

A photograph of a lush forest. In the foreground, a large, weathered log lies horizontally across the frame. The forest is filled with various types of trees, including tall, thin trunks and dense green foliage. The lighting is soft, suggesting an overcast day or a shaded area within the woods.

My name is life

I am the light of God's love
Refracted through the prism of time

I am joy and grief
I am pleasure and pain
I am repletion and hunger
I am the cycle of birth, death and rebirth

Accept the cost and enjoy
Serve God as your fulfillment
And serve others as your only true consolation

And remember

I am only on loan to you
So do not try to force my hand unduly
And be a good steward during your time on earth

OUR WORLD

**WE LIVE IN OUR TIME
WE HAVE INHERITED OUR GENES
AND OUR SICKLY PLANET**

WE CAN'T HELP THAT

but

**WE CAN DO THE BEST WE ARE CAPABLE OF
IN DEALING WITH THAT LEGACY**

WE CAN HELP THAT

IT'S IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER -
NEW GUINEA DAM ON A WINTER'S AFTERNOON



**WE NEED HEALING
THE WORLD NEEDS HEALING**

GENERATIONS OF IT

**IT CAN BE HARD TO FORGIVE THOSE WHO DON'T CO-OPERATE,
AND THOSE WHO LEFT US THIS MESS TO DEAL WITH
BUT, THEY LIVED IN FEAR, IGNORANCE AND DENIAL
AND STILL DO
JUST LIKE US**

**MANY WORKED HARD AND LEFT US PLENTY TO WORK WITH
SO LET'S BE GREATEFUL FOR THAT
LEARN FROM THEM**

AND GET ON WITH IT

42 or LABOURING THE OBVIOUS YET AGAIN

What is the answer to the question: "Yeah, an' what about life, death, the universe an' everything?"

For us, in our time, a regard for the environment is it

It's our only Life Support ... that's what I think ...

Without that, just about everything we do now will become a misery sooner rather than later.

Our collective bacon is bound to hit the fan one day ...

But in the meantime?

Seeing as we don't know when exactly, let us presume that this unhappy, burdened and diseased organism, known as the earth, will survive our own individual lifespan ... should our heirs inherit it in the best state we can possibly leave it in?

As a token of our love for them and our love of God?

(our fellow humes are so hard to love in their own right) Regardless of creed or religion or tribe ... YES!

Most of us believe that the world is dominated by fear, greed, envy, lust, etc. ... and people, while having in many places achieved a great level of comfort ... an illusory sense of security and an almost blind faith in human ingenuity ... have also become alienated from the natural processes on which the health of our shared body, the earth, depends ... many of us inhabit a paradise of material gratification in a spiritual desert ... we depend on re-assuring, feasible nonsense spouting from screen and page and mouth to maintain the illusions which keep us motivated ... ignorant ... selfish ... corrupt ... blind ... deaf ...dumb ...

De-creation becomes recreation and money is God.

Even a billion dollars will give no shade or sustenance to someone isolated in the desert ... so what is money's worth if it has no real virtue in its own right? It is just a medium of exchange ... which has grown into the primal motivation ... and a deadly power tool.

Oh yes ... It quickly becomes a deadly distraction ... for while we chase this illusion of hope, we become more accepting of our foul air, our degraded soil, our polluted water ... and our majority of impoverished fellow humans ... until one day our patient mother earth will throw a major, major fit.

Seeing there is nothing more offensive than the truth and those who try to make us aware of it ... if we must chase illusions ...

LET US TREAT OUR PLANET AS A LIVING TREASURE !

Solar, magnetic, wind and hydro power for each house instead of power cables - save energy instead of money - compost loos to fertilise house gardens and urban parks - be occupied rather than unemployed - be skilled rather than bored - time instead of money - talk to someone - dance and play instead of watch and pay - ride and walk instead of drive, stink and squawk - health instead of drugs - more recycling less mining - your body is the most efficient internal combustion engine so use it - fewer roads more greenery - breathe instead of sneeze - give your energy freely to others - each day you get a new lease on life for free.

WE KNOW WHAT TO DO ... LET'S START NOW!

We can use the best we have now and recycle the remainder into cleaner, greener replacements.

There's already so much good technology around - let's produce it and get it into use for all - it's useless if only a privileged few have access to clean decentralised energy and communications.

