

- ☞ All is EXISTENCE. ☞ All things are EXISTENTS.
 - ☞ The strangest are PERSONS.
 - ☞ The strangest of all is THE SELF-EXISTENT ONE.
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It's your superstition and your religion and your common sense and your cold hard facts and your moral standards and the rules that all of them produce that keeps you from me. Angels and men of God and Books and Statements of Faith and Doctrine and Dogma all come, on the one hand, as an aid to help you in the relationship between me and you. But once you and I are together, isn't anything except your presence with me and my presence with you a possible hindrance to our relationship growing? Make no mistake: I'll use whatever means will best get me to you. But when something gets between you and me, don't mistake it as some test that I decided to place between us. Don't mistake me for a Rule Maker. There is no rule or rules that anyone can follow to get to Me. All who think it are lying to themselves, getting in or going to some "Heaven" that I have nothing to do with, a collection of arrogant self-providing creatures, like I had to deal with before. (I gave him his request. He just has no power to create from nothing what he wishes (like I do). So, what kind of God would he make? For reasons of historic record, I'm allowing him to do all that he can (while I retain your right to do all that you can and my right to do all that I can) to show what his sin is capable of. (Which is 'squat.') He only wanted a World, an EXISTENCE, without Me. And that's all and exactly what I gave him and his 'pals.')

My rule is that I BE WITH YOU and BE ALL THAT I AM with you by my side. Whoever wants to make the message of my revelation anything other than that is preaching and supporting and advancing a message that is below and not all that I have said in my revelation. Rules are fine. And Angels and other Intermediaries are fine. But once I have gotten to you, then live by me and every word that proceeds (now) out of my mouth. I AM WITH YOU. This is Heaven. This is Eternal Life. This is Salvation ('Jehovah is Salvation') and every part of Salvation. I WILL BE with you. I AM with you. I EXIST and I EXIST with you. This is the End. This is the goal. This is the theme. This is the prize. This is the reward. This is the objective. This is the target. This is the key and the treasure.

Once that is attained, it is enough for you to do all that you can to see that that circumstance is continually maintained. (After all, that's what I'm doing.) What circumstance? That I BE WITH YOU! What is the most you can do? LET ME BE! Yes! LET ME BE ...WITH YOU!

Maybe you'd rather follow rules. There are religions enough and clubs enough and cults enough and even some church denominations enough that are based and draw their devotees from rule makers and rule takers, rule shovers and rule lovers, rule hallowers and rule followers. BUT I have given you ME.

And, frankly, it's not all about Jesus. It's about Me, His Daddy.

יהוה (SELF EXISTENT)

type text

1959 Bible storybook; one every day. Dad reads to Dave and me before bed.

I was born in 1956. My family lived in Bliss, in the western part of New York State.

My brother and I were taught about God in many ways: alot of them by Dad. He filled in for missing preachers now and then in country and small-town churches. He'd been through a war- WWII, Iwo Jima and all- and God got him through that war: God and his mother's prayers. And he taught us out of a Bible storybook: 365 stories, one for every day, a book well-worn, its covers worn off before us.

There was no: "Go ahead and figure out if God exists on your own." No. None of that. And it was all in the two prayers that Dad taught us all, that all kinds of Dads and Moms teach their kids:

God made the sun.
God made the trees.
God made the mountains and
God made me.

I thank you, Oh Lord,
For the sun and the trees,
For making the mountains, and
For making me!

There it was, in one tidy package: where I (and everything) had come from.

The other prayer was like it:

Now I lay
Me down to sleep.
I pray The Lord
My soul to keep.

If I should die
Before I wake,
I pray The Lord
My soul to take.

So there! There was where I was going.

1963 Still dark and empty and black inside:
 "(Grandpa's been <stolen> (from us).)"

My first death was Marilyn Monroe's. I stared at her picture in our Encyclopedias' Yearbook, crying: "She's gone! She's gone! How sad! What a waste! What a waste!" I was six years old. "Such a beautiful girl!" I'd say.

We moved to Bergen, closer to Rochester, in 1962. Dad, the auctioneer, worked for an auctioneer there: Harris Wilcox. Harris Wilcox had auctions all over: a hot-shot with a goatee. "Harris always went first-class," Dad said.

Dad was visiting back in Bliss Monday morning, June 10th, 1963. Grandpa was coming back from downtown, from the Soda Fountain-Store he held court at for years. He was walking back and he died. An artery burst in him and he died. Dad and Grandma saw him sit by the roadside, hurt, spitting blood. "I guess I'm going, Mother," he told his wife.

Grandpa, Frank Ornan Hurlburt, loved baseball. He played it early on. Baseball was big all around way back, 1910 and such- not professional, just town against town. Grandpa was a produce buyer. He shipped the farmers' produce by railroad from his buildings in the small towns- Bliss, Gainesville, Hardy's, Freedom, etc- to the cities beyond- Rochester, Buffalo, Pittsburg.

And Grandpa was Town Supervisor for twenty years, 1933-1953. He was Republican. He was popular. He got huge majorities. He was a big man, 250 plus.

We all said goodbye to Grandpa at his 'wake' in Warsaw, across from the County Courthouse: the Courthouse with Grandpa's name in it- and the other fifteen supervisors' names. There were tons of people there, saying goodbye to him, and their tons of flowers.

I said goodbye. I touched his hand, his right hand, his cold right hand. "Goodbye, Grandpa."

Two weeks later, still dark and empty and black inside ["(When will it end?!)"], I'm saying in me: "(Grandpa's been taken, stolen from us!)" Death was some hard thing, boy.

+ 3 +

1964 Recitation of Psalm 100. "(The 'whole'
town is here!)"

The Beatles came. Marti got "...introducing The Beatles."
(There was new sound.)

Marti is my younger older sister. My older older is Beth;
older younger: Nancy; younger younger: Justine. Dave is
older; he and I were in the midst of our sisters.

These six our mother, Sarah Jane Duke Hurlburt, 'bore' to
our father.

Mom and Dad met during the War.

Mom's from Alabama.

President Kennedy died. We were going out the school
door, going to the buses for home. And we heard that he
was shot. He was dead. The Iron Fist of History hit, hit
us all hard that day. The Funeral was the Grave and Glory
of World Leaders.

We visit friends. The Beatles are on Ed Sullivan again.
And we've been telling stories about when 'The Dinosaurs
Will Return' from high and dark ancient hills.

There was an election. In 1964, our milkman brought milk
with bottle caps sporting The Presidents of the United
States, one on each. It was a while before I got them all.
But I got them all. I pasted them on a "blanket" of some
folded-out, ironed-out, big brown paper grocery bag: 4
rows, all 36.

I gave a speech at our Presbyterian church.

I'd been Doc in our 1st Grade play: Snow White and the
Seven Dwarves. Bruno Buttarozzi was Prince Charming.
(Bruno was from Italy, straight from Italy.) Nancy
remembers me, remembers me losing my glasses- a prop made
out of smoking pipe cleaners- halfway through a dance in
the play. I had to stop dancing to get my glasses back.
There I was, fumbling around on the stage floor. Nancy got
a kick out of it.

I'd been the Announcer in our 2nd Grade presentation,
about other Nations. Mom helped me learn my lines.

And I gave a speech at our white-inside and white-outside
Presbyterian church. "(The whole town is here!)" I recited
Psalm 100 to that whole church. I told all of them how
they should be, where they should go, what they should do:

Know ye that The LORD,

He is God.

It is He that has made us.

And not we ourselves....

1966 Threw booklets in the fire. Told God he had to leave.

We moved back to Wyoming County in 1965, after seeing California, after seeing Mt. Rushmore and Old Faithful and The Rocky Mountains and Las Vegas and the Grand Canyon and Sandy Koufax and Disneyland and... We moved to Castile/ Gainesville, to another vacant farm, just above New York's Letchworth State Park.

Dad had gotten a better job while at Bergen: being a salesman for Empire Livestock Markets. But he didn't want to do what they wanted him to do, which was to get farm sales for Empire. He told them, told Mr. Head Boss down in Ithaca, that that's not what Empire was created for and that they had no business getting into that business.

So, he and we moved and Dad started his own Farm (and whatever else) Auction Business.

He entered into partnership with another auctioneer: Bob Braymiller. Bob and his family and dog (theirs and ours were two of the million or so 'Dino's in America) lived on a farm in Erie County: Buffalo's County.

Bob was a big man, like Grandpa had been. And Bob was a jolly man and a bit vulgar. Dad & he became good friends.

There was once, Bob being used to telling an off-color joke or two during auctions, that Dad had had it with him. He cornered Bob after the auction: "Bob, you're a..." trying to tell him they were through. But Bob says: "I know it!" and just gets Dad laughing too.

