

'IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK'



'HOW TO FACE DEATH BEFORE YOU DIE'

PROFESSOR TERRY MARTIN MACE

\*Forward By 'Death'

Cover Images © Copyright - [www.pngtree.com](http://www.pngtree.com)  
Used Under License - 2024

'It's Later Than You Think'

'How To Face Death Before You Die'

© Copyright Terry Martin Mace 2024  
All Rights Reserved

## Contents

Acknowledgments, Dedication, Forward, Preface,

Prelude, Prologue And Introduction:

Chapter 1 - 'Being Born' - Pages, 1 - 11
Chapter 2 - 'Loss Of Life' - Pages, 12 - 22
Chapter 3 - 'The Audit' - Pages, 23 - 33
Chapter 4 - 'Death On Mars' - Pages, 34 - 44
Chapter 5 - 'Goodbye Cruel World' - Pages, 45 - 55
Chapter 6 - 'It's just A Body' - Pages, 56 - 66
Chapter 7 - 'Natural Death' - Pages, 67 - 77
Chapter 8 - 'The Good Life' - Pages, 78 - 89
Chapter 9 - 'You Can't Take It With You' - Pages, 90 - 100
Chapter 10 - 'Regretful Regrets' - Pages, 101 - 111
Chapter 11 - 'Deathbed Confessions' - Pages, 112 - 122
Chapter 12 - 'Stop The Clocks' - Pages, 123 - 133
Chapter 13 - 'Conscious Anarchy' - Pages, 134 - 144

Epilogue, Epitaph, After Word,

Final Word, Death Note, Postscriptum,

Life & Death Resources, Contact & Communication:

'The Death University'

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## **Acknowledgments**

1. I can guarantee, 100% that every living human being on planet earth will eventually, at some point die, expire and cease to be in both mind and body. No one survives life!
2. I can, with 100% certainty, tell you clearly, honestly and without hesitation, that there is equally, nothing after you die! No heaven, no hell and absolutely no purgatory.
3. I know 100% for sure that there is no god, gods, deities, or a white bearded man sitting on a cloud, looking down and in control of me, others, or the world. No one's coming!
4. There is no one there, nada, nothing! It's all just a lie for the stupid, ignorant, uneducated, and gullible. All religions, spiritualities and god groups are sadly deluded!
5. In effect, anyone, and everyone, including myself, who does or did once believe in such childish, naive, and immature nonsense, is unfortunately, mentally ill and needs help!
6. All religions, faiths and beliefs who expound such bullshit and deceit, regardless of their origins, history, or cultural reference point, are intrinsically evil and bad!
7. Every single religious doctrine or spiritual book which purports to know the truth, the way and to be of the light, are purely only interested in control and manipulation!
8. I denounce, deny, and expose without hesitation, fear of reprisals, or worry for my own safety, each and every religious and spiritual path to be that of man not a god.
9. I acknowledge, that all gods are dead and never existed!

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Dedication

*For, Christine Chéret Dijoux*

Sometimes, what we can imagine, dream, and create within our minds eye, can become our core reality. Dedicating my life and this book to my partner, companion, wife, lover, best friend and confident, is easy for me. There was never going to be another, who would, or could, take her place by my side, as I slower than expected, slide towards deaths' opening door. She, has been with me since it began, since, I began again, and, I'm confident, that if at all possible for her, she will stay until my end.

To thank her for everything, especially my wonderful rich fruit filled life, is less than she deserves, and, so much more than is implied in those simple words of gratitude. She is the reason this book exists and the 'why' I continue to stay, to be and to live. She is the moon, and I, am the sun. We warm each other, in an otherwise, cold, and indifferent world, of emergent stupidity. Without her, her compassion, kindness and wisdom, this book would have no purpose, no meaning, and no substance.

It would be void of feeling, heart, and emotion. It would, in all likelihood, be cold like death without her love. I know deep inside that when she whispers softly into my ear each and every day,

*'I love you and this doesn't change,'*

She means it is forever, and not, just for tomorrow. Every single day, without fail, it is my own quietly spoken mantra, prayer, and meditation back to her heart. She, has been my inspiration, my mews and so much more. Christine, is the one true love of my life. Gratitude, will never be enough to sanctify and make sacred, all that she has given to me, and, continues to give to me. Each moment we are together, is love. Christine, I end this dedication to you in French, as you, began your dedication to me in English. Je t'aime, et ça, ça ne change pas, L'amour véritable n'a pas besoin d'être traduit.



'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Forward

By 'Death'

I first met Terry when he was born. He looked and smelt like any other premature junky baby. However, you should never judge a book by its cover. Certainly, Terry has been left on the shelf by many curious potential readers, simply, because his dust jacket was not appreciated. Discarded, damaged and dead, Terry reached out to me and asked me if I'd fancy the task of writing his forward for, 'It's Later Than You Think.' I love the subtitle, 'how to face death before you die.' I mean really, who else in the world thinks like this guy? Autistic as shit!

Most people, run away as fast as they can when I pop up, but not Terry. You can imagine my surprise when he started to run straight at me. For a moment, I thought he was a bloody Islamic suicide bomber with a 'less than 72 virgins' type grudge. Thankfully, he just wanted my autograph and a few moments of my time. It was refreshing to me as death, to know that there was someone out there, in the abyss, who truly appreciated my services, and what I'd done for humanity from day one. Naturally, when Terry asked me to write this forward I said yes!

Then, after I'd had a couple of joints, a single malt and a couple of quick collections on earth, (nursing home) I finally, made time to sit down and reflect and consider the job in hand. It didn't take me long to realise that I really didn't have the necessary time with my schedule, to enter into such a project. So, much to my now regret, I decided to let Terry know that I'd changed my mind, and decided, not to author his book forward. After Terry listened to all of my excuses, reasons why and such wot, he pulled out a suspicious looking light brown dossier.

I was shocked and horrified, because, it had my name on it!

**'THE GRIM REAPER FILES!'**

TOP SECRET

Terry calmly, and somewhat gleefully, explained to me, that if I didn't go through with the original promise of writing the forward to his book, he'd not hesitate to release the secret dossier to the worlds media, local ethnic corner shops and politicians. What could I do? Where could I hide? I was fucked! Initially, I thought about just killing him there and then and be done with the wanker, then, I remembered, that wasn't possible, as death, doesn't kill, it just collects the killed. In more ways than this, and, up against Terry, I felt impotent.

And so, that is the story of how Terry, free of Thanatophobia, got me, The Grim Reaper, Death, Hel, Thanatos, La Muerte, Psychopomp and Shinigami, to write this forward that you're now reading. I had no choice. I couldn't let Terry and his truths get out into the open for all to see. Therefore, if I seem a little pissed off with Terry at any time during this forward, please, try to remember that I'm only doing this under severe duress, and the threat of exposure to the world, through Terry's, blackmail scam. I feel violated, used, and abused.

Apologies, I digress. Let's get back to the forward. Terry had several stipulations, possible post edits and conditions for me to follow as I wrote my forward. However, I've not bothered or concerned myself with his wants, needs or desires. It's my forward, and I'll write it anyway I want to. After all, I'm deathly good at writing the last words of every human being who has ever existed, so, just how difficult could it be to construct a simple, straightforward, and completely understandable text? Clearly, my initial confidence was ill founded and naive.

Obviously, from my writing so far, you can see that it's not quite working out, the way, I had originally imagined. I thought in all honesty it would be easier than this. You see, if I'm totally frank and honest with you, I'm not really one to make connections, friends, or buddies, it's just the nature of the job. Truthfully, I don't really even know Terry, other than the several dozen times, I've had to come to collect him. It's not like we live next door to each other, or we've got a distant family connection through cousins.

I'm Death, and he's Terry.

Sure, fine, ok, so, it's true to say that I know Terry better than most others, because, put bluntly, the bastard refuses to simply give up and die! I've basically had no choice in getting to know him. After all, he's died so many times in my bony arms, what am I supposed to do, but help him with this book forward. Finally, it seems such a little thing to ask of me, after everything, that I've put the man through since birth. Perhaps, Terry was right after all, maybe I am the best persona to author his book forward. Can you imagine, a forward by me!

After all is said and done, we're more like friends than acquaintances, more like brothers in arms, rather, than brother's at arms with each other. In truth, I know him very, very well. So, whilst I get my shit back together and roll another joint, let me take you back to my second meeting with Terry aged about six. There I was, just, walking along, minding my own business, when, I see this anaemic looking kid climbing an old apple tree in his garden. What concerned me more than the stupidity of the kid was the washing line hanging rope.

For whatever autistic reason imaginable, he had tied his mother's washing line around his neck! Thankfully, he caught a glimpse of me and more intelligently moved it to his waist. Which, upon reflection, did cost me his soul on that particular day in summer. Anyway, cutting to the chase, he died for several minutes swinging back and forth like a pendulum ticking down time. Then, he fell. Breathed, and lived! How or why it happened will probably never be known, however, I can say with certainty that he was not alone when he died, I was right there.

\*Just a sidenote while you ponder the above.

Don't you think it's strange how Terry already had a dossier on me before this whole scam began? Doesn't that sort of lead one to believe that Terry had shit planned a long time ahead? Can he really be that smart? Well, let's reflect further on my meetings with him to see just how smart he really is. After all, why would you want to read a book written by a stupid person?

That's crazy bat shit thinking for stupid monkeys.

I urge you to think of this next deathly meeting with Terry, as the penultimate climax to this forward, and then, it's all downhill from there. Remember, nothing lasts forever. The third time I met Terry was when he was about 8 years of age. Sadly, Terry doesn't seem to remember much after he died but die he did. His mother, a seriously mentally ill human being decided enough was enough and Terry had to go! It's truthfully, more complicated than that, however, the punch line is she strangled Terry dead. Apparently, Terry does remember his mother's eyes.

Once again just as I'd previously been there for Terry's other death's, I was there for this one. And that's, the death that changed Terry forever. It is the one, significant death, out of all others, which has given him the life journey and adventure, which has been his roller coaster existence ever since. If his book, 'It's Later Than You Think' is about anything important at all, it's about his travels back to real sanity, after losing his mind, in that moment of death, by his mother's hand. After this death he was never the same again.

As I reach the near end of this forward, I want to help you to understand why, you need this book and the contents within, as written, by Terry, my friend and fellow traveller along the dark path. I want you to fully appreciate what it is that may be lost by you if you stop reading after this forward is finished, dead and gone. In pure deathly form and shape, you will lose a great and rare opportunity to truly, face me, Death before you die. I will not die, go away, or disappear from the world. However, you, will sooner than you think cease to be no more.

Finally, as the darkness of the night and day draws closer to its final hours, I applaud you for your courage so far in reaching into the void to commune with me, Death. The harbinger of the ones who no longer exist within the world. You, could have run away and hid, hoping that my clutches never find you. You've, had the choice at any point so far to, turn back, to stick to the path. But you, chose a different path to tread, when you opened this book. Terry, is a true and committed devotee of death. I'm honoured. Read it! Study it! Share it!

*Death* - from the eternal void.

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Preface

*'Serius est quam cogitas'*

*'It's Later Than You Think'*

*'Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think' - Socrates*

No book, of any real value, has ever been written, purely, on its own merits. Great books, borrow, steal, and appropriate for themselves, whatever wisdom, knowledge, and information is not firmly screwed down to the floor. Exemplary works of words, which fearlessly go further in pursuit of brilliance, often border on global theft. I, am a common knowledge thief exposed.

In effect, all music is stolen, all literature plagiarised, and all stories, have all been told before. Regardless of these facts, this book stands on its own two feet as a testament to not only good research, good hunting, and personal experience, but also, to the foundations of life and death as now known to all, should a seeker seek, the true answers of life and death.

Whilst this book is littered with various resources and information, several special mentions should be made of great men and woman who lived before me. In parts, they have inspired this work of words. I encourage fully, any serious reader and student of life and death, to track down, and hunt out, those listed here. Seneca, Socrates, Nietzsche, Kuber Ross, and Ren!

Many conversations were had with death before this book was written, using, the 'empty chair' technique created by Fritz Pearls. I was able to have very deep and detailed conversations and exchanges with death. Pearl's, was an extraordinary therapist who created the foundations of classic Gestalt Therapy and practice. As a technique, it was invaluable as the author.

*'Life is like a play: It's not the length, but the excellence of the acting that matters' - Seneca.*

'Space For Your Personal Notes'



## Prelude

Music, saved my life!

After I was diagnosed with heart failure in 2017, I decided to try to write a lyrical folk style song, to express how I was feeling and to acknowledge my dark thoughts. I called this first song, 'Dead Man Walking.' Whilst, I never recorded the initial rough idea for posterity, I would like to share with you here, prior to my prologue, a short, poetical prelude of words.

*'Dead Man Walking'*

*I, am a dead man walking.*

*And I, have heard the ravens squawking.*

*Telling me, that no one wants my soul.*

*God, has never answered, The Devil is out at pasture.*

*Soon, it will be time to go on home.*

A musical, poetical, literary, or creative prelude within our own lives, can often give us the necessary healing, comfort, and solace, much needed by those terminal to life. I, have become once more, an artist, writer, music and sound maker, photographer, dancer, animator, and film creator. I, will continue to create for as long as possible, my authentic art of life, and death. Hopefully, there's several more books in me!

However, just as I have needed almost daily for several long years, to practice and perform my guitar lessons, I can say with confidence and compassion, that, practice does not make perfect, but, it does make better. If you truly desire, dream or hope to be better at anything within your short life, you, will need to practice your arse off, until, you can be ok with the results.

*'What is our life but a succession of preludes to that unknown song whose first solemn note is sounded by death?'*

Alphonse de Lamartine.

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Prologue

In January 2017 I died!

Bad ancestral genetics and war torn angst from my father, extreme physical and mental childhood trauma from my schizophrenic mother's, plus, a life of lived extremities of alcohol, drugs, money, good food and wild sex had all combined to create a ticking time bomb within my fragile broken heart. By 2017 I had already lived several lives, had several careers, resided in sixty homes, had fifty partners, two wives and two daughters.

I was tired, worn out and at the end of my tether, I was just 54 years of age. As 2017 approached in late December of 2016, I realised that my old life was done with and that I needed to start my life afresh. Little did I know then, that my new year planned coaching and consultancy business would not be my magnum opus or my new life, but would rather, bring me to my knees, clutching my heart and wondering what the hell was happening.

As the reluctant Doctor on call in the A & E department administered the £6,000 lifesaving injection into my lifeless veins, I realised that I would never be the same again. Now, I had heart failure, now, I was terminally ill, dying, dead, done. Before I died in the ambulance and once more on the operating table, I remember feeling deeply sad and tearful that I would no longer have my life and all that was then, in my life.

I also remember in the last few seconds of conscious life thinking how could this thing have happened to me. To me, a man who had dedicated his whole life to helping the planet and everything on the planet. A basically good man, a man of integrity, honour, and respect. In those final last moments of my life here on earth I considered myself to be necessary, essential, and needed and that a mistake had somehow been made.

*'People commit mistakes because they do not know,  
that what they are doing is wrong.'* – Socrates.

Whilst those childish delusions of grandeur have long since now passed, in those final moments of my small and insignificant life without true or purposeful meaning, I arrogantly, narcissistically believed that 'I' was somehow special, unique and of significant importance to the world and everyone in the world. If I died here and now on this cold black table in the hands of fate, what had I to show for my time here on earth?

After surviving two deaths and hours of surgery, I laid on the bed in my hospital room and listened to the monitors beeping erratically, watching the yellow radioactive looking substance dripping into my veins. Were these my final hours or would I survive and live to fight another day? During my deaths, my left lung had collapsed and as a result my heart swelled to three times its normal size. Now, I had pneumonia and blood clots.

The yellow poison I was assured by a nervous looking Dr would do the trick. In the darkness of the first night after dying, I prayed, meditated, and visualised angels healing my broken body as several other men lay dying in agony on the same ward. I realise now, how childlike, and naive my disassociated world view and personal spirituality was in that moment. Thankfully, I no longer believe my own lies, deceits, or betrayals of myself.

After ten days and several further deaths on the heart failure ward, I was discharged home. The yellow liquid had indeed done the trick. Now armed with several bags of prescription medications, a plethora of information booklets about healthy eating and living, plus my discharge letter, I left the building and stepped into the cold January air outside the foyer of the hospital. I had survived death but lost my life as it was then.

In October 2017 I had my second heart attack and died again. Several further heart attacks were to follow over the next six years, along with a diagnosis of diabetes, severe heart failure and coronary thrombosis. I died several times during the preceding surgeries and heart attacks, finding myself as a direct result of those death experiences, at a crossroads in my spiritual life, old beliefs, work, and personal relationships.

During those several years of dying I faced death daily in a way that most human beings will never be able to do. I challenged, argued with, and debated with my inner self at great length and in even greater depth, the true meaning of my life and my deaths. Through this inner work with myself I discovered many new ways of thinking, feeling, living, and facing death before I eventually die for good. It had taken my deaths too truly live.

However, in true dualistic form and process, I also experienced and continue to experience severe mental discomfort, existential depression and sometimes thoughts of suicide and oblivion. Sometimes, these disturbing and often unannounced and unexpected thoughts and feelings come in the night when I am resting in my bed. Often, they are only just under the surface and can emerge and raise their emotional multi-pronged heads without warning.

In effect, I am now engaged in a rigorous self-examination of myself and my thoughts and feelings moment by moment. I do not wish to externalise and rely upon an external agency to aid my recovery or healing. Some, may see this as self-sabotaging and perhaps even sadistic to my inner core. However, I believe fully, that in order to know the darkness within, we must as Carl Gustav Jung said, 'shine a light into the corners.'

Friedrich Nietzsche, proposed philosophically, that the exemplary human being, must strive to craft his or her own identity, through self-realization and not, to do so, with reliance on anything, transcending that earthly life, such as a God, gods, or a soul. He called this new and improved form and type of human being an, Übermensch or, 'overman' translated from the original German.

A potential, ideal future human, and an ultimate goal for humanity.

*'The ten primary attributes of the, Übermensch, are, self-determination, creativity, becoming, overcoming, discontent, flexibility, self-mastery, self-confidence, cheerfulness, and courage.'*

Friedrich Nietzsche.

As I sit at my computer writing this prologue in January 2024, I, have already survived and surpassed my expected life span and prognosis of terminal illness, and impending dissolution of my mind and body. It is unfortunately, later than I think, and, whatever fleeting time is left available to me now, seems to drive me forward to break my deathly silence, and to speak out in favour of deaths lessons, wisdoms, and brute honesty of life.

My life's prologue is BIG!

*'There is no man more complete than the one who travelled a lot, who changed the shape of his thoughts and his life twenty times.'*

Alphonse de Lamartine.

A life lived, is much too big to squeeze into just a handful of pages of text. And yet, it is offered here in brief to attempt to balance and assign to myself, and for myself, and myself alone, a marker, measure and small but significant glimpse, into the many losses, griefs, and bereavements that I have suffered, and now finally embraced, as part of my final journey to the void. Each line and paragraph is important, at least, to me.

Each sentence, each word, and every expression, are at least essential to me, if not to anyone else. Therefore, my prologue like my life, is incomplete and unfinished, and as such, requires me still to reflect, to think and to feel, what it is that has so quickly passed and been lost, by my movements through my life. Once, I was a healer, a shaman, a prophet. Once, I was a force to be reckoned with, by all who met me or knew me then.

I had travelled the world four times over, working year after year, with many, many thousands of other human beings. Teaching, training, coaching, counselling, and listening to their hurt, pain and anguish, and botched and bungled existences. For many years I was a published writer, artist, designer, inventor and sage of sadness and sorrow. For many follower's, groupies, and friends, I was their salvation, their truth, and their way.

Now, I am nothing within nothingness.

However, as a devotee of being nothing within nothingness, I have mysteriously discovered a personal freedom and art of self-expression that I could never have imagined before my first death. It is, therefore, my sincere wish to be able to continue to self-create and to offer as much of that self-creation outwards towards others who may be interested in my artistic, creative, and unique creations as imagined before I cease to be.

Whilst I consciously and without intention never sought to be a guru, shaman, healer, magician, Christic figure or spiritual leader, nor, holder of space or mystical being, I now accept that for my part I wore the labels, titles, and personas well enough to give power and force to the roles I played for others in need. Sadly, I neglected myself and my own physical and mental health as a direct result of trying to save the world.

My pursuit of personal salvation through my service to others, has long since ceased. I am no longer for sale, hire or purchase. In order, to extricate myself from my previous life and connections, many difficult, and sometimes conflictual decisions, and choices, had to be made and taken. Upon reflection, I wish I had walked down this path earlier within my life, before, I succumbed to life's cruel trick of death.

However, as with anything being born, reborn or rebirthed, there is always a dirty bloody mess afterwards to clean up. I have to this end, tried to complete relationships with others on my own terms, rather, than theirs. I have almost exclusively said, NO rather than yes, for the last several years. When, I did say yes instead of no, I often regretted my foolish choice. Death, taught me to honour my time, my energy, and my space carefully.

Equally, my time with death has sharpened my already existing personal survival tools, allowing me to spot the idiots, stupid monkeys, and zombies from quite a distance. Therefore, I spend almost no time with others who simply are engaged in gorging themselves on the readily available feast of life, rather than to join me at my very small, lean, and empty table of death. Dying, is always done alone, even, if surrounded by others.

*'I am not afraid of death. I just don't want to be there when it happens.'* - Woody Allen.

Finally, in conclusion of this prologue, I thank you most sincerely for taking your own personal time to step into my void and purgatory, between my current life and my impending death or coming death's. I hope, with an open heart, that you, will continue with reading and studying my book, right, until the end. If, you just can't face death before you die and the ideas and concepts fill you with fear, please know, I understand!

However, even though, you have my full and total understanding, compassion, and empathy as, a man, himself dying and engaged within the dark arts of death, I truly encourage and invite you to seek further within the pages of this book. You may, be pleasantly surprised, just how simple death is. You might, understand absolutely nothing said or shared. As the author, I, do not know what IQ or intelligence level you have to use.

Equally, I don't know how smart, shrewd, or savvy about life or death you are right now in your evolution, so, might bore you and tire you out with my, simplistic, basic, and average rhetoric and prose. I could even, and most likely will, offend some part of your human sensibilities, beliefs, concepts, and constructs of your current life as lived by you and other's around you. Half way through, you might just have had enough of death talk.

Whatever, happens next, now, that you have finished this prologue, is honestly up to you. I will leave you to ponder your next move with part of my, Chicken Arse, Song Lyrics,

I Saw You Jerking Your Turkey  
I Saw You Jerking Your Turkey  
I Saw You Jerking Your Turkey  
With Your Chicken Arse, Chicken Arse

Yea, I Saw You Jerking Your Turkey  
Yea, I Saw You Jerking Your Jerky  
You Were,  
Jerking, Jerking, Jerking, Jerking, Jerking  
Your Turkey, With, Your, Chicken Arse



'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Introduction

We all die!

Some die early, some die later, some die well and, some die badly. Regardless of how or when we die, we will all die someday and that, is simply that. Being a billionaire won't convince death to, 'hold that thought.' Likewise, being well connected, a good and decent person or Santa's little helper won't win you a 'get out of death card' from life's already stacked deck of death.

All in all, even if 90 years of age is the new sixty, your time here on spaceship earth is very, very limited. And yet, human beings continue to live their existential lives as if death will never come, never arrive or better still, will eventually be conquered by medicine, science, and technology. Then, hooray, we can all live forever and ever and ever and ever and ever!

I for one, neither crave such an existence nor wish for such an existence for another. The reason is so very simple. We are meant to die! The sun, that bright big star in the sky that keeps us alive is already dying. The stars that we see each clear night in the blackness of our lives have already died. All we are seeing is the distant reflection of their once bright lights. We are ourselves only mere shadows on the cave wall.

But, if living forever in a never decaying body beautiful truly does appeal to you and, you're planning to take full advantage of the new 'augmented' possibilities for a prolonged eternal battery powered life, you'll not be interested or concerned about 'how to face death before you die.' Certainly, the idea that, 'it's later than you think' won't deter you from a life on charge.

However, what truly happens to those on charge when the batteries themselves and the charging ports they are connected to spread corruptly around the world are disconnected and unplugged? Do those human beings still exist, still live or do they like all things of the flesh cease to be once exhausted and worn out? What becomes of us then and who has the courage to speak out about such madness and childlike delusions of a life eternal.

For those of you left without the real financial means, burning survival desire or interest in continuously extending your life by way of synthetic blood and organ transplants, neuron Wi-Fi chips to extend your brains connectivity, titanium robotic limbs and a plastic heart that beats and beats until it doesn't, then, you just might be ready for this book and what it has to say. And so, what does this book have to say about life and death?

As an adult male with high functioning autism or Aspergers, I've always found it easier to say what something isn't, rather than to announce what it is or could be. As a once highly trained Psychoanalyst, Philosopher and Psychologist, telling people what isn't true makes you very few friends, connections, or allies. In fact, it harbours in others deep resentment, dislike and sometimes even hatred. Even I, have had several death threats.

And so, at the risk of your personal alienation and complete disregard for the content further within this book, let me tell you simply, clearly, and honestly what this book isn't.

Firstly, it's not the truth, it's, my truth.

Secondly, it's not the answer to any question you may have asked.

Thirdly, it's not offered as a thought treatise or philosophy of death, dying, loss, grief, or bereavement.

Fourth and finally, it's not a way to live!

In essence, this book is about my own explorations, adventures, and travels with death as I have experienced them and witnessed them in my ultimate current survival process. Even though, I have worked over a forty year period to try my very best to help, support and assist those most in need, this work of fact may offer you very little once consumed and digested. Be wary of all false prophets and the expectations of wisdom once read.

*'You discover nothing; you only learn of  
what you have been ignorant of so far.'*

Lamine Pearlheart - 'To Life from the Shadows.'

This book and what lies within its pages is my story. It is an extraordinary unique tale of courage and determination. It's about surviving many deaths, reimagining my life and my new creative work and my many inner and outer griefs, losses, and bereavements. It is about how I am facing death before I die. If you are dying or know of someone who is dying, this book may assist. My words may also bring comfort and peace to you.

If you have died yourself and survived and found as I did as a result of that death experience, that there is absolutely nothing after death but nothingness, the contents within these pages may appeal. If you are asking or have asked before the fundamental existential question, 'what is the meaning of life and what is my purpose here on earth,' then, my original constructions of life and death as now practiced daily by myself, may guide you.

However, please be warned in advance with caution. I now exist and move through life as a man without faith, belief, hope, expectation, or delusion as to the true purpose of life and death. I nurture daily a nihilistic and existential position for myself within life and death and as such, am now a very reclusive, reflective, introspective, and analytical human being. This is the ultimate cost of finding myself and my truth.

*'It is an expensive process.'*

Therefore, should you decide to choose to read this book in its entirety, please know now in advance that you will ultimately have to make your own mind up about everything that I've shared and expressed within this book. You, and you alone will have to decide if anything that I've said is of relevance or importance to you or perhaps, to others you know. In the end, like all books, this book itself will die by going out of print.

If you do choose to explore further and more deeply your own life and death process as you grow, develop, and evolve, you need to prepare yourself. For, you will ultimately have to face many new and strange thoughts and feelings on your own, personal journey as a human being with a limited time to live and, to be. Being, is different than doing! You, will not be able to do death, instead, you will need to become, life and death itself.

You, will need to become an, Übermensch!

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter One

### 'Being Born'

Paradoxically, I was born dead!

My mother was physically unconscious when I was born, high on Valium, gin, and nonprescription drugs. I had to be forcibly extracted from her body with forceps, much like a parasite ripped from the host, cast out of something itself, not living. Once pulled from my mother's womb I was left bloody and cold on the soiled bed sheets. I was three months premature, starved of oxygen and the basic life force to breathe I lay dead, lifeless.

Many years later in my early forties as I was training to become a Psychoanalyst, Psychotherapist and Counsellor, I asked my mother what it was like to give birth to me, needing deeply to understand my passage to this world. Her response, like many of the things she spoke of later was as matter of fact as her disassociations or connections to me and my siblings as her children. It was for her, she explained, 'like shucking peas.'

And so, Terry, the shucked pea was born. From what I have managed to piece together from my mother's recollections I lay dead for several minutes, not breathing, not moving, and not living. Then, I started to breathe. I apparently, never cried or made a single sound as I came into being in March of 1962. I have reflected many times since learning of my dead birth that this single event transformed the very essence of my life.

It would be true to say that this was my first primal death!

And, in essence it is for each and every human being on earth the very first taste of death that they will first encounter. For example, being born is all about death but few sadly seem to understand the birth/death event. Foolishly they concentrate on the birth/life experience. Rather, than on the simple hard fact of the matter that many, many parts of being born into the world can only be achieved because something dies as a result.

To put this firmly into context, let me explain the basics of 'all' life from inception to birth for human beings and most other mammals and species where sperm is ejaculated. When the spermatozoa from the male penis is ejaculated into the vagina of the woman, the normal volume varies from 1.5 to 5.0 millilitre per ejaculation. The sperm count varies from 20 to 150 million sperm per millilitre. But, only one spermatozoa will survive.

At least 60% of the sperm should have a normal shape and show normal forward movement called motility. Only the fittest and fastest sperm swimmer will make it to the egg of the woman and in so doing, blocks all others instantly from further entry into the nucleus of the woman's egg. Every other sperm and every other egg become irrelevant and useless for the process we know as, conception. In this moment, we are born but not yet birthed.

It could be reasonably argued, with scientific fact, that this single sperm entering the egg is the moment of our conception and physical existence. It is, in all of its processes, the moment we are created as life. However, we only arrive at this moment by millions of other sperm dying, along, with any remaining eggs produced to receive the sperm. How is it that we don't understand that this is the duality of life and death.

This dualistic reality of life and death is, an instantaneous process. It is, intrinsically and forever linked to the other and cannot be separated. Regardless, of whether we accept fully this core reality of our existence and existential quest towards our final death, for us to live, something must die first. Why, do we block this from our minds and cognitive facility? The main reason is relatively simple, we sadly do not teach this.

Even at the moment of actual birth, death is never far behind life. As such, the woman's placenta will also die in due course once out of the womb and in the world. The placenta, that part of the woman which has hopefully allowed us to grow inside the belly of our mother's, itself must die, to then, be cut away from the newborn child. Our very first breath and intake of oxygen itself, begins the process of us dying from day one.

*'The moment we are born and breathe, we begin to die!'*

Being born, is dangerous. We can die at any time before we enter the world. If we survive the many complications and turmoil's of the three core stages of gestation which are the processes of germinal, embryonic, and foetal, we are born. However, at any one stage within this cycle we can die as can our host the mother. Many woman die before their children are ever born as well as facing possible death during the birth day.

Equally, death can occur simply by the hand of the mother or father before birth. My own mother spoke quite candidly about her desire to kill me and my siblings when I asked her about my birth and conception. For her, it was rational to terminate my life as she had already killed several other siblings through lack of personal mental and physical care of herself. She tried scalding hot baths, gin, pills, poison and knitting needles.

Mothers and fathers have been killing, murdering, and ending the lives of their children since humanity was begun. In ancient history and even until relatively recently in history throughout all cultures, mothers have left their babies to die on the side of hills and by the side of the road. Left defenceless, unfed, and exposed to the harsh elements of nature, death came sometimes quickly and sometimes over many, many days, and cold nights.

Infanticide is the intentional killing of infants or offspring and was a widespread practice throughout human history that was mainly used to dispose of unwanted children. Its main purpose being the prevention of precious resources being spent on weak or disabled offspring. Equally, selective, and planned abortion has always been present within nature and will always continue to be present within humanity and the natural world as it exists.

In the case of world cultures, who have praised male babies over female babies, such as the Eskimo and Inuit, until relatively recently, practiced female infanticide in the belief that the time spent suckling a girl would delay the mother's next opportunity to bear a son. With males being preferred to females because of their future role as providers in a hunting economy. Sometimes, gender, disability, or social need rules deaths hand.

*'Authors, always take rejection badly. They equate it with infanticide.'* - P. D. James.