AND WHO WILL PAY FOR IT? WETHER WE WORK ON IT OR IGNORE IT ... WE'LL ALL PAY ... WITH ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY ... ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

YOU WANT TO HAVE A CHOICE? YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR RIGHTS? YOU DISLIKE SUDDEN CHANGE?

**THE WORLD WILL CHANGE VERY QUICKLY NOW, NO MATTER WHAT WE DO.
WITH LUCK AND OUR EFFORT WE MIGHT SEE CHANGE FOR A BETTER QUALITY OF LIFE
NOW AND IN FUTURE.**

DO YOU WANT TO OPT OUT OF THAT?

YOU CHOOSE!



The devil's in the detail

Self Esteem – It's very much like a dog's tail.

When you feel happy and well loved, it wags.
When you don't it's between your legs and dragging.

If you keep watching it, you're likely to go in circles.

If you keep watching it in a mirror
you're unlikely to go anywhere.

Remember what any sensible dog knows - your tail is meant to follow you; you can't expect it to lead.

If you chase it because it itches do so in private;
you look silly trying to catch your own back end.

Better still, if it does need grooming,
let someone else do it for you.

If you lose your temper and worry it with your teeth,
it's going to hurt and make you unhappy.

If it's really big and active, it might knock the cups off
the coffee table and then they'll put you out.

There is one major difference between
your self esteem and a dog's tail ...
when a dog loses his tail, it's gone.

When you feel you've lost your self esteem, don't worry.

It will grow back over time
as long as you don't keep messing with it.



A Trap - The Self

If you are trying to find yourself, stop thinking about it. You've already got yourself. Maybe you just don't like what you've got. You want to construct another self? Waste of time. You want to get to like yourself? That's more like it!

You want to spell out who you are? Who cares?

You want to accept who you are? O.K.. Great. Accept where you are first.

Where are you? - YOU'RE RIGHT HERE!

Who's fault's that? Yours, mine, theirs, ours, everybody's, nobody's. This is where you have to start. Right here. It's ok. It's the only place you can start from.

How much longer till you start? In no time at all or never. Depends on you. No job takes longer than the one you never begin. No journey is longer than the one you never set out on. You can walk, hope, fly, think, plan, dream, work, crawl, imagine, fight, love, beg your way. No matter. Just start. Then keep going.

You feel like shit? You feel sick, hung over, addicted, restricted, inflicted, evicted, unpicked? What have you been doing? Who have you been hanging around with? If you can't help them up, don't let them drag you down. Two wrecks are no better than one wreck, two arseholes, same story! Let the dead bury the dead. Be loyal to God, love, life, the living. Get yourself right so you can do right. Get a LIFE ! Let go of those poor dead bastards - you can't help them yet! They only want to keep you down with them so they feel o.k. about staying in their shit! They won't miss you for long. If they do, they can follow you! Don't look over your shoulder yet. They have to take their own first steps, even if they're legless.

There are no chemical shortcuts. Not to getting right. Drugs are shit. Booze is shit. Eat shit, smoke shit, inject shit, drink shit, become shit. You need to learn lessons in your head, in your heart. Dope is just that. Dopey. You don't learn. You don't grow with it. It switches you off whenever you really need to be switched on. The world now is full of ignorant, frightened, helpless, unskilled elderly teenagers who have tried to live life by thinking with their genitals and screwing with their brains. DOES NOT WORK. There are no fools like old fools, no matter how young they are, or how many of them there are. They'll try to look good while you're watching them. They may shine for a little while. Then they fizzle. A waste of life - time.

You've been given the hardware, you've been given the power - don't screw with the software.