Bob took care of things, and all kinds of people: even his father "looked to him."

Their farm auctions were real show-stoppers, events, crowd-pullers (from the towns and country all over) and real money-makers for them both. They were "Braymiller & Hurlburt- Sales Managers and Auctioneers."

Dave and I showed heifers at the 1966 Wyoming County Fair. Dave had Becky. I had Pansy. We were part of a 4-H Club. You know 4-H, right? "Heat, Head, Hands. Health."

Dad was in charge of the Fair Queen all week- the contestants, the competition, the Queen and her affairs. He was in charge of it for years coming.

Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller came to our County Fair that year. He went to all of them that year. (He was in the fight of his life.) [Ed Degenfelder remembers him; he met Rocky in Buffalo at some Republican affair once- just a brief handshake. A couple years later, Rocky saw Ed again and remembered him, remembered his whole name. Ed was impressed, boy.] He rode a horse. (The crowd loved that.) He spoke (I suppose.) And he worked the crowd, even the few Democrats.

A crowd followed him going to fair booths. He stopped, bought maple sugar candy, opened the package and handed the pieces out to kids close-by. I was one. I read later that that's what his father did after hikes in their woods: he gave his boys- John D. III, Laurence, Nelson, Winthrop and David- a reward of maple sugar candy.

At the Fair, my friend Todd walked me around trying to teach me how to "pick up 'chicks.'" He was good at it.

I got saved at the 1966 Fair.

I got unsaved two weeks later.

Here's how it happened. I was feeling mighty low. I'd wet my bed. It happened maybe once a year. Sad thing was, it was in front of about 300 mostly older boys: 4-H'ers and FFA'ers (Future Farmers of America) staying at an old school in town, in Pike. We all slept on army cots in an old gym or lunch room. I'd probably had some soda too late. And when I woke up, after most everyone else had, I had a puddle under my cot. And everybody saw it because I was at the edge of all those 300 cots, right in front of the bathroom, where everyone was going in and out to brush their teeth and all. I went in to the bathroom and they were talking about it! Man! I'd had it.

Wednesday afternoon, feeling it all, I walked downtown. Some 18 year old from Iowa followed me, preaching at me.

Because of church, I knew what he was talking about right off. I knew about 'Getting Saved.' I'd heard the Words, The Gospel, plenty of times. This time, Heaven opened. I saw it. Honest! I saw God: "Join Me. Join My Band!" I saw them! Him and the beings and stages and times around Him! I figured this was my time. I asked Jesus into my heart.

He and his friend back in their Fair tent gave me some study booklets: "Tell all your friends what you've done."

I couldn't bring myself to do it. I didn't tell Dad or anyone about getting saved- certainly not my friends.

Two weeks later, while burning trash in back of our house (My job in the family was "Trash Burner"), I threw those study booklets in the fire and told God that he had to leave, seeing as I was NOT going to tell anybody else about him; so he might just not as well waste his time on someone who was NOT going to be some Holy Joe in society.

+ 5 +

1966 My sword, two sticks cut, nailed. Stuck
in the ground: a cross and holy.

I am in ivy halls of knowledge-factory: bricks & books in
parks of trees & hills. I am the Summation of Knowing.

I watch TV: and I'm Bart Starr in Green Bay Packaging,
outside in our play yard, arming the forward passes (the
bombs!), dodging and taking the enemies' bruising hits and
taunting drivel-talk. Loving it!

I watch TV: and then read the Anglo-Saxons & Nazis: the
Speeching Talk, the Tribal Massing, Beam of the Glowering
Thunderlight. The WinningSides' Talks are Ever Great! We-
the Jew Hebrews- are The Ever-More Ancient Sound!

I watch TV: and the Mighty Thor is on. I found my
wielding portion: think and fight and rail and rule in the
eligible battle gear, the shining power thinking-seat, the
glorious goldening gore: Death, the Swallowing Grave, the
Longing and Long-Time Home of Humankind.

I lift The Cross and Tombstone-Sword of my Holy Gods from
its Ground-Holy Restingplace (two sticks from the
UnderConstructionAuctionLoft nailed by my nails' "X").

I am underbeneath the Fall's Waiting Weighty Clouds, my
Intent-Content: the Oaths of Heavens' Hoard, Eternity
Inc., Cosmic Corp., The Bank of Jehovah: the capturing
words & thoughts forged, hero-and-god-spoken long ago.

I am the Opening Upon the Arcades of Arcane Mysteries:

Among each reigning tier of cloud
(and clouds a-many reign above),
returning cold and trees now bare,
I kneel in battle vestments and
regain the haft of flashing sword-
my fathers' weapon- in my grasp
and state the oath which now I take
and makes me part of holy blood
and takes me to their risen bones.
They speak to me, my friends & thee,
in saying oathen words like these:
WE'LL NOT DIE, THOUGH GROUND CRAWL
HOLY WITH OUR DEAD FLESH CRAWLING.
WE'LL NOT DIE. THOUGH WIND CEASED
BETWEEN BONES FOR LONG. AND SO LONG,
WE'LL SEE, WITH ETERNAL EYESOCKETS'
NEW-BRANDED BULBS, HIM OF OUR
KIND, BEARING OUR KIND, IN WEAKNESS
LIKEKIND, DIED AS WE, "NEVER DIE,"
TAKING DEATH, HIS AT PERMANENT LAST,
ITS AND HELL'S KEYS IN HIS DEATH-
GRIP-POSITION, TO BE THE LIVING END.

1967 Golf club, Vulcan. Statue, Birmingham, Alabama; cousin, my 'Thanks' and vow.

Star Trek came to TV. We took to it. (Even though I'm "Kirk," I was Spock in our Star Trek club of 3 or 4.)

Sgt. Pepper's came.

Dave and I went to Alabama in the summer of '67. We saw Aunt Blanche (Mom's sister), Uncle John and "Ma'am Mama" (Mom's Mom). I was 11; Dave: 13½. They lived in Camden, the County Seat of Wilcox, just down the Alabama River from Selma. (Whenever our family visited during the '60's, all Mom's kin had interesting things to say about Martin Luther King, George Wallace, etc.) Mom's Dad, "Granddaddy," was "the finest man I ever met!" people said of him all the time. He died when I was one. He saw me four months old, Mom carrying me in a market basket.

Uncle John smoked like a chimney. He smoked spring-time fresh Salems.

Uncle John knew lots about "The War Between The States." We'd sit on the porch in big chairs and listen to him go on and on all night.

And Uncle John was an habitual trip-taker. He knew all sorts of places to go and just get in a car, drag some people along and go! That summer, he took Dave and me on trips to The Gulf (Fort Morgan), Montgomery (the Capitol and other historic sites), to antebellum mansions around Camden (Mom, Blanche and all the uncles grew up in one) and to Huntsville. His brother worked in an insurance company or the like there. He had a refridgerator in his office: the old kind with coils, like an ottoman, on top. He had a cottage on a lake, too. We four played poker all night in that cabin. It was fannn-tastic. And we saw the rockets in Huntsville: Redstone Arsenal. (Dave and I had kept a Space Scrapbook- articles from Dad's newspapers and magazines- since Bergen days.)

At the end of one trip, Uncle John says to me, the artist: "God's the best artist" pointing to the sunset.

Returning from Huntsville, we saw Uncle John's Aunt (whose JFK picture he had a choice word for) and then cousins in Birmingham, which we reached at night. Over the top of a last hill, we saw that city arrayed in its city-lights. And over it, on our right, lay a huge statue, like some vulgar Statue of Liberty: Vulcan, the Roman god of blacksmiths/ metallurgy/ 'Iron,' a gift from Birmingham, England (a fellow metal-making metropolis).

Because of Star Trek and Mr. Spock, among other things, I'd been thinking- for months off and on- that I should decide on Vulcan/Hephaestus as my God. (Really! I

researched the mythology on it and everything.) And here he was, bigger than life, in the nick of time.

Confirmation!

That morning, I played with one of the kids. I was swinging a golf club, an 'Iron,' around. (Dad plays golf.) And then, when I had swung it really hard, the club flew out of my hand! And it headed for that boy!

"Please, God, don't let it hit him!"

It missed.

"Thank you, God. Thank you. You're my God, Jesus. You're my God. I won't mess around with these pagan gods any more!" You see, my friend, I knew, right then, from whom I had begged that salvation, that immediate favor.

+ 7 +

1968 The first time I used "Jesus Christ" as a curse. (The deliberation to do it.)

We went many times to Dad's auctions. We worked there. We had to.