And so, if you are lucky or depending on your world view unlucky enough to survive all of the above, then, you will face death time and time again before you finally die. Once born and in the world, death is never far from ones existential reality and core survival. Death, challenges all that you may be, may become or hope to become. Thus, death itself must be honestly, openly, and truthfully discussed, explored, and embraced before we die.

In order to fully understand the fragility of existence and in my opinion meaninglessness of life, it is imperative, that we begin as both a society and civilisation to look deeper and more meaningfully at the core issues and realities of death and life. As a symbiosis and as a practical application of how to live, to be and to exist. Being born, is simply just the beginning and start of our personal suffering and trauma as human beings.

As an unborn child, there are many other ways we can die and pre-history, philosophy and ancient texts have all spoken about these subjects at great length already. History is littered with the deaths of children and their mother's. My own thoughts and feelings have changed, altered, and evolved as a direct result of my own conception, birth, and death's. It would be true to say that I have become philosophically an anti-natalist.

In Seneca's, De Consolatione ad Marciam, written around 40 AD he states,

*'Nothing is so deceptive, nothing is so treacherous as human life; by Hercules, were it not given to men before they could form an opinion, no one would take it. Not to be born, therefore, is the happiest lot of all.'* - Seneca.

Antinatalism, is a philosophical view that is critical of reproduction and considers being born is bad and that procreation as immoral. Antinatalists conjecture that humans should abstain from having children. However, Antinatalists views are not necessarily only limited to human beings, but rather, may encompass all sentient creatures. Expressing, that coming into existence is a harmful experience for sentient beings in general.

Of course, even after many years as a philosophy concerned with the simple reality of sentient suffering, antinatalism is not a stranger to controversy or opposition from many of the usual suspects. Dominant, controlling, and manipulative religions such as the holy roman catholic church would have you believe, that, such sinful thoughts, and feelings, go directly against the all-knowing and all seeing agency of god or those in control.

*'First, God commanded his people to,  
'Be fruitful and multiply,'*

Using contraception, is often seen by, fundamentalist religions, such as the catholic church, who fervently believe that using any form of contraception or allowing any abortion, specifically flouts the above instruction directly from god. And, with, Onan being killed by God for, 'spilling his seed,' these type of fear based ideas to scare men into performing for god, are often taken as divine condemnation of coitus interruptus.

Pulling out, is clearly not an option! The question is why?

To fully understand these complex and often difficult questions, we will need to understand the basis and foundations of nearly all world religions. Why, have they had such resistance to these ideas. In simple terms, religions and those that represent such delusions, believe, that, god has a plan and knows you better than you know yourself. These pseudo ideas need to be challenge and debated without the use of, mystery as it's answer.

Life and death, are not a mystery! In fact, the simple but profound statement that, we are born, we do some stuff and then we die is not itself mysterious or unseen in its construction. It is in fact, a truth, that, in simple terms, is the sum total of our existence, our being and our doing here on earth. So, why would religions, spiritual and new age ideas and god philosophies fight so hard against it? The answer is easy.

*'All religions have based morality on obedience, which is to say, on voluntary slavery. That is why they have always been more pernicious than any political organization. For the latter makes use of violence, the former - of the corruption of the will.'* - Alexander Herzen.

These bodies which profess to represent god, the universe or some all-knowing and all seeing conscious presence or entity are simply and only interested in the world domination, slavery, control and manipulation of society and its citizens globally. However, we have to courageously return to pre-history and the archaic practices of the ancient past and humanity's evolution to an ordered and structured world view to understand why.

And so, since humanity began each and every living human being has asked the same age old questions time and time again. Why, is this happening, why does it work like this and why am I here on planet earth? Sadly for early humanities evolution there simply was no understandable or satisfactory answer. So, we made it up! We invented, created, and constructed the world as we imagined, believed, or perceived how something had occurred.

This is similar to the way life and death is seen by humans!

Initially, in the absence of the knowledge now available of science, biology, chemistry, and technology we tried our best to give meaning to the life we were experiencing as an intrinsic part of nature. In simple yet childlike terms it was to attempt to calm our natural fears, trauma and worries as fragile, vulnerable, and uneducated primitives within the greater external world as we then existed alongside others in the tribe.

Whilst this existential world view has both merit and necessity within its core process of the survival of the fittest and the propagations and evolutions of our parasitic species, it sadly no longer explains, instructs, educates, or informs the modern human being on planet earth about the true meaning of life and death. Lying, manipulating, controlling, and selling and buying our way into an afterlife is as corrupt as the lie itself.

Why, the simply elegant idea and concept, that we came from the stars, and, in all likelihood will return to them, as energy made up of atoms, subatomic atoms and universally encompassing all of space, time, matter, and energy, is so difficult to believe and trust, is sadly existentially understandable. It means, that we truly are all alone, in the world and the universe, and, no one is coming to rescue, save or harvest us.

It also means that we will no longer have a self-identity and as such, will cease to be in existence. However, when you know that the universe contains everything that exists, from particles of matter smaller than an atom to the largest stars, there is for me, a great comfort in that knowledge. With the aid and support of modern quantum physics and mechanics, we now know for certain that energy never ever dies never ceases to be.

*'It just transforms and changes shape, form and being'*

Knowing this and equally knowing that our own mortal bodies of flesh are themselves a collection of similar components as the universe, can we not with certainty understand simply that in this non-conscious state, we too as energy will continue forever eternal as energy when we die? Can we not just be happy with that? Or, will we lifelessly cling to the past lies, deceits and betrayals of those once in positions of global slave power?

The problem with such childlike thinking and expression is that it has poisoned the analytical, rational, and logical mind within humanity in favour of an unseen, clearly impotent and sadistic god or gods as our forever guardians and slave masters. All world religions are to blame as are all cults, sects, spiritualities and new age charlatans. Sadly, this has hobbled the unfettered free speech about life and death much needed.

The bible in all its formats would have you believe that the age of the earth and the universe is approximately, 6,000 years old with humanity beginning approximately 4,500 years ago. The all mighty god also apparently needed a full six days to create the world. Just this one single myth and lie told to us in an incomplete book called the bible shows gods impotence. This is what the one true god is supposed to have done over six days:

On the first day, God created light.

On the second day, He created the sky.

On the third day, He created land, sea, and plants.

On the fourth day, God created the sun, moon, and stars.

On the fifth day, He created birds and fish.

On the sixth day, God created animals and human beings.

Sadly, being so exhausted afterwards, he used the seventh day to rest instead of getting it right the first time in one single go! Clearly, this is an impotent, stupid, and mentally ill god! I feel that the question, 'does god exist' is now more irrelevant than ever before. For myself, I cannot prove to another that god does not exist anymore than another can prove to me that god does exist. It a paradigm and ultimately a deflective pursuit.

I know that the only rational, logical, and analytical question to ask myself or indeed another is 'why would you or I believe in a god?' That, is so much more important to understand then whether or not an all seeing all knowing entity, being or force is real or not. As this can and will never be proved either way, we need to take courage and take a stand for common sense and grounded thinking. If we don't, death and life remain aloft.

*'To free a slave, we need to break its chains'*

However, it is not just the canons of the bibles that are at fault with the facts. All cultures since humanity began have drawn, inscribed, gestured, orated, and written down, their history or their worlds creation mythologies and stories. Marta Weigle's book, *Creation and Procreation: Feminist Reflections on Mythologies of Cosmogony and Parturition*, has identified nine distinctive types of creation myths existing in all cultures.

Weigle's nine types of creation myths are accretion and conjunction, secretion, sacrifice, division and conjugation, earth-diver, emergence, two creators, deus faber and ex nihilo. It is very likely as time goes on and new discoveries are made both archaeologically as well as anthropologically, that we may discover and uncover many, many more mythologies, folk tales, creation myths and stories. It would seem, we still need them.

Often more than one of these creation types are combined in a single story. For example, the Bible's Story of Genesis combines both the deus faber and ex nihilo mythos-types. I have deliberately avoided judging one type of myth as better or worse than another as clearly, each creation mythology is simply trying to make sense out of the created world, and each has its own sphere of value to the participant, believer, or follower.

For example, the Ex Nihilo Creation Myth that, something came from nothing, is in effect the very basis of modern cosmology, space exploration and the history of our galaxies captured forever in the Hubble telescope. In this archaic myth itself the process described as something coming from nothing, we now all know and call, the big bang. Whilst still a theory rather than provable fact, it exists outside of religion and its grasp.

However, modern day scientists, geologists, archaeologists, and physicists have all estimated the earth to be around 4.54 billion years old, plus, or minus about fifty million years. Scientists have also been scouring the Earth searching for the oldest rocks to radiometrically date. In Canada, they discovered rocks about 4.03 billion years old. Can both camps be right? Does 6,000 years as opposed to 4.54 billion years sound compatible to you?

Of course, I can neither prove nor disprove anything said above!

Humanities, very first attempt at trying to understand the world and everything in our world, was through a tribal and collective community viewpoint or perspective. This, is now called by anthropologists animism. Animism, in very basic and simple terms, is the belief, view or feeling, that every living thing has an energy or essence. For ancient and archaic animists, everything was alive, had a presence and spirit within itself.

Every world religion, sect, cult, spiritual practice, or belief originated in Animism! Equally, it has given the plastic gurus, deluded shamanic practitioners and charlatan's their world view. From the first unorganised and unfettered practice of animism and unstructured shamanism, humanity has sought the same question over and over again, why? Hasn't quantum physics proved the animist, correct? Is the answer to why as simple as that?

Scientists, began only relatively recently, with the creation of the CERN Accelerator, to be able to recognize, through their experimentation, that everything in the Universe is made out of energy. Quantum physicists have now discovered that physical atoms are made up of vortices of energy that are constantly spinning and vibrating, each one radiating its own unique energy signature. For me, that idea is far more exciting than doctrine.

Through the animist and shaman, feeling or perceiving the energy within life and death itself, all other religions, belief's, and faiths were born. Sadly, it did not take long before those slave masters intelligent enough to see a good con when it came along, slowly, and surely began to create, design, and implement the new world religions that now plague the earth with their presence. However, if, energy never dies, then dying, is easy.

As a terminally ill human being, I have considered the probing and difficult questions of personal identity over a long period of time. My own set of ideas, concepts and explorations are mine. In forming such a world view which often now for me borders on the philosophy of nihilism, I truly believe that what I once identified as my existence, will simply cease to be upon my bodies death. For me, life has never had intrinsic meaning.

*'But the life of a man is of no greater importance to the universe than that of an oyster.'* - David Hume.

Nihilism, as a philosophy is not a topic that many wish to face on a daily basis, let alone, to take on fully as a life choice by many. For myself, nihilism is a daily practice in regard to the questions of life and death and how humanity may face death in all its component parts. Equally, it is an honest overview of the parasitic nature of humanity. For example, are we really just stupid tree monkeys fighting over that last ripe banana?

From personal observation of other monkeys it would seem so!

As death is 100% guaranteed for all living things, including the new and emergent technologies such as AI, is it fair or even reasonable to use such thinking as above to describe life, and ultimately death? In chapter two, I will attempt to place this into a logical and rational perspective, so that you, the reader, can decide for yourself, if such a world view, has any place or part, within your own life. If not, there's always a false god!

However, difficult answers require even harder questions!

*'In the end, I feel certain that it is within the true answer as to the 'why' of everything that we can find our peace.'*

'Space For Your Personal Notes'



## Chapter Two

### 'Loss of Life'

I met Margeret in late 2005, just after the death of my father at the age of eighty-one. He, had survived much longer than anyone ever expected, having had his first heart attack around the same age as my own. Margeret, was the lead and primary trainer, coach, and counsel on the Welsh CRUSE Bereavement Care Course that I was attending. I had decided, to put myself front and centre in deaths pathway, in order to touch it more deeply.

Margeret was at first reluctant to enrol me on the new terms nine month course as the CRUSE policy was clear. No one should volunteer to counsel those who are in bereavement, whilst, in bereavement themselves. But I, wasn't going to let policy or death stop me from reaching out to be of service, even, in the face of death itself. Margeret, listened compassionately while I shared my own stories about my earlier deaths, dying and life.

After the interview was over, Margeret said something to me that has been ever since, one of the most important things that anyone has ever said to me. She explained that whilst she would enrol me on the course, with my real world experiences I'd already gained, there really was nothing, of any real importance, that I didn't, already know about death. She then, told me one of the biggest life lessons I've have ever learnt.

Life is loss!

And so, it began.

After my nine months training, I began to see clients on my own. I was already two years into my Counselling Degree with just several months left to go before graduation. I'd also started my second year MA training as a Transactional Analyst with a private tutor. For a time, I also worked as a Samaritan on the phone lines after training with the Welsh branch. Sadly, the Samaritan's phone line was plagued with sex callers each day.

Bad management, bad supervision and being sick of the misuse of the service by sexual predators, I finally exited. I focused on building my own client base with just a few weeks left before I became a highly trained therapist. I was also working full time, running my own not for profit healing service, while, also caring for my wife who had become disabled after an ABI, an acquired brain injury. Life and death intertwined my soul.

For the next four years, I touched death daily. During my time as a volunteer for CRUSE I learnt about death in a way that most human beings will never do. I counselled several hundred people through their personal physical and mental bereavements, griefs, and losses. Sometimes, a son or daughter had died, sometimes a baby. Often, a partner, friend or family member or sibling. In all of those death experiences, real physical death was present.

I became so bomb proof and expert at dealing with death, dying and trauma that I was selected from a very, very short list to become a member of the Welsh Emergency Trauma Therapy Team. Working alongside Dr's, paramedics, fire, police, and rescue services, I saw things and experienced things which truly, no one should ever witness or see. Sadly, I was becoming desensitised and disassociated from normal reality as a result.

However, as my knowledge, training and education evolved through further courses and mentoring, it was once again Margeret who would put the cherry on the top, of this crazy cake of life and death, which I'd begun to consume daily. She explained, that I needed to begin to look for the nonphysical deaths in my clients and that, finding those 'nobody' deaths, would give me all the clues and pointers I needed to chase and run death down.

At first, I made the classic mistake of making my search too large, too big. I kept trying to find something that 'I' would consider relevant, as a loss, grief, or bereavement, but, not involving a physical body. Still then, too eager to please, rather, than to learn myself, without assistance, I went to Margeret for advice. She seemed less kind, understanding and patient than before as I entered. She proclaimed loudly to me,

'Tumour, keys and purse'!

Margeret, then shared with me her own story of life, death, and survival after being diagnosed with an inoperable brain tumour several years before we met. She explained that at the very last moment they decided to risk surgery and as a result, Margeret survived. During surgery she was resuscitated several times. Margeret explained to me that when she first began to get ill, she would forget where she had put her keys and purse.

Today, this very day that I was now standing in her office, was the anniversary of her brain tumour surgery. Margeret told me that just moments before I entered her office to seek support, she was looking for her keys and purse. When she couldn't find them or remember where they were, she panicked and regressed back to the day that she was given 18 months to live. Margeret, had taught me an essential lesson of life which I still use now.

She taught me that looking for the small nonphysical deaths, grief's and losses in a person's life and not getting bogged down just with the big deaths, will ultimately give you a clear and precise indication as to exactly how far along the path they are in their healing death process. Finally, I understood the task at hand and began seeing small deaths and loses in everyone I met. Soon, my work became an obsession, a pilgrimage to death.

When we are under stress, we regress! From that regressive state of mind or just prior to it, we are easily triggered, jolted or rubber banded back to our past. That past is sometimes so difficult to deal with, that we have needed to repress it. It is a natural and normal reaction to and as a result of, trauma and circumstances beyond our control. PTSD or post-traumatic stress disorder was first observed on mass during WW1.

Shell shock, as it was commonly known then, was simply, the body and mind, reacting unexpectedly and often without warning, in a way that mirrored, the experiences of the soldiers in the trenches, being shelled day and night. In effect, their experiences of constant fear of death, injury or capture caused the common man around other common men to question their realities. Life and death, instantly ceased without remorse.

*'In just one day, thousands upon thousands of soldiers died. My own grandfather was mustard gassed in the French trenches but survived to suffer all his life. Life means nothing!'*

These real and ever present life and death experiences, can no more be forgotten or undone from the mind, than can the history books be rewritten, to favour a lie. Each and every human being on planet earth has or will or could, face at any moment, a horrific experience that would forever change their lives. I have personally had many of these experiences and each one has taught me much about myself and how I navigate life and death.

In effect, Margeret wanted me to learn and become aware that human beings live a life, full of loss. For example, we lose our jobs, homes, status, and our marriages slowly die and end. We miss that once in a lifetime moment and it forever puts us into grief and bereavement. We can lose time, loose our mind or worse still, we watch another losing their mind to dementia. Everything above is in its own right, a death to be dealt with.

*'If, we don't deal with death, it will deal with us.'*

I have been dealing with the non-physical nobody deaths since I was born. I have lived and still continue to live, a life of loss. I have tried my best to deal with death before it deals with me. To do this openly, honestly and with integrity both within this book and my personal life, I must risk myself by sharing, as many deaths as possible with you so that you will eventually, have the tools you will need, to face death yourself!

My second primal death occurred as I climbed the tree of knowledge in my back garden. I was about seven and had stolen my mother's washing line to act as a climbing rope to scale the branches of the tall unpruned apple tree. Thankfully, I placed the rope around my waist and not my neck. When I fell from the tree the washing line slipped up to my chest as it took the full weight of my body, crushing the breath and life out of my lungs.

For several minutes I hung, swinging lifeless, suspended from the washing line, like the hanged man in the tarot. Finally, the branch snapped, and I fell to earth. I can only conjecture and hypothesise that upon landing, the washing line loosened from around my chest, allowing me to breathe again. What I do know with certainty is that there was no one there to supervise me, tell me not to do it or better still, tell me simply NO!

Much, if not most of my childhood was spent feral by other children's standards who had structure, plans, and direction. My two sisters and I were often left not just to our own devices and desires, but often, to our own detriment, safety, and care of self. It was more difficult for me to connect with other's than it was for my sisters and so, I spent many hours after school alone in my room. I was in truth, perfectly happy alone.

Often, I would read and memorise the Britanica Encyclopaedia, a full set being resident in the upstairs toilet. When my father sold it, I was devastated. I had lost something that made sense to a young autistic child. However, because of my autism I managed to remember most of the encyclopaedia by heart. I once entered a knowledge competition and won. Sadly, a 100% answer paper was seen and deemed as cheating and not possible to do.

However, I hadn't cheated at all. I simply knew, every answer!

The sad reality of being a genius child or prodigy, is that others, judge and classify you, using their own limited thinking. Once more, I suffered a terrible loss of self being called a cheater. Even my vocal protestations of, 'how could I have copied the other boys answers when they didn't have the answers' was met, with little more than scorn and mockery. I learned in that moment that I was indeed a very different mind.

My next major life loss was at age of about eight, when my younger sister nearly died after rupturing her spleen and kidney. She had been pushed over onto a concrete paving slab by a girl that she was fighting with and the edge of the slab, cut her inside. I watched the blood draining from her face as she began to bleed internally. She was about seven and very small and fragile like a porcelain doll that had been broken.

She was eventually taken to hospital and had to have a full blood transplant and major surgery. She spent two years in hospital and when she returned home, she had changed and become a different person. I realise now these major changes to her personality and behaviour were as a direct result of her trauma and near death experience. Our relationship was never again as close as it had been, and this, became yet another loss to bear.

While my younger sister was recovering in hospital, I experienced my third primal death by the hand of my own mother who tried to kill me by strangulation. Today, many, many years on from this third primal death, I have the knowledge, training, and personal therapeutic experience to fully understand what happened to trigger my mother to kill me. Sadly, as a child I did not have those same skills, tools, and resources to assist.

To fully appreciate and understand what would drive my own mother to an act of infanticide, I have needed many hours of therapy, coaching and self-examination. It has taken, a very, very long time for me to truly heal and accept the situation as it is now present to me as reality, rather, than personal myth. Equally, I needed to understand with great depth and insight, psychology, psychoanalysis and psychotherapy in many formats and shapes.

My training in Western and Eastern Philosophies have also helped me to understand the process clearer. Several regressive, primal, and rebirthing practices and therapies also helped to loosen up the old crust and wound of that death. A wound never heals if we keep picking at it, however, if we never look at it or wait a long time before uncovering the wound, often, we will need to remove a lot of surface crust in order to see the cut.

This existential and for my part nihilistic process was both extremely painful, fearful and itself traumatising to relive and face. The last thing I saw before losing consciousness and dying was the madness in my mother's blazing eyes. In that moment of madness, she had lost touch with all reality and had begun the process of having a full mental breakdown and collapse. Shortly afterwards, she was sectioned into psychiatric care.

I did not see my mother again for nearly three years apart from two brief visits to the psychiatric hospital with my father and sisters a year or so after admission. Whilst those two visits are a very long time ago, I still have full and clear memory and recall as to what was said by my mother. When the young psychiatrist asked her if she was happy to see her children, she calmly and coldly told him,

'All of my children are dead.' We left, soon after.

Can you imagine, the loss, grief, and bereavement that I and my sisters must have felt? Can you also imagine, with compassion, just how ill my mother was, to say such a terrible and hurtful thing. This, is so often the curse of mental illness which I myself have suffered with since a child. When we are not mentally well, the world does not look the same to us as it does to others apparently not mentally ill or struggling in mind.

Life, can be both brutal and beautiful at the same time.

My mother, stayed in the safety of the psychiatric hospital while my father continued to run his business, edit a newspaper, and look after myself and my two sisters, until, my younger sister, went into hospital for two years. For a time, it was just myself and my older sister who co-habitated together. My older brother, had already escaped the mad house by getting married and obtaining a live in job as an estate gardener.

Perhaps, it was my autism or, perhaps it was just my natural grief, but, when he told me he was leaving, I was heartbroken, distressed, and inconsolable for many months afterwards. I remember clearly, telling him that he couldn't go, couldn't leave me and that I hated his wife. Sadly, his aggressive, violent, and physical reaction was not what I expected. Basically, he beat the shit out of me for speaking my truth.

Obviously, as an adult now with skills, I understand his actions and reactions, however, as a child, his leaving me, became a great loss. This, was just too much to bear alongside the loss already, of my mother and my sister, who were no longer, part of my life. My older sister, was busy becoming a young woman interested in different things than myself. At that time, I did not know how to connect with her. This, thankfully has changed.

Many, many people, have mentally, emotionally, and psychologically, beaten the shit out of me, ever, since I could speak. One of my greatest experiences of loss, bereavement, and grief, was the loss of my voice and speech through trauma. In psychological terms, I became, a selected mute. I, had chosen, to simply stop talking. I was 4 years old. I have had the opportunity to explore this mute time in my life in therapy.

When, you begin to train as a basic, 'person centred' counsellor, in the first two years of most degree courses, you will never really be in therapy. Sometimes, a course has a second year group 'listening' process, however, it's normally, standard training practice to wait until the third and often final year of the course, to work in what are known as triages. In effect, there is one trainee counsellor, one client and an observer.

The observer, is not permitted to intervene, speak, or become involved. The other key and important person involved in the triage counselling system is the core tutor or stand in supervisor. Other, than these four people, all other students on the course, sit, in an outer circle around the main show. For nearly all participants, this was their first and potentially their last experience of being in therapy.

However, I had already, prior, to beginning my counselling degree course, been in therapy. My first therapist was a speech therapist when I was about 4 years of age. I still to this day, think about her nearly 60 years on. She was a Quaker, and her clinic was neatly hidden just inside the local Quaker hall. This, was my first encounter with the true kindness, love, and care of a good therapist. She, taught me to speak again!

This, was also my first contact with the Quaker religion. I worked with my speech therapist for five years until I was nine. In those five extraordinary years, she taught me to speak, talk and pronounce my words and sentences as if, I'd attended a private elocution school in the home counties of the UK. By the time I left her care, I spoke differently than both my parents and my siblings. I had acquired, an educated, 'kings' diction.

Through, my new understanding of the world, as guided by my therapists,' gentle and calm introduction to Quaker literature as my reading practice material, I began, to consider for the first time, that, reading about religions, spiritualities and all things mystical, might just be a great hobby. And so, from nine years of age until now, at 62 years of age, I have continued to study, learn, and teach myself everything I need to die well.

Reading, writing, and speaking gave me my life creative.



While there are no set beliefs in Quakerism, you will often see a common group of goals, called testimonies: simplicity, peace, integrity, community, equality, and stewardship. Or, SPICES as an anagram. Quakerism is more a way of life, rather than a set of firmly held beliefs. While it does have roots in Christianity, Quakerism, has no agreed creed. However, many Quakers, find the life and teachings of Jesus, inspirational.

Following Jesus as a saviour, does not appear central to their ideas. Quakers today, do not look any different from other people. Quakers, neither practise baptism nor celebrate the Eucharist. Equally, they don't regard some activities as more sacred than others, nor do they believe, that any particular ritual, is needed to get in touch with God. They do not believe in the sacraments practised in mainstream Christian churches.

Quakerism, is a faith of personal experience and direct communion with God, a faith, of continuing revelation, and a faith of living one's values, in the secular world. When it comes to what happens after we die, Quakers have no specific beliefs. Instead, the hope is that the spirit lives on in the family and friends that are left behind. Quakers, do, however, believe, that it is very important to prepare for their death.

Some Quakers, believe that when we die, we enter a realm of pure love that expands upon our spiritual experience of God's love during our mortal lives. Others, believe that we will enter the presence of Jesus and stay with him through eternity. And some Friends, consider death, the end of our mortal earth existence. Although, Quakers try to avoid extravagance and excess in their daily lives, they are very human and very grounded in reality.

Many ideas, concepts, and philosophies, have originated from the Quakers, and, have changed the world more positively than negatively. Conscientious objection to war, originated with the Quakers. Early hospice, end of life and palliative care were founded on Quaker practices of quietly, sitting peacefully by the bedside of strangers dying. Even modern day mindfulness practice and training has its core roots in the Quaker mind set.

*'The Quakers, are in my personal opinion,  
the most intelligent of all the religions.'*

As you begin to come to the end of chapter two, it is time for me to steer and guide you back to the core premise and statement of the chapter, 'loss of life.' Eventually, loss gets the better of all of us! In my own case, I'm still working with and through, many losses. However, unlike most people dying, I have already achieved much work on both my past and my present life and death. Equally, I have a way to travel before I am done.

Hopefully, as you have read, digested, and absorbed the contents of this chapter, you will have begun to sense or feel, that, life is loss and loss is life. If not, what else is it? We lose stuff every day we live, sometimes, it hurts quickly, and, we are instantly, present to its pain. At other times, these little losses, can creep up on you like cancer over months or even years. Nearly always, these nobody deaths cause grief.

Habeas corpus, translated from the Latin, means, 'show me the body.' However, when we experience a small apparently insignificant loss, there is no body to dig up, exhume or post mortem. In effect, we simply don't realise on a fully conscious level that we have just experienced a death. These deaths, no matter how small, will affect, alter, and influence our lives until we die. Over time, these small losses begin to add up.

However, if we take courage together, to truly, face death before we die, we may, have an opportunity, to begin our life and death accounting process. Before, we have to pay the ferry man's fee.

#### Ferry Me Across The Water

*'Ferry me across the water, Do, boatman, do.  
If you've a penny in your purse I'll ferry you.  
I have a penny in my purse, and my eyes are blue;  
So ferry me across the water, Do, boatman, do.  
Step into my ferryboat, be they black or blue,  
And for the penny in your purse I'll ferry you.'*

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

Space for your personal notes:

## Chapter Three

### 'The Audit'

When I was a child, I used to watch my father counting out his money on the kitchen table, stacking each denomination into perfect stacks. He was a master at penny stacking and he often allowed me to see if I could beat him by building the highest penny tower, hoping not to topple the tower, before completion. I never did beat him, and, I have never forgotten the value of those moments in so many ways with my father and his god.

For him, money was GOD!

I have, a liturgy of sayings, quotations, and utterances from my father, in relationship to his great god money. They spin, forever around, inside my mind. One, of my favourites, is, 'your best friend is your pocket,' meaning, that whatever money you could put or stuff into your pocket, would offer you more friendship, than any real human. My father had by his account, grown up in poverty, lack and loss. He was working, at twelve.

Beating my father by a full six years, I became my father's youngest employee in his, 'Aladdin's Cave,' a second hand and antique emporium. I was six years of age, nervous, shy, and anxious. Because of my inability to attend primary school, simply, because I could not speak, I was put to work alongside my father. Upon reflection, and analysis, I realise now, it's pure genius and impact on me and my life. But, it was hard.

From my own personal knowledge of life to date, most things in life, which have any real positive or negative impact upon us, will, have ultimately been hard at the time. The trick, is to work through the negatives until only, the positives remain. Do not, hide away or discount, deny or suppress them, instead, begin to add them up on the table of our minds. Stack them each in their own denomination, big loss, little loss, and tiny loss.

*'Using, my father's story of, penny stacking, It's easy to understand the sorting and accounting process, needed to balance the books of our losses.'*

If, you have understood the task at hand, then you should now within your mind's eye, begin to see what stack is what. How big or small is each stack of losses? Are there more small losses than big? Are, there many more little losses, almost bending over, ready to topple? Or, is it as was the case in my own loss accounting process, the tiny losses that finally, toppled you over the edge? How many deaths, will you add up?

In principle, each stack if continuously added to, will eventually topple over. Equally, if you try to put each and every loss stack denomination on top of each other, you will never ever, reach a height were eventually, the whole stack is stable. Rather, under the pressure from the bottom stacks and the pressure from the top stacks, eventually, the middle stacks blow outwards as all the pennies come crashing down around you.

Just like, the tower of Babel in the Tarot. The Tower of Babel, is the Bible story, most often associated with the tarot Tower, and may explain why people fall from the tower in cards dating about 1500 and after. In the Bible story, the tower was not destroyed, and no one fell from the Tower, but, an alternate version of the story seized the medieval imagination and was absorbed into folklore and art, as is often the way of truth.

Genesis, 11:4-7, says that after the flood, Noah's descendants all spoke one language. They, decided to build a city, and, a tower that would reach to heaven, to keep them united, all in one place as family. God, felt threatened, and so, he confused their language into a, 'babel' or, a confused noise made by a number of voices. Since, they couldn't understand each other, they stopped building the city and scattered over the earth.

When, the penny 'loss' stacks come tumbling down as a result of so, so many compounded deaths, which, we've not been able to deal with because we were blind to them, that, is when our worlds start to fall apart. Hidden and buried, unexpressed and suppressed grief, loss, bereavement, and death come volcanically to the surface, and then, erupts over everything and anybody around us in rage. It's devastation and destruction costs lives.

*'At this point in our life, we face death,  
for perhaps, the very first time.'*

Initially, my first encounter with death was unconscious, so I knew nothing. Being born dead, I had no memory as such of the event. It was only much later on in my forty's, that my mother told me the story of my birth, otherwise, I would never have known what happened. However, even though, my memories of the event were missing, my body, did remember. As I began to uncover more and more losses within my life, my physical body felt pain.

*'The body remembers, the bones remember, the joints remember, even the little finger remembers. Memory is lodged in pictures and feelings in the cells themselves. Like a sponge filled with water, anywhere the flesh is pressed, wrung, even touched lightly, a memory may flow out in a stream.'*

Clarissa Pinkola Estés.

In Babette Rothschild's seminal work, 'The Body Remembers' - The Psychophysiology of Trauma and Trauma Treatment, she explains how the body remembers trauma, loss, grief, and death. In her extraordinary book, she discusses the core, symptomatology of PTSD and, the ongoing struggles of those that suffer from its symptoms on a daily basis. I was extremely privileged and honoured to work with and meet Babette in the USA in 1993.

*'In PTSD a traumatic event is not remembered and relegated to one's past in the same way as other life events. Trauma continues to intrude with visual, auditory, and/or other somatic reality on the lives of its victims. Again and again they relive the life-threatening experiences they suffered, reacting in mind and body as though such events were still occurring. PTSD is a complex psychobiological condition.'*

Babette Rothschild.