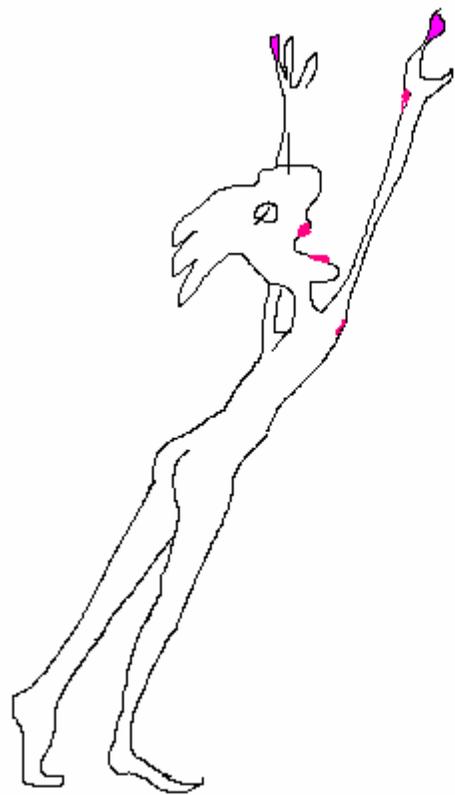
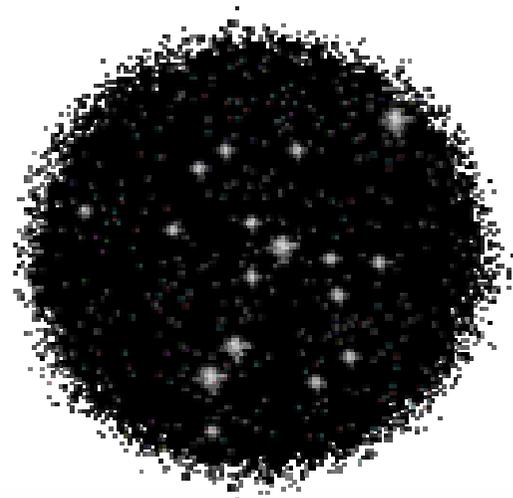
The going is too hard? Well, the longer you wait, the harder it gets. Rest if you can, stop if you must. Just don't bloody well go backwards! And don't EVER give up, even if you've slipped! You're HERE, remember! START HERE ANYTIME !

And don't swear so much!

Your conscience bothers you? Your ghosts are after you? Rosy memories are trying to deceive you? Well, hand them all over. Let them go. Somebody has already been made responsible for the lot. They gave him hell so you could escape it. His life has already been taken instead of yours. It is forever. It is for free. No matter what – You are free !

How? - J.C., with love.

The world sucks. We're just travelling through ...



My name is Purgatory

**I am at least a billion years old
I feed on disease
and obsessions untold**

**My mind is a black hole
My body is fire**

**I obliterate all of
your pain and desire**

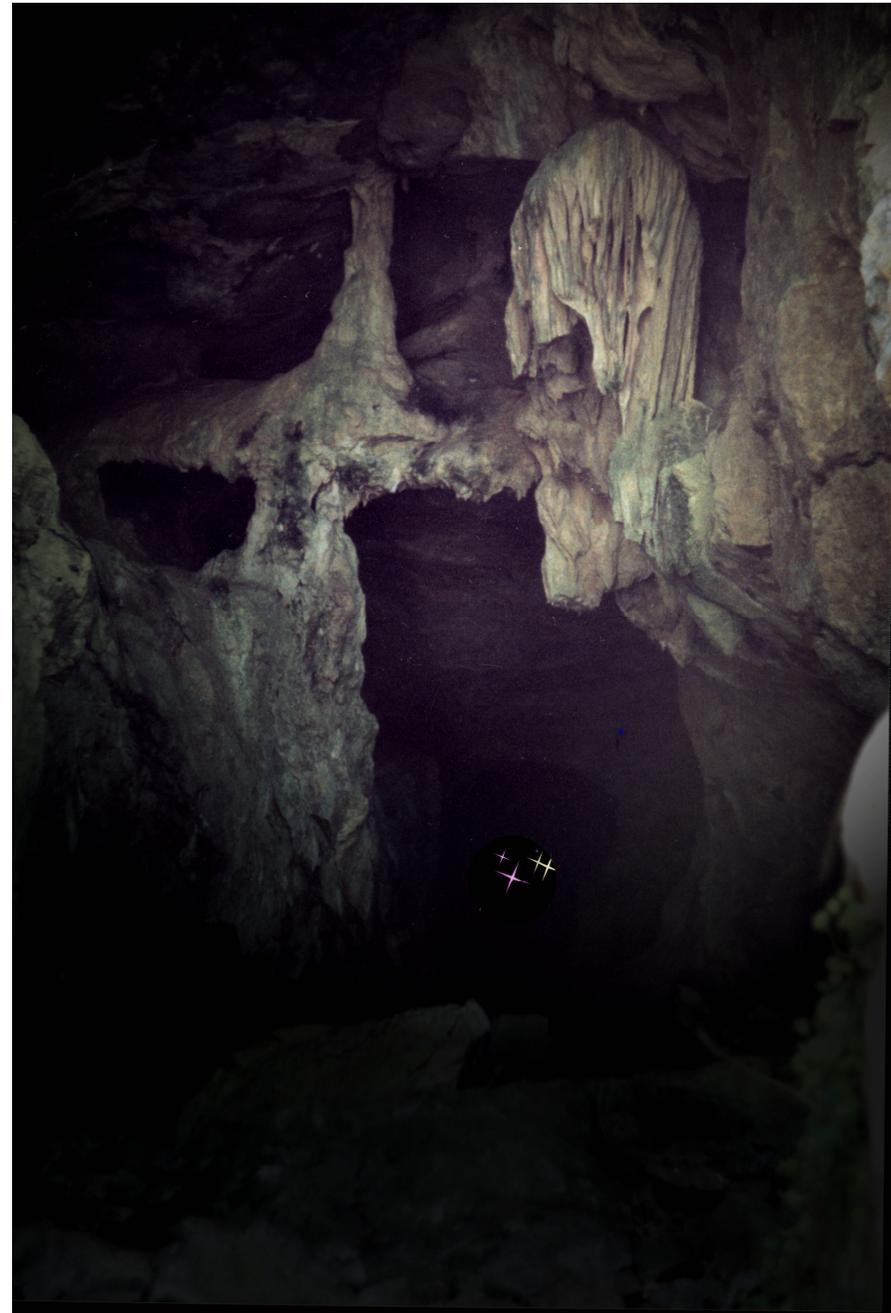
**I trade with the devil
for your tainted souls
which I pass for God's healing
through time's secret folds**