Sometimes I'd see old books, encyclopedias, yearbooks, almanacs, fact books there. I remember in some, in old Bibles especially, talk about 'The Tetragrammaton:' the mystical, 'ineffable,' name of God or, at least, what God gave as His name. It was all some big enigma/ stumblingblock, or it meant nothing, or nobody knew, really or... God hadn't bothered to settle all the arguments about it, anyway.

I was baptized in May 1968, baptized in my green jeans.

I went to weekly classes at the church- Bliss Baptist Church- for a while before it, for them to make sure I believed in Jesus, etc. One night after class, as I was the only one left (I was waiting for Mom or Dad), our preacher, Reverend Burlingame, talked to me about "**the Call to Preach**." He told me about God "calling him to preach" when he'd been a young man and that "If it happens to you, you'll know it."

Later on, in summer, after an auction at the Honey Hill Ski Lodge, I remember thinking that the Republican Convention was on. I was watching it! I made my own "Nixon's The One" button at the Fair that year.

And I remember the first time I used "Jesus Christ" as a curse. I remember the deliberation to do it, of having to force myself. I was in the Auction Loft, right at the big Auction Podium/Stand, all alone. I was 12 years old.

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1968 'Facts of Life' speech: "It's important for a man to have a relationship with God."

Dad gave me the "Facts of Life" speech.

We were up in our train room, a little attic room where Dad, Dave and I had our electric model trains and cars.

He gave me the "Facts of Life" speech there. He didn't say he was going to give me the "Facts of Life" speech. But he gave it to me there.

He had just one Fact: "How's your relationship with God?" I mumbled: "Oh. Okay."

Then he said:

"It's important for a man
to have a relationship with God."

So, there it was. I was 12 and my Dad had just told me what being a man was all about.

1969 Jesus set him free, he got saved. 'He died for your sins,' 'He rose again,' 'It's the only way,' blah, blah, blah; "(There's got to be another way!)" I say. I say.

THE BIBLE: You'd like to say that you had a pretty good grip on that thing before you did anything with it. You should at least read it through. But I knew there was stuff in it like telling every man that it was wrong to lust after women. Who needed to read any more of a book like that?

My friends were forming a clique: "Unknown Ltd."

When the gang was getting set, I wondered if I was going to make it in. That night, after knowing I was in, after the "Of course!" tone of voice, I was asking myself over and over: "How am I so fortunate?"

We got involved in "The S.O.U.R.C.E." (which stands for... none of us ever took the time to learn), the local junior Historical Society, one of our 'hang outs.'

There was a Bible school in Castile: "Elohim Bible Intitute." (None of us knew what 'Elohim' meant; but we mocked it just-the-same.) One of the Elohim students started "Campus Crusade for Christ" meetings. (There was no 'campus' within 30 miles. So what.) Some of the gang went to a couple of the meetings. The last one I went to, the guy was going on and on- like some Kingdom of God 'townee-' giving us his 'testimony:' how he'd gone to college, got involved with drugs or free love or women... and after a while, how it was all so empty to him, how he was all empty inside... and then somebody told him about Jesus, and Jesus set him free from all his sins that were causing him such misery, and now he was, oh, so happy... blah, blah, blah... and Jesus was the only way, like it or not, and...

I sat there. Over and over, I keep hearing, somewhere in me, somewhere out of me: "There's got to be another way. There's got to be. There's got to be another way..."

+ 10 +

1970 'Satanic Bible.' Mom's small comment that stopped it all.

One of us Unknown Ltd's saw a "Satanic Bible" in a local Drug Store and ripped it off. He was excited about it. We took turns reading it.

I had it for a month or so.

Of course, the Satanic stuff seemed to have a place for lust, which God (apparently) didn't have.

Mom caught sight of that Satanic Bible. She spoke up.

So I told her what it said about Christianity: that Christianity was the most evil thing that ever hit Planet Earth, that more people had been killed in the name of Christ, of Christianity, than all the wars of all the world, and... and... and...

Mom said: "I don't believe that."

And that's all she said.

Not: "Get rid of it." Not: "I'm telling your father about this."

That one little comment stopped it all.

+ 11 +

1971 Two crosses at Lake Victoria, Quebec.

My Dad, his auctioneer partner- Bob Braymiller- and their buddies went to Canada, to Quebec, to the wilds of LaVerendrye Park above Ottawa, to hunt and fish when they could, when they wanted. Dad, Dave and I went in 1970, just before school.

The next year, Bob's oldest son, John, was going to get married. We saw her at an auction: rich and beautiful: 'foxy,' as they say. Yeah, John had a good thing comin'.

They had a Vacation Bachelor-Party Fishing Trip. Dad had to stay back a day or so. When he got to the Canadian border, at the Thousand Islands, the Police told him that Bob and John were missing.

Bob and John had gotten to the Park, like the rest. Theirs was the last boat to leave the boat-launch to head to the fishing cabins- old loggers' cabins. The weather was getting rougher. They'd loaded their boat heavily.

Their boat capsized. Now, dads with their little kids will wear life preservers. But, on their own, all of the men's habit was: no life preservers. Hubris.

John and Bob, bridegroom and father, drowned.

1972 British Pre-Punk band at concert: "Let's hear it for old HEY ZOO KREE." "(Huh?)"

I read a Child Psychology book and got filled with all the 'I-missed-out-on-this's and 'I missed-out-on-that's that I could stuff into me.

By summer '70, two of the Unknowns fell out of favor and one moved. This left the Fab Four. We were once "Jonny and the Songbirds:" Jonn, Mark, Todd, Kirk. Saturdays were: 1. calling Jonn and 2. Jonn telling me to "Come on down." Or some Sundays, he'd come up; Dave had a huge record collection- one of the attractions of "The Rec. Room" in our Auction Loft.

Jonny and I were President (me) and Vice-President (he) of the Junior Historical Society that year. We led it despite the Advisor from the Senior Historical Society: some Elohim Bible-thumper who non-stop accused us and Todd and others of going out after every meeting into the village and "Raisin' Cain." (He'd remind us often (so often!) of the huge favor he was doing us of being our Advisor: "No one else would take the job!" Yeah, he was full of Faith, boy! Mr. Faith, Hope & Love!)

The matron at the Historical House, Mrs. Barnes, gave me much support and encouragement, saying that I handled this Advisor well, that I had very good political skills. "You're our leader!" She was an old schoolteacher; she'd taught Jonn's and Todd's and everybody else's dads.

Jonny and Mark were the two who, at the end of '69, while we Hurlburts were in Alabama, broke into our Auction Loft, playing the musical instruments. (Dad sang in a country-western band- "Russ Hurlburt and The Auctioneers.") Perhaps you've heard of Jonny's rendition of "Heard It Through The Grapevine." Jonn and Mark got into our house, too. They stayed the night, leaving a message in my penny jar: "Thanks for the housepitality!"

Three of us took 'Studio in Art' that summer of '70. One night, with Dad and Mom on vacation, we got into their liquor. After belting some down, we got outside. My friends were loaded enough that, all-of-a-sudden, Jonn, the ring-leader (a year older than the rest of us), **took his clothes off!** And Todd quickly followed. There they were, NAKED, whoopin' n' hollerin' down School Road.

A car came by, down that country road. "(They'll pass. They'll pass scratching their head. But they'll pass.)"

It wasn't just a car. It was a Wyoming County Deputy Sheriff.

He stopped.

We started marijuana in February '71.

Our gang expanded into a larger group of friends, a "Clan" with ten or so members of Dave's (Senior) class. Dave was Vice-President of the Class. Michael "Hawk" Jakubaszek was President. (I was President of the Sophomore class that year. Mark was VP, Brock Yates, Jr.- Secretary, Todd- Treasurer. Our ticket swept the election!) Hawk was the Clan leader, if anyone was.

In the summer of '71, the Clan took Mr. T's summer school class in Cinematography. Mr. and Mrs. T (Arthur & Agnes Tamrowski) were hip. They'd 'been around.' They were from the city. (Our school, Letchworth Central, built in a potato field, reigns over its School District of farm countrysides and their few little villages. There's more milk cows in Wyoming County than people.)

Mr. T was all 'Let's-get-real.' He'd engineered a drug film that the whole school had to see, "Where It's At," about some teen-age guy who had it going pretty good, but he got experimenting with drugs, psychodelics, had a 'Bum trip,' 'freaked out,' put a shot-gun to his head and blew himself away. (The soundtrack in the movie was, of course, "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" (LP version) and then "Christ, Have Mercy" off of "Easy Rider." By then, he's in a brain-gore bloody mess out in a snowy field.) So our Cinematography class followed in a rich tradition.

