

# SELF AWARENESS AND RECOVERY (S.A.R.)

## WHO AM I REALLY?

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W/OTAN'S DAY  
24 July '13

I AM many things to many people, yet in essence;  
I am a Spiritual Being, having this human experience.  
I am Conscious Awareness, on an adventure called life.  
I am the expression of Thought.

Am I in the very core of my conscious awareness; Curious?  
Yes! My earliest memory... My very first Thought inside my  
mothers womb was: "What is this I've gotten myself into now?"  
Then when my gills became ears, I became curious about the  
sounds; my mothers soothing songs - her timid and at  
times ferocious encounters with my drunk dad, and such.  
"What does all this mean?", I wondered.

From this intrinsic curious nature, Imagination naturally  
developed as I determined to make sense of my senses.  
This cognitive quest is... always has been... and always  
will be the sole purpose motivating my curious - imaginative  
- determined Will.

That being said, be mindful that the ego develops sub-  
personalities via trial and error experiences, endeavoring  
to determine our particular place and ability to perform  
within the environments available for our self-expression.  
Too many mistakes, losses, and threats against our sense  
of security may sometimes cause aberrated perspectives  
of events, and personal abilities to develop corresponding  
dysfunctional coping skills and various psychological dis-  
orders. Whereas vis-a-vis: If the core curiosity had  
been addressed and nurtured by greater minds than  
mine at the time, actually assisting a personal evaluation  
of mis-imaginings and corresponding mistakes... then  
perhaps that curious - imaginative - creative Will;

striving to Be at cause in his environment (rather than always feeling powerlessly effected by events), would have learned to function in a greater capacity toward greater experiences in this life.

Be that as it may, I accept responsibility for what I've made of my life with a sense of gratitude for the inept parenting which permitted me to make interesting mistakes. Amazing mistakes — glorious and fantastic mistakes! It turns out that many of those mistakes have proven to be tragic portals of discoveries on my cognitive quest.

With this in mind, I intend to send a message to my much younger self. Apparently the "wounded inner child" is responsible for much of the violence and cruelty in the world, so this message is the least I can do at this point if it is indeed possible to reach out from here.

Establishing first of all a foundation that children need be provided a safe, protective and supportive environment to encourage growth and develop positive potential. My current adult-self would say to my younger-self:

Young Billy-boy, Hi! — it's me. Listen, being raised by dysfunctional co-dependent people on public dole, you are bound to make a lot of mistakes in your life. At this time my hindsight should be near 20/20 now if I've in fact done my inner-work well over the years, so I will endeavor to proffer my perspective on the future events of your life to help you along if I may.

Above all lil buddy, remember — always remember: Life is an adventure to the adventurous! I'm here to tell you that the world is full of drones and zombies doing what they're told is expected of them. You on the other hand dare to live, pushing the boundaries as it were in order to transcend convention and become free of the

social matrix of conformity. Such daring-do will present a very interesting life of discoveries which I'm here to help you process if possible.

Let's see, your all consuming quest to know? Don't let it bother you too much boy, as it displays your core-essense of Awareness. I recall that inquisitive awareness at your age just drove me crazy trying to understand all the chaos you were exposed to. Look, the news your mom watched with such awe must have attracted your attention from the cradle, because it was absolutely awe-ful! The 1960's civil rights chaos projected on the news was a dreadful curiosity! Then also the assassinations on T.V. which traumatized everyone; from the Kennedy's and Oswald to Malcolm X, and MLK — along with the televised war in Vietnam for near a decade — all this had to be overwhelming for you, to say the least. I venture to say that your young impressionable mind imprinted images of a very turbulent world. I'm sad to say that these 'first' impressions will develop your lense of perception which will effect the rest of your life and ultimately bring you to the cross-road of distruction where you will need to decide between an idealistic sacrifice or life in prison at 33.

Like I said Billy-boy, glorious and fantastic mistakes can prove to be portals of discovery. That is of course if such mistakes do not kill you, and you are able to audit those experiences to properly evaluate the lessons therein. Be that as it may, on April 27, 1997, I choose life in prison when I had sort of a divine epiphany which prohibited the idealistic sacrifice of blowing-up the local court house. I've had much too much time in this personal purgatory of mine to reflect on our life since then, so pay attention as I explain what I can.

Your life is a sequence of experiences, and your interpretations of these experiences will make all the difference in your personal development. The choices you make in life actually have psychological consequences - not to mention Karmic influence upon future events in your life. It is very important to understand that your perceptions will influence the events you experience - just as the events you experience influence your perceptions.

I've recently been diagnosed as presenting Borderline Personality Disorder<sup>s</sup> - which apparently means that I took a lot of things personally to heart early on in life and developed poor coping skills. Look bud, you weren't exactly provided that safe, protective and supportive environment, so this phenomenal fact is FOUNDATIONAL, and as such let me share my hindsight perspective of the inept parenting which is fundamentally responsible for this condition.