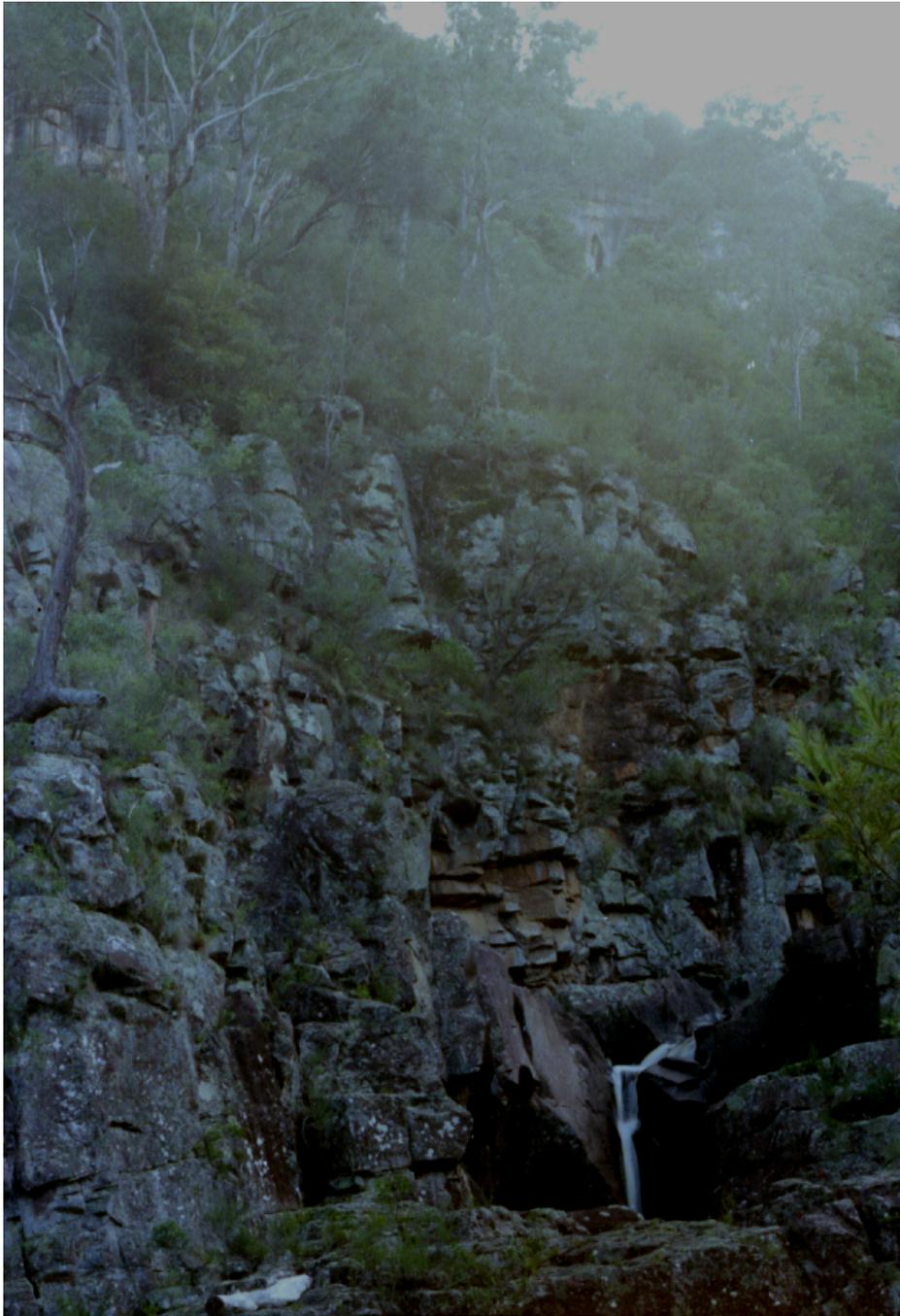
**The devil receives all the time you have spent
In struggling against
God's love and intent**