Of this Clan, Mr. T said later: "I never had such a group before or since. There was a true togetherness amongst you, a true friendship, without the petty jealousies that usually tear people apart."

One day, I'm off in the cow pasture, drawing. I look up to see two grey foxes staring at me, 20 feet away. It got me, somehow. It got me thinking.

I got a girlfriend. She wanted a boyfriend pretty bad, I guess. We hooked up at a Clan party.

She wrote my name on some pants she was wearing. It was a wonder. In September, I took a morning off with a Clan pal and bought her some birthday pants. We had dinner at her folks' that night. Later, when we were watching TV, I was in some chair and she was sitting on the floor beside me. She squeezed my boot, my foot. It was plain nice.

I went with some of the Clan to see an off-shoot of Jon Mayall's Blues Breakers. Here's the song I remembered:

What am I living for?
Why am I living?
Why am I giving all my life
To bring up a family-
children and a wife?

The girlfriend's Dad had some books by P.D. Ouspensky. He was an 'Esotericist.' I got ahold of one of his books

for a while. Big mystery. That's what those Esotericists think everything is: a Big Mystery.

Her Dad was an engineer or drafter.

I had an Uncle who worked where he did: Frank Oliver Hurlburt- Dad's only (and older) brother. He was a sailor, a Merchant Marine, in WWII. He was a janitor now. Yea, he was smart as a whip; but the whip smarted back.

Mr T joined with some local hot shots and started the "I.T. (Youth) Center." We youths raised money for it by selling "REX," a miracle cleaner, door-to-door.

One of those hot shots led 'Self-Awareness' sessions: a kind of amateur group therapy. We all got in touch with our feelings, exposed them to the whole group and got embarrassed. This lasted a month.

Jonny and The Songbirds each took a hit of Mescaline on the first day of school, Sept. '71. I was paranoid.

Jonnn turned 16 in October. He had a car. Friday nights and Saturdays were our adventures: to the I.T Center, around the other towns ('Sin City' (Silver Springs), etc.), to happenings at the school on Friday nights, to the college at Geneseo and elsewhere. **There were people to meet and places to go.** These were the Saturdays that we cruised in his car, his Ford Falcon (the "Falcoon") out in the white snow countryside, loaded, listening to the million tunes: Jonnn and Mark and/or Todd and/or Kirk ("Cowboy") and/or others- many others.

Two songs are here: "A Horse With No Name" (very popular) and some song that, I swear, keeps repeating "Driver's Seat" in it. (If you know what it is, tell me, please.) All Moody Blues and Jethro Tull were tops, too. These were some of the hundreds.

One night, fall 1971, some of the Clan and their Rochester friends and I were driving down some road through a woods. The tape was playing; (Stairway to Heaven was out). I felt warm and among friends.

I wasn't ready for a girlfriend, I suppose. She dumped me.

Jonny and I went to the Captain Beefheart concert in Buffalo. We were in line for two hours. It was C-O-L-D cold. But we were 'hashed;' we laughed through it all.

Jonny and the Songbirds were beyond mere friends; we were '**Soul Brothers**.' We were cigarette chain-smokers, pretty much. Jonnn and I got to blowing smoke-rings about the same time: Jonnn first. Friday nights, Saturday nights, there was usually some party we heard about or were, at least, semi-invited to: beer, alcohol and (among a certain crowd) drugs... and folks! I began sporting a long Army coat (with "Wendell Wilkie for President" button), full Army hat and pair of flyer's goggles.

I drew the Yearbook cover that year, working on it while watching "The Story of The FBI" with Jimmy Stewart on latenight TV for about 4 hours at a Clan party. It ended up being just a set of eyes looking in the distance- from a photo of Theodore Bickel in the album jacket of Zappa's "200 Motels."

The Clan saw "Willie Wonka" at the Avon VFW Theater some Friday night. The place was packed: kids, Moms-and-Dads... and us, in our drug-stuppor.

We saw "Yes" in Geneseo. We saw Emerson, Lake and Palmer. We saw The Who (Hawk's fave.)

Dave took me with him to many movies in Rochester. Once, Hawk, he and I went to see "Easy Rider," but the movie guys wouldn't let me in. But they didn't ditch me.

Some Seniors of the Clan started an alternative school newspaper/magazine in English class. (The Principal didn't like it that much.) It quickly encompassed the whole Clan. "If The Shoe Fits..." and "Slip of The Tongue" were both brought to you by Golden Slippers Productions: Dave [birthday: Christmas], Hawk [New Year's] and Cher Stroud [4th of July] were editors. I drew in it.

At a production meeting, "If The Shoe Fits..." heard of a fire at a local factory, were on the scene and interviewed all the principals.

But we did our signature report later: our Clan's trip and attendance at Jethro Tull's "Aqualung" Tour concert at Rochester's War Memorial. This was the Clan's, the Family's, Heyday. Small things, like dinner in a diner afterward, linger.

In June, Hurricane Agnes hit: chocolate water through Letchworth Park Gorge. It came within ½ foot of spilling over Mt. Morris Dam- maybe 200 feet of water. This was the day they all graduated. And Dave was Valedictorian. We were proud.

When we all saw Emerson, Lake and Palmer (again), one of us asked of my plans. I fumbled as always to answer. My place was of an artist and actor. But I was hearing that these are such rough professions: so competitive!

Dad, Dave and I went to Quebec, to LaVerendrye again, where Bob and John died the year before. We couldn't go to the old loggers' cabins: the Park people burned them down. We went further north. Dad made us 'Pigs In A Blanket' one night: hot dogs wrapped in bacon. Fantastic!

One day, fishing on the lake, looking up to the sky from our boat, I noticed the clouds were in lines- like they sometimes get- running North/South. But I looked to the East and saw that they were in lines East/West, too. The clouds were checkerboard! I was moved by it, somehow.

The Provincial Police came to our camper and told Dad that Mom called saying Grandma was dying. We hurried home.

Dad had had Grandma live with us when she couldn't get on by herself. But her health got poorer. And her mind was going. So Dad took her to the Nursing Home.

"Your Grandmother is dying," he said as we got back. Why didn't I go with him?

She was a good woman, the best person Dad ever met.

We buried her on a rainy, dismal day. We had the dinner for her honor at our place. All the cousins came. Then Dave and I headed out for a concert.

Ginger Baker, Buddy Miles, Deep Purple and a warm-up band or two were playing at Liecester Speedway. This was the Clan's Last Hurrah.

I've never liked Deep Purple much.

Buddy Miles: how could he have felt after "Band of Gypsies," the band he'd been in with Jimi Hendrix? Wouldn't giving any concert be a let-down after it? He tried cheering the crowd after Deep Purple had killed it.

Ginger Baker: how could he have felt after "Cream"? Wouldn't giving any concert be a let-down after it? He was one of my heros; Jonny's, too. (The Clan's Cinematography movies feature Joe Cocker, Frank Zappa and Ginger Baker's "Air Force" music.) But some guy of his on stage at the end of the show (not a mere roadie) yelled at us to "GO HOME! JUST GO HOME!"

But at the very beginning of the festival- the entire crowd getting ready, anticipating the whole night- I thought about Grandma, Grandma from the 'Old Country,' from Wales. What about everything she'd done- for her husband, her children, her brothers and sisters, her friends, her church, her town! Our big get-togethers were always at Grandma and Grandpa's way back: her siblings and offspring always went to her place for Easter, Christmas. I missed her. People say that death 'fits in,' that it's 'natural.' It's not. Don't fall for that one!

I had a pretty nifty beginning to this whole story for a few years. Want to hear it?

Everything was O.K. in Bliss, N.Y. except that people died. We had church; but you got ready to die in church. And someone who knew someone who knew someone was the only person who knew anything... knowing God.

Jonny found me. We walked through the crowd, closer to the stage. But he got sick. He might have heaved, too, though I won't swear to it. We stopped near a guard rail. He laid down. "Keep an eye on me, Cowboy."

"OK, Jonny."

I scanned the crowd: biker dudes, leather dudes, with their babes. We were suited against the approaching Fall, against the temp-ting sky- imminent.

Back during school, we'd had an assembly. The entire school saw Mr. Moog, the guy, the genius, who made The Synthesizer. He explained his machine. He gave us his story. And he played us some licks, some riffs, some sounds from his Master Gizmo. And at the end, he left us with a tune. He played "ROCK OF AGES" like he was dragging us back to church.

Now, the warm-up band began: "Ladies and gentlemen, from England: 'Silverhead.'"

They were English Steel Heavy Metal and pre-"Punk."

There were three or four musicians and the girl, the singer. She was in the silver suit- skin tight, like female chain mail, like chain fe-mail. And her voice was rough, the raunchy.