After I'd read her book, I began to understand and realise, why my own body had suffered as much, through my losses and deaths, as had my mind. In simple and lay terms, when we are suddenly scared or surprised by something, we instantly hold our breath. It is one of the oldest surviving primitive instincts we have. It has successfully and very functionally kept humanity alive for much longer than we have truly deserved as parasites.

In Babette's other work, *8 Keys to Safe Trauma Recovery: Take Charge Strategies to Empower Your Healing*, she tells us,

*'A freeze response (dissociation, collapse, numbing, paralysis, deadness) during the incident that threatened your life or limb. Sometimes it's difficult for people to understand that this is really survival response.'*

Babette Rothschild.

Babette, tackles the often taboo subject of survival and survivor guilt, often, very easily with simplicity, the difficulties in understanding and identifying, the three core survival response mechanisms, fight, flight, and freeze. I urge anyone suffering from or diagnosed with PTSD or a similar trauma symptom, to read everything she has ever written. Babette, through her incredible work and insights has helped me to live, breath and be again.

When, we suddenly intake air into our lungs and then shut our mouths and nose from expelling that air, we create a moment out of time both cognitively in the mind as well as physically in our bodies. For several moments as we hold our breath, we have also begun to contract inwardly our core body. We are, for all intents and purposes, primitively trying to survive the moment. We, are trying to become small so as not to be discovered.

We, are holding our breath, so as not to make a sound, and be heard. Finally, we begin to pull ourselves inward, in preparation of a flight, fight or freeze response to danger. Even today in modern society, these primitive survival mechanisms still function as effectively now, as they did when we lived in the earth, caves, and rocks. In simple terms, our bodies at some point of 'reference trauma,' remembers itself.

Somatic therapies, sometimes known as body psychotherapy's, are therapeutic approaches, using physicality to the client, that places importance on what we experience in the body and mind as well as the connection between the two. There, will always be disagreement, and argument, as to whether, trauma is physically held in the muscles, bones, bloods, or cells. However, radical, and new thinking such as, 'Metagenealogy, is fascinating.

In Metagenealogy, Alejandro Jodorowsky's and Marianne Costa's second book after, 'Psychomagic,' they explain how every human being is the product of two forces: the imitating force, directed by the family group acting from the past, and, the creative force, driven by the Universal Consciousness from the future. They explain, how to identify mind patterns, emotional programming, successes, and failures of previous generations.

*'The universe is changing, the universe is expanding. Everything is constantly changing. So when a human being remains unchanged, like a rock, clinging to what he or she is throughout an entire lifetime, it's a tragedy. A human being has to be fluid, changing, expanding, developing, and at any given moment, has to ask, 'Why am I suffering?'*

Alejandro Jodorowsky.

From my own observations and inquiry into the traumatic loss memories of my clients, I feel confident that, Jodorowsky's and Costa's book, Metagenalogy, is potentially, only just scratching the surface of transmissional trauma through the genes, cells, and blood of the client's lineage. Science, biology, chemistry, and quantum physics, are now able to prove many things until relatively recently, unprovable. Only, time will tell.

Quantum physicists, are exploring with interest the ideas that, the quantum multiverse, creates a new universe each time a diversion in events occurs, as in the real-worlds variant of the many-worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics. The holographic multiverse, is derived from the theory, that the surface area of a space, can encode the contents of the volume of the region. Thus, creation, is now multiplied by creation.

What, if the same theories applied to our genes like seeds? Within a seed, lies all of the genetic information necessary for the seeds germination, development, and growth. If, each and every ancestor related to us, has, within the ancestral encoded memories of their past lives via the genes, transmitted trauma based memory or experience to us, we may not just be experiencing our own personal losses, grief's, bereavements, and deaths.



Indeed, if everything is passed down to us, we are not separate from the ancestors of our archaic past. In fact, if memory, feelings, and impressions can be transferred to us from several hundred generations previously lived, or more, why, is it so unbelievable to conclude, that we must ultimately, at some point or other within our lives, be affected by the past of an ancestor we never met. Energy, never dies. Maybe, memory is the same.

Whilst, opinions change, alter, and differ, regularly in regard to an agreement of where trauma is stored, what is generally accepted by most, if not all psychologists and therapists, is that the bodies need to protect itself from perceived threats, is stored in the memory and emotional centres of the brain, such as the hippocampus and amygdala. The brains real time response to such stimuli, has already been recorded and researched.

*'Everything we do, every thought we've ever had, is produced by the human brain.'* – Neil deGrasse Tyson.

Whenever, a physical or mental situation reminds us of a past, once experienced, traumatic event, or situation, we can have responses within our body from panic attacks to passing out cold. In the worst and most extreme regressions, we can lose our mind and feel like we are physically dying. Not, being able to grieve and mourn death naturally, in all, its shape and forms within our life, means that, death, will haunt us always.

At that point of breakdown, our bodies, as well as our minds begin to experience the losses, griefs and bereavements and deaths of our past. Some, from childhood or over many years of hidden, ungrieved loss. Adding all of this shit up and beginning the accounting process is overwhelmingly terrifying to most humans. And, that's, totally understandable and appreciated, because, the process is painful, difficult, and scary as hell.

I have traded each and every currency of loss imaginable and exchanged it for something more precious than gold. I have been able to stitch back together again my worn out mind and body, and currently, keep living. But, I had to do the auditing work first in my own life, before, I could move on to recovery, healing and finally acceptance of my life and death's. The auditing journey, is littered with bankrupt remanet's of loss.

Another, very useful tool in your death audit toolbox, will be the concept and idea of, complicated grief. Remembering our previous learning, that, losses add up over time, a history of bereavement following the death of a partner, parent, child, or other person close to the bereaved, needs to normally, be present in the life of the person, experiencing, complicated grief. Uncomplicated grief, bereavement or loss is normally, calmer.

Often, someone in complicated grief, will, persistently and pervasively preoccupy themselves, with the deceased, causing intense emotional pain to self. This pain, manifests, emotions such as sadness, guilt, anger, denial, blame, difficulty accepting the death, feeling one has lost a part of one's self, an inability to experience positive mood, emotional numbness, and difficulty in engaging socially with others around us.

The grief, that someone experiencing complicated grief feels, persists, for an atypically long period of time following the loss. This, period of time within complicated grief, normally exceeds, expected social, cultural, or religious norms within modern humanity. These mind disturbances, result in significant impairment in personal, family, social, educational, occupational, and other important areas of life functioning.

When we are within the teeth of, complicated grief, we do not see the world and those around us in a normalised or more standard way. This, is never truer, when, our complicated grief, originates from a suicide, of someone we have an intimate, or close relationship with. Often, their suicide affects us in a way that others around us cannot understand. Especially, if the suicide was founded on that person being terminally ill or sick.

After all, surely, no one would begrudge another human beings right, to 'end' their own life, by their own hand, if, they wanted to control for themselves, the moment they die. Rather, than, the terminal illness or slow disease, taking its own time to kill us. Having a terminal illness myself, my mind has considered many times how, I will choose to go out of this world. Currently, it's my intention to choose when I die and not death.

However, stigma has always followed suicide and, historically, there have been systemic consequences for family members that survive a loved one's suicide.

During the Middle Ages, families were often excommunicated and taxed ruthlessly by the Church if, a family member had died by suicide. This, often led to families losing their landholdings, inevitably being forced to live in poverty or emigrate to another region or country if they had the means. Religions, have told humanity what to do, for too long. They, have always had, another sinister agenda for humanity. Apparently, god approves.

Suicide and the stigma of those who suicide and sadly, the survivors of suicide, have many burdens, griefs, losses, bereavements, and deaths to shoulder. Especially, if the suicide is a child of older parents. I first met John and his wife, as a CRUSE bereavement care counsellor. At first meeting, it was clear that we would become, good friends, at least, for a time. John, had absolutely no difficulty opening up to me.

*'Each and every week, he would look forward to, Terry, his friend with counselling skills, to arrive for their conference, and communion with death, his son, and the abyss beyond reach.'*

Speaking about his sons suicide, the post mortem, public inquiry afterwards, the dissolution of his family as a result, and, the fact, that he felt, his son constantly around him as a presence of energy, was easy for John. He wanted to talk. He needed to talk. Talking, about his son, was helping him live, to breathe and to be. His wife, mostly sat in another room, watching television, oblivious to the death in the house and her grief.

Both John and his wife had all of the classic symptoms and process of complicated grief. However, John, was doing much better than his wife. John, finally admitted to me several weeks into our work, that, he'd not really needed my services but rather, had hoped that his wife might become involved in the counselling process so that she, could move on and find her way. Sadly, John also understood that this was unlikely to happen.

Slowly, over several months, John, began to explain to me about his sons life, disability, terminal, and life shortening prognosis, and, his desire not to burden his mother and father, now, in their seventies with his daily and sometimes hourly care needs. When he committed suicide, he left no note and planned it to coincide with his parents sleeping schedule. John, found him hanging from a tree in the garden and tried to resuscitate.

After, the ambulance and Dr were called, it was quickly established by checking for rigor mortis, that in fact, the son had hung on the tree all night until discovered in the morning by his father. John, spoke of his disbelief, shock, and unwillingness to believe that his son had really committed suicide and was now dead. For John, this could not be true as he felt his son around him every day in the house and garden.

After nearly nine months working with John, my counselling supervisor Barbara, asked me how much longer I thought I'd be working with John. Normally, a twelve week group of sessions was the most that CRUSE initially offered a client. Sometimes, that would be extended in twelve week blocks, up, until thirty six weeks. After that, it was totally normal to break 100% contact with your client after their last session had ended.

This, had not happened with John and his wife, and, my supervisor was naturally concerned, about the extra length of time, I had been involved in therapy with the family. Initially, because John was diagnosed with, 'complicated' grief, I was given him as my client, because, the other counsellors, were simply not experienced enough to work with him. Sadly, from CRUSE'S perspective, there was no sign that John, was getting better.

From my perspective, I saw John differently. He was highly educated and spoke to me at a very advanced and knowledgeable level as an equal advocate, at that time, of life and death and all of its wild crazy mysteries. We discussed openly, reincarnation, mediums, psychics and seances for the living. He understood science and physics and, like myself, felt that we were energy. He believed firmly that his son still existed.

*'He showed me photos he had taken of his son in translucent, bubble sized orbs of light on the hanging tree. For John, it was proof that his son lived on within the energy of orbs!'*

When, I told John the week before our last session that the next session would be our last, he was devastated. He offered to pay me as a 'private' therapist and even said he had come to me if needed, as he knew that I was not taking money from CRUSE for my travel each week. He, was sure that we had more to discuss, more to share and more to commune about. It was then, that I realised that people do not need therapist's. They need friends.

*'Ponder for a long time whether you shall admit a given person to your friendship' - Seneca.*

If, we take courage to finish the audit of our losses, bereavements, griefs, and deaths, we will have amassed a large quantity of very important information with which to face death when we die. However, should we not do the work, only time and your eventual death will tell you if you were right or wrong in your choice to avoid the face of death in favour of the face of life. Sadly, it will go only two ways for you. Good or bad!

As I finalise and complete, chapter three, the audit, I want to leave you with a simple but effective test. Go to your bank and ask them for several bags of pennies, cents, dimes, or coin. Then, open them all out on your table. Reflect and consider carefully, your nobody deaths, losses, and bereavements as well as your real body deaths and losses. Start to stack them and see what happens. If they fall and topple, do the loss audit.

If, by some miracle, you manage to keep stacking up your pennies, higher and higher, beware! If you believe, that god is real, and, watching your every move, and knowing your every sinful thought, then, you are well on the way to experiencing a death by god. Your own personal tower of babel will be a direct threat to his omnipotence and supremacy. If, you continue to keep trying to reach upwards, before digging down, you will fall.

*'Where you stand determines what you see and what you do not see; it determines also the angle you see it from; a change in where you stand changes everything.'* - Steve de Shazer.

*'Each person is a unique individual. Hence, psychotherapy should be formulated to meet the uniqueness of the individual's needs, rather than tailoring the person to fit the Procrustean bed of a hypothetical theory of human behaviour.'* - Milton H. Erickson.

*'Go inside yourself to find your own unique true answers, never look outside yourself where others have looked before!'*

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Four

### 'Death On Mars'

Elon Musk, wants, needs, desires, and dreams to go to Mars!

Musk, has everything around him as a resource, to achieve his dream. From, some of the best technological and scientific minds on the planet, to an endless growing yearly revenue of cash. Plus, the firm and friendly backing of NASA, and the Government of the USA. He, is a man driven by pioneers' madness. Musk, I suspect, knows that humanity is ultimately doomed, but prefers publicly, to show his gang signs of compassion and hope.

Once living and settled on the red planet, what will happen, when the first person dies on Mars? What, will be the process, for the first person born on Mars, if, being born is still a thing by then? When Musk, speaks about going to Mars, he is effectively saying, humanities fucked. As a basic rule of thumb, civilisations, generally last for less than four hundred years, with, the exceptions of a few, such as, the Maya, Aztec, and Roman Empire.

However, even those once great and magnificent cultures and civilisations fell to ruins and were no more. In simple terms, they died. Death, of our world and global civilisations, cultures, and societal structures, just like the human body, can only survive just so long. Underpopulation, is currently, a greater risk to humanity, than, any concern of overpopulation a global counsel may have. In short, we are becoming sterile.

Japan, as an example, is slowly dying.

Japan's, overall population has fallen to just 125.42 million. Japan, has the fastest aging population of any, post-industrial nation on earth. Its birth rate, the average number of children a woman typically has, started to decline in the 1970s. Fewer, than 800,000 babies were born in Japan last year, the lowest figure since Japan began tallying births in 1899. It is, the seventh year of declines in a row, according, to current data.

The modern social scientist, Luke Kemp, analysed dozens of collapsed civilizations, which, he defined as, 'a society with agriculture, multiple cities, military dominance in its geographical region, and a continuous political structure.' He concentrated his research from, 3,000 BC to 600 AD, and calculated, that the average life span of a civilization, is close to 340 years. As a global civilisation, we are now old!

The four, constructed periods of world history, are, as follows:

Ancient Times (600 B.C. to 476 A.D.) - The Middle Ages (476 A.D. to 1450 A.D.) - Early Modern Era (1450-A.D. to 1750 A.D.) - Modern Era (1750 A.D to Present)

This, means that currently, we, are 274 years old as a society. Since 1750, we have been engaged headlong, in a race for supremacy over nature, humanity and the universe. We, the chosen people, it would seem, fancy ourselves as gods. And, so far to date, we have played god in many forms and with much vigour. We can raise the dead, heal the sick, make the lame man walk and the blind man see. We can, in fact, turn water into wine.

Friedrich Nietzsche, proposed the nihilistic philosophical question, '*Is man merely a mistake of God's? Or God, merely a mistake of man?*' It would seem, that we have simply lost, or out grown the need, of a god or gods. In very real and practical terms, we have the capacity to make life from nothing, clone life and duplicate it, grow it, incubate it, and, eventually harvest and reseed. All, from what we know today in 2024.

As a civilisation, we only have another sixty six years left, before we pass, our natural sell by date. Any number, of horrific things, can occur to planet earth, and humanity, within, the next sixty six years. Global cooling or warming, erupting volcanoes, asteroids from outer space, raising sea levels, underpopulation, overpopulation, disease, pestilence, famine, flood and, of course, an emergent conscious AI god or gods.

*'I visualise a time when we will be to robots what dogs are to humans, and, I'm rooting for the machines.'* - Stephen Hawking.



Each and every day, via the worlds news, media, and broadcast systems, we hear how bad everything is, and will continue to be. Whatever, we can look forward to or fear in the future, there are some things which, while earth is still alive, will never change. After anything dies, ceases to be, collapses or, enters into a period of gradual decline, there is a normal and natural decomposition process. Followed, by a new fertilization period.

Finally, culminating, in new green growth from the past seeds of what is now lost, dead and gone. That, is the cycle of life. It is natural and has worked and continues to work without a god, or, the necessary intervention of humanity. However, just as curiosity has killed many cats, we cannot apparently let our god complex go. We have split the atom, travelled to space, dived the deepest oceans and, flown around the world nonstop.

By all intents and purposes, and, if only judged on our creations, we are, truly great and masterful gods! And, if man is made in the likeness of god, is it any surprise, that he now has such discontented, unhappy and attention seeking children to contend with? Isn't it, after all, daddy's fault? Playing god seems to have become a fashion. I, myself as a guru, shaman, Christic figure and spiritual coach bought the tee shirt.

And, after wearing that tee shirt, long enough to realise, that god, did not exist for me any longer, I decided to die. I was, the 1 in 10 who survives. In effect, my life, after my first heart attack, is personal evidence to me, that after my deaths, and slow recoveries, I have, for the most part, been able to build and salvage something of my life, and whatever time remains, from the ashes. I have, like a Phoenix, risen again.

Likewise, my personal choice of death practice is to be cremated when my body is finished. Being a fire sign astrologically, and having always felt some spark or flame within, fire appeals to the hero within me. My parents, chose burials side by side. My father, died aged eighty-one just four weeks, after I started my new community project in Wales, in 2005. My mother died aged eighty-seven, just a few months before my second daughter was born in 2011.

*'Each, of my parents' deaths, affected me differently for different reasons. Truthfully, I am happy they are now dead.'*

If Musk, his shareholders, and space partners, apply simple pragmatism to death on Mars, then, the process should be as simple as getting rid of any other used up resource or waste matter. When, a death occurs on Mars, just like here on earth, the body would be recycled back into the environment and atmosphere. Possibly, even making a nutritious healthy meal, before, or after full decomposition and rotting takes place.

The nutrients, pulp and bones of the dead body could be either, directly ingested or, used as fertiliser and compost for growing food from the corpses of Martian's for the new born Martian's in their incubation pods. Baby Martian farming, will ultimately, make more, economic sense than, going back to earth every year, to get new babies for Mars. That, is insane. When, the earth ships stop coming, Mars, will already be sadly fully re-seeded.

Currently, NASA has adopted the following procedure, policy, and plans for its astronauts, who die in space on the way to Mars. If an astronaut dies while travelling to Mars, NASA, plans to put the dead body, in a special bag, that can then be exposed to outer space. Where, exactly you would place these bagged bodies on a space craft hurtling through space I am not sure.

*'My autistic imagination visualises, body bags being towed in space on thin wire lines, twisting and turning around like kites being pulled along by children playing with the wind of change.'*

However, in principle, the body would freeze, having been outside the spacecraft in subzero temperatures. Once frozen, it would be brought back into the spacecraft, where, it would be vibrated and shaken, thereby, causing the remains to be ground into a fine dust or powder. Certainly, to be later used as a growing medium for food on Mars, or, as an onboard food supplement resource, on the long journey to colonise Mars. Yummy, Yum Yum!

Realistically, whatever happens, off planet, will, most likely, stay off planet. In short, if there is an outbreak of a Martian disease within the newly founded Mars colony, it is unlikely earth will hear about it. Especially, if growing two heads, four arms and transgengering sex are amongst the observed symptoms. If it is that bad, Musk will call in the 'clean up' squad, permanently resident on the Moon to sort the mess out.

Ultimately, we may simply discover by going to Mars, that sadly, for all Musk's shareholders and partners, Mars might just not be somewhere we could live. Space Scientists, are not even sure how effective, Mars's atmosphere would be, as a radiation shield, against the radiation bombardment of Mars daily. How, will colony astronauts hide from radiation on Mars, other, than, to live underground, partially protected by the Mars bedrock.

And, it must also be remembered, that the Mars colonists will have to spend a long time on the planet surface, just to establish the most basic living environment. Even, if prefabricated on earth beforehand. There will be no quick turnaround, with on/off shift crews of drillers, miners, structural engineers, and control centre technicians. A speedy, there-and-back to earth dash, is simply not possible on Mars.

So, we now know publicly, with some level of prior information from the scientific community's, both off line and online, that Musk and his cronies, have much to gain, if, Mars Colony 1, is successful. Firstly, it is a guaranteed, safe haven for the super mega rich. A proverbial, Martian holiday destination, of most powerful robber barons, in outer space, courtesy, of the now dead or dying miners, Mars geologists and drilling teams.

Secondly, it has been discovered through the Mars Rover projects, which landed on Mars, that, lithium, cobalt, nickel, copper, zinc, niobium, molybdenum, lanthanum, europium, tungsten, and gold, have been found in trace amounts. And, it is quite possible that in some places, these materials may be concentrated enough, to be mined economically. Mars is a planet rich with wealth and has sites with large amounts of ore-grade hematite.

This could be used for the manufacture of steel. And, more than just a shimmering stone, opal, which is rich in water, has now been found in Mars' Gale Crater by, NASA's Curiosity Rover. With clues to a watery past, newly discovered water-rich opals, may one day, provide a source of water on the Martian surface. Research and development, is already under way to see if it is possible to establish an oxygen based atmosphere on Mars.

Lithium, produced by cosmic rays, can also be found on Mars, either homogeneously distributed throughout the surface, or in deposits. More than enough, to build the TESLA Space X Empire.

In prehistorical ancient and archaic times, when, we gathered together to look at the stars or, individually went walkabout in the bush to star gaze alone, little could we have imagined, that one day, instead of burning, burying, or displaying our dead, we may in fact, be using them for food or to grow food on Mars. That bright, red star to the left, of our fire. For myself, I dearly hope, that we do not or cannot, colonise Mars.

Simply and truthfully stated, if we do, with the first, Martian birth, be it a real birth, or synthetic one, we, will no longer be human! Therefore, we will never ever again, experience death, in the same way, as our distant and ancient ancestor's, themselves now long dead. Perhaps, before we live and die on Mars, we can learn to live and die on earth as well as possible with what we already know about the shortness of our lives.

*'Life is long if you know how to use it. But life is very short and anxious for those who forget the past, neglect the present, and fear the future. The greatest obstacle to living is expectancy, which hangs upon tomorrow and loses today.'*

Seneca, 'On The Shortness Of Life.'

Eventually, if Musk and many, many others get their way, we will become for a while, a humanity, living off planet. However, when the last remaining original human being dies, and, no more human babies are being born, for, whatever reason, then, that is when humanity will cease to be, off planet. In effect, they will no longer be of the human race. Planet earth, was never their home, and, if planet earth dies, it never will be either.

Human beings, are not their kin, kith or brother, sister, mother, father, or family member. The Martian's or, space dwellers, will have only one connection to a distant earth. Death. You see, everything in the universe dies. Certainly, it is forever transformed into energy, however, whatever it originally was, before it died, will be, no more. Even, the death of AI, will be similar in fashion, as, it will probably also kill itself.

Nothing, not even machines, can cheat eventual death.

*'All over the world, their machines began to stop and fall. After all that men could do had failed, the Martians were destroyed, and humanity was saved.'*

H G Wells, 'War of The Worlds.'

History, is strewn with the bones of past machines, technologies, discoveries, and advancements sacrificed, to the global pool, of human being knowledge and education. Each, and every conquering army, its soldiers and leaders have destroyed the conquered cultures antiquities, knowledge, and page within history, often before the sun set upon the bloody battle ground.

Human beings it would appear, love to kill, destroy, and cause death to anyone who is different, a threat to or a burden upon society. Death, seems to follow us, everywhere we travel in life. How, do you want to die? How would you want those you love to die? Your child, partner, or friend? How will you deal with the real body person death? How will you navigate the hidden nobody deaths and losses that will come up to fuck you!

Perhaps, you have already planned, considered, and organised each and every part of your death in advance of my words. Maybe, it is all old news to you, and you've known exactly what you wanted and what you wanted to happen, long before reading this chapter. However, have you considered the following, often, overlooked aspect of dying. One thing, absolutely guaranteed, with only one exception, is that you cannot control death.

Rarely, if ever, can we completely control, the moment we die or begin to die. The only exception is when we choose to end our own life by our own hand. That moment, of final choice, is the only way we can attempt to cheat death's slippery hand in favour of our own. Sadly, sometimes, even suicide and assisted death process go wrong for the chooser of self-determination. When, we plan suicide, it is best to really get it right first time.

*'What is called a reason for living is also an excellent reason for dying.'* - Albert Camus, 'The Myth of Sisyphus.'

My youngest daughter's uncle, Martin, chose to commit suicide using several methods, making certain of his success. I worked with Martin as his coach and friend because he was so broken inside and needed help. Ultimately, he decided to stop working with me and went into himself. Sometime, after I separated from my youngest daughter's mother, I found out that he had killed himself. Simply put, he could no longer bear life's brute pain.

How, we die, is important for several reasons. One, of those reasons has everything to do with those we leave behind and those with us in our final moments, just before death. How we die, will in part have something to do, with how we have lived. Many, deathbed atheists have prayed to know god or Jesus before their death. Likewise, many more god believers have cursed and spat into the face of their god in anguish, pain, and sorrow.

*'Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.'*

Dylan Thomas, 'Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night.'

However we die, it will, forever, affect those we leave behind, regardless of planning, support, or care. It does not matter how well prepared you are for war, war will always come through the back door. Even, the best death bargainer, will still ultimately pay the price of their deals. I, tried bargaining with god for my life after I was diagnosed with cancer in 2001. Never, again! Sometimes, we do not get our last wish granted.

We die, in the arms of strangers, not the ones we love. We die alone, without anyone to see us fall. We also die without dignity or honour. We die in wars, our bones and bodies crushed under the advancing armies, and are forgotten, forever missing in action. We die in a way absurd, surreal of totally unimaginable. Gary, a once dear friend, a staunch and 100% committed Vegan, died of eating rice after contracting botulism.

*'Death, is inherently cruel, disregarding, uncaring  
of your final wishes and ultimately, in control.'*

If, you believe or think otherwise, perhaps, you still have faith in something more than life and death in the real world? Maybe, you magically believe that someone or something is going to come to remove the pain or fear just before you die, leaving you to die peacefully. Very, few of us get to die in our sleep. Certainly, it would for so many, be the best way to end life. My partner's cousin, Mamie Agathe, was able to end with sleep.

A former client told me about the moment her mother died after she was taken off her life support. Her mother knew that her daughter had authorised the disconnection as she had power of attorney from her mother. Her mother was furious with her daughter for stopping the treatments and turning off her life support. The verbal venom, hatred and obscenities that came from her, were, by the daughter's own account, horrifying.

When my former client told me her story of watching her mother die, and the words and things she had spoken, she said, that it was as if they were coming from a woman possessed by evil. Her mother, who I had also counselled, had not died well. In fact, her bad death is a constant reminder to me that I must as well as possible, prepare my mind and body for the death experiences to come. If not, I will not be able to have a good death.

Within, our past ancient and archaic tribes, communities, villages, and settlement's, we practiced living and dying very differently than we do today. Life, was seen and experienced differently. Equally, death, had begun to be embraced as natural, expected, anticipated, and accepted for what it was. An end, of something once living. No more, will it breathe, move, speak, dance, or run. The body is cold. The face pale.

And yet, even though, we did not know, or understand why we died, death was understood. At that time in our evolution, we knew that death existed, all around us daily and, each cold dark night inside the caves and hollows of the earth. Death, was neither a stranger nor a friend, but something, to be acknowledged, even, if initially in a childlike way. Prodding, poking, and kicking the dead body to bring it alive again.

Certainly, it was much like this when we first died.

I, truly now believe, after forty five years of personal development, evolution, and growth that human beings can die naturally, without the aid of religious or spiritual crutches and dogma, guru's, shamans and priest's, prayers, and wailers. I feel instinctively that there is not one single religion, spiritual path or aid which can help us to die better than life itself. Life, is natural as is death, the two intertwined.

If, we let life hold us when we die, dying, will be easier for us, and those around us if we are lucky enough not to die alone. I, am in a daily practice of dying. Often, I am anxious, afraid, and scared. But, I continue as I know that this, is my way to personal freedom in my death. I have a lot of work ahead of me to truly get close to my goal of a good and peaceful death and transition to the void and nothingness. With this, I am ok!

However, before I cast of this mortal coil, there may well be other deaths personally in my own life, body, and mind before I die. Maybe, I will have another heart attack? Maybe, another stroke? Possibly, a deterioration of my mobility and general overall health and wellbeing. It is also likely that I will lose many parts of myself as a direct result of facing death again. I have and do consider these things daily in my work.

Equally, I, may live, a whole lot longer, than ever imagined, and, as a direct result, begin to see around me, the death of my one remaining family member, Amanda my oldest sister, who I still have contact with. In March of 2024, she will go to live in another country. She and her husband will be a long way away from civilisation as we generally understand it. In effect, I may never ever, see her alive again. This, is how death is.

*'When I think of death, and of late the idea has come with alarming frequency, I seem at peace with the idea that a day will dawn when I will no longer be among those living in this valley of strange humours. I can accept the idea of my own demise, but I am unable to accept the death of anyone else. I find it impossible to let a friend or relative go into that country to no return. Disbelief becomes my close companion, and anger follows in its wake. I answer the heroic question, 'Death, where is thy sting?' with 'It is here in my heart and mind and memories.'* - Maya Angelou.



'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Five

### 'Goodbye Cruel World'

Saying goodbye, to those we love and care about, either before they die, or, before we die, can be extremely cathartic for all concerned. However, heed my words. The inverse is 100% true if those gathered around your death bed are neither welcome or loved or cared about by you. Anymore, then they truthfully love or care about you or your dying. Sometimes, people who you have not seen for many years, suddenly appear at your deathbed.

In the life of the dying, many strange people previously unknown to them, magically turn up, as if, it were a party rather than a parting. Unexpected and often unknown strangers, arrive to sit at your bed. Sometimes, these dead people, sitting by our bedside, are well known to the dying person or, are long dead relatives, partners, parents, or siblings. These, are the effects, of dying drugged up and high on Morphine, to ease pain.

Sadly, for most, this practice of medicating with Morphine nearly all terminally ill and dying patient's, within our global hospitals, robs, steals, and takes away, their ability to be present with death in the moment of death. Facing death, before we die, on our terms, and, ultimately, in our own way. Pain management of the dying is a very easy option for those in charge of their care. Often, dying people make noise, scream and shout.

In effect, we simply want the noise of dying to stop. Equally, we want the noise of birth, babyhood, and childhood to also stop. From the very first time, the child of, Mother Eve, cried out, it must have naturally raised both panic in her as mother, as well as signalling, something is needed or something as yet not understood, is being asked for. Natal research has identified, four natural cry's all babies make until speech.

They are, hunger, pain, illness, and alarm cries.

It is perfectly normal, to want these, animalistic, wild, primitive life, and death 'alarms' to stop! Keeping, the noisy dying quite, is the same mind set. In essence, we want to stop feeling like an anxious and scared monkey in the banana tree.

When dying becomes globally institutionalised, tightly budgeted, and always over capacitated and understaffed, keeping the dying quietly dying is good for everyone. My own father died in hospital, and I was with him for many hours while he lay dying, fading in and out of life high on a Morphine fuelled drip. Certainly, without the medication, the pain he would have felt, would have been unbearable. But, there are alternatives.

The principal goal, of all palliative care, is to reduce suffering, experienced by patients, who are at or near the end of their life. Not, taking away or impairing their dying voice, hearing, or awareness of other 'real people in the room, is both a necessity and requirement in my opinion, for being able to die well. Only then, can real potential truths, apologies and acceptances be heard and received from the lips of those dying.

Some, more forward thinking and visionary clinics and hospitals, have begun to explore the use of, Medical Cannabis. Administred either independently, or, alongside other more traditional palliative care drugs. Such as, Morphine, opioids, benzodiazepines, serotonin 5-HT3 receptor antagonists, and antipsychotic medications. Integrating cannabis care into the mix, has been shown to increase the wellbeing of the dying.

Even someone, without any real or true compassion for the dying and bereaved, would not want another to suffer or bear the pain of dying if avoidable. However, my father mostly pain-free when he died, spoke to invisible friends, family, and strangers as if, they were really there in the room. For him, in his drugged state of mind, everything was real. In the end, I lovingly said my goodbyes and left him to continue his conversations alone.

Whilst at the time, I was uncertain as to exactly what I had witnessed while watching my father die, now, many years on and armed, with more data and information on the effects, of Morphine on the dying, I am certain, that my father, truly believed what he saw, heard, and experienced, even though, there were no other living people in the room. However, drugs will fuck with your head and make you see, hear, say, and do things unimaginable.