So impotently

**For your deeds will all perish
in the fire of me**

**And the devil will drown
in eternity**





MY NAME IS DEATH

I am a faithful servant of the master.

He has pinned me to your shadow.
Some day you may look over your shoulder
and see me.

Don't worry -
I bear no grudges;
I make no judgements.
There is no need for you to love me or to hate me -
I cannot be offended
by what you think or feel about me.

Do not fear me.

But if you do, do not consider
hastening or delaying our meeting.

And do not hope to escape me,
for I am already part of you.

I do not desire your life for myself.
I cannot use it. Nor do I despise your life, or envy it.

Nevertheless I am bound to take it
when the master deems
that your part of common destiny
has been fulfilled.

I do not know just when your time has come
until the very moment -

So please do not ask me
how much longer you are destined to suffer



The Tale of Sir Chrustie

Twenty-odd years ago, on a clear night three days after the full moon, I crept into my sleeping bag among some light timber beside the Yea Road, Kinglake West. I hadn't bothered with a fire; I was too tired and there was nothing to cook up for dinner, anyway. Before I dozed off I was very aware of the few stars above my head which were visible through the sparse canopy. I lay flat on my back, arms by my side, relishing the warmth inside my Dacron cocoon. It was going to be a cool night.

I must have dreamt of moonlight and faeries, because that's what I woke up to a few hours later.

There were tiny, ice cold little feet planted on my forehead. Two of them. Who's that?

I didn't move. For some reason I felt undisturbed by this visitation. In fact, because my awakening was much like the continuation of a dream, I felt honoured that some small creature should feel so comfortable with my presence here that it did not hesitate to use me as a perch. The little feet shuffled along an inch or so until they covered a spot described by some as the third eye.

The moonlight grew brighter, and a little dart of it shot into my brain. It turned into a thought, or, more to the point, a silvery little voice.

“Hail, friend. I am the queen of faerie hereabouts. I offer you gifts. Firstly, I give you the need to explore your soul. Secondly, the courage to be honest. Thirdly, the wisdom, and a sense of humour, to help you accept your limitations. Fourthly, humility and the compassion to help you through adversity. Lastly, I make you a knight. This knighthood you will have to earn before you find out your true knight's name. Thank you for warming my feet.”

Intense silver moonlight was dappled over all. Sitting up, I heard much rustling and felt the movement of many little lumps which had snuggled close for warmth against my sleeping bag. I wasn't alone anymore.

I had to wait fourteen years before my true knight's name was revealed to me. On a fateful Monday night, without any prompting from me, the 'Moonday Knights of the Green Table' dubbed me 'Sir Chrustie'. Bless their lovely old (and not so old) hippy hearts.

A Knighthood. Not a mean achievement for a poor German immigrant boy, aye?

JOY IS THE BACKGROUND MUSIC OF THE UNIVERSE
GET STRAIGHT SO YOU CAN HEAR IT,
STAY SOBER FOR BALANCE,
HAVE FAITH,
AND YOU'LL DANCE TO IT
NOW
AND
FOREVER