Beside her, the thin dude: dark hair, glasses, beard, in a suit, a red suit, a red business suit (yeah, sure), white shirt, tie, boots... He was the lead guitarist.

How many tunes did they play before the one I remember? Their toons, their sound, hit me so well, so hard for so long! I was open: open to whatever they said. The tune, the tune that stopped me, that hit me- she introduced it:

"Lets hear it for old HEY ZOO KREE! He's still THE
P'RINSE OF PEECE!"

I was opened. I let it pass. It hit somewhere.

"HEY ZOO KREE! He's THE P'RINSE OF PEECE!"

"HEY ZOO KREE! He's THE P'RINSE OF PEECE!"

1973 The World wanted to know that! Yale!
Harvard! Oxford! The Bloody Universe! The
Thinking-Tanks of The World, Embodied.
The High Thought Factori(es)/Founderie(s)
of This World-Ruling System. Books. And
Heads. ["Why are you living? What does
your breath bother the air for? Why
should your carcass get in anybody's
way?"]

The Clan was gone, disbanded. Where would I go?

By now, in Fall '72, I was looking for some cosmic no-
name spirit-like thing who being O.K. with wasn't too
hard, with few demands, but who got you by... everything.
I'd seen a "Whole Earth Catalog." In the midst of it, a
book "Journeys Out Of The Body" by some middle aged
engineer. I sent away for it.

He used tapes to induce hypnosis. After weeks or months,
he had this 3 or 4 day wrenching pain in the pit of his
stomach, his solar plexus. Then, he was nodding off,
napping, and his hand (spirit) **went through the floor!**
After that, he found he could leave his body. He took
frequent trips to "Locale I" (present time & space),
"Locale II" (heaven, etc.) and "Locale III" (a parallel
universe). He described how sometimes beings tried to
invade his body. And, sure, he saw the other side- some
people who had died. Besides, was getting-into-Heaven
reduced to some psychic experience (that you might (or
might not) be able to pull off) toward some possibly
uncaring Supreme Being? In any case, **why wasn't he
setting the World on fire with all this?**

Dave had some Yoga and 'Zen' books around. But in this
and everywhere, I was finding no one who had gotten the
better of Death except this Jesus. Why was it only Jesus?
And if he'd done that, why did everything else about
Christianity seem so emasculating? Why was it GEE-ZUS?
Huh?! WHY NOT SOMEONE... SOMEONE, you know... COOL?

I got another girlfriend.

She'd had braces for quite a while. She wasn't all that
popular with the crowd I'd hung around with. She was
smart- maybe as smart as I. And she was a good artist.
She was an excellent dancer, too: she and her sisters.

I talked about Zen. She talked about 'white' witches.

And I started seeing the School Psychologist- the only
'teacher' interested in "spiritual" stuff. He was a
preacher, too. But he'd listen to all my cosmic
revelations without shoving Bible-breath at me.

In the next play- "Arsenic and Old Lace"- my love-interest was getting the girl's part. I wanted to be the guy, Mortimer, Cary Grant's part. I got the villain's part, Jonathan, Boris Karloff's part, instead.

But with getting to be the artist, I was getting to be the actor in High School, too.

Spring 1971: The Mouse That Roared: Professor Kokintz

Fall 1971: You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown (Senior play): stage manager

Spring 1972: Boy Meets Girl: C. Elliot Friday

Fall 1972: A Midsummer Night's Dream (with SUNY Geneseo students): Tom Snout

Spring 1973: Arsenic and Old Lace: Jonathan Brewster

Spring 1973: Cheaper By The Dozen (Senior play; I'm the only Junior): the father

Fall 1973: Diary of Anne Frank: Otto Frank

Spring 1974: Harvey: Elwood P. Dowd

She took a whole host of downers, attempting suicide. She was dying. The school called for the ambulance. Later on, she told me about astral projection... and about some spirit wanting her. She was pretty and didn't seem to want to live that much. I was a strange mix of lust and compassion for her.

She and I were both seeing the School Psychologist. Then, we were seeing each other.

She and I and a friend skipped a day of school and went to Letchworth Park. She talked about witches. I talked about Zen. We all got loaded.

Letchworth Park is a gorge in the earth carved by the Genesee River: 17 miles of it and, in places, 600 feet deep. A person or two takes that 600 foot drop-to-Death every few years.

We walked along the steep edges. Onward, I lifted a branch from the earth, a branch with two little branches at the top of its skinny shaft: I was carrying a little crucifix! I waved it in the woods. **Yes, I knew things spiritual. But who could tell me more?**

We stopped at a place by the edge. She was acting pretty nutty; she was pretty wasted. All three of us were. She crouched near the edge, laughing. And she went over the edge! She was falling to her death!

She was leaving me, leaving us all. The terrible headlines flashed through me: "High School Teenager Falls to Her Death."

Her foot caught the last tree before the edge that I saw to the River.

I didn't think. I went in. I dragged her back.

Dave was accepted at Yale and Williams. He invited me to come with him to check them out. (Writing was Dave's High School thing. He wrote well. The English teachers liked him especially. "People are talking about the Hurlburt brothers," they'd say.) We headed out early, put Santana's "Caravanserai" in the 8-Track tape player and headed into the sunrise. I was thinking on my girlfriend during the trip: a pretty good feeling.

As we got further East, it all looked older. And at Troy's doorstep, cathedrals and factories on either side of Hudson's River, we were over the huge bridge, like a mighty dream. At the hills of Massachusetts, we stopped, turned the Ford Maverick around to view New York State below. Dave took a nap. I drew. Things were going O.K. I had a 'wife' and a 'career' (drawing).

We entered the Ivy, the old colleges, the World-Organizing Institutions with their agéd professorships steeped in the traditions: philosophy and its many off-shoots formed over the centuries. Dave had a ticket for admission into all of this! High School lessons were all a subset of what these firms, these institutes, these foundations, espoused, promoted and contained. How finely and finally their mentality had entered the Society's crevices in which we are, in which America and The West exist! (To hear of anything Biblical... Where was anything Biblical! Biblical? Why, the very word breathed "Propaganda," "Unscientific," "Anti-Fact," "Unsophisticated!" (Biblical was so far back! In our Superstitious Past!)) I felt at home in it, at a Head of Everything, contained by these Institutions, Institutions older than America itself.

Because of the hills, our Williamsville lodging offered Cable TV: very rare. I found an old Superman episode. Then we looked at Williams College for a day or so.

At Yale, we slept in a students' dorm room. I slept on a couch. The next day, after a museum (of playing cards!) and (maybe I followed Dave to) a class or two, we had lunch in a huge wooden hall- high, with catwalks far above.

On a walk, our student guide introduced us to a friend who asked Dave about his interests, his objectives. I'm sure Dave mentioned writing.

Then the hunk of Ivy turned to me:

"And what about YOU?"

The World wanted to know that! Yale! Harvard! Oxford! The Bloody Universe! The Thinking-Tanks of The World, Embodied. The High Thought Factori(es)/Founderie(s) of This World-Ruling System. Books. And Heads. ["Why are you living? What does your breath bother the air for? Why should your carcass get in anybody's way?"]

1973 Dad: "If one of you kids can ...change
the world, it will have been worth it."

I'd bought a brass bracelet in New Haven. I gave it to my girl. She liked it alot. She liked me.

At the "Cheaper By The Dozen" cast party, she wanted to get high. But drugs were beginning to turn me off, partly because of how they made her act.

In our third month together, we walked into the fields, to our Gravel Pit, the highest point on Russ & Jane Hurlburt's Gravel Ridge Farm and Auction Loft. I told her: "I need some time to myself."

Months before, my heart went out to her; I didn't want her doing herself in by thinking no one cared about her. Now, I was tossing her aside. Great guy, huh!

I took a Drama course at Geneseo College that summer. For entertainment, we had the Watergate Hearings. College guys were lapping that up, boy! While there, I bought a book of old pictures: 'Mandela, Wheels of Life.' I remembered the song from four years back:

Take your place on	Win or Lose, Now
The Great Mandela	You must choose, Now.
As it moves through	And if you lose,
your brief moment	you're only losing
of time.	your life.

I was digging a ditch for Dad then: the summer of '69. I mulled over those words as I dug that ditch.

Dad and I went to New York City on my birthday, 1969, August 13, two days before Woodstock. (I was born after Mom and Dad took a trip to New York City. I was their "City Boy.") Dad said: "Your 13 now, a teenager. I can't call you 'Kirky' any more." When he said that, something in me died, something good and fine. Like the time, a year later or so, when he hugged me and said: "This is the last time we'll be able to do this." Growing up! What a crook! What a lousy stinking deal!