Equally, some people, also say some amazing things on drugs.

*'I think people need to be educated to the fact that marijuana is not a drug. Marijuana is a herb and a flower. God put it here. If He put it here and He wants it to grow, what gives the government the right to say that God is wrong?'*

Willie Nelson.

As a user of cannabis since the age of seventeen, I can personally attest, to its healing potentials. When, I suffered my first heart attack, I was crunching, 8 to 12, 500 mg paracetamol tablets, each and every day. In desperation, I asked my plumber, clearly a cannabis user, if he, could sort me out something to smoke for my physical pain and mental anxiety. Thankfully, I was able to get some cannabis and started daily to self-medicate. I still need other medication but less of it.

Currently as of 2024 and the writing and crafting of this book, I still continue to use daily my cannabis medicine to assist, support and help me with my dying. As a long-time advocate, user, and educator of the benefits of cannabis within society, I am still 100% convinced that if the UK government, legalised the use of the herb, as well as the right to grow it, we would almost overnight, see an improvement within society in general.

The physical and mental health of the nation, would improve, heal, and recover as ordinary people, naturally, found their own voice and heard perhaps, for the very first time, their own real inner thoughts. Feelings, unexpressed, would rise up to be embraced, not pushed down with alcohol. The long, and short term benefits, to those citizens, especially, those dying, near the end of life, in bereavement or loss, would be uncalculatable.

Palliative care, pain relief, hospice care and the growth of advocates for the dying and death doulas for hire in the local yellow pages, means, that some people, are going to die better than most and get an opportunity to say goodbye to those they love beforehand. Most, other humans dying, will not have those luxuries without, cash money. Dying in care, is BIG business worth billions in the UK alone. In the USA, it's even bigger.

*'Even Death is BIGGER in Texas'*

The total cost of providing palliative care services between 2021 and 2031 in the UK, is projected to be around nearly eight Billion pounds. Were, is this money coming from? Well, if the calculations of the, Hospices & Palliative Care Centres in the US market are to be believed, then, income, profit and revenue is expected to reach an estimated \$40 Billion US Dollar's, in 2024. The UK, will certainly not be far behind in cash money.

Normally either the UK follows the trends of the USA or, less frequently, the inverse. Either way, people are paying to die well or better than they potentially would within a death institution such as the NHS. What, this means in real end of life care is that those dying or visiting the dying, will, more likely have the time, space, and peace to say their last goodbyes to the other. Saying goodbye, prepares us for the real death.

Equally, once, we have hopefully had the opportunity, to say our final farewells, to those loved and who are no more, we then, have to begin the process of grieving, mourning, and feeling the loss of those who are dead. Taken, by death into nothingness, a void and abyss of forever sleep and rest. Unknown, unfelt! If, we don't accept, the real world reality of death, that we, will never see that person ever again, we will lie to ourselves.

*'When we lie to ourselves, we become unable to begin the normal and natural grieving process. We become stuck in the goo.'*

This grieving process is essential and necessary, in order for us to begin to heal and recover our lives after death. No, we will never forget the person. No, the pain will not end or go away, but, it will change, alter, and move inside of you to settle, somewhere less sensitive. Sometimes, the grief will return if you get triggered, by another loss or death. Often, you will think of the person kindly, sometimes unkindly.

Maybe, you will even at times, be angry and disappointed they died. In essence, if you loved them and they loved you, normally, if real friendship, like or care was present within the relationship, then, we will remember them kindlier and positively. If, there is actually something good in your mind, about your once living connection, that makes you feel the need to grieve and to slowly work through their death, you will heal.

Normal grief becomes complicated, when, a person cannot say goodbye to someone they love before they die. Then, the pain of loss can be terrible, like a suicide without the note, there is no immediate closure. Never, again, will they get to speak to or listen to that person. Either arriving too late, or, not being aware of the dying of the person, not getting to say goodbye, is a difficult way to start the grieving process needed.

In Shakespeare's Play, Hamlet, Hamlet, discovers the skull of his once friend Yorik, and taking, his skull in his hand, he speaks to the skull, as if, speaking to Yorik himself,

*'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rims at it.'* - William Shakespeare, Hamlet.

Hamlet, metaphorically, holds death and decay in his hands, forcing him to come to terms with the fact, that everyone dies and everyone, no matter who they were in life, will end up the same in death. Death, appears throughout all of the worlds literature, poetry, prose and writings of the creatives, the ones, who saw death differently than ourselves. Artists, musicians, dancers, puppeteers, and mimes, all played death.

When we have said goodbye, witnessed a good death and survived, to tell the tale, then, we are ready to learn how to grieve. Grieving, can be observed and identified in every living creature, as a direct, result of death. However, I am not suggesting, that a dead ant queen, is mourned by worker ants, as if, she were a human queen. I am saying, that the ants response after the queen dies, is similar, to a grief reaction.

In simple terms, the ants, having learned that the queen is dead, rush frantically around to protect both the colony and the potential new queen from any danger above, or below ground. In effect, they are attempting to 'normalise' the effect of the death upon the colony by basically, carrying on as normal and pretending, that nothing has happened. This, is one of the stages within the bereavement process called, denial. It sucks.

Within, the therapeutic process of bereavement, it is now understood, that death, is coped with either, in several stages or, in a ping pong, duel process. Equally, it is the same for those dying or terminally ill. I, am daily experiencing grief as a terminally ill human being. Sometimes, my grief gets the better of me, and, for a moment, I am immobilised, emotionally, and physically, very quickly, depending on the level of grief.

Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, was a Swiss American psychiatrist, and, a revolutionary pioneer in near-death studies. Author, of the internationally best-selling book, 'On Death and Dying,' this book, changed the world of death and dying professionally. In it, she discusses her theory of the five stages of death, also known as the, 'Kübler-Ross model.' Her work, helped revolutionize the care of the terminally ill, sick, and dying.

Having identified, five stages of grief, experienced by the dying: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance, it was now time for, Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, to share her work with the world. She, has done more to develop, educate and evolve the death therapist's mind, towards death and dying, than many before her. Whilst, many other models of bereavement, grief and loss exist, Kübler-Ross, opened up the doors to see.

So, what are the five stages of grief?

### **Denial:**

Feeling numb, is very common in the early days after a bereavement. Some people at first carry on as if nothing has happened. Even, if we know with our heads that someone has died, it can be hard to believe in our heart that they are not coming back. It's very common to feel the presence of someone who has died, hearing their voice or, even seeing them around you. Denial occurs, when, we simply can't accept the truth.

When, we cannot face death, when, we cannot deal with death, we, will retreat into the safety of our fragile minds, for solace. Seneca, expressed it stoically, this way,

*'We suffer more in imagination than in reality.'*

**Anger:**

Anger, or rage, is a completely natural emotion and response to death and dying. It's very natural, just after someone dies, to be angry, upset and hurt. Death, can seem cruel and unfair, especially, when you feel someone has died before their time or, you had plans for the future together. It's also common, to feel angry towards the person who has died, or angry at ourselves, for things we did or didn't do before their death.

Sadly, guilt, is never far behind.

**Bargaining:**

When we are in pain, it's sometimes hard to accept that there's nothing we can do to change things. Bargaining, is when we start to make deals with ourselves, or, perhaps with God, if we're religious. We want to believe, that if we act in particular ways, we will feel better. It's also common to find ourselves going over and over things mentally, that happened in the past, asking ourselves, 'what if' questions with no answers.

Often, these, philosophical existential questions, and reflections, lead us to wishing, hoping, and often praying that we could magically go back and change things, in the hope, that things, could or would have turned out differently. Obviously, the dying and bereaved are not the only ones who wish that they had a time machine. Many times within my own life, I have travelled backwards into my past in my mind, to try again.

**Depression:**

Sadness and longing, are what we think of most often, when we think about grief. This pain, can be very intense and come in waves, over many months or years. Life, can feel like it no longer holds any meaning which can be very scary. Existential depression, is a very specific and important classification, within Psychotherapy. Death, dying and surviving grief, involve the process of, Existential depression, sadness, and loss.

*'In psychology and psychotherapy, existential depressions, are inner conflicts, characterized, by the impression, that life, lacks core meaning, confusing us, about our personal identity.'*



**Acceptance:**

Acceptance, comes in waves, just like the ocean, each day the tide, moving backwards and forwards upon the shoreline. It can feel like nothing will ever be right again or, like we are lost at sea. But, gradually, most people find that their death pain eases, and, it is possible to accept better, what has happened. We may never, 'get over' the death of someone precious, but, we can learn to live again, keeping memories of those dead, alive.

But why, is it so hard, to accept death and dying?

In simple terms, and, not forgetting humanities god complex, advances, in health care, medicine and drugs, make death and dying, more difficult to accept, than ever before. Because, we, the modern gods should be able to 'fix' it all. Death, is no longer an inevitable reality for humanity, one day, it will end. Death, is now arrogantly viewed as a defeat, and anything less than heroic measures, to keep someone breathing, is a failure.

*'I would like an epitaph in writing so tiny that visitors would have to inch right next to my gravestone to read it. It would say: You're standing on my balls.'*

Billy Connolly.

As well as, Elisabeth Kübler-Ross's, five stages of grief and loss, the dual process grief model, developed by, Stoebe & Schut, states, that both, denying (denial) and avoiding (non-acceptance) are important and necessary parts of a healthy grieving process. The dual process model of grief, focuses, on stressors linked to grief. The two types of stressors are, 'loss orientated' and 'restoration orientated.'

Both stressors, require coping mechanisms, and, taking long enough breaks within this coping process, is essential, for people within the death or dying grieving process. Restoration-orientated stressors, focus on the demands of living after the loss. It can be isolating and stressful learning new skills or tasks that the deceased person used to do. Learning to stand on our own two feet, can be more terrifying, than death itself.

Some simple, and easy to understand examples, of coping with, Restoration-orientated stressors, can involve activities such as; Cooking, cleaning, tidying, hoovering, balancing the books, home administration, unfinished DIY projects, childcare, and finding employment. Basically, something to take up your time or distract you from thinking about your loss, grief, and bereavement any longer than necessary. This is distraction.

Loss-orientated, stressor coping mechanisms, focus on emotionally processing, the death or loss of the person, who has died or is dying. This emotional, rather than cognitive response to grief, as in the restoration process, might involve seeking out or connecting to; memories, reminiscing with yourself or others, yearning to have what is lost, crying, and sobbing or, imagining the person alive there and now in the room with you.

Oscillation (moving backwards and forwards) between the, loss and restoration stressors, facing and avoiding the loss and stepping, in and out of the circle of death, is a key part of the dual process model towards recovery and healing. This, ping ponging back and forth into, sadness and joy, pain, and peace, is viewed as a natural part of grief and presents a more accepting, holistic, and inclusive approach to working death.

Through, these models of bereavement, individuals, families, groups, and communities can find a balance between facing loss and re-engaging with life after that loss. Shifting, sometimes in heightened states of awareness, between these, thoughts, and feelings, is common and expected in grief. It can, and often does, help individuals feel comforted that their feelings, actions, and behaviours within the grieving process are natural.

Because, natural flowing grieving, helps to normalise, stabilise, and ground, the death or dying process, the dual process model can help those in bereavement, to understand that what they are going through is 'normal'. They, are not alone in their feelings of coping and not coping, facing things, and avoiding them. In fact, life in simplicity and, in complexity, does not come with a user manual, guide or instructions for use.

*'Psychology, unlike chemistry, unlike algebra, unlike literature, is an owner's manual for your own mind. It's a guide to life.'* - Daniel Goldstein.

And so, we have stacked and counted our losses and drawn up, our profit and loss accounts for death, life and, our own dying. We've, understood, what it means to be born and that, no one, is coming to help, save or rescue us in life, or, death. We have, begun to travel, the road of death, just, before the corner turn. We, if lucky, have managed to say our last farewells and goodbyes before death arrived or arrives. Maybe we're too late.

Then, having grown upwards, towards death, instead of cowering downwards, in the shadows of life, we have started our grieving process and begun, to understand, the true nature and reality of death. What, I hear you ask, is next? Well, as I begin to close this paragraph of chapter five, 'goodbye cruel world,' it is very important to share with you a little about the next chapter and step. Simply put, it is not for the faint hearted!

*'It's the reality of life that the body will expire one day. Death for the body is inevitable, but you are not that body nor your old body. Tell me, can the eyes of a dead body see? Can the mouth of a dead body talk?'*

L.A. Golding, Lerkus: 'A Journey to End All Suffering.'

*'All my life as an artist I have asked myself: What pushes me continually to make sculpture? I have found the answer. Art is an action against death. It is a denial of death.'*

Jacques Lipchitz.

*'It is the denial of death that is partially responsible for people living empty, purposeless lives; for when you live as if you'll live forever, it becomes too easy to postpone the things you know that you must do.'*

Elisabeth Kubler-Ross.

*'Even, if we die a little bit more daily, we can attempt not to live a little bit less, as a direct result of death.'*

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Six

'It's Just A Body!'

*'Cannibalism, Necrophilia and Body Snatching'*

Eating, another human being at first thought, probably doesn't appeal to your taste of decency, or, your culinary tastes, in general. Fried brain, poached eyes, and grilled ears, was possibly not, the romantic dinner for two you had planned. Equally, popping down to your local supermarket to the, 'dried human flesh' counter, next to the deli, really wasn't quite what you were expecting, when they delivered the promotional flyer.

However, as you will find in the, philosophical realms of, moral and ethical philosophy, you never know what you'll actually do about anything, until, that situation presents itself in real terms, and not just, as a, mind thought experiment within the safety of your brain. In the real world, you might kill a person, eat a person, fuck a dead body or, snatch a body from its grave if, the price was right, and money needed for survival.

My primary and core reason for wanting to include the above topics within this book on how to face death before you die, is, because, in order to face death before we die, we need to understand how our own thoughts, feelings, morals and ethics will ultimately, affect the way we die and live. Equally, to do that, we need to look back in history and arcadia to begin to uncover the root of our thoughts and feelings about death.

In simple terms, Human cannibalism, is the act or practice, of humans eating the flesh or internal organs, of other human beings. A practitioner of cannibalism, is called a cannibal. The meaning of 'cannibalism,' has now also been extended into zoology, to describe animals, consuming parts of individuals of the same species as food. It is neither new nor finished with as a practice within society. Normally, we are immune to it.

*'A census taker once tried to test me. I ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice little Chianti.'* - Hannibal Lecter.

The word, 'cannibal' is derived from the Spanish, *caníbal* or *caríbal*, originally used as a name for the Caribs, a people from the West Indies, living on, The Island Caribs of the Lesser Antilles. Recorded, by sailors, to have eaten human flesh. The Etymological term, 'anthropophagy,' meaning, 'eating humans,' is also used to describe human cannibalism within language. Cannibalisms', have globally existed since humanity first began.

There are, however, several major distinctions, within the concept of eating another. For example, are cannibal acts, accepted by the culture, in which they occur? This, is known as, 'institutionalized cannibalism.' Within institutionalized cannibalism, Exocannibalism, is often distinguished from Endocannibalism. Endocannibalism, refers to the consumption of a person from within the same tribe, group, or social community.

Often, when Endocannibalism is practiced, it is a natural part of a funerary ceremony, similar, to burial or cremation in other cultures. The consumption, of the recently deceased in such rites, can be considered, 'an act of affection' and, a major part of the grieving process. It has also been explained in shamanic cultures, that it is a way, of guiding the souls of the dead into the bodies and minds of their living descendants.

In contrast, Exocannibalism, is the consumption of a person from outside the contextual, Endo-cannibalistic community. It was frequently, an act of planned terror and aggression, often in the context of warfare, tribal disputes, and threats from another group external. In effect, the flesh of killed or captured enemies, was eaten to celebrate, the tribal victory over them. Synthesising, another's energy within, is not new or done with.

Holy Communion, as practiced by the, Roman Catholic faith, is the act of sharing the host, among the congregation. The host, the bread/cracker and wine, is then presented to the congregation by the Priest. Through a process of, transubstantiation, only, able to be activated by the agent of god, the priest, it is then transformed, from the bread/cracker and wine, into the body, blood, soul, and divinity of Christ.

*'Then, it is cannibalised, eaten, and digested by the congregation. Apparently, god's fine with cannibalism as well.'*

The Eucharist, on the other hand, requires no intermediary, priest or officiate, but is rather, accepted as already the body and blood of Christ. After, it is presented as an offering. Communion, differs because, you actually partake, eat, and digest the body and blood of Christ. From these cannibalistic traditions, it is not difficult to understand, that they are traditions of, blood lust for power, control, and manipulation.

A high-demand, high-control religion, is a faith community, which requires from its devotees, obedience and discourages its members from questioning its rules, principles, and practices. It expects, subservience and loyalty and discourages trusting relationships outside the group. This, control of external world contact, perpetuates the psychological notion, that those, within the inner group are right and superior to those outside.

To me, this describes all and every religion, spirituality, sect, cult, and god community, I've ever known or been directly involved with over the course of my life as a seeker of truth. Sadly, for me, my experiences of these psychological and emotional control mechanisms, equally include, all of the time I spent within traditional and well known religions, faiths, and churches. As a therapist, I have assisted many to leave them!

Both types of cannibalism, Endocannibalism as well as Exocannibalism, can also be fuelled and fed by the beliefs, that eating, a person's flesh or internal organs, will endow the victor as cannibal, with some of the characteristics of the deceased. A further type, different from both, 'exo' and endocannibalism, is 'auto cannibalism,' also called, autophagy or self-cannibalism, the act, of, 'eating parts of oneself.'

Also on record, are instances of forced, auto cannibalism, committed as acts, of aggression, where individuals are forced to eat parts of their own bodies as a form of torture. Yum! Sadly, our dear friend and religious zealot faith, The Holy Roman Catholic Church, found much pleasure and pain for others using such torture and horrendous acts of terror, within the now infamous, Spanish Inquisition. Apparently, god likes torture.

*'The healthy man does not torture others, generally, it is the tortured who turn into torturers.'* - Carl Gustav Jung.

Another distinction is, are acts of cannibalism, merely being practised, by the tribe or culture, under starvation conditions to ensure one's immediate survival. This, is called, 'survival cannibalism.' Survival cannibalism, is the consumption of others, under fatal conditions of starvation, such as shipwreck, military siege, and famine. Such forms of cannibalism, are normally, resorted to, only in situations of extreme necessity.

Tribes, societal groups, families, and individuals who would normally be against eating another, can, be driven to enact such acts, by the simple will to live, survive and continue to exist. Famine cannibalism, has occurred in many cultures where cannibalism is otherwise clearly rejected. The survivors, of the shipwrecks of, the Essex and Méduse in the 19th century, are said to have engaged in cannibalism. Eating, their dead sailors.

Likewise, the members of, Franklin's lost expedition and the Donner Party all resorted to acts of survival or famine cannibalism in order to make it home alive. Such cases, often involve only 'necro-cannibalism,' the eating of the corpse of someone, already dead. This, is seen differently, than, 'homicidal cannibalism,' the killing of someone for food, while, they are still alive. In law, this is murder not survival.

*'In modern law, the latter, is always considered a crime, even, in the most trying or terrifying circumstances.'*

The final distinction, within the philosophy of cannibalism, is, are, isolated, cannibalistic individuals, considered criminal and often pathological, by society at large. This, is called, 'psychopathological cannibalism' or, 'aberrant behaviour.' In these cases, cannibalism is an expression of a psychopathology or mental disorder. Normally, it is condemned by the society in which it occurs and considered to be an indicator of madness.

Finally, some personal thoughts. I, have had to make some very difficult choices and decisions in my life under great distress and duress. Often, my life was in danger of being threatened. As a result, I'm pretty sure that if put in the above bracket of, survival eating to live, sure, I'll do that with the dead bodies. But, unless someone really pissed me off on the lifeboat, I'd probably, not murder or maim them for food. Maybe!



Brightening the mood and subject matter, let's talk about fucking, sexually abusing and molesting dead bodies, otherwise known as, Necrophilia.

*'Necrophilia is not my thing.*

*I like my women sentient and receptive.'*

E.L. James.

Crows are clever, thoughtful birds that have shown themselves capable of solving complex problems, remembering human faces, and even holding a grudge. They also flock to members of their own species after death. This behaviour, looks like mourning, but is closer to reconnaissance. Knowing, the thing now dead was alive once. However, there's this other thing some crows do when they encounter a fallen comrade. They fuck it!

Sometimes, crows try to get it on, with their dead.

Necrophilia, is common within the animal kingdom. Scientists, have documented occurrences, in ground squirrels, tegus, Mallards, sea lions and otters, all, apparently, dabble in the dark necrophiliac arts. Sexual behaviours observed in Crows, include, mounting the carcass, engaging in sex with their mates near the carcass, presenting themselves to the carcass with, drooping wings, up tucked tail, and body vibrations. Sexy!

As though, the dead crow, were a potential mate or, fuck.

*'I think, that their forebrain, does recognizes that this individual is not a threat, and, that it's not alive, but, they're so charged up, they get overcome in responding to that stimulus, in a way that they would, if the dead crow were alive.'*

Kaeli Swift. - From, a study published in the, Royal Society Publishing journal, 'Philosophical Transactions B.'

Necrophilia, also known as necrophilism, necrolagnia, necrocoitus, necrochlesis, and thanatophilia, is, simply put, a sexual attraction to dead people. Often, the sexual attraction elevates into full sexual copulation, masturbation or sexual abuse and molestation of the corpse. Just as in nature, humanity has found at times, the need to explore, the dead for pleasure. Dead bodies, have been treated very badly throughout evolution.

The plural term, 'nécrophiles,' was originally coined, by Belgian physician, Joseph Guislain in his lecture series, Leçons Orales Sur Les Phrénopathies, given around 1850, about the contemporary necrophiliac, François Bertrand.

*'The ancients, in speaking about lycanthropy, have cited examples to which one can more or less relate the case which has just now attracted the public attention so strongly.'* - Joseph Guislain.

Historically, within the archaic and ancient world, sailors returning corpses to their home country, were often accused of necrophilia. Written records, suggest that the practice of necrophilia was present within Ancient Egypt. Herodotus, writes in, The Histories, that, to discourage intercourse with a corpse, ancient Egyptians left deceased beautiful women to decay for three or four days, before giving them to the embalmers.

Upon historical reflection, this process of limiting access to the ripe, freshly, and deliciously dead woman, seems to have its roots firmly in the right place. In, a 1989 psychological study by, Rosman and Resnick, they found that, 57% of genuine necrophiliacs, had daily occupational access to corpses, with morgue attendants, hospital orderlies, and cemetery employees being the most common jobs amongst active naughty necrophiliacs.

Even, after death, there is the opportunity that someone or something, will defile, soil or fainne our body, memories and ultimately, our existence. Just, by being dead, we are at risk of many things that we would, if alive, fight back against, if, possible. Sadly, even in modern contemporary societies globally, necrophilia, still exists in the shadows of death. Truthfully, being dead, is as dangerous to humans as being alive.

And so, if your dead body has survived being cannibalised and eaten by another, raped, and fiddled with by a necrophiliac, having your body or organs sold for profit, is one of the last things to worry about before you die. Humanity, has been robbing and stealing valuables, riches and artifacts from the graves, burial, and resting sites of the dead, ever, since, the first human beings body, was laid to rest or buried in the ground.

Equally, stealing, snatching, and removing without consent, just, the body, from its grave, leaving behind, any valuables, is also a practice that has occurred throughout the history of death and dying. It would not have been difficult within one hundred people communities or societies, to know if and when a potential dead body may appear in the sacred burial site, grave, or kirk yard.

*'Today's, black market organ economy, is well and thriving. Would I accept a used heart, one careful owner, FREE? NO!'*

Many male tourists, have unsuspectingly been seduced by beautiful woman in bars across the world, later, waking up from being drugged, to discover, that their kidney is missing. Often, botched, quick patch surgery in the hotel room, goes wrong and the victim never wakes. This, is not my fantasy or creative writing, these are true and factual actual personal accounts of tourist who have, survived the removal of their various organs.

Of course, there are also human beings, who consensually, decide to sell their organs, for cash money. Either, to improve the quality of their own lives or, more commonly, to help, support and assist the immediate family members to have a better life as well as any extended members also in need. Instead, of going to another wealthier country as an immigrant and sending money back home, an organ seller can stay in their own country.

A criticism, of legalized organ sales, is that it, potentially objectifies, human beings. This argument typically starts with the, 'Kantian' philosophical assumption, that every human being is a creature of innate dignity, who must always be regarded as an end to itself and never just a means to an end. Thus, philosophically, a legal or, illegal market and trade, for organs, would reduce body parts to, purchasable commodities.

Body snatching, as opposed to direct organ removal, is the illicit removal of corpses from graves, morgues, and other burial sites. Body snatching, is distinct from the act of grave robbery, as grave robbing, does not explicitly involve the removal of the corpse, but rather, theft from the burial site itself. History, has many, examples of grave robbing within its various civilisations, societies, and cultures. Death, sells!

The term, 'body snatching' most commonly refers to the removal and sale of corpses, primarily, for the purpose of dissection or anatomy lectures in medical schools. The term, was coined in regard to cases in the United Kingdom, and, the United States, throughout, the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries. However, there have been cases of body snatching in many countries, with the first recorded case, dating back to, 1319 in Bologna, Italy.

Those, who practiced the act of body snatching and sale of corpses during this period, were commonly referred to as, resurrectionists or resurrection men. Resurrectionists, in the United Kingdom, who often worked in teams and who primarily targeted more recently dug graves, would be hired in order to provide medical institutions and practitioners, with a supply of fresh cadavers for the purpose of human anatomical study.

Despite a significant decline in body snatching as a practice, there do exist contemporary instances of body snatching. Before the Anatomy Act of 1832, the only legal supply of corpses for anatomical purposes in the UK, were those, condemned to death and dissection by the courts. Dissections, the main way doctors aimed to gain understanding of the human body and its workings, simply, required fresh corpses. Someone, simply had to die.

*'Those, who were sentenced to dissection by the courts, were often guilty of capital crimes, such as murder, burglary, rape, and arson.'*

However, in 1832, The Parliament of the United Kingdom, passed the Anatomy Act of 1832, giving doctors and medical students, the right to dissect donated bodies for education and research purposes. This act, relied upon what we would now commonly call, the kidney donors or body/organ donors with a donor card. In Scotland, donor registration is on an opt out not in system.

Although, this act was created to stop the illegal trading of corpses, it did not provide nearly enough corpses needed by medical schools annually, which could be up to five hundred dead bodies. This shortage, led to increased numbers of body snatching in the United Kingdom. However, dissection of these bodies and theft of items within the graves was illegal. This, caused the body snatchers to take the body and nothing else.

Medical students and staff, did not ask where the bodies came from, and, the body snatching and exchanging trade, was a sufficiently financially lucrative business, to run the risk of detection. Particularly, as the authorities at the time, having no better solution, tended, to ignore what they considered a necessary evil. Body snatchers, had a very limited period of time to dig up a dead body before it began decomposing.

*'They had to remain undetectable while exhuming the bodies and transporting them from the gravesites to the medical facilities.'*

Whilst, the trade in, 'whole' dead bodies, has long since become a thing of history, no doubt, somewhere in the world it is still happening for the same reasons as it happened before. What, however, is very active and in process throughout the world, is the killing of a human being, to extract, take and use, their bodies and body parts and fluids, for medicine and spiritual practices of prehistory. The trade, in body parts is still big.

In 2007, the Indian police, discovered hundreds of human skulls and thigh bones. They arrested a gang, for allegedly, carrying out the practice of body snatching, and indulging in the bone trade. This gang, was arrested after they exhumed dozens of graves from, Muslim cemeteries in the Burdwan district, and smuggled, the skeletons to medical institutions in need of cadavers across the world and, for use in Buddhist monasteries.

*'They were being used by the monks, as blow-horns, and the human skulls, as vessels to drink from, at sacred religious ceremonies.'*

It would seem, that, Lord Buddha, approves!

Kamal Sah, was caught carrying, sixty-seven human skulls and ten bones on a bus in Chhapra, in the state of Bihar, by fellow passengers who had noticed a jagged bone sticking out of a bag beneath his seat. The investigating officer of the incident, Ravinder Nalwa, reported to a Reuters journalist, that during the interrogation, the gang members confessed that the hollow human thigh bones, were in great demand in monasteries by monks.

*'a young person entering a Buddhist community today is every bit as much under the theological gun as a student at a Catholic school, but because society has such a cheery picture of Buddhist practice, she has far fewer resources for resistance than her Catholic counterpart.'*

Dale DeBakcsy - 'The Dark Side Of Buddhism.'

Buddhist monks in India, likewise, admitted that human thigh bones and skulls were used by followers of a Tibetan school of Buddhism. According, to case file estimates, 20,000 to 25,000 human skeletons, are smuggled out of India every year through Nepal, China, and Bangladesh. The skeletons, reach markets in the US, Japan, Europe, and the Middle East, mostly for medical institutions. If medical institutions continue, so will trade.

In closing chapter six, it's just a body, 'cannibalism, necrophilia and body snatching,' I'd like to share with you the following true facts. Whilst, I have never knowingly eaten or consumed human flesh, blood, or fluids, as well as never to date, tried my hand at some nocturnal necrophilia, I have, consensually, buried a body alive and then dug it up again in the morning.

*'The human body essentially recreates itself every six months. Nearly every cell of hair and skin and bone dies, and another is directed to its former place. You are not who you were last November.'* - Donald Miller.

If, you want to know more about burying bodies, turn the page.

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Seven

### 'Natural Death'

I first met Dean, at a public, shopping mall display, of wild owls and birds of prey, which he was volunteering for, with a charity. I got talking to the director of the charity and decided to take a leaflet about her owl walks in the charities forty acre woodland estate. I was at the early beginnings of my work within Shamanism and in all honesty, relied, at that time on what had gone before me in the sense of shamanic traditions.

*'Hence, my interest in the Owl feathers' and birds of prey'*

Equally, having worked alongside the, Māori tribesman in South New Zealand, and the Australian aboriginals in Southern Australia, I had already been exposed to several traditional concepts and ideas within the ancient and archaic practices of the shaman, animist and tribal healer. I had also studied with several leading exponent's of the shamanic traditions and so had begun to understand its foundations, history, and influence.

*'Birds of prey, feathers and bird bones all connected for me.'*

I met Dean again, after booking my owl walk with the charity, as, he was also part of the team, who led the owl walks through the woodland estate, owned, by the charity. As we walked, I became aware that this young, 16 year old child, was desperate to become both a man, and, an adult human being. He was quite, shy, and awkward, but we connected extremely well and enjoyed our second meeting together as much as the first. I liked him!

Dean and I, would spend the next several months, working together, to help him to become a man, adult, and conscious human being. Aware, of nature and the world around him. As part of his training with me as his shaman, we talked psychotherapeutically as much, as we practiced, standing on tree stumps, calling up the wind in the trees. The first time, Dean called up the wind, he almost fell off the tree stump in shock.



Dean, found it almost impossible to believe, or even partially accept, that he was intrinsically, a powerful human being with enormous scope for growth, evolution, and development. If, he wanted it enough and committed long enough to the course or actions and reflections required. It was both fascinating, as well as extremely sad, to see, witness and hear, such a sensitive young man, so frightened by his own potential inner powers.

Dean, I felt, deep inside, needed, to die and be reborn back to himself again. But how, could I facilitate such an event?

*'Death is the only wise advisor that we have. Whenever you feel, as you always do, that everything is going wrong and you're about to be annihilated, turn to your death, and ask if that is so. Your death will tell you that you're wrong; that nothing really matters outside its touch.'* - Carlos Castaneda, Journey to Ixtlan: The Lessons of Don Juan.

As time progressed and our work together deepened, it became evident to me that, Dean, was slowly but surely becoming more confident, resilient, and able as a young man. It was just several weeks before his 17th birthday, and, he wanted to do something big, important and life changing. We talked about a death, burial, and rebirth ceremony and ritual that I myself had been through as part of my own shamanic training abroad.

