be there. I am now progressing, and I have created an international organisation that is gaining momentum and support; I have created myself as a songwriter & performer and manifested the equipment needed to perform a multitude of new material, which is the best I have written in 30 years as a musician. My vocal chords feel stronger than when I was 20, and to top it all off, I really am a writer. I am now writing this last chapter, knowing that I am at the end of writing my first book, and releasing a soundtrack of my music to go along with it. I have created this. Me and Big T.

In the grand scale of this world and all the people in it, past, present and future, it doesn't matter if anybody reads this book or listens to my music. And it doesn't matter what anyone thinks about it. All that matters is that I listened to Big T. I believed enough to work at it, and I have produced something that is my contribution to whatever. And I wrote it for the right reasons, trying to contribute positively to the world I live in. Yes, I am a



writer; I am a composer, and I am the CEO of an international organisation. Not only that, but I have taken it upon myself to mend broken relationships, to cultivate forgiveness, to look at my role in things that have happened, and to see things from other people's perspectives.

I am grateful to know that I am not here to have an easy life. I am here to gain wisdom, to create, to progress and to be all I can be. The adversities I face are a stage for me to perform on and overcome them, and to gain these attributes from this overcoming. They are my fates. And all I have told you about in this book, and all I am achieving now, was my response to adversity, and how I have faced up to it. This is proof to me that the challenges we meet have the potential to manifest the greatness within us, if we meet them rather than trying to avoid them. And if we try to avoid them or refuse to accept them, well you can see the results in the people you meet every day, and in yourself, in the shape of depression, alcoholism, anger and resentment. A path that only prolongs and induces more suffering.

I am grateful for what happened to me, and by rising to the challenges in my life, I am becoming the man I have always wanted to be. Within this, as ultimate rewards for my courage, I have a wonderful relationship with my 3 children, 2 of which are adults, who are wonderful people living wonderful lives and who are like my best friends, and I am the father of the most wonderful toddler who is and will continue to be a big part of my life as I open up the world to her as her dad. In fact, it fills me with joy to think I will be 70 at her 21st birthday party. Therefore, I need to stay in shape so I can embarrass her by doing the dad dance. I have been blessed

with my first grandson, who arrived as I wrote the last parts of this book, as if to top it all off.

I have created a working environment in which I work the days I want to, keeping specific days to be with my daughter and give her the undivided attention a child deserves from her dad. I travel the world doing what I love. I have told the universe who I am, and the universe has agreed because of my persistence, and this is just the beginning.

It isn't so much that I know who I am now, but I know who I want to be. It's not so much that I know where I am now, but that I know where I want to be. It's not so much that I have solved all the puzzles, but I have found the tools to work them out. And that working out will keep me occupied for all the days I have left in this body.

That is my genuine work. Instead of fretting over the things that don't matter, if I stay on purpose, I will feel fulfilled. This is my project, and as long as I'm attending to this, all the things I need will come to me to help me towards the answers, and when I pop my clogs, all will be revealed. But in the meantime this is a glorious experience to be had, and I'm going to make the most of it.

But I must stay vigilant. I have to make a daily effort not to be re-conditioned by the Programme Managers again? They still lurk everywhere. Therefore, I stick to my side of my partnership with Big T, I avoid mindless TV, the mainstream news, I avoid politics, negative people and places I don't like to be. I stay mindful of how empowered I am. I am a spiritual being, I always have been,

and I will never die. And let's get this straight. We are not a dying race. The earth isn't done. It's not too late, it never is. Things aren't fucked. It's not difficult!

Open your eyes, it's all good. These were the constraining beliefs we have accepted through years of conditioning. We get the world we choose to believe in, or that we choose to perceive. I feel more vigorous now than I did in my 20s. It's not the end of the world, it's just the beginning, every physical second of every physical minute, is just the beginning, and it's just the beginning of whatever I want it to be. Whatever comes to my mind has the potential to be manifested and created by me. And you are the same. The desire within you is a sign from the Universe that you can achieve it. Whatever it is. So, what are you waiting for, lets go!

These are my beliefs, it's up to you what you want to believe. I believe I owed it to myself to make time for me, and to gather as much information as possible about me, so I could find what makes sense to me, and make an informed choice of what I want to do about it. Or not. So what is your truth? What do you believe is the way? Search for it, find it, and live it. Help others to find and live theirs too. Find your truth. We can be whoever we want to be. I mean, the proofs right here! I became an author. Me! I wrote a book for goodness' sake! And I'm about to write the last word now.

**The End**