We went down Route 17 through Sullivan County. In The City, we saw the tickertape from the Moon Men's parade. With Beth (student nursing in NYC), we went to Yankee Stadium. She brought me a birthday cake and Astronomy books. (Dad and I had gone 50/50 on a telescope.) "She's awfully thoughtful, isn't she?" Dad said.

Ma'am Mama had been visiting us that summer. I was staying up late one night watching the Moon coverage. She came out of the guest room, telling me I should get to bed. "(But, there's Men on the Moon!)" I said in me.

The year before that, we got back from the Christmas Eve church meeting in time to hear Frank Borman and his astro-buddies preaching scripture at us all. Space Men <the farthest men had ever been from man> with a message. What message? THE BIBLE!

At the start of my should-be-planning-my-career years, in '71-'72, Dave told me about his fears of the end of growing up, of finishing High School, of having to, then, build his life. He told me that he'd gone to Dad about all these fears. And he said: "Dad told me 'I have nothing to tell you, David.'"

It took a while for that to sink in. But it sank in. "(No one really has the real answers. It's all swell-sounding goop. (From Dad to 'Joe Blow.' From our 'beloved' President to the Famous Greats in books. All of 'em!))" The usual teenage attitudes, I suppose.

Dad had an extra-marital affair going on. He had been seeing a high school teacher all year. We kids were feeling something was up for a while. [Amid all of Dad's being home late ("I'm making a living for you all" he'd say, wallowing in unappreciation as he ascended the staircase) and surprise trips to see "Old buddies"], in the summer, I saw her car down at the Auction Loft, under a pretense of 'Fair Queen affairs.' I snuck down with my suspicions, listening outside a door. Seconds later, suspicions confirmed, I walked away. I told no one.

Mom and some friends caught Dad and his Honey at the airport. A Family Meeting was called. Dad said: "Your Mother has asked me to leave."

I went out to Dad when he was getting into his car to leave his farm, his family. No one else had gone out.

"I'm with you, Dad."

"If one of you kids can do something to change the world, it will have been worth it."

1974 Best feeling ran through me when Jesus
gave Ben Hur that drink of water on TV!

I had my Senior Year of High School.
Dad was in Perry; Dave was at Williams; I was at home:
"the man of the house," so to speak. Great.

In "Diary of Anne Frank," I looked into the audience in my talk of how everyone was exterminated by Nazi thuggery. A lady was looking at me, sad. Suddenly, I was Otto Frank, crying for my lovely daughter and dear ones. I caught myself after a second. But it was a great second. It was what that professor at Geneseo told us about: euphoria, the experience of being beside one's self. This, he said, was the end objective of acting.

I read Carlos Castaneda's Don Juan books: "A Separate Reality" and "Journey To Ixtlan." It was looking like some true freedom after all. But then he talked of "a warrior's last battle." Even for a "warrior" (someone in long-time command of the lessons of Don Juan's heritage-religion), Death was still the final victor.

I stood outside all night one night at this time: about four hours, till sunrise. Comet Kahoutek was on the way. Nixon was wasted and wasting us all. And them Arabs- them Oil Lords- were taking over. On my 3' x 3' slab-of-cement limitation, outside our garage, I took it all in with puff after puff of springtime fresh Salems.

Dad bought me a car. A car seemed to be, for each of us, his 'finishing' present. Give us a car and, with High School diploma in hand, we were set to rule The World!

We did our Senior Research Papers. After all of the research, I wrote it in the Wreck (Rec.) Room during Christmas vacation, taking two extra days to finish. My teacher's feedback: "A Paper worth waiting for!"

It was about the Anglo-Saxons: "The Germanic History of England, 500-1100 A.D." I remember one quote: Winston Churchill on their religion, a "tribal" religion, so that it was easy for them to become Christians (a real religion).

While writing on it late one night, I had the radio on a Christian station. (Why?) It was talking about filming "The Exorcist," due out soon. They said that demons were getting into actors, disrupting the set! "(Incredible.)" Like the one time Dad took us to a fundamentalist Bible church. Some lady spoke about her healing from cancer. "(Incredible. How can you believe that stuff?)"

I was doing less drugs: but was more off on my own.

I drew a Monk in a Monastery: futuristic. He looks at a world-globe in his overseeing-loft position.

I drew some Snowy Vacant Skyscrapers. (Dad came in when I was finishing it, to leave something for Mom. I grumbled at him.) I called it "Chwefror" (Welsh for "February") for that is when I drew it, my friend. It had three portraits: a baby, me and a billowy-flowing-hair God/Moses-type personage. (So many spirits like to think we're growing up to be gods, as this picture and so many other superstitions say. But who can guarantee you that?)

A classmate talked about a girl, a sculptress in Nunda. I remembered her. The summer before, in '73, Hawk and a bunch had a party at her and her brother Billy's place. (Billy was cool.) She wanted me. But I was pretty dense.

The list outside the Guidance Office read: "Where The Seniors Are Going:" college/career choices, etc. I put "Waiting for a year." Part of me felt rancid about that. But that's what Dave and Hawk had done. And they did O.K.

I had attained to the 'National Honor Society.' We gave speeches at its assembly, talking back at all our buddies who weren't getting the great grades we were and letting our parents gloat over the great brains they'd given us. (But I wasn't sure that brains counted for that much.) I talked on Character.

And my acting was reaching an unbalanced peak: who I was in private versus who I was in public. It was an act. I wondered what I'd be like if all the acting were taken away. What I came up with wasn't all that well-pleasing. I wasn't so sure that it was that sustainable in society.

On our Senior Trip to Toronto, I reached our bus-for-the-trip just in time. I locked and left my car on the hill, in front of the Castile Gun Shop. Then we went to the other towns, or they came to us: Silver Springs, Pike, Portageville, Bliss, Gainesville.

In Toronto, we immediately found drugs. In time, I saw, in its vision, this huge tower. High, with many stories and chambers. Hundreds of stories. Fewer chambers the stories you go down. But it all revolved about this one chamber that was the bottom story. And it's spinning, slowly spinning. And beings, now with many wings & things, all with a space, a room in it. Serpents or servants or such- all clouds in the high vast atmospheres surrounding it all and me. Everyone went out to see 'The Exorcist' the first night up there; I didn't want to see it. (Scared to see it. Scared of demons.) When back (Lisa was back, too. Beautiful Lisa), we played cards 14 floors up. Channel surfing the Canadian TV, 'Ben Hur' was on. So, between cigarettes, cigars, cards and everything, we watch. Ten of us and others in & out of our hotel room. Man, the best feeling ran through me when Jesus gave Ben Hur that drink of water on the TV!

When we were kids in Bliss, Doc and Alice Crawford's kids had "The Game of Life." I was 4. I looked at that board and the big kids around it playing. I said to me: "('The Game of Life:' Fame, Fortune. Romance. (Power! (Man!)) LIFE! I WONDER IF I'LL EVER MAKE IT! It sure is a <complex...> place/thing.)"

High School Graduation: I was #5 out of 105. My former "wife" was #4.

I didn't get to do a Valedictory, like Dave. What to say, if I had? Looking out into the crowd, my **growing attitude**, my seat (accumulated over these months, these years) as I thought on men's advice- men of the towns around me, men everywhere- a question had founded, had set and found Home in me: "What do they know? They're going to die! We're all going to die! We're all dead men! What can a dead man- they- we- anyone- tell anyone?"

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

You're looking at a dead man.
Could anyone tell me, for sure,
whether existing really IS."

Prizes were awarded. I got the Art & Acting Award.

Then there was the D.A.R. Award, given every year for the best Senior Research Paper in American History. Since I'd written about the Anglo-Saxons, about England, I'd disqualified myself. "(This one's going to be for some flag-waving G.I.Joe (yeah!) some "God & Country" goose-stepper (yeah! yeah!))"

"And the D.A.R. Award goes to... Kirk Hurlburt for his 'Germanic History of England.'"

1974 'Freddie's Dead' song: I'm DEAD! The realization of 'having seen it all.'

Dad was up at the barn somehow. (Mom not only kicked him out of the house, but **out of The Auction Loft, too: his business.**) We were talking about my plans, I guess, and then about the years that had just passed. And Dad said: "You'll look back on them as the best years of your life." Maybe he thought he was telling me something grand and splendid. I only **thought then:** "(All I've seen is all I will see? Nothing left? No better years to bring me to better places! What a terrible dreary haul awaits me!)"

Dismal Death: my years, It's food,
Left all of standing I found good.

And in their Twilight Day's remembrance,
I could see Moan Temple's reverence

Taking stones to heed the men
Who came before me- came back when

Leaves were mighty, leaves were green.
Leaves have left me, leaving scene... seen... seen'.