I openly, honestly, and truthfully told him the full unedited story of that experience. To be buried in muddy clay like water alive, to die, several times, figuratively and metaphorically, both in mind and body, throughout, the 24 hour ordeal. Then, as the sun began to raise and the signal given to end the work, to be alive again, present, aware, awake, to pull myself, unaided, from my watery muddy grave, and into, the new dawn day.

Instantly, without really giving himself the opportunity of reflection or thinking about the actual ramifications, dangers, and process, he asked me if I would conduct a similar ceremony and ritual for his birthday as both a life celebration, as well as a new start to manhood and adulthood, something, he craved desperately, having been treated as a child for long enough by adults. And so, I decided, to treat him like a man, so agreed.

Knowing the complexities, dangers and ultimately the high risk that such a process could, actually result in his death, I decided to spend the next several weeks preparing him for what I already knew, would be an intense ordeal and psychological experience for someone so young. Not, to mention, the toll, stress and strain upon his small, weak, and fragile boy's body. 24 hours, from, dawn until dawn. Simply, he would die or live.

Thanatophobia, is an intense fear of death or the dying process. While, it's natural to feel anxious about death from time to time, thanatophobia is an anxiety disorder that can disrupt every aspect of your life. Dean, had already attempted unsuccessfully to end his life several times before, bearing the marks, of his failed wrist cutting and pain relief cutting on his arms and legs. I, had several cuts myself, so understood.

As far as I know, Dean, is still alive and kicking, and, would be about, 26 years of age. If, he has remained aware of the work and process we began, way back in 2012, through to 2013, he will certainly have every likelihood, of being extremely wise, competent, and able as a human being, by the time he is sixty-two, my own age now. Dean, reminded me of myself when I was his age and I'm certain that this added to our bond together.

However, if, Dean, like so many others before him, has simply reintegrated himself back into his past and previous lives, then, sadly, it is possible that he will have also, equally, been forced to regress, rather than grow. Simply, because when we are around others, who, cannot, or will not, accept that we have and are changing, we, will always be imprisoned by the other until we break free. Strength and will are not the same.

This, regression, control, and programming, exists, for all mind imprisonments and body captivity of the human, by, all the world's major and minor religions, spiritualities and god groups, professing, nothing more than infantile bullshit. Steeped in myth, mysticism, and fraud, just, like, the average family does as a unit. If, god is the monster, who are you?

*'Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster.'* - Friedrich Nietzsche.

However, our core nature as human beings has been suppressed and pushed down by all those that fear, a conscious revolution from the slaves, they captured, raised, educated and own. Dean, had been little more within his family than a dog, a slave dog, sleeping under the stairs like something out of a Harry Potter story. His mother, clearly a very mentally ill and disturbed individual, was simply incapable of loving him just as he was.

*'When parents accept, love, and show affection to their children, even when they make mistakes or fall short of expectations, this, is love unconditional. Conditional love is the inverse.'*

Dean, had been drugged with, Ritalin, since, he was 6 years old! Ritalin, is a central nervous system stimulant. Methylphenidate, one of the key components of the drug, affects chemicals in the brain and nerves that contribute to hyperactivity and impulse control. Ritalin is used to treat attention deficit disorder (ADD), attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), and narcolepsy.

Nervousness, trouble sleeping, loss of appetite, weight loss, dizziness, nausea, vomiting, or headache may occur if taken. When, I first met Dean, he suffered from all of these side effects of taking, Ritalin, for the previous ten years. He also had several other now accepted but then, unspoken of, secondary more serious side effects. These included, suicidal thoughts and ideation, actual suicide, self-harm, and sudden mood swings.

In effect, his mother, guided by the agendas of the, social services heavily involved at great cost, the tired primary education system, that simply, had no idea, what to do with Dean, plus, a growing sense that, she herself, as his mother, simply, no longer wanted the hassle of having to manage him daily. Drugging Dean, until he became zombie compliant, is nothing short, of child abuse. But, I totally understand it.

Later, when I explained this to Dean, and helped him to understand that this one single act of abuse, had, in essence, robbed him of his power, because, at six years of age, he had no voice to consent to or say no, against, being drugged to death by those, apparently, primary, care givers looking out, for his, best interests. The same, is still true within all psychiatric hospitals and institutionalised, dying hospitals.

Those, who govern, lead or control society and its citizen's, have always sought ways to numb and quieten the mind of the slave and natural dissenting savage. In, 'Brave New World' by Aldous Huxley, Soma, the societies free drug, is described as, *'being able to give people vacations that rival a holiday on the other side of the moon, and yet the user wakes up completely normal, without any sort of hangover or other side effect.'*

It is, a perfect symbol of escapism.

Much like the destructive hedonism, greed, and desire of the Roman Empire, just before its transubstantiation into The Holy Roman Catholic Church, the drugged, alcohol and sex fuelled excesses of all past and present civilisations, societies, groups, and tribes, will ultimately have death to deal with in the final moments of their existence. Each, and every known or discovered human civilisation, has always died, eventually.

*'When those citizens within, seek to externalise,  
their existential and nihilist pain,  
chaos will turn into annihilation.'*

In a memorable phrase, Mond, another character within, Huxley's book, describes soma as,

*'Christianity without tears.'*

Sadly, we know that for the true believer, this can never be a reality. Their path, and as a result, your path, must and only must, follow the ordained doctrines and babblings of, gods, representatives on earth. Regardless, of your natural and evolutionary link to primates and the very essence of nature itself, you are lied to about life and death according to those, apparently, more connected to the one true god than yourself.

In similar nature, to that of a devote fundamentalist, John, a 'Nobel Savage' within Huxley's book, of course, rejects this, 'escapist' propagandist view immediately, because, according to his definition, *'a worthwhile human life, requires suffering and danger.'*

From, this path of suffering, pain, and trauma, will, John believes, spring eternal, true nobility, and real heroism. He, a saviour of the common people, a Jesus amongst the Judas's, he, does not want the other citizens to become mere, robotic slaves within, this brave new world. He tries to invite them to join him against the, 'druggification' of their society, *'I'll teach you. I'll make you be free, whether you want to or not.'*

John, is a fundamentalist, noble savage, trying to save those he considers now, civilised, polluted, and unreal. It is not too difficult to see where such books as, brave new world and, nineteen eighty four, come from. These books and similar world literature, writing and arts have always come directly from the civilisations, societies, and groups within which they practice their creativity. Only artists, have ever changed the world.

In ancient and archaic history, 'soma' was an intoxicating juice from a plant of disputed identity, that, was used in ancient India as an offering to the gods, and as a drink of immortality by worshippers in Vedic ritual. Soma, was worshipped in personified form as a Vedic god. The personified deity Soma was the, 'master of plants,' the healer of disease, and the bestower of riches. Certainly, Huxley, did his research just like me!

The soma cult, exhibits a number of similarities to the corresponding haoma cult, of the ancient Iranians, and is suggestive, of shared beliefs, among the ancient Indo-Europeans, in a kind of elixir of the gods ritual and ceremony. Soma, is also a trade name for a prescription drug called, carisoprodol. Carisoprodol, is a muscle relaxant legitimately prescribed to relieve pain from muscle injuries and spasms. Interestingly,

*'When taken in dosages exceeding those recommended by physicians, Soma causes drowsiness, giddiness, and relaxation. It would seem, we have arrived, in our, brave new world!'*

*'God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him. Yet his shadow still looms. How shall we comfort ourselves, the murderers of all murderers? What was holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet owned has bled to death under our knives; who will wipe this blood off us? What water is there for us to clean ourselves?'* - Friedrich Nietzsche.

Dean, had never read, brave new world and, nineteen eighty four, however, he understood almost immediately, why I had shared with him the core stories as we worked together over those several week in preparation for his death and birth. Dean began to realise that in order to free himself from his past, he needed a, 'natural death' that in part, he could control and take responsibility for as a man, not a child or boy. Soon, death.

Our initial training involved the process of, 'deprogramming,' getting rid of Dean's old, negative self-limiting belief's, thoughts, and feelings. Whilst, there are many ways to do this in therapy, I, was now putting my trust more in my own thoughts and feelings in regard to my original shamanic work with Dean. In absolute truth and honesty, Dean was my first ever apprentice and is one of the main reasons I decided to work as a shaman.

With my new found confidence and trusting myself to do my very best, I decided to approach Dean's cleaning process before his death and rebirth ceremony and ritual, head on and straight for the jugular. Beforehand, I explained to Dean that I needed to allow myself to transform into several surrogate parts of his family life and external connections with the world. In simple terms, I needed to become for him and to him his worst fears.

For several long weeks, after his initial deprogramming, clearing, and cleaning, I then moved to stage two of the process for Dean. Each day, from morning, until evening I punished him for doing or completing a set task wrongly, told him he was stupid, lazy, useless and a waste of space in the world. I bullied him, disrespected him, and made his life a living hell. Then, the following day, I'd completely switch and change.

Alternating between one day and the next as several different negative surrogated positions within Deans life, and then to turn, 360% to someone who was supportive, kind, understanding, encouraging and respectful, obviously was not what Dean was expecting or prepared for. Sometimes, I would break character after hours and I'd lose the power of the moment. Other times, I'd push it just too far, and Dean would snap or break inside.

*'That which does not kill us makes us stronger.'* - Friedrich Nietzsche.

Whilst, I knew by heart, the practical theory and application of the core therapy, psychology and psychodramatic techniques I was employing, it was for both Dean and I, unexplored and virgin territory. Dean, was extremely brave, courageous, and dedicated. After we triumphantly finished stage two, 'desensitisation,' we moved forward to stage three. Next, we needed to get Dean's mind and body as fit and strong as possible.

This third section of his death training was to both allow him to understand his normal and natural limits and, if possible, to go beyond them without fear or anxiety, knowing simply, that he would survive and not die as a result. For two whole weeks, day, and night, I would work with Dean within the forty acre charity estate, running, jumping, crawling, crouching, standing, laying and being in nature. Dean, was becoming a smart monkey!

*'Slowly and surly, Dean was reconnecting to himself.'*

One very clear and bright night working in the woods, I witnessed Dean jump more than twenty feet clear and clean over a high banked river stream from one side to the other, landing on his feet smiling. He had been blindfolded, hands tied behind his back and disorientated by being spun around several times. Never, in a million years, did I see it coming or expect Dean to do such a thing. It frightened the shit out of me!

Afterwards, he was ready to begin the final 24 hours of his old life, reemerging on the next day's dawn, reborn, rebirthed, and new. Before the eve of his birthday and beginning of his final work, Dean spent the day, digging his own grave and hole in the ground to die in, later that evening. I explained to Dean, he had to go into the ground, before it got dark, just, before dusk turned to night. Dean, was getting scared. Rightfully so!

When Dean started digging his own grave, deep in the forest, he was arrogant, disrespectful, and jovial. Each time he stepped casually and without disregard, outside of the set boundary, I reduced his digging options. Dean started with a full sized grave digging shovel and deteriorated down to a small silver christening spoon. Because Dean needed encouragement to finish, I had him sing several well-known songs. Marines do it daily.

Dean sang his little heart out until he had simply run out of energy, breathe, and a spoon to dig with as it had completely been destroyed by his frantic digging into the root stridden earth of the forest floor. However, before he was reduced to using his bare hands, he successfully completed, several roaring choruses of, 'onward christian soldiers marching as to war,' having spoken to him about the holy wars and crusades in, 1095 - 1291. I, was slowly helping to re-educate and free Dean.

*'Soon, it would be time to have the wake!'*

Traditionally and universally, a wake is where those who have either attended the funeral, burial, or cremation or, who have been invited afterwards, to gather together with the family, friends and those who knew the dead person or persons, to drink, eat and be reflective and reminiscent of the now deceased body or bodies. In effect, a wake is a simple way to remember the person and their life. Dean, whilst not dead, needed a wake.

For Dean, whilst his life was only 16 years old, he had family and friends who I could ask, to attend his wake. I had made the decision early on to tell his friends and family about Dean's request. Because, of the complexity and difficulty in keeping our work together a secret, they at least needed to know the very basics of the plot. Agreement, as I have so many times learned from my work, is often more important than recognised.

I told everyone, except Dean, the basics of the work, while, keeping most of the deeper stuff sacred and secret between Dean and me. I swore them to secrecy, knowing that at least one person, would betray my trust. This was expected, planned, and wanted by me for the work to really be real, authentic, and honest. What I told them, was very different, than eventually happened. It was my overall intention, to disorientate Dean.

I wanted his expectations of the process to be known to him, via the betrayer, so that, in very simple terms, he could feel confident, arrogant and in control of the process. This, was obviously, very much part of getting Dean to understand the basics of life and death. In essence, nothing can be controlled. And so, as the work went on throughout the night until the dawn, he did not know when things would happen or occur at any time.



For example, I told the gathered wakers that no one must defile or soil the grave, having earlier, suggested that if anyone wanted to piss on Dean's grave, then now, was the time to do it. Dean, was not amused and said that he didn't want anyone to do that. I promised him that no one living would, but death did! After the mourners, wailers and screamers were briefed, I went down to finish the final stages with Dean in the woods.

Dean was now ready to smile at death. Marcus Aurelius, said,

*'Death smiles at us all, all a man can do is smile back.'*

At exactly, 9pm, just before dusk, Dean went into the ground, and I started to bury him alive. Just a very small part of his face was left uncovered and even this, was covered in a Turin shroud cloth so that he could not see or identify the wake participants, mourners and gathered. After he was deeply buried, I began to sing and light the many, many candles placed around his grave, soon, the party would begin. Death was now coming.

What happened next, when the party began and the night wore on, and death came, will forever, be between those gathered there to witness Deans death and rebirth. However, I will share a little of his awakening and rebirth in the dawn of the new day. Dean, woke up from being dead, and began upon my signal, to dig himself out of the ground and his grave. Dean knew that I would not assist or help him to get out, so, he had to do it himself.

Exhausted, fatigued and very disorientated, it took Dean more than an hour to fully drag himself from the grave site and into the light. Laying on the forest floor, Dean had begun to be reborn back into nature as his ancestors originally had been. Dean, had survived death and was now ready for his new life. After I helped clean him, anoint him, and clothe him, we slowly went arm in arm to the breakfast birthday party planned before.

*'Dean, was King for a day, and I, was his tarot card fool.  
Death, came to visit but life stayed to play a while longer.'*

*'You can be a king or a street sweeper, eventually, everyone dances with, The Grim Reaper.'* - Robert Alton Harris.

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Eight

### 'The Good Life'

Anyone, who tells you that they know what a good life is, and that if you follow their lead, you too, can have, a good life, is lying! They're lying because all that anyone knows, is based on their own personal experience. Nothing else is being witnessed or can be given testimony too. All lives lived by another, are independent, separate, and individual to the other. In simple hard factual reality, you know absolutely nothing.

Even then, the experience of yourself as in existence, is only an experience through your five core senses. Sadly, at best they are lacking in finesse, and often, fill in the gaps that we cannot know. With, perhaps, a sixth sense existing for a few, as a possible, 'energy' transmitter or receiver system, based, on our bodies natural electromagnetic field of energy. Lawrence Bragg, had this to say about electromagnetics,

*'God, runs electromagnetics on Monday,  
Wednesday, and Friday by the wave theory, and, the Devil,  
runs it by quantum theory on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.'*

It is, quite possible that this electromagnetic energy, is capable of connection to others and other things in the world, such as nature and all its components. Perhaps, that is why some of us are so well outside within nature, rather than inside our normal sanitised and synthetic homes and lives. As a child, I had the ability to feel and sense the electromagnetic energy of plants and animals. Perhaps, this is how the animists felt?

As an adult, I have theorised, hypothesised, and analysed the possibility, that, upon death of the body and mind, our fundamental, encoded, programmed, and archived, electromagnetic imprints, leave the contact with the body, the moment the heart and brain cease, because, the bodies capacity to hold, its charge, electromagnetically, is lost in the moment of death. As a result, the electromagnetic energy or essence, enters life.

This, is I think and feel, more possible and natural than anything religion, spirituality, or god philosophies, can propose, offer, or invent as an, after life, salvation, or resurrection. Quantum physics, says as much, and doesn't seem to require, god or a universal force outside of known natural law, to intervene, interact or facilitate such an energy transfer exchange, back and into the whole universe around us all.

Whether or not, that electromagnetic energy, equals a, good life, a bad life, an evil life, or, sin filled existence, is unlikely to be known to us for some time, if, at all. Eventually, if we as a technologically evolving and advancing civilisation, use AI or a similar, sentient, machine, we may, just be able to create a way that we can measure, observe, and record such electromagnetical energy transfers back to its original source.

In the thought experiments that I have conducted, I imagine that the process of, electromagnetic energy transfer, looks, something like this,

*'Upon the death, of both body and mind, the electromagnetic energy of the once living body, begins to almost instantly, detach itself from the brain first, being, the normal central system, were, electromagnetic energy is stored. It would then, leave the brain, through the top of the crowns fontanelle, then, disperse into the ether. Whatever, electromagnetic energy is potentially left, leaves the body by way of the heart.'*

In this way, both the natural energy of the mind and heart are preserved forever, now meshed together with the already existing and co-existing, electromagnetic energy of the planet and universe. In theory, energy, never dies. Perhaps, it is the same for our own, individual, life imprinted and archived, electromagnetic energy or essence. Maybe, those naturally sensitive to energies, can decode, interpret, and read them.

*'However, regardless of, my boffin brained and mad scientist theories of electromagnetism, I apologise in advance, but I, have absolutely no idea, what a good life or even a bad life looks like. The reasons why, are so simple. I, have never judged the world, or, those in the world, by other's standards, rules of engagement, or personal prejudices. I mostly observe!'*

Since I was very young, I have chosen to be in the moment and to see what comes of that moment. In effect, I am like an artist or writer standing or sitting looking at the blank canvas or empty page in front of me. Initially, all I see is the white glow, glare, light, dark or colour of the materials at hand.

*'Sometimes, I do nothing. I wait and observe. Listening, watching and being. I am preparing myself for something to occur, to happen, to begin.'*

Then, if inspiration, desire, need or want begins to flow within me, I will begin to apply my brush or pen to the canvas or paper, making small but defined marks and shapes on the materials. I am, in essence, defining my borders and boundaries within the new experience I'm present too. I am, attempting to lay the ground and foundations for the experience to grow upon. I am hoping, that the other person or thing, knows I'm there as well.

As a human being trying to know and connect with that which is ultimately external and outside of myself, it is always going to be a challenge, resistance, and distress for me. However, I have been, 'holding space' for other human beings for so long, since I was a child, that I have become a Master at pre-emptive knowledge of the other's needs even before they know what they need, want or desire themselves. It has taken years of practice.

Often, because of the spontaneous nature of my providing what is needed to the other, I have been called, a shaman, guru, sage, priest, warrior, leader, empath, telepath, freak, and more. In my truth, I am none of those things and probably should never have taken on the roles, that other's, so quickly ascribed to me. Interpreting, my unnatural abilities, to see the world and other's differently as a form of, truth, wisdom and knowing.

Sadly, I have disappointed most if not all of those I once worked with, to heal them, to nurture them and ultimately to assist in freeing them from, themselves. I do not and suspect will not ever know or perceive if, I have had a good life, a bad life, a mixture of both or, a life less ordinary. However, I do know certain things now, because of my life experiences, training, knowledge and being, that I did not know before I first died.

The good life, is a construct, ideal, concept, model, design, and blueprint. But, it is not real, existing and in process. It has no life of its own to push itself into momentum. Without, the human being, there is no such thing that exists or was created or evolved, that equals or represents, the good life. It is not that it is, a lie or deceit, but rather, a comfortable chair, for us to sit in and ponder and dream a while.

*'In essence, it is a pipe dream, unobtainable goal and diseased desire for the future you, rather, than the present you now.'*

You are, for all intents and purposes, waiting for your good life to begin! But, what exactly constitutes, a good life? More importantly, what does your own personal, good life look like to you? Is it when you retire? Is it when you have another million in the off shore account? The woman, man or other on your arm as both prize and trophy? A lifetime membership to the local golf club? What, exactly is, the good life for you?

Will, your perfectly good life begin, when you've completed your degree, obtaining your dream job or career, as a result? Can you have your good life, only, when you have achieved, done or been something or someone? Is status, good food and highly priced purchased sex, drugs and rock and roll, all, the good life you'll ever need, want or desire? Will, finally, eventually, your real, authentic, good life begin only in death?

*'Can, just the simple pleasures, of a big fat cigar, rolled on the naked thighs, of dark skinned, exotic beauties, be more than the good life you imagined, dreamed, and hoped for?'*

And, if your good life happens, occurs, comes along, or begins, will it peak, dip or cease to be, if, that, Wikipedia page is never written about you and your extraordinary life and times? Will, your good life die, alongside your dead body, now rotting in the ground or floating as ashes upon the wind? Can, life and the world be so cruel as to erode, decay and decompose your good life, just, because, you had a bad life before your good life?

*'Sometimes bad things have to happen before good things can.'* - Becca Fitzpatrick.

Could, it possibly be true, that upon your death, and, the discovery, that, there is no more money left, your mistress or lover wants half, and, that your prodigal son, has returned as a transgendered female, plus, your gambling, drinking, and whoring debts, will all eventually wipe out, your good life, your name, and your existence here, on earth? Will, your very good life, be torn and shredded to tatters and left for dead?

*'The correct answer is, I don't know. And, thankfully, neither do you! Equally, no one else around you knows either. Especially, religions, spiritualities and god groups. They, know very little about the good life. In fact, the good life does not exist, outside of the constructs it was born within.'*

However, from a philosophical, moralistic, and ethical perspective, if, there is no such thing in reality as, the good life, do, the same rules apply, to, the bad life? If so, then that makes the bad life as constructed by society, just as meaningless as the good one built on the fears of slaves. The problems of dualistic process is that for there to be a happy person, a sad person must essentially exist at the same time.

The dualistic and polar opposites model, requires, a happy and a sad persona, to be coexistent simultaneously, and, is for the sole purpose, of, social calibration and reference positioning, of happiness v's sadness as the constructed citizenship model. The same, is exactly true of the constructions of, good and evil or, good and bad. There has been many individual thinkers and feelers throughout history, who have championed this rhetoric.

*'Good without evil, is like light, without darkness, which in turn, is like righteousness without hope.'*

William Shakespeare, 'All's Well That Ends Well.'

Equally, there have been those, who have offered different ideas,

*'In a modern society, people, can live without hope, only, when kept dazed and out of breath by incessant hustling.'* - Eric Hoffer.

Social Constructivism, is a philosophical and psychological set of theories and ideas, about, how we make sense of things in the world and around us in the world. It assumes that we, 'construct' mental representations, models, and pictures of 'everything,' using past and present civilisations, collective notions, as building blocks of social society. In this view, happiness and sadness is regarded as a social construction.

In principle, social constructs are society's ideas and beliefs about any particular subject. They can be either explicit or implicit, often affecting those in that culture. However, it's also important to remember, that not everything we think, or feel is a social construct. Certain things are factual, real and exist physically within the world. We can touch them, hold them, and interact with them, whether alive, dead, or solid.

*'These, real things, are not influenced by societal beliefs, but rather, exist in their own right and place within the universe.'*

There are many modern, social constructionist's, who openly ascribe to the theory of constructivist knowledge, that gender, race, class, ability, and sexuality are no more than byproducts of historical human evolutions of definition and interpretation of things in the world, shaped by cultural and historical contexts. For them, there are no immutable and solely biological truths that exist outside of humanities social constructs.

*'Thus, Societology states that societies, are the results, of our individual, group, and collective actions.'*

The opposite of social constructionism is essentialism. The latter argues that there are actual underlying facts that shape human thoughts, rather than human thoughts only coming from social constructions. Essentialism, essentially, says that everything has an innate, 'essence' which makes it, the very thing it is. Therefore, a biologically born woman, has the 'essence' of a biological born woman, it's immutable, done.

*'And, even, if the external form changes, for example, to represent the biological form of a man, the core and unchanging essence of the biological female, exists forever, imprinted inside the body. Many, disagree with these ideas and theories.'*



For myself, I can analyse that both camps have problems with their individual theories, ideas and social constructivist or essentialist views. In short sweet simple terms, they have tricked themselves. They, have been so long engaged individually, in, cumulative error making, that, neither one of them realise that they cannot prove or disprove the others frame of reference, from, within their own personal, social construct.

Albert Einstein, proposed a similar paradox,

*'We can't solve today's problems with  
the mentality that created them.'*

Just as we have begun to explore the delusions and illusions of the so called, good life, we must take courage further to look into what we have called, the bad life. If, we are not born bad or, born into sin by the devils hand, then, equally, we are not born good and born of grace, by gods hand either. Likewise, we ourselves physically are not a social construct. We exist, we are real. We, were not born as a construct but as a human body.

*'If your ego starts out, 'I am important, I am big, I am special,' you're in for some disappointments when you look around at what we've discovered about the universe. No, you're not big. No, you're not. You're small in time and in space. And you have this frail vessel called the human body that's limited on Earth.'*

Neil deGrasse Tyson.

And so, what is a bad life?

Depending on who you ask and obviously, what their personal or collective agenda is, you will naturally, get very different answers to the same questions, what is bad and what, is evil? And, most importantly, for those wishing to create mass hysteria, fear, and panic amongst its citizens, must also, know how to spot it and identify it. In order, to either avoid it, or destroy, punish, and banish it from within, within, society.

First, clear, and precise definitions of bad and evil are required. But, who can offer evolving families, tribes, groups, society and, emerging civilisation's, the truth and only the truth, about bad and evil in the world, within humanity and, within the core essence of the elusive and undiscovered soul? From an anthropological perspective, early concepts, ideas, and thoughts about right and wrong, bad, and evil did not exist.

For example, if while watching the latest wildlife documentary, a partner, family member or friend, shot to their feet with indignity at the, bad, horrific, murderous, raged, apocalyptic and evil deeds of nature, screaming loudly as they raised their fists, to an uncaring, un-listening and uninterested, god, gods, or universe, 'why, why, why?' Realistically, you'd probably be a little surprised, maybe, even concerned for their minds sanity.

Especially, if, from your own personal perspective, what you'd just both watched together, was little more and little less, than nature just simply, being itself. Sure, seeing primates, raping, killing, kidnapping, destroying, and desecrating a rival monkey tribes citizen's and territory for personal gain, was never going to be, a pleasant watch. However, most watchers will not assume that, nature is being either good, bad, or evil.

From my own research, study, training and life experience, I can personally say, that after many, many years of studying, observing, and doing my best to interact with other human beings and society, that we are, no more and no less than, animals, herding together for safety, support, and survival. We are still monkeys who never evolved past the basics of, food, shelter, sex, and survival. Everything around me confirms this.

I do not confuse the outer shell of an erect and upright human being with a clearly delusional and false evolutionary claim that from savagery, we have somehow, emerged to become civilised, good, or bad, unlike, the literary, 'noble savage' within, that has always been good, moral, and uncontaminated by humanity. I do not, believe that we have ever known or will ever know, what is right, wrong, or evil. We are wild animals, stupid monkeys.

*'Likewise, we cannot know a good life, or, a bad life, in order to live one, even, if we knew how. Because, we are neither.'*

There is already enough food to feed everyone on the planet. The failure is in getting food from where it's plentiful to those places where it is scarce. The distribution is often complicated by laws, trade barriers, lack of infrastructure, and corruption. Solve those problems and everyone gets fed an adequate diet. However, we obviously, don't understand that world hunger, poverty, war, child abuse and slavery, are bad!

The first usage of the term, 'noble savage' in, English literature, occurs, in John Dryden's stage play, 'The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards' performed around, 1672. The protagonist, defends his life as a free man, by denying a prince's right, to put him to death, because he is not, a subject of the prince,

*'I am as free as nature first made man,  
Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran'*

John Dryden - 'The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards.'

In essence, the protagonist, Almanzor, within the play, is saying, I was natural, and, within nature, naked, whole, and pure, until, you poisoned and diseased me with your control agenda, ethical concepts, and social and religious constructs of, morality, right, wrong, and evil. In effect, morals and ethics rob us of our innate and natural physical wildness and primitive mind. Religions, have tried to silence our own howls.

Instead, of raping, killing, and murdering our competitors over diminishing resources and food stocks, our, so called, civilised, 'religious' based society and its leaders and representatives, asks us to deny our true nature as animals and savages. Obviously, it's much easier to control, manipulate and dominate a people following the rules, than it will ever be, if, the, conscious anarchistic mind of the individual, takes root.

*'Undermine their pompous authority, reject their moral standards, make anarchy, and disorder your trademarks. Cause as much chaos and disruption as possible but don't let them take you ALIVE.'* - Sid Vicious.

If, that conscious and aware, anarchistic mind flowers, grows and takes firm root, and then, decides that they will apply, simple, 'situational ethics' and morality to any and all issues and problems, that society, and the powers that be, will not deal with or handle and manage, into, their own hands, things will change. Is vigilantism, wrong, a bad choice, a definite no, no for anyone wanting the good life, or just our humanity?

When a man or woman, who has witnessed the murder, rape, torture, and death of those, they once loved, takes a gun, and blows the perpetrators' away into death, do we assume, imagine, and conjecture, that this, is a righteous act and rightful outcome for those who did bad and evil deeds against them, but, cannot, apparently, apply the same rules, to a serial killer, who has now been caught and sentenced to death for doing, 'god's' work.

Our mind, our thoughts, seem confused.

Especially, as later on at the trial, we discover, that, god, gods, and angelic voices, told the serial killer, to,

*'Go forth my child, out into the world, to cleanse the earth of all those not good, wholesome, and pure in thy holy sacred name.'*

Surely, that's ok isn't it? After all, they were being directed by god, gods, or god like voices, or, their inner deep heart felt religious or spiritual beliefs and ideals, that ultimately, their actions were kind, compassionate and good. Isn't their act a good act? Are they not a good person rather than a bad or evil one. Wasn't Hitler, being guided by a, 'higher power' to do exactly the same in the name of, The Great Third Reich?

*'Canadian psychiatrist, W.H.D. Vernon, proposed that, Hitler showed the classic symptoms of schizophrenia. In a 1942, academic essay, he argued, that Hitler, was experiencing hallucinations, hearing voices, had paranoia and megalomania. Vernon, wrote that, Hitler's personality structure, although, overall within the range of normal, should, be described as leaning towards the paranoid type.'*

Others have disagreed.

Regardless, these are the sort of questions and enquiries, asked daily, in nearly every philosophy, psychology, sociology and social science department and course worldwide. In effect, they are discussing the philosophical ideas and concepts of, situational ethics and morals, absolute truths and what, constitutes or makes up, right, wrong, good, bad, evil and grace. This, was my daily work for many years at various universities.

Ultimately, like all thought experiments and thinking games, they are once more, using a set of social constructions from which to work their problems. Thus, cumulatively moving forward in error to nowhere. In essence then, we can never truly or factually know, what a good life or bad life looks like. Situational morals and ethics, philosophically proposes, the following simple foundation, idea, and concept,

*'We do not know what we will do in any given situation, until, that situation occurs. When it occurs, we will act good or bad'*

Ultimately, how we live our life, is really up to us. We do need to understand the differences between, socially constructed ideas and concepts of, good and bad, and our own internal moral compass. The only way that most of us can do this daily, is to get out of bed and see what the day brings. However, we do not need society, religions, and those in power to tell us their definitions of, good and bad. Rules, always need to be broken!

Regardless of your good or bad life, the reaper, will still know who you are in death, as well as birth and life.

*'But a day must come when the fire of youth will be quenched in my veins, when winter will dwell in my heart, when his snowflakes will whiten my locks, and his mists will dim my eyes. Then my friends will lie in their lonely grave, and I alone will remain like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper.'*

Heinrich Heine.

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Nine

### 'You Can't Take It With You'

When my father died in 2005, aged eighty-one, he left £50,000 in UK Premium Bonds to my mother in his will. Big mistake! The UK Inland Revenue, the folks who take the king's taxes from the peasant's, see this form of investment, as savings. And, that's not normally an issue when someone dies, as this, is easily sorted out by an executor, of the will of the deceased, notifying the inland revenue of the person's death as part of the process.