Let's start at the beginning: Dad, an illiterate drunk. Traumatized in the Korean war and granted a medical discharge, he came home and married Mom, a wife half his age... who first was forced to surrender custody rights of her first born - father's child. These Michigan bumpkins certainly had dysfunctional issues of their own it seems. You will naturally inherit the genetic imprint of those issues as do the progeny of every species to some degree, which will be evident later in life.

Now how old are you when dad beat your behind after turning you in to the store manager with the shiny chain you so proudly stole? 3 or 4 years old? Dude! that humiliating betrayal made you one hell of a thief for many years to come. Not to mention what that betrayal did to your perspective of Trust and Loyalty! Particularly regarding family trust and loyalty.

Yea, dad had a tremendous negative impact on our development. From the aforementioned incident, to his all too frequent drunk outburst of violence with mom over the years from the very beginning of your life. I've learned that Neglect is also a form of child abuse - which he preferred in the most part rather than honor his responsibility to nurture his kids. Your sister Suzy, of course is daddy's lil girl and gets a lot of lap time, but he will go on to destroy that bond later in her life with his constant suspiciousness and belittling accusations when she's most vulnerable in her teen-years.

In hindsight, I see that the old man had terrible self-esteem issues of his own. And with alcohol added... it's a natural phenomena that "hurt people hurt people". Too bad lad! I will tell you the truth Billy boy - hurt people shouldn't be permitted to raise children before working out their issues because many of their issues (of being hurt/victimized/neglected/abused/etc.) turn out to be contagious in most cases. I really think there should be some sort of psychological screening while taking a pre-requisite course on child development for anyone who will honor humanities heritage and accept the responsibility to develop their progeny's potential.

Know this Billy boy - at 17 or 18, I send the old man to the hospital with an elbow-shot to his head to avenge a lifetime of his dysfunctional influence. I had warned him several times... and mom was certain that her adventurous young man would someday champion his mother and sister against such an abusive character.

Remember I said that your interpretation of experiences make all the differences in your personal development? In this case, with a dysfunctional father having a dysfunctional son... this "avenging" seemed due and just.

A duty in fact. Well boy, my pretentious act of valor developed a strong sense of responsibility. A duty as it were, for a man to atleast desire to function properly, ever aspiring toward higher capacities. It seems I've always resented any impediments toward realizing that standard.

These exalting/Herculean standards to both duties toward personal performance, and to raising disciplined children, will be your bane my boy. With the idea that dysfunctional parents produce dysfunctional children, there will come a time when your drug and alcohol abuse effect your wife and kids - and in a vain attempt to regain the ennobling ambitions due a father and husband (sans the proper tools of example and experience to help make it possible), I will vow - along with my drug abusing wife - to break the [dysfunctional] chain of inept parenting, for the childrens sake. She and I noticed that we were re-acting the disturbing eposodes we witnessed our parents displaying when we ourselves were kids. Our solemn oath to break the chain will be honored by unseen forces which will have our progeny raised and nurtured by others when we fail to honor our responsibility. This will make the following decade in prison the most hellish experience of unbearable dejection for me as I wonder how they all fare out there safe from my dysfunctional influence.

Young Bill, I'd love to give you a big hug bud. You are so adventurous and your world so full of mystery and majesty. At 50, doing life in prison now, I cant say I'd implore you to submit yourself to the matrix of conformity before you end up as I have. But I will say this though; Everyone is on their own journey of discovery, experiencing life as they're able and willing. Sadly, most people fail to realize they exist in limitless opportunities which are forever seeking expression through them in their life. Limitless opportunities of self-expression.

Rest assured, your life will be what you make it. There are so many things I'd like to share with you lil me. But for the time-being let me leave you with a few thoughts to consider applying along your journey — First and foremost; be ever mindful to faithfully acknowledge God in all your ways and trust that your inherent divinity will certainly direct your path toward greater self expressions and corresponding realizations. — Also... that incessant inner dialogue and cosmic static which bothers you so much in your teen years, I've learned can be managed with daily meditation techniques and yoga exercises — far better than the stupifying medications prescribed to stifle your natural development. It's a real shame that no one tried to train you in these ennobling disciplines earlier in your life.

Nevertheless lad, and in closing for now; I want for you to consider the process involved with the caterpillar morphing into the butterfly, when situations in your life seem overwhelming. Ennobling Transformations, seem very difficult at times, but you will discover the "Ordo ab Chao" method of re-creations are bound to be much more re-warding when you acknowledge God in everything.

For the Love of Truth, Nobility and Genius. I am always here for you — willing and able — to assist if and whenever you'd like for me to reflect and present my hindsight perspective of events you will experience.

With much Love, Billy boy. Call me ~~Whisper~~.  
P.S. Dad is a product of his rustic culture for the most part and I've long ago forgiven him his shortcomings and character flaws. I've also forgiven myself for the assault.