What were my intentions?

In back of my mind, inside me beginning- the thought, my thinking: suicide.

Dave, Ange- of the Clan- and I visited a friend of Ange's in Niagara Falls. He was dead. We visit his grave.

We and more of the old Clan were going to a Blues Festival in Toronto. That first night, following Ange's dictum "Drink More Beer!" I got twisted, literally spinning. I was sick, sick: about to die.

One of the 'Children of God' handed out literature at the entrance to the festival. Dave got some, talking about God not wanting an old dried up lady as his wife (his "Bride," his Church). No way, man! God wanted some hot babe for his 'Eternal Honey.' I drifted away from the music and the group, roaming the Toronto Islands. In front of that growing (CN) Tower (huge against the Sky) and its Skyscraper companions, I saw the many kinds of people. "(Are all the Canadian women foxes!)" The Islands were loaded with people. I rented a boat and rowed along, dreaming about "The Brotherhood of Man."

Toward evening, having lost the Clan, (I figured that) the best I could do was wait at the gate where the crowd came out- yes, sit and wait for a familiar face. It was more than an hour, more than two, before Jonny came out.

Todd went with his brother Scott to see the USA by thumb. Todd and Jonn had been living in the woods until then, yeah- living in **the woods**. (It's not so hard to do in summertime.) Yeah, they were growing their hair, getting deep-deep tans, and working- driving the big, big, tractors- on Hank Farina's Golden Acres Dairy Farm.

So, Jonn moved in- up to the vacant, unused Auction Loft. We put a bed- Loft leftovers- in the Office, now Jonny's Room. I was one floor up- Address: Wreck Room.

Yeah, things were **great** now. Yup! All better! Yup!

Jonny and Todd were drug dealers.

I had a job washing dishes at Glen Iris Inn.

One of the dishwashers sang this song now and then:

I saw the li-i-ight. I saw the li-i-ight.

As in:

I saw the li-i-ight. I saw the li-i-ight.

No more darkness. No more night.

Now I'm so happy. No sorrows in sight.

Praise The Lord! I saw the light.

Man! That bugged me when he sang that. Man!

Jonn and I entered into (fictitious) business: "H & H Enterprises." Jonn and Todd had planted marijuana in Farina's corn field. Jonny and I harvested and loaded it in the open back of his Falcoon Ranchero, parading down NY39 through Castile. It was "Castile Green."

We stored furniture at the Loft that his friends had stolen.

I went around with him, with him dealing drugs some. He told stories of concerts, bringing in a duffle bag loaded with, as Todd put it: "Red Hot Lids! Get your Red Hot Lids here!"

Todd was a good seller. He was always up there when we used to (try to) sell 4-H cookies back in 4th, 5th, 6th Grade. But Clyde Cross was best. Clyde graduated with us and became a farmer. After a few years his tractor fell on top of him, crushing him to death. Death arrived for Clyde Cross. Death came calling.

We travelled here and there. We saw new people. We visited pals alot, most of whom I would never have visited on my own. I increasingly had little to say.

Marijuana wasn't **doing** it for me.

I told Jonn about this after a while. But I was trying pretty hard at the stuff, just the same. And boozing it, too. I'd get **drunk** and preach to myself in the drunken back-seat of my car, babbling mindless puke that any real man would croak on.

Marijuana, for Jonn, was religion. He sold it because he believed in it. He was sold on it. Jonn extolled its virtues: "...and when you're off, alone with it, it'll talk to you!" Yeah, that's a Jonn Barton Hance quotation.

We were in the Kenwood Bar (a.k.a. "Deadwood") the night that Mr. Nixon gave up the ghost, the Presidency, his "eeefecteeeee" governing of our fair Country.

The music back then was "Trés Hombres," "Tubular Bells" and Robin Trower's "Bridge of Sighs." We were listening to "Superfly" in Batavia one afternoon: sunny summer '74.

Freddie's dead.

That's what I said.

Yeah, I was listening. And I'm dead! I'm dead. It was the growing realization that I'd seen it all.

I went to a driving range with Ange. We shot a few balls. I was shot. My life was over.

We stopped by the School, to see Mr. T. He was teaching some Summer School course. So, Mr. T comes over to me and says: "How's it going, old man?" And that's what I was. That's what I was! I was dead! I was a dead old man! I'd looked for something deeper and it wasn't there.

Jonny and I ripped off a push broom from the Livingston County DPW. "They won't mind." We were there to get Sheriff's IDs. They had a space for you to put what religion you were if you cared. I put "PROTESTANT."

I read about a 3-D Model of Stars made by some lady amateur astronomer. She said they were all in impeccable order. "(Hmmm..)" Something in it grabbed me.

We played cards with all the friends quite a bit. As we play, a Little Voice asks me now and then: "Are you Sane or Insane? Who's to decide? Who can tell for sure?" And I was beginning to act a little strangely. So I heard.

Dad, Dave and I planned to go to LaVerendrye again. At the last minute, I refused to go.

When Fall came, not being college-bound was realized. A Factory job, Friday & Saturday nights at bars with pals, some drug trips now and then, some woman- a girlfriend: this was the wish. This was 'the good life' of all the crowd in which I [tried, tried to] fit.

Jonn and his pals went hunting sometimes. I went. Jonn was off with his pals. And there I was with a gun. Guns seemed to be calling at me at times: "We are where you're headed! We are where you belong! Just one blast to the head!" There was a certain gripping fascination to it.

Jonny and I were driving through Pike. And he told me that the big drug dealer who'd visited the Loft offered him a job dealing drugs big-time. Jonn wanted to know what I thought. I told my best friend:

"Well, it's advancement in your chosen profession!"

Rolling along, I was rolling some smoke as we went through Cuylerville. Messing it, I threw the paper out the window. It was enough for Officer McCaffrie of the New York State Troopers (There he was!) to stop us.

We were arrested.

There I was, two months out of High School, commencing life, manhood. And the evidence was in. The facts indicated that I'd decided to be... a criminal.

1974 Nothing got different. "(God won't take me back! I'm Damned!)" Someone else (There was no one else!) touched my shoulder and said: "Believe that you're O.K."

We got a lawyer. He said Sgt. McCaffrie's case against us would be "Adjourned on Contemplation of Dismissal." And so it was.

Todd got back from his Coverage of the U.S. Things got darker. With Todd back, Jonn got serious about dealing drugs. Todd took up residence in the Loft.

Todd's father and Todd's uncle- Cal and Avery- were Jesus freaks. Yeah, they're older- yeah, even Dad's age! Yeah! But they were Jesus freaks!

Mom came up to the Loft unexpectedly. There was hemp on the table. "What's that?"

"Oh, just some weeds." I wasn't so sure my dismal lie-attempt went over. "(Mom might be savvy.)"

I bought another album (tape) by Mahavishnu John McLaughlin. His story seemed pretty interesting: to have some other something or Someone taking you over.

On the front- in silhouette- was his master: Sri Chinmoy. I'd had no secret journey. (Had I?) I'd had no mystic experience. (Who could say?) Who, what Master, could ever want me, would ever find some potential worth developing that was me?

At work, the Hungarian chef took to calling me "Dra-cuh-lah." [That's how he said it; not "Dra-cyue-lah."] I asked him why. "You are (your mood is) so dark."

I got sick bad- the death of flu.

And I heard that Billy- that girl's brother of the summer of '73- was dead- killed in a car crash.

Dishwashing, I'd spy some 'tract' someone left in the bathroom: "Christ and the Intellectual." (Some thirst that I couldn't shove away any more drove me to it.) Even though it talked about Jesus, of whom I might not like anything, there was one exception to this not-liking-anything-about-him: he wasn't dead.

I read that booklet many times. Something happened when I would read that tract, like a kind of water in me, a hunger and living at my heart, seeing some territory, some arena in which Death had never won.

Privately, that tract was becoming mine.

The only thing was, I didn't want God to turn out to be

some... Christian a__hole. Know what I mean? The ones that are doing God such a huge favor by filling His Heaven so that they can make sure everyone else follows all of their rules up there, too.

I kept all this private.

Mohammed Ali went against George Foreman in the Congo. Ali won after all! "I told you I was the greatest that ever lived!"

We did drugs that week, the end of October '74. Todd and Jonn got some kind of LSD. Todd was poppin' 'em like CHOCKS. It was a Sunday night. I took that LSD.