Premium Bonds, a form of national saving, are a UK asset that forms a part of someone's estate, just, like a bank or savings account. However, unlike bank accounts, all Premium Bonds are held with the government under the National Savings and Investments component, of the government's treasury department. Premium Bonds, are the UK's biggest savings product. 24 million UK people, save over £122 BILLION in them. That's a lot!

These government backed bonds, do not earn interest like other normal saving accounts or investments, but rather, pay out an interest style payment to its investor's, via, several prize draws yearly. The more you invest, the bigger your chance of winning a big prize. Currently, there's a Million pound prize to be won each month. The maximum investment is £50,000 per person, exactly, what my father had squirreled away for 60 years.

Although the prize rate went up to 4.65% in recent years, other saving rates still beat Premium Bonds, however, because they are backed by the UK Government, they are seen as very safe to invest in. My father, never liked to risk anything! Not money, not emotions and certainly not, his savings. With Premium Bonds, there is no risk to your capital, so, the money you put in is totally secure. It's only the 'interest' that is a gamble.

*'And, as Premium Bonds are operated by NS&I, which, rather than being a bank, is backed by the Treasury, this capital is as safe as it gets. Especially, as every month, you can win a substantial prize in money. My father's BIG dream, the MILLION!'*

NS&I can hold Premium Bonds for 12 months after the death of a UK citizen, if required. During this time, they are still eligible for cash prizes. After 12 months have passed, the executor of the estate or a nominated beneficiary, can contact NS&I to claim the prizes, and cash out the Bonds, including, any prizes won. Unfortunately, this never happened for my mother, because The Inland Revenue, discovered an error on the account!

In effect, being the 'all listening, all seeing' government, they had managed, to track and link, my father's premium bond savings, to his department of work and pensions account, and his benefit payments. Discovering, a serious fraudulent activity. In simple terms and effect, they froze the £50,000 savings account until they had finished the investigations. Three years later, my mother was cleared of conspiracy to defraud the man!

Once, the inland revenue had discovered, that my father had been illegally claiming state benefits, for over twenty years, whilst, having more than the permitted allowed savings in bonds, they decided, to use my parents as an example case. For over two years they threatened my mother with prosecution, imprisonment, repayment of the whole stolen amount of benefits, as well, as threatening to inform, the media and press.

It all seemed, hopeless and lost.

My mother, of course, was fully aware of what my father had done, but, was advised to keep lying by her counsel. My mother, was already an expert at deception, lying and deceit, so, this came naturally. She played the part so well, even, her own family believed her story. Coupled, with the potential bad press that jailing an 84 year old grandmother would bring to the door of the government, the powers that be above, struck a deal.

In the end, the inland revenue, deducted the whole total amount of stolen money from my dead father's £50,000 premium bond account, and returned it to the treasury, the kings, debt collectors. My mother, had to sign several legal documents to the effect, that, she agreed to the deductions and was not 'actively' involved in the fraud. But, nonetheless, accepted, 100% responsibility, for repaying the £37,000 debt in full. Even money, it would seem, dies eventually a natural death.



By the time the will of my father had been executed, it was three years after he died and was buried. After solicitors fees, court costs, repayments and confessions, there was not one single penny of my father's £50,000 estate left. When my mother realised, that she would also have the same issue, when she died with her own £50,000 premium bond savings account, she started the process, of giving her money away at a very fast rate.

Rather, than leaving it to the government, or passing the problems to her family, she decided to gift, each of my family members, including myself, approximately, £5,000. Her total life savings, earned and worked for, for over 65 years. She also left enough for her elaborate funeral. Sadly, once again, she decided to lie, and so, each child was told that the money was actually, from the father's will, left to them, by him.

However, in truth, my father, had actually left nothing to me or my siblings, just, to his wife. Eventually, because of their joint fraud, my mother was left with nothing either, other than, her own life savings. Fearing, she'd lose the remaining £50,000 savings when she died to the government, she chose, to distribute it to the remaining family members, before she died. The problem was, she had lied about who the money had come from. Not good!

And so, she left, an extremely difficult, emotional, and psychological situation, after her own death, in 2011. Leaving, each individual, to resolve inside their own minds and thoughts the lies told. To know, that your parent's have left you nothing in the will, whilst hard for some to accept, is in my opinion, better, than being lied to, about being left and given money from someone, who actually, didn't. Deceit after death is sad!

*'These lies, are the sort of deceit's after or before death, that split, tear and separate and divide families, friends, and communities. Lying, before or after we die, hurts.'*

The final nail in the coffin of my father's death was when I attended the funeral. It was like a pauper's burial with absolutely nothing but the basics. The cheapest casket, no flowers, no officiate, no service, no music, nothing, nada! I and my family members huddled for warmth around the coffin in the dark, mouldy, and claustrophobic circular room, which was apparently, the chapel of the church yard. It was, truly grim!

Many years after, and just, before she died, my mother finally told me the truth. Instead of it being my father's last wishes, to basically, have the simplest funeral possible for the least money, it was, in fact, my own mother, furious, angry, and bitter, about her situation with the Inland Revenue, who simply out of hate and spite, had decided to give my father, the funeral which she, believed, he truly deserved. Basically, nothing!

*'It was for her, the ultimate revenge on my father, for the sad and miserable life, she'd regularly told me about, which she'd had with my father, since they first met and courted.'*

Simply put, she used as little as possible of her remaining money on his funeral and instead, offered, those gathered, nothing good for their memories, at his death. Just, as he'd left her with nothing, she also wanted to leave him with nothing in death. However, my own personal family death story, is neither original, new, or unique. I am just one of the many millions of other monkeys, who were not left a banana in death.

And, speaking further of death, here's what a former colleague said to me, when meeting me again in the street, several years after seeing me last,

*'GOD! I thought you were dead!'*

This, is what Karen, a former associate of mine said, when I unexpectedly turned up in front of her, outside my local post office, just, as she was exiting. After a few moments of recognition, it dawned on me why, she had considered that I was dead. In effect, I had spent the last few years since my heart attacks, removing and cleaning out all of my online social media accounts, online presences, memberships, and subscriptions.

In essence, I no longer existed, online or within the digital realms of cyberspace. I had, for all intents and purposes, simply vanished, disappeared, presumed, clearly, to be dead. Upon reflection and self-analysis, I know that I have removed myself from my online life that existed, many times before. Especially, when I began to feel, that I needed to reinvent myself, redesign myself or enter a new metamorphosis.

I realised, after saying goodbye to Karen, that I had in simple terms, unconsciously started to prepare the world, for my eventual and unavoidable, 'digital death,' ahead of time. I instinctively, and with conviction, believed, after my 'nothingness' death experiences, upon dying, that, bluntly put, I'd be gone forever! I would never be coming back. There would, be no more logins, logouts, status changes or new updates.

No one, not even my partner, Christine, would be able to completely bring closure to my social network profiles or other digital footprints, because, without providing her with the necessary steps to do so, she would easily flounder within the massive task. Equally, my then, online friends wouldn't know what had happened to me. They might just think that I had quit my 'online life' for good, forgetting about everyone. Gone!

Since my meeting with Karen several years ago, I've since begun a process, of preparing for my digital death in a more organised, structured, and positive way. As, I absolutely, like everyone who dies, cannot take a single thing with me, I've had to decide, what to leave behind, what to give to those I love, and, how to leave this life, and, enter death, in a way, that sits well with me now, while still alive. This, takes time to manifest.

Although, the concept, of a 'digital death' is a relatively new one, its grim presence can already be felt online. Living social media users, don't really like to think about the fact, that, the ghost profiles, of their dead peers, may ultimately outnumber the active accounts within a few decades. Facebook alone, as an example, had thirty million dead users in 2012. This number of dead profiles, has increased over the last 12 years since.

According to a survey conducted by 'The Digital Legacy Association,' over 80% of the participants, had not made any plans, whatsoever, for their 'left behind', social media profiles and digital accounts, in the event of their demise. Few, had even bothered, to document or record, their digital legacy wishes. When asked, if they had made a 'social media will,' almost 96% of the participants, answered no.

*'Digital assets and virtual possessions, carry both, sentimental value, as well as, a monetary one.'*

If, by the time you die, you haven't yet organized your 'digital death' in advance, it could become a massive headache for your family and friends to put all your digital accounts in order. Accessing computers, hard drives, phones, and locked technology, may be simply impossible, if they don't have the passwords or encryption keys necessary to open those accounts or profiles. Giving, authorisation to another, is essential before you die.

Besides the natural and emotionally difficult process of planning for your 'real' life death, the task of preparing for your online life, 'digital death,' is a very time extensive task, as every step, requires something different. Legislation on digital death, is still in its infancy, and every platform, seems to have its own unique way, of dealing with the issues of legacy' profiles and accounts. Perseverance, is the only way!

Today, it's perfectly normal to own and regularly use, at least three devices, a computer, a tablet, and a smartphone. Each of them independently of the other, is most likely, to store a big chunk of your real-life experiences, in digital formats. Whether it is photos, videos, documents, games, or all types of accounts, these fragments of your life are kept in your hard drives or online cloud based systems and networked servers.

While planning for your digital death can be uncomfortable and tedious, only you, alone, can bring the order you and your loved ones deserve before you die to your life online and offline. Making a will is one thing, planning your digital death is quite another. Obviously, you can get some assistance, search online for details, articles, and videos, but, ultimately, no one else but you, can truly do it for you, after you are dead and gone.

Don't be discouraged! Even though it can be very difficult at times, getting your digital possessions in order, and preserving your memory, can be easily done with a solid plan, and the right mindset. Take a deep breath, and focus, you're finally going to take full personal responsibility for your digital afterlife, and, it will feel good, because, it's one less thing to worry about when your taking your last breath and sleeping forever...

*'Before I die, everyone who matters to me, will be getting a digital key stick. On it, will be everything I need them to know, see, hear, and experience. It's my digital me to them.'*

When Ghandi was assassinated, the sum total possessions and belongings he owned were, six items. They were the simple belongings of a man who did not care for possessions and included, a pair of steel-framed spectacles, a pair of sandals, a bowl, a plate, and a pocket watch. These simple and modest possessions, of the father, of nonviolent direct action, caused deep upset and sadness within India as a Nation in 2009.

In 2009, at the, Antiquorum Auctioneers in Manhattan, New York, the lot, sold for \$1.8 million to Vijay Mallya, an Indian liquor and airline magnate who owns the company that makes, Kingfisher beer. Many in India, felt that the sale was of questionable legality and threatened to deny the nation, part of the cultural legacy of its founder. For Gandhi's descendants, the sale seemed to contradict his aversion to materialism and simple living.

*'Gandhi himself, had given away without exchange, several other possessions and items owned by him, while still alive.'*

Selling off at auction and private parties, the memorabilia, artifacts, curios, and whatnots of dead celebrities,' film stars, pop stars and basically, anyone who is known to at least, 5,000 Fuck Book friends, is not new, strange, or weird. It's normal, and we've been doing it since we were first born on earth. Grave robbing is as old as prostitution, and much more lucrative financially than turning tricks. Graves, equal cash!

If you learnt, that a billionaire had just died in your local area, and that he was being buried with all his wealth in a park opposite you, are you certain, sure, that you'd not be the first to be digging down in order to move on up? After all, who's it hurting? The dead person doesn't need it, and, you can't take it with you when you go, so, let's have it now. The Egyptian kings and pharaoh's, certainly didn't get any use of their gold.

The idea, that we can actually, take something from this life into the next, is rather delusional at best, and totally insane at worst. But, there are still many human beings, who consider this as a reality. Being buried with your stuff, still goes on all over the world today, in modern 21<sup>st</sup> Century history. And, it was going on, at the dawn of civilisations with the Animists, who would bury, 'fetishes' with loved ones, alongside the body.

Whatever you or others do or don't place, inside your coffin, crypt, or tomb, I can 100% guarantee you, that you will never, ever, get to see or use those things again. Not in this world and certainly, not in the nothingness. And so, as this is the actual reality and truth of life and death, what the hell, will you plan and arrange to do with all of your physical stuff and digital stuff, when you are gone? Who, gets the rotten spoils?

Ultimately, as with everything discussed so far within this book, I do not have any answers for you to ponder or any wisdoms to impart. However, I'm prepared to offer several suggestions, which, might assist and support you in making the correct choices and decisions before you die. My absolute number one, top of the list proposal, is that you must, leave nothing, of any real value financially to anyone. No boats, cars, houses, or planes!

Second, leave no one, absolutely no cash, money, or investments worth more than £100! Third, leave other's no object, item, or personal possession worth more than £100. No Picasso's, no limited editions and please, no ancient grave robbed bounties! Equally, don't give your 10 year old, a one hundred acre vine yard in Tuscany and absolutely no condo's on Mars for the parents! Finally, my fifth suggestion is very easy to understand.

Please, do not ever leave anyone something in your will, which will change their lives for the better! That, is a recipe for disaster and presumes, an arrogance and narcissism on your part, worthy of any pathological madness possible. You, absolutely do not know, what will happen if you do, but, my own personal and very deep experience of such matters, informs my proposals above, as much as a warning to you, and, as much as a guidance.

Sadly, I have seen it all! From listening for hours and hours to client's personal testimony, stories, and sad tales of woe, to experiencing exactly the same sinister process of self-destruction, within my own family, as a direct result of being given, too much, too young! Wealth, unexpected and unannounced, is similar to giving somebody a ticking time bomb with a very short fuse. Before a certain personal age, the young are stupid!

*'I have watched as family members have spent money as if it were confetti, buying friends and hiring limousine's'*

And so, if you're not going to leave the kids, parents, siblings, friends, and family anything of any value in a physical sense, and, if you're going to spend it all while you're alive, which, I highly recommend, what exactly will you leave the other's and people left behind, grieving you and sobbing their little hearts out. Or, rubbing their hands together in anticipation of the will reading? Presuming, that you've even made a will to read!

Well, here's an original idea and conceptual model, or, frame of reference, for you to consider, ponder and cogitate, alongside, your other thoughts and feelings, about leaving a will, legacy, or inheritance after you die. What, if you left the most valuable thing in the world to those left behind. What, about leaving a real part of you for those you say that you truly love, adore or respect. What about leaving part of you?

Would, their worlds shine a little brighter after your death if they had a little part of you to hold and feel each day? To touch either physically, or emotionally when they most needed you close. Could, such a true act of love, heal the last words you so cruelly spoke as you died, because, you didn't face death beforehand. Would such a gift not be more truly appreciated by those who receive it, than anything physical of high value given?

Especially, as you know deep within your heart, that leaving them something of financial high value, is the best you believe the you can offer of yourself, once dead. Sadly, most human beings don't actually learn to communicate with each other in life, so, it's totally idealistic of me to delude myself that you, or anyone else for that matter, will even be able to participate, in my grand plan, of leaving something real behind.

However, if the idea appeals, excites and settles your mind, perhaps, you'll enjoy my following proposals for how you just might achieve this for the ones you say you love, cherish and honour. Here's one simple example of what you could gift that would be real, authentic, and honest within your will or legacy. Make a list, of all of the things that you know that those you want to leave something for, love, like and enjoy in life.

*'For example, do they love gardening? If so, subscribe them in you will, to a gardening magazine for life, so that every time they get a new magazine, you are in their loving hearts'*

In effect, what you are attempting to do and create, is not, to change their lives through great sudden wealth and prosperity, but rather, to add and extend, to their already lived life, and the things that they do, which give them personal pleasure and joy. Giving great wealth, large properties, and military style vehicles as legacy gifts, sadly have no positive outcome for those given to. Too much too soon will destroy most lives.

Eventually, your so called acts of generosity and love, have left your son dead, in a car crash, because, he couldn't handle the power of the new Ferrari, he brought for cash, from the legacy payments you left him on his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. What a great gift! Or, your older brother, the social alcoholic, who decides to buy a chain of pubs, just for a laugh, and, a good drink on the house to boot! But hey, everyone likes a drink don't they?

All pubs purchased and paid for, from your gift of 2.5 million, that you earned through several shady deals, but hoped, the blood money could be cleaned if gifted. No, not a chance! Old money to new or new money to old, either way, cash, and rich things, makes madness of us all, regardless of how sane we seem when we first get the gift. If you do, however, wish to leave behind you a legacy of madness, leave them as much as possible!

So, if it's not money, stuff and things of value and wealth you leave the ungrateful children or angry partner, what are you going to give those gathered by your deathbed, watching, waiting, and hoping you will die, and not, recover again? Ultimately, you'll need to search deeply inside your own mind and heart to find something of real true value, to leave behind you, for those you care about. But, please don't leave them gift less.

*'Lie in the sun with the child in your flesh shining like a jewel. Dream and sing, pagan, wise in your vitals. Stand still like a fat budding tree, like a stalk of corn a throb and a glisten in the heat. Lie like a mare panting with the dancing feet of colts against her sides. Sleep at night as the spring earth. Walk heavily as a wheat stalk at its full time bending towards the earth waiting for the reaper. Let your life swell downward so you become like a vase, a vessel. Let the unknown child knock and knock against you and rise like a dolphin within.'* - Meridel Le Sueur.



'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Ten

### 'Regretful Regrets'

After I began to fully comprehend, the reality of my situation as a heart failure patient, knowing, that my prognosis was terminal, and that I would die sooner than later, my mind, thoughts, and feelings, began almost daily to return in force, back to my past and the life and lives I had lived beforehand. Sadly and painfully, I found that I regretted, almost all of my life in either part, or whole. These regrets consumed my life.

I'd deeply regretted so many aspects of my past life, that my whole life in totality seemed to be even more fucked up than I had initially imagined. How, was it possible, not to regret the day my second wife, Heidi, hit her head on a concrete underpass, cutting her head and causing permanent frontal temporal lobe damage, an ABI, or an acquired brain injury. Especially, as it would never have happened if we hadn't emigrated to New Zealand!

The regrets, what if's and torturous memories from my past lives haunted me daily, and sapped the very life force from my heart, mind, and bones. I told myself, unconvincingly, everyone would feel regret if they'd had my life, my past, and my woes. However, in truth and reality, I knew only too well from my own personal interactions with both family and friends, everyone deals with regrets and 'what if's' very differently than I normally do.

My father stated many, many times, 'I have absolutely no regrets!' Apparently, my mother felt exactly the same, as she herself expressed several times, 'I'd not change anything about my life.' Complain, moan and sulk, but change something to make things different, of course not. My father, on the other hand, spent most of his life changing things, situations, agreements and promises. So, doing 'negative' change, for him was easy.

Evolution? That was a totally different concept for both my parents. My mother, never changed anything foundational as far as my own personal analysis is concerned, and my father, tried to change but sadly, was unable to move past himself and his stuff. Ultimately, I truly believe that both of them were filled to the brim and overflowing with regret, however, they simply just couldn't express, discuss, or face those regrets honestly.

*'Something, needed to change, but never did!'*

Over the last several years, since beginning my individual original journey and adventure, towards my death and the grim reaper, I have worked almost daily, to turn my old habits, thoughts, and feelings into something more useful, to me and my partner, than they have currently served us both. Having regrets is one thing, being consumed hourly, daily, and weekly with them is a totally different kettle of fish! Regrets, rob us of life!

Feeling full of regrets on a daily basis is akin to hanging ourselves out to dry in the midday sun, each and every day, until, we are burnt, bleached, sun scolded and dried out like a deer skin on a rack. Eventually, as the days and months and years pass us by, we begin, to smell a little off. I am more than aware now, just how much time, energy, and mental resources that I have wasted and expired, in my pursuit of my old regrets.

I have, over the years, travelled so far down the rabbit hole, without ever meeting, lovely Alice, in pursuit of a never ending source of despair, misery and sadness, that it stole the very essence of joy from my life and all my love of my life. I know, better than most, and, more than many, just how much my regrets have both destroyed my peace of mind and my inner tranquillity, as well, as hurting those around me daily in total unawareness.

And, I won't lie to you, I still have a lot of personal development and evolution to undertake, before I can really say confidently, that, I'm out of the woods and in the clearing again. I might, not make it. My oldest and deepest regrets, still being worked on, might yet get the better of my reflection, rational and logical mind, and simply put, fuck me up good! But, here's, what I know for sure. Regrets, do have a real purpose!

However, before we can begin, to fully understand the true nature and reality of holding, 'regretful regrets,' we need to first understand simply, how regrets are made-up and constructed in our mind. And, most importantly, the reasons why, regrets exist in the world in the first place. Is there any real purpose to having regrets or feeling regretful? Understanding the real true nature of regret, we can break free of it once and for all.

*'Survival regrets, keep our species alive each day we live!'*

There will always be confusions around the true nature of regret, as every single human being, will experience the process, feelings, and thoughts differently than another. Recognising almost immediately or very quickly after taking a decision, that, upon reflection and with awareness, we could have made a different choice, whilst at first glance seems like regret, it is in fact, not the same thing. Because, we are in the present!

With regret, we are reflecting on and thinking about, something that has not just happened or occurred, in the present moment, but rather, has happened in our past, when, we were not so reflective or aware, as we are now. Because of this, if, we become more aware and reflective as we grow, develop, and evolve, we may well look backwards at our choices, decisions and actions before our minds were clearer, with, lots of emotions attached.

Perhaps, when we reflect upon the thing, we are filled with horror or deep shame and sadness at what we manifested. Regrets, and being regretful, can have a very negative and damaging effect upon both our minds and our bodies. Regret, is therefore, the ongoing, emotional, psychological, and mental trauma, that we put ourself through as human beings, on a day-to-day basis, when we think about the choices that we have made which went wrong.

Feelings and thoughts of regret, come to haunt and disturb us, when we are in a reflective mood or process, and begin to realise, most likely, because we have grown, developed, changed, and evolved, that we could have done things differently, or made different choices. It is, therefore, natural to begin to feel regret, after we have observed, more objectively, our past actions, choices, and decisions. Regret, is perfectly normal!

So normal in fact, is the idea and concept of regret, that it is now studied around the world in leading universities, psychology departments, neuroscience laboratories and, of course, by thousands, and thousands of coaches, therapists, and corporate consultants, advising the fortune five hundred companies, each and every day, just, as I once did. Regret is costly in business as well as in society. Sadly, those regrets, make us all ill!

Scientists, psychologists, psychiatrists, and psychoanalysts, have all roughly agreed in principle that there are potentially between four and six types of regret. Once we begin to analyse and reflect upon our own personal and individual regrets, using the different types of regrets to categorise our own, into some form of order, we can slowly and gently, begin to make the trees out from the woods of regret, growing in our once lovely garden.

Everyone has regrets, but why and how is regret triggered, and for whom? How do you get over it? Is there such a thing as good regret? And what role does regret play in how we understand our lives and shape them for the future? Here's what the thinkers have to say on the several different types, forms, and shapes of regret. Below, is a brief overview and summary of the four core regrets, mostly accepted as correct by researchers:

**Foundation Regrets:** We experience, 'Foundation Regrets' when our health deteriorates, our financial situation makes life hard, or our professional life is not as rewarding as we believed it would be. Examples include; If only I had a disciplined diet, I wouldn't have so many health problems today. If only I'd been more disciplined with my spending, I'd have more to show for my hard work over the years. Can you spot the what 'If' structure?

If only I'd worked hard in my twenties, I wouldn't be in this dead end job today. 'Foundation Regrets,' arise from the failure to plan ahead, work smart, follow through and build a stable platform for life. The good news, is that regrets, can spur us on, to address the issues and problems, change behaviour and build a life of which one is proud. For example, with, 'Foundation Regrets,' you can change diet, take up exercise and study. But, you will need to recognise them in the first place!

**Boldness Regrets:** We experience, 'Boldness Regrets' when we play it too safe and are left wondering what could have been. Examples include; If only I'd asked that girl/boy/other out. If only I'd taken that trip before I had children. If only I'd started that business. 'Boldness Regrets,' arise from the failure, to take full advantage of opportunities, as a springboard, into a more fulfilled and meaningful life to live.

*'We potentially, miss the boat!'*

**Moral Regrets:** A 'Moral Regret,' stems from a lapse in judgment that haunts us as we age. Examples include; I wish I hadn't cheated in a competition. I wish I'd been faithful to my partner. I wish I'd not treated that person with disrespect, just before they died. If only I hadn't stolen the money from someone who trusted me completely. Why, did I behave so badly to my partner when they just needed my support, love, and care?

**Connection Regrets:** We experience, 'Connection Regret' when we let great relationships, drift, waiting too long, to reconnect and repair them before it's too late. Common, 'Connection Regrets' include; If only I'd reached out to my friend before they died. If only I'd been nicer to my parent's when I was younger. If only I'd apologized to my child and mended our relationship sooner. 'Connection Regrets' cause deep sadness.

Interestingly but also disturbingly, 'Connection Regrets' are the most common regret within humanity, because, when we get to the end of our life, or, are dying, individual relationships, connections, and intimacies, simply, matter the most. Not gold, diamonds, and wealth, but other monkey's, hanging in the trees. However, with connection regrets, unless the person has passed away or is unreachable, it's a regret that's 100% reversible.

In his book, 'The Power of Regret,' author Daniel Pink, investigates the many issues, and questions that I have posed above, offering to his readers, a clearer more focused glimpse, into the psychology of those moments, that we often wish, we had back. Based on his, 'World Regret Survey,' which has catalogued over 23,000 regrets from people around the globe, the four core regrets that I listed above, created a 'regret' category system.

Using this category system, we can chart and map our personal regret journey to healing and wholeness again. Before, we fucked up! What we need to fully comprehend and appreciate, is that regret is an emotion. But, it's a negative emotion, in that, it's an emotion, that makes us feel worse, not better. And, it's an emotion, that's regularly triggered, when, we think of something from our past, which has raised its ugly head again.

*'Demons come and demons go, but,  
the darkness is always visible!'*

In those dark moments of the soul and night, we deeply wish we had done something differently, not done something, taken an action, not taken an action, or, all of the above. We travel back to the past, as if it were still real, still there and happening. We imagine, clearly the counter, the flipside to what really happened, and then, we try to see the present day reconfigured, changed, altered because of the new decision made.

*'We in effect become time travellers within the vortex and double helix of regret. Cast out of reality into oblivion.'*

In his, 'World Regret Survey,' Daniel Pink found that a big demographic difference, in regards to regrets, was age. It showed that when people are in their twenty's, they have roughly equal numbers of regrets of action, for example, what they did do, and, regrets of inaction, or, what they didn't do. However, for participant's in their 40s, 50s, 60s and 70s, the inaction regrets took over and outnumbered the action regrets. Inaction!

Inaction regrets are, in general, about twice as prevalent as action regrets. As we get older, what really sticks with us are the regrets about what we didn't do. Taking courage and commitment to sit down quietly in reflection to make notes, lists and to deal with our total audit of regrets, can, if we allow ourselves to be present, totally life changing. Sometimes, not doing what's expected by others is also correct! Action!

When we deconstruct our regrets, unpack them, and, like the proverbial playing card analogy, place each and every regret card on the table, we begin to heal. Whilst my own inactions have caused me both deep regrets and sadnesses, by not doing the thing that I either needed to do, should have done, or could have done, often meant, that the results of those many inactions, changed my life and those lives around me at that place in time.

*'Often, my life has changed in ways that I couldn't have planned or imagined, just, because I didn't do the thing intended or follow through with the agreement, initially made. Sometimes the end result has been good, and sometimes bad or indifferent. However, there's always been an end result'*

Professor, Terry Martin Mace.

How our brains, process and act out regret, is one of the most fascinating, and informative areas of neuroscience, currently in research worldwide today. Studies, have used functional magnetic resonance imaging, or, an MRI, to scan the brain in real time, while participants, performed computer tasks that asked them to choose between different options for investing money. The concept of losing money to, 'prime regret' is smart!

When participants, were shown what they could have done differently, using alternative investment strategies to increase their portfolio, there was significant decreased activity in the ventral striatum, an area associated with processing rewards. There was also, increased activity in the amygdala, the part of the brain's limbic system that generates immediate emotional response to threat. It's the primitive survival brain in action!

Interestingly, when the experiment was done with a computer making all the choices, these regret patterns were not found, suggesting that a sense of personal accountability V's personal responsibility is necessary for regret. And, that's a very important discovery, because, it links the feelings and thoughts of personal responsibility, with the actual regret felt. In effect, we take ownership and responsibility for our mistakes.

*'Sometimes, we are aware enough and reflective enough to take personal responsibility immediately. Often, however, it is a very long time after the events have occurred that we own up!'*

In summary, regret is a negative 'survival' emotion that can be adaptive, if it motivates action to learn from mistakes and become a smarter or better person. However, getting stuck in regret, where there is nothing that can be done to change the situation, can be damaging to mind and body. For the dying, the developmental task may be to learn to live with and accept the life they have had, focusing on the positive aspects not regrets.

*'When we can forgive ourselves for mistakes made and, opportunities not taken, knowing, that one has done, the very best one can, given the circumstances, letting go of our regrets, can lead us to a greater act of self-compassion, self-forgiveness, tranquillity, and peace of mind.'*



However, now we've begun to deal with the core and foundational regrets of our individual lives, we need to be especially cautious about moving from a regret free life to one of, 'regretful regrets' soon after reflections and healings. The way I personally experience, 'regretful regrets' will certainly be different than yourself or anyone else. However, there are several similar characterisations within the process to note.

I'm sure, these similarities will powerfully resonate and connect with those who understand the damage that, regretful regrets can do and achieve if left unchecked. Firstly, you cannot have or experience, regretful regrets if, you've not dealt with and worked on and through, the majority of your original, foundational and root regrets beforehand. Second, there needs to be a certain quantity and period of regret involved to date.

To fully influence, affect and initiate, the level of regretful regrets felt, after letting those, first regret burdens go, from your day to day living now, you will need to take full 100% responsibility for both your actions and lack of actions involved within the regrets. Thirdly, you will require a very clear, personal identity and reality check-in, with yourself, recognising, you really are, just a monkey, eating banana's.

Fourth and finally, you will need to be prepared to do the same amount of work on healing yourself, from your now, cacophony of regretful regrets, that you undertook to reflect upon, discover and face in dealing with your original lists and audits of losses. In this way, you are preparing yourself for the arduous journey and travels ahead, into the world of circular regrets. These type of regrets, turn you around and around and around.

In my own personal case of undertaking a full audit of my life's regrets, I began to understand and realise, that I had literally wasted, and eaten up years of my precious and short life, regretting either what I had done or had not done in my living.

*'Eventually, my lists were so large, so long and so full, that I simply had to let most if not all of the regrets accounted for, go into the eternal ether of nothingness, away, from myself.'*

In uncovering and dealing with, almost all of my regrets over the last 50+ years, I was able to free myself initially, from the terrible burdens of shame, guilt, and hatred for myself. However, as I started to comprehend just how long that I'd regretted for, I began to have regrets about my time spent regretting regrets. In essence, I had now begun a never ending cycle and circle of regretful regrets. I spiralled downwards!

It took me some months and several attempts to find my own way out of my grave and tomb of regretful regrets, however, having been working on the process now for several more months, I am beginning to see things clearer and more brightly. Yes, I'm still working on those last few bigger root regrets, whilst, engaged in the process of healing and bringing to heel my circular, regretful regrets. In truth, I'll never really ever be done, until I'm dead. I've made a great start. Will you?

Regrets and what if's are like death, they cause and instigate loss, grief, and bereavement. And, just like death, regrets never truly disappear, die, or go away. The only real personal and individual choices that we have when facing death, as well as regrets, is to work to move towards some form and type of acceptance and being ok with the past and its losses. From acceptance, we can cultivate compassion to ourself and regrets.

If, and only if, we can foster or harbour some form of internal forgiveness system to let ourselves firmly off the hook of our own regrets, we may be able to use that process of letting them go, to place the cherry on top of life's cake. Ultimately, if you are still currently breathing, kicking and alive, it's almost 100% certain and guaranteed, that you will have some form of regret until the very moment you die and expire from earth.

In closing chapter ten, 'regretful regrets' I'd like to leave you with a very simple grounded idea and concept to consider;

*'If, after reading this chapter, you take courage to do an audit of your life's regrets, and ultimately find, you are happy with your life now, in this moment. Then, I'd strongly suggest and propose to you as a thought experiment, that you consider, that all of your previous choices, decisions, and actions, ultimately led you to, and gifted you with, a good life! If, however, that is not the case, maybe, you need to regret some more beforehand!'*

### Here's A Short List Of Some Of My Own Personal Regrets:

Not going to South Africa when I had the opportunity. My sister Amanda asked me several times to come to visit and even stay in South Africa when her and her first husband lived in Johannesburg. I will never know now what could have happened!

Not talking to the beautiful Indian girl sitting opposite me on the train, after staring into each other's eyes for hours. My stop arrived suddenly and in panic I jumped off the train without even saying goodbye. She smiled at me as the train pulled away.

Not stealing fuel for the Aboriginal Elder who gave me a lift in the Australian outback. He slept in his car all night until his mate came with fuel the next day. Today, I'd steal the fuel! I let my fear of the guy's reaction I was staying with stop me from doing the 'right' thing. The guy hated aboriginal's, so I was totally confronted as to the right thing to do. Today, I have more self-confidence and self-assurance.

Not staying in Ireland when I had the opportunity. I'd originally travelled to Ireland with Elizebeth my then partner with the intention of busking and working our way across the emerald isles. Sadly, camper van issues and lack of money forced us both into full time employment in 'The Ballynahinch Castle Hotel just outside Galway. I got stuck in, but Liz struggled.

Elizabeth hated it and I loved it. We decided to split up after she announced that she also wanted children. Having promised her parent's that I'd bring her home if anything happened, I never returned back to Ireland until nearly 15 years later. This time, it was to have a long holiday with Heidi my wife. We swam with Fungi the famous dolphin and kissed the blarney stone!

Not fighting back hard enough against the school bullies. I'd asked my father if he'd teach me how to box, but, for whatever reason, he wouldn't teach me. Hence, it took me years to learn how to fight and protect myself against both bullies and idiots.

Not learning how to drive sooner than 25 years of age.

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Eleven

### 'Deathbed Confessions'

Be careful what you say as you are dying!

Deathbed confessions, absolutions from sin and the eating of your own personal sin by sin eaters, is not new or even finished in the world. Likewise, 'indulgences' are still today given by the pope and his many doppelgänger's as a way to fund the catholic coffers further. In the absence of a good old fashioned, 'Christian Crusade,' the cost of dying can be mitigated with a little help from your friends in high places.

The religions, spiritualities, god men and woman of the world, have all played their part in the process of, selling heaven, gifting, for a good price, a get out of purgatory card, and, my favoured preference, for anyone willing to spend their own, eternity in hell, soulless and without redemption, the sin eaters meal, of bread and ale. And, what is given, of course, can truly never be honoured or validated because, it's a lie!

However, as our dear friend and advocate of death so eloquently stated,

*'The receptivity of the masses is very limited, their intelligence is small, but their power of forgetting is enormous. In consequence of these facts, all effective propaganda must be limited to a very few points and must harp on these in slogans until the last member of the public understands what you want him to understand by your slogan.'*

Adolf Hitler.

And, this is exactly the way that all world religions, spiritualities and god frauds have all positioned their own unique and original blend of, god consumerism for the masses. The unholy catholic church has since the middle ages, been involved in one of the biggest lies, deceits, and delusions imaginable. This idea and concept is called, rather, comically, an, 'indulgence.' What a lovely way to market the product!

However, this practice is little more than the old system of 'the short con,' a con trick only able to succeed because, the 'mark' has little to lose or unfortunately gain, in not, agreeing to the process. After all is said and done, if someone came and knocked on my door, offering on the doorstep to take away all of my physical pain, suffering and sin, I'd at least have the decency, to enquire as to the cost and payment plan.

*'My point, is that each and every one of us, wants to be free of pain. How much it costs, may be irrelevant to the end goal.'*

The very simple fact, that as we are dying we become more vulnerable, fragile, and exposed, is no more or less, a perfect ground for those whose sole purpose is power, greed and manipulation, to sell us something, we neither require nor need to free ourselves in death. Sadly, death and dying makes fools of us all. Even I have tried to bargain, plead, and convince god or a universal force, to let me live a little bit longer!

In my deepest, darkest hours and moments, I have openly and authentically, prayed to god, gods, the devil, and anyone else, who may be listening, to hear my prayers and to heal me, save me and absolve me of my sin and suffering. Currently, no one has answered or replied. In our dying madness's, we can begin to believe and trust in ideas, concepts, and beliefs, which had we been well and living, we would never have even considered.

After all, I'm a rational, analytical, and logical human being. Why, would I even go there? Well, to fully understand for myself as well as others, I have needed to deconstruct and unravel, my own life and deaths, so that no one else, has power over me as, or when I die. I need to remember, as do you, that a square is a square and a circle is a circle, period. I and you, will need to stand alone, isolated and on our own two feet in death.

*'It would not be impossible to prove with sufficient repetition and a psychological understanding of the people concerned that a square is in fact a circle. They are mere words, and words can be moulded until they clothe ideas and disguise.'*

Joseph Goebbels.

Do not please either delude yourself, or those around you, that god, heaven, or a paradise exists after you die. To do so, is paramount to stealing and robbing the other of both their lives, and their deaths. We absolutely need to die freely by our own hand. Accepting the good we did in the world as well as the bad and in so doing, come to our final peace of mind and body, as we slip away into the void and eternal darkness of the universe.

However, should you still at this point of reading, believe, have faith and trust in something that is both unseen and not real, then, here's what you will need to know before you die. Firstly, sin is not real. Therefore, sin can neither be absolved or taken from you as you don't have any sin to take back or lose from yourself or, a so called soul. Secondly, as heaven, nirvana and paradise does not exist before or after death,

*'No matter how much you sell your soul for, or pay to get in, you'll never be granted access and a backstage pass to heaven.'*

Likewise, any warring jihadist and islamist fundamentalist who believes with all their heart, mind and soul that blowing themselves up in the name of allah, muhammad or the quran, will win them the grand prize of, seventy-two virgins and martyrdom in heaven, truly are quite mad. However, sadly, these delusions, acts of violence and ongoing mental illness of those involved, seems to be alive and well in islam. Let's wake up to the truth.

In, Robert Spencer's book, 'The Truth About Muhammad' he makes it quite clear what is required to rid the world of both islamist rhetoric as well as to explain while muslim's continue to follow the examples, life and teachings of the so called illiterate, epileptic, war mongering, rapist, thief, and self-proclaimed prophet, the world will never be truly safe from terror and repercussions of going against islam and it's false teachings.

*'The words and deeds of Muhammad have been moving Muslims to commit acts of violence for fourteen hundred years now. They are not going to disappear in our lifetimes; nor can they be negotiated away. The best thing that Western governments can do is recognize their character and move to limit their influence within their countries and around the world.'* - Robert Spencer.

And so, if after reading my own, clearly blasphemous rhetoric on the manipulative, mad and moronic self-proclaimed prophet, Muhammad ibn Abdullah ibn Abd al-Muttalib ibn Hashim, any jihadist or fundamental islamist terrorist who wishes to kill, maim, or hurt me or my family, think again. You will neither get to fuck seventy-two virgins or become a martyr in heaven as quite simply, you and others who follow islam are delusional.

And, whilst there seems to be no actual real reliable account of the mad prophets last words and deathbed confessions before he died, it is recorded that he was mentally tortured in his last moments by the memories of several failed assassination attempts upon his life by using poison. Several years earlier, a jewish woman named, Zaynab bint Al-Harith apparently attempted to assassinate muhammad after the battle of Khaybar in 628.

However, even the so called, true religion of islam and its cronies cannot agree on who actually killed by poison the idiot prophet. And this, is exactly why the teachings of islam cannot ever be trusted, believed, or followed in good faith. The extremists who sanction terror and violence against non-believers of islam favour a different made up story were they proclaim that it was Aiesha and her father who poisoned him.

Apparently, Aiesha his 9 year old slave bride to be who the prophet raped at 9 and, thus, consummating by rape the marriage, now, as an adult woman at the time of muhammed's death, has been recorded in the fairy tale quran by yet another fool interpreter, as the last person present at the charlatans deathbed to hear him pronounce just before dying, his deathbed final last words.

*'O Aisha! I still feel the pain caused by the food I ate at Khaibar, and at this time, I feel as if my aorta is being cut from that poison.'*

In essence, it really does not matter to me personally, who killed by poison the madman, however, what does matter to me are the false foundations of yet another controlling, manipulative and corrupt deceitful religion used to install a sense of righteousness into their violences worldwide to date as an entity called islam. Sadly, these types of historical falsehoods, do nothing to better the world within which we live! Islam is evil as are all other religions, faiths and false spiritualities.



Likewise, history is littered with bizarre and absurd deathbed confessions the like of which to me, all seem equally incredulous as well as truly surreal. For example, the mythological and hoax story of the loch ness monster. In 1934 a doctor named Robert Kenneth Wilson offered a picture to the Daily Mail newspaper. Wilson told the newspaper he noticed something moving in Loch Ness and stopped his car to take some photos.

Wilson, refused to have his name associated with the photo, and so this became known as 'The Surgeon's Photo.' For several decades, this photo was considered to be the best evidence of the existence of a Loch Ness Monster. However, as is always the way in death and dying, in 1994 at the age of ninety-three and near death, Christian Spurling confessed that the surgeon's photo taken 60 years earlier, was a quite simply a ruse, a hoax.

Clearly, Spurling wanted to be absolved of his sins just before meeting his maker. Perhaps, he should have asked his executor to call in the sin eaters at his wake. Folklore tales of sin eater's, normally poor and destitute people in the local community, were paid to perform a 'ritual,' believed to allow them to take on the sins of the deceased, have been passed down through generations of stories, tales, and sinful mythologies.

One, of the very few firsthand accounts of actual sin eating, is from a man called, Matthew Moggridge who presented his description of sin eating to a meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association in 1852,

*'When a person died, the friends sent for the sin-eater of the district, who on his arrival, placed a plate of salt on the breast of the defunct, and, upon the salt a piece of bread.*

*He then muttered an incantation over the bread, which, he finally ate, thereby eating up all the sins of the deceased. This done, he received his fee of two shillings, six pence, and vanished as quickly as possible from the general gaze.*

*For he, the sin eater was utterly detested in the neighbourhood and regarded as a mere pariah and as one, irredeemably lost to god.'*

Most folklorists today, believe the scarcity of evidence to support the practice of sin eating, is likely due to sin eating's pagan past and nature. Equally, individuals within a Christian culture might have been reticent to record their participation in such a 'heretical' custom. Clearly, as all religions originate from animism, shamanism, and paganism, it is quite obvious from where the catholic's stole there sacred sacraments.

Whilst sin eating was a voluntary profession, in as much, that being forced by poverty into undesirable work, is voluntary, it seems to have been practiced by both women and men. The last sin eater, Richard Munslow is purported to have died in Shropshire in 1906. Munslow was different than most others who practiced the ancient, sacred ritual and ceremonies of sin eating, in that he was a landowner and wealthy individual.

In, 'The Gift of Suffering,' Ingrid Harris suggests sin eating began in protestant communities to fill, the vacuum left by the departure of the catholic sacraments of confession and absolution after the reformation. Other historians relate sin eating to the ancient British custom at wealthy funerals of distributing a dole of bread to the poor in exchange for prayers for the deceased. Whatever the truth, sin eating still exists!

As does, the practice of 'indulgences.' These days it would seem, you can get a great discount deal on almost anything. Even salvation! Pope Benedict XVI who died aged 95 in 2022, announced during his papacy that his faithful slaves can once again pay the catholic church to ease their way through purgatory and into the gates of heaven. Martin Luther, must be turning in his grave. Reformation? What reformation!

*'Plenary Indulgences are making money faster,  
than people can sin and do evil deeds.'*

With a yearly income of five hundred million pounds and an overall global worth of around eighty billion pounds, clearly, sin and redemption is a very lucrative business. Currently, Pope Francis is worth an estimated sixteen million pounds due to all the assets he enjoys from his position as the pope of the catholic church. He has five cars, a private jet and several hundred properties at his disposal, we can also count his income as part of his net worth.

The last rites, also known as the 'Commendation of the Dying,' are the last prayers and ministrations given to an individual of christian faith, when possible, shortly before death, especially in the catholic church. They may be administered to those awaiting execution, mortally injured, or terminally ill.

*'As a terminally ill human being, I can think of nothing worse than a pious, hateful and deluded practitioner of false faith standing over me as I'm dying, reciting crazy mumbo jumbo.'*

However, for those who are deluded, dead inside to actual real life and devoid of real humanity, this apparently, is a comfort in their dying moments. Normally, only a priest or bishop is able to celebrate the last rites, however, in the case of urgency a deacon or extraordinary minister of holy communion can provide Viaticum. For this reason, whenever there is a fatal diagnosis the priest should be called as soon as possible before death.

For me, these ideas and concepts are both a nonsense as well as a lie. I truly believe that it would be far better for all concerned present, at death, be them, religiously deluded or just simply delusional to real life and death, to just simply and honestly say to themselves quietly inside, without external comment, life, is both good and bad and we do the best we can! Anything, other than real human being compassion is worthless.

However, quite clearly no current world religion, spirituality or god faith can offer even a small glimpse of either compassion or kindness to the living or dying. For example, in the last ten chapters of this book, including this chapter, I have blasphemed, criticised, outed, and exposed, the real evil, greed and wrong doings of each and every major player in the god arena to date historically. Apparently, I am, thus, unredeemable!

I have, based upon the false and fraudulent religious practices of world faiths, committed already within these pages, every mortal and deadly sin possible. I have repeatedly, bad mouthed god and its advocates in the eternal sin of blasphemy against the so called, holy spirit. Thus, the mortal sin of final impenitence, dying unrepentant, cannot be forgiven precisely because 'I' the sinner refuses to accept god's forgiveness.

Perhaps, fearing either eternal damnation or hell fire, pompous pope, John Paul II made many apologies for the catholic church's sins against humanity, including against women, jews, victims of the inquisition, and, against muslim's during the so called, christian crusades. Throughout its un-sacred sordid evil history the un-holy roman catholic church has sinned over and over again. Should, we forgive them? Absolutely not, never!

*'Too little too late, Pope Benedict XVI has now eventually apologized for the internal, secret, hidden and approved of clerical sex abuse scandals that rocked the foundations of the church from its original inception to its current existence.'*

Equally, the islamist state and its fundamentalists have never and will never offer apology, take personal, social, and cultural responsibility or acceptance for its own terrible and obnoxious sins against humanity. Should we forgive them? NO! When we realise that all world religions are actually responsible for all and every sin, evil doing and terrible situation on planet earth imaginable to date, we can wake up and free ourselves!

Having physically and clinically been pronounced dead several times already over the last several years, I can assure any and all believers of any and all faiths, religions and spiritualities, that there is absolutely nothing after death or before life. No heaven, no hell, no reincarnation and certainly no redemption. I am so certain that this is the truth, I am prepared to stake my current life and my current death on this!

Whatever a human being does or does not do while alive on earth, good, bad, or indifferent can only be delt with by that individual in the moment of their death and dying. As sin, hell and heaven does not and has never existed before or after religions eventually die, we are faced with having to make some very courageous and conscious decisions as to how we all live and die in this world. We are going nowhere after our deaths!

*'Relying, prior to death and dying upon something as delusional as being forgiven or absolved from sin, is not worth the cost or the pain of belief, trust, and faith in something both unseen and non-existent as a god, gods, or universal force. We are basically, alone, and isolated in the universe forever more.'*

Nature and the current world around us is all we have to base our existence upon. Nothing more and nothing less. As this is the real actual truth of the matter, and, of matter itself, how then, will you choose to live and die now? This question is far more important than anything religions, faiths or spiritualities can teach us about either life or death. Remember, you and you alone are personally responsible for all and everything you do!

Sadly, just as I have personally discovered upon my own many death's, anyone who is, or once was, deluded and delusional about the existence of god, gods and a universal force will find, there is nothing when we finally die. For myself, this is a great comfort and foundation from which to truly live and express my human being animal life. My death will be simple as a result. Like all other human animals, I will simply decay.

One of the biggest and most damaging lies that all world religions have touted around town is that there are 'spiritual' or religious, absolute truths and ways to live and die. Nothing could be further from both the truth as well as in relationship to ourselves as animals. Religions worldwide have falsely and maliciously told us over and over again how, and why we should follow their so called godly examples, doctrines and faiths.

I, sincerely urge and encourage, all and everyone reading and studying this book, to take a long hard look at themselves in the proverbial mirror of reality. If you do, you will see with clear insight your own life and passing from that life. Only then, can we as animals know ourselves and what exactly we really are in both essence and reality. Only then, can we know both ourselves and those around us before we face our death and die.

Ultimately, when death is inevitable, some people decide it is a good time to confess to things that have burdened them during their lifetime. Perhaps, it is in order to leave the world with a clear conscience, free of guilt or maybe, as they perceive it, to benefit the living ones they leave behind. Sadly, the reality is often very different once confessions are made and heard by the living. Here's my simple but elegant proposal for all,

*'Say nothing in dying that you would not have said in living.'*

Since the age of eleven, I have studied, researched, practiced, and lived, most if not all, faiths of the current world religions and spiritualities. Any reader or student of this book would be hard pressed to find or put on the table a path that I have not either walked already or have knowledge of, sufficient to make commentary upon. Like it or lump it, I'm both a theologian as well as former practitioner of god, religions, and faiths.

As such, my own walking my walk as well as talking my talk has led me now, finally, to a path of disbelief and dis-acknowledgement of all of them in all their shapes and forms. There is not one single god path that I can recommend, promote, or say is good for humanity or humans. Each and every one of the world's many and varied religions, spiritualities and god paths have both blood and evil upon their hands. All are false!

In closing chapter ten, 'deathbed confessions' I'd like to leave you with one final thought,

*'Die free of all faiths and you will die free of all sins!'*

In his online article, 'Sin Does Not Exist,' S. Richard Bellrock says rather eloquently,

*'Many of us, have been on the receiving end of conversations, where someone tries to convince us, that one of their religion's strongest selling points, is its Divine Command Theory of morality.'*

*And, without that command, with its promises of blessings and threats of punishment, they argue, that it is impossible to be moral, and therefore, you should join their religion.'*

*'Sin has nothing to do with God's will,  
unless we want to define the Law as God.'*

Remember, you cannot sin if there is no sin! Die well not bad.

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Twelve

### 'Stop The Clocks'

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,  
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East, and West,  
My working week and my Sunday rest,  
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;  
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

W H Auden - *'Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone.'*

*'Everyone knows that time is Death, that Death hides in clocks. Imposing another time powered by the Clock of the Imagination, however, can refuse his law. Here, freed of the Grim Reaper's scythe, we learn that pain is knowledge and all knowledge pain.'*

Federico Fellini.



It is simply not possible to have a real sense of time fully and clearly unless you are facing either your own personal death, or the individual reflection of your own mortality. Until then, you have no idea what your life is worth in regard to time, the passing of time and the ticking down of your life's pendulum. Until we face death before we die, no one intuitively, recognises, or accepts their limited time on earth until it's too late.

To knowingly and openly pursue the wasting of your own very limited time here in life is one thing. To allow another to have the same rights and privilege's that you have with time wasting is a totally different thing. Allowing another, circumstances or situations to waste, abuse or eat up your precious time is akin to killing your last few seconds here on earth without awareness. Precious time, is an understatement!

When I titled and began thinking about this chapter, 'Stop The Clocks' I was initially going to speak about the many varied and unusual aspects of what human beings have done throughout civilisation and time, to mark and chronicle the passing of another's life into the void. I researched and studied several sources of interest such as why we stop the clocks when someone dies or why, we cut a piece of hair from the dead corpse.

And then, I scheduled a zoom call with a death doula to discuss my end of life planning. After having my life's time wasted for over an hour because of technological incompetence on the part of the doula, this chapter, became reborn and began to take shape as it now finally stands. If, I had not experienced, a real sense of loss of time, while waiting for another to get their shit together, these page's content would be different.

In this sense, my time was not actually, wasted by another, because, it actively inspired me to adapt, change and grow from the process. Eventually, if you are serious about your life and your death, you too will have to look at the value and passing of your life's time differently than you have ever done. If, you do not, then, you will continue to waste your own precious time as well as allowing other's around you to waste it for you.

Time only becomes truly precious to a person when they recognise and accept its value. Accepting time's value can only be done when we have become aware and conscious of our own value or worth as a human being. This, in turn, can only and ever be seen from a position of 'being' but never 'doing.' The two are never compatible and cannot be existence simultaneously in proximity to the other. They, are two different types of animal.

Doing, is the process of applying kinetic energy to one's movements throughout their life. Being, is the state of awareness of that energy, without the need to move or do at all. Both, are of course necessary to live on planet earth, however, one is more favourable to the dying than the other. As much, as is possible for me, on a daily, hourly and moment by moment basis, I am choosing to 'be' rather than to 'do.' Time, to be!

One position gives me peace while the other gives me pain. Being is something that human beings find extremely difficult as those other's around them always seem to be moving, progressing, and doing stuff and things. Being, around someone who is simply being, is uncomfortable, unsettling, and frankly, rather boring for another to watch. After all, what is actually happening in the being? With doing, we know exactly where we are each day.

And yet, it is this very doing life and death that ultimately will both rob us and shorten our time left here on earth. Being, is not spiritual, religious, or mystical. It is equally not better or worse than just doing. However, doing will never give you more time or extend your time, only being, will achieve this state of mind, awareness, and process. Being, is a wild animal, it comes and goes fleetingly, never, truly captured or imagined.

One of the largest and biggest mistakes of my life to date has been until relatively recently, the crazy and deluded idea and thinking that other's around me will both respect and honour my time as I do. I imagined and constructed my life for many, many years within this frame of reference, believing, that those who professed to care, love or cherish me, wanted as much time for me as possible to exist. This, sadly was not true in all cases.

Unfortunately, I allowed many to waste, abuse and eat up my precious time and energy while in the day to day process of my earlier doings. It has only been since my state of doing has been transformed into a state of being, that my accounting and auditing of my personal life time has been able to be recalibrated, reset, and stabilised. Now, I have time for me!

Left to the devices of other's, I would have run out of time earlier than first imagined many years ago. In effect, I have lost time to other lives which, I will never retrieve or get back. No one, has come knocking on my door offering me my time back or gifting me with their time in exchange for the wasted time I gave to them. This, is just the way of the world and stupid monkey's sitting in their banana trees, waiting to die.

A large, chunk and piece of my time pie each and every day, of my current life, is spent on reflection, being and awareness of myself and other's around me, especially, my partner Christine. Often, I put my own needs, wants and desires ahead of and in front of, what she may sometimes need, want or desire of me and my time herself. For many, this may seem like an act of selfishness and indifference to another's time. But, it is not!

Especially, that of one who is loved so dearly by myself, must, at times, seem both self-centred as well as disrespectful. However, because Christine is equally able to value and honour her own time and being with me on a day to day basis, our process together simply works for us. For nearly all others, it would, I suspect be almost unbearable and unmanageable. With Christine, I'm able to truly maximise my time left here on planet earth.

Likewise, Christine also gets the time she needs to be just with and for herself. Together, we value and honour each other's precious time together. However, this, is neither common nor even normal in most other human being relationships. I know this because of the 60+ relationships that I have personally been involved with over the last 45 years plus.

Christine, gives me time by managing her own time around me!

Most, human being monkeys, are not only stupid and unaware of other's time around them, that they react and behave mostly like needy children, puling at the apron strings of their parents for attention. Christine, very rarely does this, and, when she does, she really needs me and my precious time. In those moments, I choose and openly give her the time she needs, wants, and desires with me. Be it to talk, laugh, love, moan, or cry.

The gift of time that we give to each other is unlike any other aspect of time I've ever known or feel that I will ever know. In effect, together we have more precious time to share as a direct result of our personal and individual time management. However, as with all personal reflection and awareness, it does have a substantial cost and needs a constant, time cost analysis to function both respectfully as well as fairly. It's a gift!

Time, is also a very easy to understand equation when we are near the end of our lives or are dying, more, than when we are at the start of our lives or in the middle of living. Such, is the nature of reality and as such, it can be changed, altered, and recalibrated if one is prepared to burden and shoulder the overall costs to other's as well as ourselves in sharing and gifting back that commodity we so easily call our time on earth.

In Calos Castaneda's book, 'The Wheel of Time,' he explains through his main character, Don Juan that,

*'Intent is not a thought, or an object, or a wish. Intent is what can make a man succeed when his thoughts tell him that he is defeated. It operates in spite of the warrior's indulgence. Intent is what makes him invulnerable. Intent is what sends a shaman through a wall, through space and time, to infinity.'*

Having experienced these forms of awareness as a contemporary shaman myself, I now recognise and realise that time, like life is very fleeting and exists only within the imagination and constructs that we build of both our life and death. It is not that time or life are illusions, as some spiritual nut jobs would seek to have you believe, but rather, requires recalibration and management to be all that it can be for us.

In essence, time only truly and really becomes a problem and an issue in a person's life when they realise that they only have a limited amount of the commodity to use, resource and navigate. Outside of dying, nothing will ever give any human being the clear vision as to what exactly time is or, its real value. Time, is not so much personal to the individual as it is, relative to them and those around them at any one given time.

In this construction, time is only relative to the human being who is first aware, and then secondly, has an intention to work from that frame of reference and perspective to get the most they can out of time. Thus, how we choose to spend our precious time must, and always must, be our own choice and not the choice of another. Working for another, therefore, is a waste of both our lives and our time. We become slaves of our slave masters.

In seeking and maintaining employment for another, rather than ourselves, we ultimately become, time-less. Sure, we are told that our time is valued, and we are fooled into believing that our weekly or monthly pay slip and wage equals a fair exchange and equality for the time we spent slaving in labour for another. To allow another to tell us on a daily basis how much our time is worth, is to allow them control of our time and our life.

However, it is only when we work for ourselves, without the hand of the slave master firmly pressing into our backs to move forward faster, that we can truly free ourselves from times poor prison. Of course, many monkeys are neither smart enough or courageous enough to not only leap from the safety of their banana trees, or, to take control of their life's time quota. The slave master, is never happy to pay our price for our time!

*'All paths are the same, they lead nowhere. Ask yourself, does this path have a heart? If it does, the path is good; if it doesn't, it is of no use. Both paths lead nowhere; but one has a heart, the other doesn't. One makes for a joyful journey; as long as you follow it, you are one with it. The other will make you curse your life. One makes you strong; the other weakens you.'* - Carlos Castaneda.

Nobody, including me, can tell you, instruct you or tutor you in the art of being or time. Only you and you alone can find your way and your path to walk. In finding my own unique and oft lonely journey through time, I've needed to let go of things and people that I may or did once hold dear or special to me and my life. Many people have been furious, angry, and resentful of my ability to let them go and to move on with my own life.

However, in doing this and committing to this moment by moment, this process has eventually given me the confidence and ability to both be and manage the limited time I now have available to live before I die. Everyone including myself comes to another with some form of agenda and need. No one is authentically altruistic by nature or design. Each individual has their own needs, wants, and desires. They use your time to get these met!

When, you deny them or retract this time from them, they become nasty, aggressive, and hurtful, often, accusing you of being selfish and self-centred. Sadly, this is no more or less, part of their own unique style of manipulating you into feeling shame or guilt that you've not given your precious time, to them and them alone. Freeing ourselves from the clutches and time eating tendrils of the other, takes stamina, energy, and time itself.

It is neither an accepted practice or welcomed one by society where we are taught from birth that it is better to give than receive, better to share than hoard and, more honourable to give our lives in service of others than to offer ourselves the same service just for us. I firmly feel and believe, that it is now time to challenge and recalibrate this thinking and this societal norm, into a more functional and usable process for us individually, as unique separate monkey's. We need our time.

*'In a world where death is the hunter, my friend, there is no time for regrets or doubts. There is only time for decisions.'*

Carlos Castaneda.

We can claw back our time only when we value ourselves!

Over the last several years since my first death as a direct result of my heart failure and heart attacks, I have needed to audit those people and things within my then, past life, which either took too much of my energy or, too much of my time. Knowing one has perhaps only months or if lucky, years left to live, focuses your attention on the most pressing job at hand. The reclaiming of our lost or wasted time is the only job to do!

If, you've been actively thinking or feeling that self-employment might just be the way to go, then now, today, is the day to choose a different path. Tomorrow, you may be dead or dying or, simply run out of time. To say, 'time is of the essence' is again, a vast and profound understatement in all ways. Time is not in and of itself, an essence but rather allows one access to the essence of life. Outside of this it's nothing!

If, you've been feeling that your current relationship is no longer viable and is eating up your precious time then perhaps, it's time to move on and start again. I spent 15 years in a relatively chaotic, volatile, and hostile relationship simply because of guilt and shame. That wasted and spent time is now gone, and I will never ever get any return upon that relationship investment given. Two human lives were lost in that process.

I have always from the very first meeting with Christine my partner, expressed that should either of us feel or think that we have reached the end of the line, we must, to honour our own lives, separate and leave the other to their own lives and devices. As hard as separation, divorce and endings are within relationships, we do most certainly need to explore these possibilities if, we are wasting or spending time we don't have.

In truth, time is limited only as much in the sense that we mostly do not know what to do with our time here on earth. We spend either too little or too much time engaged in processes, practices and doings that ultimately have very little return or value to ourselves or others around us. No matter what way we try to square the circle, the equation is always minus not plus. Keeping ourself firmly in the root of doing and not being costs!

When another comes to you next, requesting or even demanding your time and energy, please consider these questions before taking either a decision or action in regard to the other's needs, wants, desires, agenda's, or manipulations;

1. What's in it for you?
2. What's in it for the other?
3. Who will benefit the most?
4. Is this a fair and equitable exchange?

If, the answer does not favour you and you first, and, you've become conscious and aware of your limited time here on earth, do not agree or take action to benefit the other first before yourself. Instead, if possible with that particular individual, work out a way for the exchange of your time and energy towards and for that person or thing, to ultimately give you at least the same in that exchange if, not more than that time given.

In this way, you gain time not loose time!

Is this selfish? Is this fair? Is this right? Ultimately, the answers to these questions only really become relevant and important if and only if, you value yourself and your precious and limited time here on earth. Artistic and creative people often lock themselves away from the world and others within the world so that they can not only work, but also, live a life that they deem worth living. Often, isolation is the only real way!

*'It doesn't matter what one reveals or what one keeps to oneself. Everything we do, everything we are, rests on our personal power. If we don't have enough personal power the most magnificent piece of wisdom can be revealed to us, and it won't make a damn bit of difference.'* - Carlos Castaneda.



Thinking and feeling differently about our precious and limited time and our own self-worth, is neither easy nor comfortable for the average human being. Firstly, it takes a self-awareness and personal development that itself, takes many, many years to achieve, find and access. Secondly, it instantly separates and isolates us from the crowd and masses we've lived amongst for much of our adult lives. However, as hard as it is, just do it!

Ultimately, when your self-worth and your time are both treasured and valued by you and you alone, whatever, anyone else thinks or feels about your worth or time becomes irrelevant. If, you practice your new sense and being in and within time, you will begin to notice that many of those who were once in your life, slowly but surely disappear from both sight and mind. Not now getting from you what they once needed, they move on to other's!

And so, in closing chapter twelve, 'Stop The Clocks,' I'd like to leave you with these ideas,

*'For me, the world is weird because it is stupendous, awesome, mysterious, unfathomable; my interest has been to convince you that you must assume responsibility for being here, in this marvellous world, in this marvellous desert, in this marvellous time. I want to convince you that you must learn to make every act count, since you are going to be here for only a short while, in fact, too short for witnessing all the marvels of it.'* - Carlos Castaneda.

*'The consistency paradox or grandfather paradox occurs when the past is changed in any way, thus creating a contradiction. A common example given is traveling to the past and intervening with the conception of one's ancestors (such as causing the death of the parent beforehand), thus affecting the conception of oneself. If the time traveller were not born, then it would not be possible for them to undertake such an act in the first place. Therefore, the ancestor lives to offspring the time traveller's next-generation ancestor, and eventually the time traveller. There is thus no predicted outcome to this.'* - Smith, Nicholas J.J. - 'Time Travel' - Stanford Encyclopaedia of Philosophy.

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Chapter Thirteen

### 'Conscious Anarchy'

It would be true to proclaim and share with you the reader, within this final chapter, to express to you honestly, authentically and with my truth, that 'I' am a 'Conscious Anarchist,' rather, than a unconscious 'anti-christ'! There are no absolute truths, foundational natural laws of morality and ethics or right or wrong ways to live and die. We are all alone in the world, isolated and independent of the other around us.

*'Simply, elegantly, and truthfully, we can never know meaningfully, another's mind, thoughts, or feelings. We are, both separate and in isolation to all that is or ever was.*

*Every attempt, be it singular or plural, every movement, closer towards both intimacy and relationship, with another, will fail, falter, and fall down around us as we stand alone.'*

One day, everything that you've ever known, believed, or held true, will cease to be, wither away and die. It is the natural order of the universe and will continue until the very universe itself, collapses, extinguishes itself and is gone, forever, to be, no more. What, will ultimately seem like chaos at first glance, will become ordered, aligned, and fitting to the place it will then, exist within. We will ourselves, become nothing!

*'In effect, the nothingness and essence of the nothingness, will conjoin, merge, and transform its form once more, alone.'*

I cannot tell you or instruct you as to what exactly, 'Conscious Anarchy' is or is not. It is, for me, an idea I have played with for several years. It is in essence, a simple thought experiment, a mental and cognitive functioning practice. I try, at my very worst, to think or feel or perceive, at least one conscious anarchistic thought, feeling or awareness each and every day I live and die. Not to do so, is akin to me sleeping.

*'For me, it is an internal process rather than an external process of engagement with other's or the world around me.'*

Perhaps, it is because of my autism, or my internal archaic feelings of being always inherently alone, and in isolation of the world and other's around me. Perhaps, I am just a heartless, soulless bastard and fool? Stupidly and foolishly stumbling through my life and deaths, spluttering out words, sentences, and paragraphs for other stupid monkey's, such as i. Perhaps, I died just too many times to know truly and really anything!

'Conscious Anarchy' is the willingness to accept oneself as you are, sufficiently enough at least, to honestly ask questions of this self, that you perceive and recognise as you, that others around you either will not ask or cannot ask. Questions as simple as, 'am I fooling, lying to or betraying myself?' Ask also, complicated, and complex questions such as, 'am I good, bad or indifferent?' Ask questions that hurt you to ask them!

'Conscious Anarchy' requires an honest amount of sadomasochistic personality, coupled with and alongside, a generous helping and serving of nihilism and existentialism. Certainly, the two founding philosophies for me at least, of whatever conscious anarchy is or isn't. I, can see no real or lasting value to anyone other than the already wealthy, rich, and obscene people on planet earth, for a state of constant revolution or unrest.

Therefore, I propose for myself, that conscious anarchy, is never an external action oriented process, but is rather, an internal action of personal revolution, evolution, and transformation. It does not seek for blood on the streets such as the 'Terror' after France's second revolution. It wishes for peace within the monkey mind of humanity, once and for all. Conscious anarchy, is not a mental weapon of mass distraction!

*'If we are to truly face death, dying, life and living, square on and head to head, eye to eye, we require certain cognitive abilities. Without them, we are like blind fish, swimming forever in circles upon circles, until, they die of boredom.'*

We must, therefore, only ever think and feel for ourselves, and never for another or through another. We must be with ourselves.

'Conscious Anarchy,' is the deep willingness to seek out the truth within, even, when to do so, will make us a liar, cheat, or thief. Even, when to do so will make us look foolish, stupid, and dumb. I have learnt more from others by playing the fool than I ever learnt from playing the wiseman. Even, as a shaman, prophet, and messiah, I played the fool for others so that they themselves, could become wise or wiser. Sadly, I lost myself!

'Conscious Anarchy,' has allowed me to think and to feel the worst and best of both myself and humanity. For example, I often present to my internal conscious anarchist, the problem of what to do or in what way, to approach a specific imagined and internally constructed, 'situational ethical' dilemma, issue, or problem. Nearly always, I return to the same starting position from where I had first begun the thought experiment.

Often, the best I can arrive at is the proverbial 'draw' and 'stand-off' between my internal gunfighters, baying for blood but never pulling the gun from its holster to fire that bullet to the brain. 'Conscious Anarchy' like all thought experiment's is an exhausting, tiring and de-energising process. However, if practiced daily and moment by moment of living and dying, the rewards that it gives to me are profound and real!

*'The internal pain, madness, and instability that I personally feel, when being a conscious anarchist, far outweighs any or all associated costs involved to my fragile sanity. Madness, if practiced correctly and safely, can free the human mind!'*

After several years of personal psychotherapy, psychiatry, pharmacological experimental drugs, and potions, I met for my final assessment with my then psychiatrist. He didn't acknowledge me when I entered his consulting room but instead, continued to read the massive file resting on his lap. Pausing only occasionally to look up at me, now seated, and shake his head from side to side, as if, trying to solve me, the riddle.

After a few further shakes of the head, a very, very long sigh out followed swiftly by a sharp intake of oxygen, my psychiatrist calmly and coolly announced that, 'Psychiatry cannot help you!'

Nothing, that the psychiatrist's had tried had worked, nothing that the psychotherapists had tried had worked either. The solution, was simple. Give up on Terry and leave him to his own devices. After explaining all of the reasons why psychiatry couldn't and wouldn't help me anymore were laid out naked on the floor, he asked me if I was still smoking the cannabis. I told him I was. 'Good' he said, 'that's the best thing for it.'

And that's, how I became a shaman! Madness, drugs, and lack of parental care and adult supervision. 'Conscious Anarchy' has been a daily companion on my own personal path of nothingness. It has never lied to me and has never given me delusional expectations of anything less than the truth of the matter. It has equally been an extremely tough advocate and champion of death, dying, life and living for me and my partner Christine.

It has allowed me and her to keep real and present to my potential sudden death and eventual dying when enough is enough. Self-determination, is always going to be my go to friend in matters of death and dying. I've remained an avid believer in the individuals own right to choose when and how they die. Just, as I have faith in the same idea in regard to the individuals own personal choice, as to when, they start living and being!

'Conscious Anarchy' has never asked me to believe in it, follow it or make idols or trinkets in its name. It has never commanded me to bow down my head or subserviate my will to its supreme all knowing all seeing presence. It has not, to date, given me commandments, rules or regulations to follow and prostrate myself upon. It has never been anything but a friend and ally to me. Equally, I have tried my best to return the friendship and trust.

As a high functioning autistic adult with extreme sensitivities, empathic radar and natural compassion and empathy, living has often been an extremely painful and traumatising experience. Trying to navigate life and death over the last several years has at times seemed almost impossible to continue. I have in those darkest moments of light lessness, seen things inside of myself in the half-light that have disturbed me greatly.

These disturbances, interferences, and misalignments, have allowed me to recalibrate myself slowly but surely and rebalance the inner me. In therapy we often hear the expression, 'we breakdown before we breakthrough,' and, it's that idea and concept behind the practice of conscious anarchy. It is, this never ending personal development cycle, which allows me to rebirth myself, reinvent myself and rise, like a phoenix daily!

I am in effect, allowing myself to be consumed by my own internal flame of wisdom, polishing by my own hand, my inner diamond, crafting my own art, from the basic clay and materials of my life and death. 'Conscious Anarchy' always delivers on its promise of truth, regardless of whether I wish the result to be different. Even when I fear being wrong, shamed, embarrassed or guilty, conscious anarchy shows me the way and the light.

In general, and on a day to day basis, humanity is constantly being distracted by either themselves, or others around them. Enslaved and imprisoned within an uncaring, cold, and hostile society, it is simply easier to lock the door and chill and Netflix. And, if you're fortunate to still not have a door and are currently living on the streets, rough sleeping, or sofa surfing, know this simple truth. You, are freer then most!

I lived in my camper van, 'The Big Orange Bubble Of Love' for nearly four years. Prior to that I lived for 12 months on an exhibition bus full time. All in all, I spent five incredible, wonderful, terrifying, and horrifying years on the road, living daily like an electric horseless gypsy. I met thousands of people yearly and travelled all over the UK. I also witnessed things and saw things that I'd never seen before, or ever again!

This, 'on the road' time was spent in personal reflection, meditation, yoga, fasting, celibacy, prayer, song, and dance. I also read daily and studied weekly to improve and better understand myself and my self-awareness, self-development, personal evolution, and transformation. Once, while parked in a forest carpark I danced butt naked underneath a full pregnant moon to Pink Floyds, 'Dark Side of The Moon' with a fat joint!

It is never easy to be alone. It will never be easy to be alone. Very few people on planet earth are truly ever really alone at anyone given time. Normally, even in their separate houses, apartments, or buildings, somewhere, even if just for a fleeting moment, we can hear or feel that another or the world is not so far away. It is not until we venture deeply back into nature from whence we first came into existence, that we begin to heal.

After I had lived mobile for several years, I began a new life as a Teacher and Student of, 'A Course In Miracles,' having read, studied, and memorised it over the previous several travelling years. Soon, I started to gather an audience, a flock, and disciples, it was easier than I had ever suspected. Over the next several years, I travelled the world, universities, colleges, spiritual and religious institutions. I was famous!

*'At one moment, I became jesus incarnate!'*

In those heady days of jet setting, fucking the flock, drinking and being god on earth, several things happened which would eventually allow me to wake up, at least, for a while. One of those very important things was the 'ACIM' copyright law suit. In essence, the original version of the course had no copyright and was therefore, within, the public domain. Within weeks of the news, decent, rebellion and revolution took hold of 'ACIM.'

It was upon learning of this news, that 'I,' one of Europe's best known and world renowned teachers and students of 'ACIM's,' was now fucking off, to drink himself stupid, for being so stupid for nearly 15 years of his life. In those three months of daily drinking, groups broke up, the groupies stopped calling and 'The Miracle Centre's' office was cleared of anything that could remind me of my error and sin against myself. I was 100% done!

*'I hit an all-time low and became both deeply depressed as well as lost in my own little world of pain, betrayals, lies and deceit's. How could a spiritual, so called loving community of so called, brother's and sister's be now at war with each other? How was it possible to behave like animals'*



After three months of drinking a bottle of scotch daily, I had an enormous epiphany! I, Terry Martin Mace, would become a multi-millionaire in less than three years. My parents just laughed, made tea, and asked when they might be able to come to the big house I now lived in with my original first groupie and follower. Caroline was 19 years my senior and came with both money and baggage. We spent nearly five years in total together.

Caroline was an English Literature Professor, teaching several different courses and groups weekly both inside and outside of university. She attended one of my very first sermons on the acim mount of bullshit that I once then peddled around. I asked her to read from the acim as I'd heard her speak earlier and knew that she had a fantastic narrational voice. The crowd was captivated. Soon we became friends, lovers, and partners.

After the acim fiasco, in the usa, Caroline and I tried to recalibrate ourselves and to find a new way forward. I'd drunk enough and simply stopped after my millionaire epiphany. Upon hearing my business ideas Caroline, agreed to fund the new business startup, as long, as she could also be a director. And thus, 'Miracle Graphics' was born. For the next three years I designed, invented, and created world leading media and design.

By the end of year three, I was worth 1.6 million pounds sterling! My father and mother said they were very pleased for me and Caroline and when did we think that they might be able to come to stay in the even bigger house that I now lived in. One Ferrari, one Porche and several BMW's and Mercedes, plus several coke overdoses, purchased sex, drugs and rock and roll later, I realised, my time was up. I lost everything once again.

After I declared bankruptcy, having first signed legal documents with Caroline's solicitors to protect each and every one of her own personal assets, I wondered what would happen next. I'd managed to pay for a life coach while I was sorting out closing down the businesses, and they'd asked me at our final coaching session, what I'd like to do with my new year? I proclaimed that I'd like to make jam and learn philosophy. So I did that!

I opted to study single honours philosophy and began to prepare myself for university. Caroline and I had agreed an allowance for me as I'd helped pay for her life many times over when I was rich. With my allowance and the freedom to study at my own pace and leisure, I began to devour everything and anything on philosophy and philosophical writings. At this point, Caroline actively supported me, however, as I grew smarter this changed.

It took me some further time and self-examination to really begin to understand the physical and mental prison that I'd self-elected to be confined to, within, my relationship with Caroline. I was now, little more than a gigolo, a paid for boyfriend and lover. I was essentially, nothing more than a trophy for Caroline to parade in front of her friends and to take out to fine restaurant's. Part of me, adored the attention!

Another, more primitive part of me felt trapped, suffocated and totally out of control of my own life. Six weeks after beginning college, I began an affair with Heidi. Several months later, I left Caroline and moved in with Heidi. I had finally escaped Caroline's narcissism but at what cost? 'Conscious Anarchy' embraces all and each part of my life. It does not seek or aim to separate the big pieces into bite sized chunks for monkeys.

Instead, it allows me to see the bigger picture, with a wider and more focused lens of perception, from within my conscious anarchistic mind. I can as a process, play, stop, and rewind any and all of my life's varied scenes over and over again, until, I finally get it or work it out. 'Conscious Anarchy' gives me the freedom to edit, cut, paste, and delete, parts or scenes from my life story, but, it warns me of the dangers first.

For example, if I changed one single incident, event or happening of my life, up and until I first met Christine my partner, then, simply put, I never get to meet her. The steps needed to reach her are erased and cannot guide me to her. The concept that I have wasted or abused many parts of my life's time here on earth, is eased and calmed a little, by playing out the idea of each part of my life in totality, making some sort of final sense.

*'Underneath my childlike mind, a deeper darker more primitive me knows instinctively, that nothing means nothing always.'*

And yet, Christine proves to me on a daily basis that respect and love, always go hand in hand. Neither of us had found the two in equal parts in another before ourselves. Even I, Terry Martin Mace know and recognise that the love and respect between Christine and I is not nothing but rather, quite something to behold. I had to endure many things in life as did she, perhaps, this is what makes us so kind to each other, perhaps, it's love!

Without Christine's own personal acceptance of my conscious anarchistic thought and feeling processes, I would have little chance daily, to do the work necessary, for my death preparations and current living life, as meaningfully as possible before I face my death and die! From my current perspective within my conscious anarchistic thought experiment, everything in my current past is nearly all accounted for, ordered and complete.

As I stand today, this moment in my own time, space continuum, I would not change, alter, or mess with one single second of my time past gone. For, to do so would be to deny and disallow myself the enormous daily joy and happiness I share with Christine. I'm smart enough now to know when to call it quits. If I had not met Heidi, my second wife, I would never have travelled and lived in New Zealand and South West Australia.

Never, would I have seen Hawaii, volcanos and over twenty-five states in the usa if I'd never asked Caroline to read out loud from acim. I would never have met Heidi if my business had not failed, forcing me to reevaluate my life, education, and future with a woman nearly twenty years older. I would have never travelled and lived in South Ireland unless I'd met Elizabeth at a friend's party. The list goes on until, I finally get it!

*'My now present and daily personal truth is that ultimately, as a direct result of using conscious anarchy in my life, I can clearly see the correlation between what we attract and who we really are inside at that particular moment in our lives.'*

It was Heidi's acquired brain injury that ultimately led me to the path of becoming a Professor of the mind. Determined not to waste her English Literature Degree, Heidi signed up for a two year PGCE with the wild and very naive idea that one day, Heidi would become a teacher. Not wanting to make our living and work situation any more difficult than it already was, I agreed to support her with both her travel and teacher study.

Heidi's first night at college proved to be the final turning point for me on my own personal road to both recovery and healing. Not wanting to sit in a cold car outside the college for two years, I asked the receptionist after Heidi went into her class, what other courses were still open. Only two were left. Advanced Mathematics' or an Introduction to Counselling. Several years later, I became a Professor of the mind and body.

It cost me my second marriage, my home, my job, and my life as it was then. However, in 2009 I received a text from my 25 year old daughter who I'd not seen since she was four. Change, evolution and growth, always bites its owner's hand that feeds it. Facing death, dying, life and living before you finally and forever die, is quite honestly, not everyone's cup of tea. If you've got this far, I thank you dearly for staying the course.

Please know that as I close this final chapter, 'Conscious Anarchy,' it has been a great pleasure and a pure privilege to speak and connect with you within this book, pages, and chapters.

*'Had my daughter Emily not contacted me in 2009, I would never have moved to Scotland. If I had not moved to Scotland, I would never have met Christine in 2013. I do not believe in fate, destiny, or luck, just love, respect and attracting to ourselves what we truly deserve and need to be all that we can be in life and within death. Nothing, but love and respect will endure'*

There's more to read below if you fancy taking the last ride!

'Space For Your Personal Notes'

## Epilogue

'I Fucking Did IT!'

A book, novel, story, poem, or song is never really finished, complete and finally done. From my own personal experience I have left unfinished work for years and years, until, either inspiration or boredom raised it's ugly multi-pronged heads. In authoring this book I have discovered just how much I really have to say. Equally, this book has grown from a simple original nine chapter book into a thirteen chapter, monster mash read.

I've never really been far away from my fears, worries and anxieties each and every day I have written these words and committed them to the pages. In essence, I could have died during the writing, editing, and publishing of this work at any time. To have begun but never finished would I feel and think, been difficult for me and Christine my partner of now ten plus years. She, herself, has waited patiently to read the work.

I will, once the dust has settled from this project, put my digital pen to digital paper and see what else I've left to say or finish off from the writing of this first digital book project. In the meantime, please consider the possibilities of sharing my book with other's around you who may just get it as well. If, that's really not your thing, why not put directly into practice within your own life some or all of my wild ideas.

As with all 'Epilogues' and as with all existential and nihilistic philosophers, anything that I've shared and spoken of within these pages, will ultimately arrive too late for you to seize the day. Whilst I can do nothing about life and death's poor time management and judgment, I can advise and guide you to not waste a single moment more of your life, living, death and dying. Embrace and welcome the individual moments present.

In finality and completion of this short and hopefully sweet un-epic log, I will leave you with something to ponder on and digest as you wind your way to the end of this book and its final pages,

*'Life should not be lived backwards.'*

*'Live long first and die much later forwards'*

## Epitaph

As I'm planning to be cremated, without a service or place of interment, I won't ever have the joy of passers by laughter, shock, or horror at reading my headstone epitaph. However, that hasn't stopped me over the years in trying several out for size, just, in case, one might actually fit. I offer the following as my potential top three of things to say when you're dead and gone. After all, sometimes things need to linger on a while.

*'Hi, my name is Terry Martin Mace, what's yours?*

*WOW, that's strange, I was just thinking about you!'*

Alternatively, what about short, sharp, and straight to the point? Maybe I'll choose this one if my cremation wishes are not honoured!

*'I shouldn't even be here!'*

And finally, my all-time favourite! It's good on rainy days as well as sunny ones, and, for those broken hearted and in grief,

*'So, there I was, just minding my own business when a crazy son of a bitch wearing a suicide bomb, shouts something about a prophet, and the next thing I know, I'm here! Dead! Gone!*

*Go figure? Was it something I said, did or didn't do? Regrets never help, so deal with regrets now before you die! Don't do deathbed confessions when you're dying, do them while living.*

*Go live amongst the living and leave the dying, dead and done to themselves. The dying and dead are terrible company and cold as hell. They don't need you and don't want you to hang around!*

*Be a smart monkey, read my book at: [www.deathinitive.org](http://www.deathinitive.org) and face death before you die. What's that ticking noise? No seriously, listen, can't you hear it? That's time ticking down!'*

## After Word

'By Death'

Imagine my total disbelief when Terry reached out to me once again to write and author his afterword section of his book. Firstly, I really thought he was dead. Secondly, I really didn't fancy doing this at all, especially as Terry's still got that fucking top secret file on me. In short, I told him I'd only do it if he gave me back my file. In the end, I settled for a nice cup of tea and a chat about the good old days with Terry.

And, that brings me perfectly to the point in the story when I tell you about Terry's two other major deaths. Death number four, was drowning by numbers and involved Terry dying again at the poolside, after being dragged from the bottom of the swimming pool. Aged eleven, Terry had stupidly decided to go up to the deep end. Which, if you can swim, is a fun thing to do. However, if, like Terry aged eleven, swimming was a mystery, best not go!

After this fourth death, it wasn't long before Terry's fifth visit from myself, AKA death, came to call once more. Terry was being driven by one of his wild father's friend's in a top of the range tuned and pumped up, Jensen Interceptor. At around 160 mph the rear axal broke off and Keith, now long dead, stopped the remaining car in a complete straight line in seconds. Terry, felt my hand on his shoulder as the car came to a slow halt!

Terry, has been a dear friend to me over the many years I've known him, and I feel confident that he will eventually give me back my top secret file. Especially, as I agreed to finish this afterword with a self-penned death poem just for Terry. It's a work in progress but the rough idea goes like this,

'Ode To Professor, Terry Martin Mace'

A Short Poem By Death

'Deathinitive'

(my afterword)



## Final Word

'By Life'

Imagine my utter shock and disbelief when my dear friend 'Death' came over to see me at the nursing home. Normally, I do days and Death does nights. It seems the dying like to pop off just after dark, perhaps, it's quitter then and more peaceful to die? Anyway, there I was, just giving a little bit more life to Florence, the 98 year old with dementia on some pretty heavy meds when Death asks me to write his final word! I said yes!

Then, Death explained that it wasn't for a book he was writing it was for his mate Terry. Well, not knowing anything about the bloke I decided to do some digging and detective work. From what I've managed to dig up and based on the many, many reductions in the files, it would seem that he's not quite all he says he is, here, within his so called book on facing death before you die. To be frank, I was rather shocked and dismayed!

So, here's what I found out about his life before his deaths,

1. Apparently, he was some sort of child savant or maybe just stupid? Regardless, he seemed to get bullied a lot.
2. Apparently, he was a fast little shithead winning numerous medals for track and field running events at county level.
3. Apparently, at eleven he entered a school poetry competition and won first prize. His poem was called, 'The Psychopath.' I shit you not, that's what it was called!
4. Apparently, I was late for his birth and death stepped in to cover for me. What can I say? Life's a bitch! Anyway, my final word for Terry is also,

'Deathinitive'

## Death Note

Who doesn't love a good old fashioned hand written death note left quietly waiting on the bedside table, still, slightly warm from the touch of the once living corpse now lying cold in bed. Death notes can say a lot or a little. As I absolutely will be leaving several death notes for those I love, care about or, are in my final thoughts as I die, I thought you'd appreciate a sneak peek at my top three death notes on my to die for list.

Number one's a simple short ditty I'm currently working on for anyone with a penis I dislike, hate or wish were dead like I'll be soon.

*'Death ditties titties stand erect upon your small penis, oh my they scream, there's absolutely no fresh cream, what a scene for the death ditties titties rubbing on your unswollen gland, perhaps, a hand might help to stand you up. Impotent in life as impotent in death. In the end, your penis failed the test'*

Number two's another ditty, but this time, it's a little bit longer. It's for anyone with a virgina I dislike, hate or wish were dead like I'll be soon.

*'Oh empty hole of doom, I'll visit you soon once I am dead, inside your head shall I plant my seed of discontent and need, to fill and stuff your emptiness between the legs of Venus corrupted by cocks of a different nature, breed, and species. Gone now is the penis from the whole hole, empty as my best wishes for one so less woman, so less sewn shut and with tightly constricted gashed hopes, dreams, and desires. Gone now is the penis of death, penetrative, throbbing and engorged with life.'*

Finally, for those without a virgina or penis, my death note is rather simple in construction, however, I hope it sums up the sincerity and depth of thought and feeling that all good death notes aspire to become when those who scribe them are now dead.

*'Oh genital less child of life and death, farewell to nothing!'*

## Postscriptum

Until you've written as many words as this book has within its pages, don't judge me too harshly at wanting to include a 'Postscriptum,' or as it's more commonly known, P.S. always written at the end of a correspondence. Just as I've pondered my epitaph and my death notes, leaving a P.S. or a series of P.S's. seems rather fun to me currently as I await the final curtain into the void. Ticket paid and bus booked. P.S.

P.S. sorry to bother you again just before I die but do you know were my, Pink Floyd album is? P.P.S. play it if you find it!

P.S. Just read your letter before I died, then, some fucker resuscitated me again, so I'd thought I'd just add a quick P.S. so you knew that I'd read your letter. Ok, I'm off now, hopefully. P.P.S. Currently still here but hoping for the best.

P.S. So, if I understand you correctly from your comments above, you think I'm your father? Sadly, by working out the dates you sent me, I'd have only been about five when you were born. Certainly, unless you know differently, that rules me out of the parent trap once more. However, I do hope that you can find your dad before I die as a postcard from you would be much appreciated on your travels and adventures. Good luck my child.

P.P.S. Apologies, I just checked the dates you sent again, seems like I was sixteen not five! P.P.P.S, better catch the overnight plane I've not got long to go and if you're quick, they promised to burn me locally so you could stay and get warm after your long flight from Canada. Cheers, Dad. Please hurry!

P.P.P.S. So sorry, I was right the first time with the dates! Hey, you win some you lose some, such is life, and such is death!

P.S. If you're reading this P.S. I'm already dead, I wrote it before I died to show you that even in death there's surprises! P.P.S. Just joking, I'm still here waiting for death to die!

## **Life & Death Resources**

For all your funky cool life and death resources, courses, workshops, and blog posts, get on over to,

[www.deathinitiative.org](http://www.deathinitiative.org)

## **Contact & Communication**

You can email Professor, Terry Martin Mace at deathinitive using either the online web contact form at,

[www.deathinitive.org](http://www.deathinitive.org)

Or alternatively use the following email address:

Email: [terry.martin.mace@gmail.com](mailto:terry.martin.mace@gmail.com)

## **'The Death University'**

'The Death University', is based online in the UK. It is the only existing full time university in the world, whose sole curriculum, teaching and study, centres and focuses, exclusively on the philosophy of death, dying and being dead. It is the first university in the world, involved in the global education of its citizens, towards a correct, authentic, and truthful experience of death, dying, life and living. It's 100% real!

Students, who choose to enrol within 'The Death University,' simply, opt in or out of specific personal learning, self-directed courses, as and when they choose. There is no set time limit to complete the study modules, and each participant, is given whatever time is required, for them, to work individually through the university course components, at the speed they wish and desire. There is never a requirement to finish or complete.

Studying with 'The Death University' involves no course work submissions, interaction with the teacher, or involvement in any external agency or organisation. All study is personal and individual. Courses, are aimed primarily, at those students, ready to work, 'reflectively' and 'personally' towards their individual, evolution, development, and potential as human beings on planet earth. We exclude no person or persons.

*'Facing death before you die, results in living a more fulfilling, positive, and meaningful life before your death.'*

All student resources are supplied freely as part of the course or module taken, which includes, the 188 page, 'The Death University' course book and manual, 'It's Later Than You Think' - 'How To Face Death Before You Die' by, Professor, Terry Martin Mace. Each modular study course or experiential online workshop is offered freely, without cost to all participating students.

*'Students, who complete any course module individually or collectively, can be self-certificated by downloading their own unique chosen certificate or award. There's no charge for this!'*

There are no set monetary fees, monthly subs, annual costs, or tuition payments required, from any student, wishing to undertake any or all of 'The Death University's' curriculum and syllabus. Students are free to make a donation to 'The Death University' should they wish to do so, and if, by doing so, they wish to see the continuation of this website, and its contents stay alive, active, and available for themselves and others.

Anyone, sincerely interested in the core principles, ideas, and concepts, behind the universities,' academic but practical, study and application, of death, dying, life and living, who wants to contribute financially, are free to do so, without taking a course. Please feel free to take a look at 'The Death University's' core study modules, and see, if there's anything that takes your fancy, raises your eyebrow's, or makes you wet!

*'Once discovered, put the courses into your basket,  
checkout, study well, and enjoy the journey!'*

No credit card or payment details are required. However, all students of 'The Death University' will require, an active current email address, to receive download links, university updates, course materials and university related course notifications. You can use your email address confidently to sign up for these modular courses, knowing, that there's never going to be any spam emails or junk mail for you to worry about.

*'You can unsubscribe your email address at any time!'*

If, by chance, you don't see anything that floats your boat, perhaps, you have a particular modular study course in mind, which you'd like, Professor, Terry Martin Mace, to create and offer to you here online? If so, please contact him and let him know what you're potentially looking for, and he'll do his very best, to make it happen if it's possible. Students of 'The Death University' often become pioneers, pilgrims, and founders!

Finally, the following information is essential, for any potential student, considering signing up to 'The Death University,' and its modular courses and online workshops. Potential student's, need to be aware of this information before enrolment.

Firstly, the core philosophical foundations of all courses and workshops, offered by the university, are existentially and nihilistically based, and constructed.

\*Please research these philosophies' further before enrolment!

Secondly, all of the written and recorded course material is of a highly emotive, sensitive, and sometimes, upsetting nature. Professor, Terry Martin Mace, 'The Death University' Dean of Faculty, is a highly trained professional within the arena of death, dying, living and life. As such, the materials, courses, and workshops offered here online, equal anything currently available, in any university around the world or in books.

Because of the extremely high level of knowledge, education and training offered, you will have many more tools, resources, and potentials than most if not all, similar online courses. However, whilst there is no financial cost for enrolment to the university or its modular courses, there is always going to be an emotional cost required by the student to pay. In essence, the university is like going to therapy! Look after yourself!

Whilst Professor, Terry Martin Mace cannot now, offer students of 'The Death University,' personal, one to one therapeutic support or therapy, he is always available, at least until he dies, to do his best to answer any questions, concerns, or enquiries you may have. Before, during and after studying with the university. In extremely rare cases of concern, worry or anxiety during the process of study, Terry will support you!

Thirdly, and most importantly, 'The Death University' is open to enrolments from any and all persons or person, however, those who have a faith, belief, trust or feeling in anything external to the known scientific world, will most likely, be extremely challenge, by the modular course content, of most, if not all of the universities syllabus. Whilst there is a specialised course on religion and spirit, even this might be way too much!

If, you still have a need or greed for god, gods, deities, shrines, temples, churches, ashrams, and mosque's, you will certainly struggle with the foundational ideas behind the work of Professor, Terry Martin Mace.



In essence, his philosophy is that all religions have betrayed and poisoned humanity against both death and life, making slaves of broken, wounded, fragile humans, who simply needed, unconditional support, not a god, belief, faith, or religion!

*'The Death University is, thus, a haven rather than a heaven, for the faithless, hopeless, botched, bungled and dying.'*

Fourth and finally, but, just as important for potential students to know is this! 'The Death University' will only be able to exist online and to continue to be expanded, evolved, and developed, if, it can support itself financially. Ultimately, only time will tell. However, whilst each and every course within 'The Death University' syllabus is 100% free of charge, there are several other separate paid courses offered as well.

Buying any of these paid for courses, workshops, or resources, will certainly help, support and assist, Professor, Terry Martin Mace, to continue his online project, [www.deathinitive.org](http://www.deathinitive.org), the current home of 'The Death University.' Likewise, donating to, or sponsoring certain projects, on this website, will also make a massive difference to the costs, of running this site. Lastly, if you want to get involved, please contact Terry to chat more!

Email: [terry.martin.mace@gmail.com](mailto:terry.martin.mace@gmail.com)

And so, if you're now ready, to rumble in the jungle with the other monkey's, hanging in the banana trees above you, click the 'Enrol Now' button at, [www.deathinitive.org](http://www.deathinitive.org) to enter 'The Death University.' Thanks, in advance, for taking the time to explore 'The Death University' Project, and for visiting the website when you've time. Hopefully, once you've visited you'll come back to visit again when the time is right for you to explore.

And, once you're finished at university, please do take a peek at Terry's blog about, death, dying, life and living!

'The Death University'

At: [www.deathinitive.org](http://www.deathinitive.org)

'Space For Your Personal Notes'





[www.deathinitive.org](http://www.deathinitive.org)