Jonn, Todd and I were playing poker. And I knew that they had it 'IN' for me. And it entered my mind that I was playing for my soul. My two 'friends'- Jonn and Todd- were Demons or Demons were in them all of a sudden. I heard thoughts in me: "This is the way it really is!" coming from some ONE. And they weren't just thoughts. They were commands: commands that... I really didn't want to do: "GOD WANTS YOU DEAD!" And when I'd console myself with something- anything- a strong declaration would come: "That's a Lie!" I looked at my friends [for some HELP!] And it was a bit too long. Like, men don't look at each other that long. Know what I mean? And the next thought in me was that I wasn't worth living. I wasn't worth living. I saw this kid- a vision. He knows everything I did and am doing. He's smiling at me like: "I know the act you're pulling! I'm going to tell everything to everyone!" The right thing- the right thing- to do must be to go perform the proper sentence, get a shotgun and take care of myself. "All's your good for is a hefty shotgun shell blasted through your brain. There, take that shotgun, take those shells, take a walk and 'solve your problems.'" I walked outdoors. It was dawn. The Voices were pushing me- PUSHING ME!- to get the gun. And I saw the end of it: in a back field, dead and blood-gory and everyone telling each other ("How sad!") how I'd blown myself away. I considered meditation, but thought: "What do I know for sure? What's thinking going to change, guarenteed?" Death and Hell say: "Sure! Think your way out of Me." And the feeling that helps most people along- that, somehow, someday, it's all going to be O.K. left me.

I EXISTED. WHO COULD EXPLAIN IT? IT WAS ABSOLUTELY DEEP.

Three days later, Hallowe'en, I took that LSD again. Death Wish? Hell Bent!

I was death-scared of everyone. Jonn and others were out raising Hell. I was at the Loft with Ange. I was scared of him. My sense of humor was GONE.

I laid on the couch in front of the TV feeling Hell. Not 'Felt like Hell;' I felt Hell, Literal Unquenchable Flames in me, around me. I could hear them, their crackle

and roar! And: "Hey, pal, how do you know you're not going to end up here... HELLFIRE! after it's all over?" [WHAT POWER DOES A DEAD MAN HAVE TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS?] There were beings (Horrible! Scared! Beings!) wanting- forcing- to get inside of me- and wanting to blow me out of my body into space and Darkness in ABSOLUTE HORROR!

This was all that was left.

I wouldn't get off the drug. Real damage was in store. I saw all my future: a padded CELL, DEATH'S ETERNAL HELL my only way out. This was all that I could offer.

"Will you give the rest of your life to Jesus Christ?"

I walked outside.

"Yes."

And a sure still presence entered me- eternal backbone. Yes. Jesus Christ will be my career.

JESUS CHRIST

The Hell-raisers had my car; so, I was going to walk to Castile to tell a preacher about this. But I wasn't sure that I'd get there: some black ugly thing might get at me and my mind on the way. I had Ange drive me. He wondered what was up. I said very little.

At the preacher's, I let it all out: "I'm on a drug and I'm not getting off!"

The preacher said: "God brought you here."

"Yeah, Yeah." Then I remembered about when I asked Jesus into me at The Fair years back and told him to leave two weeks later and burnt his books and wouldn't tell anyone. I told it to the preacher. "Do you think Jesus would take me back?"

We prayed. I told God how rotten I felt. And about how sorry I was. I cringed all of me, all of me, for him to come back. I expected... But nothing got different. I still felt rotten.

I looked up. I still felt Hell. That made it the worst. "(God won't take me back! He really won't forgive me!)" I lost it!

And behind me, someone else in that room (There was no one else in that room!) touched my shoulder and said: "Believe that you're O.K."

All the acting was taken away.

I believed.

And I was O.K.

E N D O F V O L U M E I

1975 Back room; up Home. Feeling bad for so long, dark and bleak and rotten, I was beginning to wonder if it would ever end, or whether this was the way it was going to be from now on with God. He told me then, in that dark back room: "Mister, I'm gutting you out. I'm totally reconstructing you, starting in your deepest part. And you'll see that I work. And The World will see by it that I work."

I told Mom and my sisters: "I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour tonight." "Wonderful!"

I told Jonn and Todd. It didn't go over big with them.

The next day at work, the lady that I knew had left that tract in the washroom came over to me. She asked no question. She made no comment. Only one statement came out of her mouth: "Pray for my son!" And she walked away. "(How does she know what just happened to me?)"

I brought the tract home. One of the (many) Loft visitors asked with a mock: "Whose is This!" Without hesitation, I said: "It's Mine!" "Oh! O.K.!" (It was like the time in 8th grade when some 9th grader got used to punching me. Finally fed up, I faced him and punched him. All of a sudden, fear of my fists gripped him: "O.K.! O.K.!" And that was the end of his punching me.)

Dave visited from college during Thanksgiving. I told him that I was following Jesus.

Mom called Dad about what she'd seen in her surprise visit. Dad came, found the boys' stash, burned it and told Jonn and Todd to leave. And he asked me to move in with him. "Why?" "Because I love you."

Dad & Dave thought a trip to Williams would straighten me out & inspire me. Dave majored in Religion & Philosophy. At a bar there, he told me about Socrates: "...a 'self-realized' soul." You know Socrates, right? 'Know yourself'? But I'd been mulling over "(I've got to know this Jesus better!)" for quite some time. And "(What does the Bible say is next in walking with God?)"

Could Jesus be in other religions, too? "Christ"? I got ahold of a Bhagavad Gita (Hindu religion, Krishna consciousness) book. It talked about friendship with God and even of being an artisan for him. I started chanting what they tell you to chant. Maybe this way, I could love

God, I said. But after a while, with this chanting and all, I started feeling the flames again- those Flames I'd left behind on Hallowe'en Night. I didn't want that.

I started singing in the church choir. I started to get to know Avery- Todd's uncle, the 'Jesus freak.'

I prayed about becoming a preacher. The preacher I'd gone to that Hallowe'en night thought it was a good idea: "You have so many accomplishments in so many subjects!" The old High School Principal told me: "Wonderful! We need more sensitive men behind the pulpit." "(Sensitive?! Is that what I am???)"

But some Elohim (Bible Institute) guy 'counseled' me against it: "Seminaries are where 'God is dead!' was born...('Cemetery!') You'd lose your faith there!" I told Dad that I wanted to be a preacher. And he said to wait "till things 'even out.'"

Dad and Mom were at his kitchen table- the first I'd seen them together in a year and more. "Good to see you two together again." A few days later, Mom came into my room, walked over, layed her hand on my shoulder and kissed me: "You say the most wonderful things!"

Dad (and I) moved back up to Gravel Ridge. Mom and Dad made a marriage recommittment.

I saw demons. And I saw demons when I tried to sleep. And I had this strange 'Other' feeling now and then.

I was beginning to think that things I did when I was a kid had left indelible scars on me, and now the 'chickens were coming home to roost.' I told one to Mom. "(This is it. When I tell her this, it'll all be cleared away.)" It wasn't. Next week, there was some other thing I (had to) tell Dad. And still no end. "(How far down in this <crap> do you dig before you don't find... <crap>?)" Worse, I just felt rotten... seemed like all the time. I'd draw... and think of Van Gogh <suicide>. I'd write... and think of Dylan Thomas <suicide>. I figured: Psychiatry has to be the last straw, last resort. The preacher found me a preacher-psychologist. We talked. He gave me a sedative. Maybe he told me some stuff about God.

Whether before or after this, in early 1975, in our back room, up at home, I'd been feeling bad for so long, dark and bleak and rotten for so long, I was beginning to wonder if it would ever end, and whether this was the way it was going to be with God, walking with God, all of the time. God told me then, in that dark, back room: "Mister, I'm gutting you out. I'm totally reconstructing you, starting in your deepest part, starting at the base first. And you'll see by it that I work. And the World will see by it that I work. And there'll be one more way, one little better chance, that I'll be able to do the same thing in someone else."

1975 Castile U.C.C. Some Sunday. Feeling
really bad, again; then... A POOL!

I began reading scripture. Avery said to start in John and Psalms. My initial reaction: "Is this guy this paranoid? Is this what walking with God is all about? "...all evildoers against me." etc. Avery and I would talk. He gave me "God's Psychiatry," about Psalm 1. "(This is... What do I do with this?! Meditation on The Bible???)" and "9 O'Clock in the Morning," about the 'baptism in the Holy Spirit' and about how 'speaking in tongues' was a way of getting intimate with God.

He said: "Come to one of our prayer meetings." I imagined people in a circle, taking turns sputtering strange unintelligible gibberish, translating stranger messages, and perhaps some seismic spasmodic twitching, jumping, shaking, even barking. But the sheer hunger prevailed: I went.

(To abandon myself into some untouchable, unchangeable good that neither I nor anyone could ever contaminate or imitate: this was that hunger.)

There were Most Tremendous few nights of Haunting, SOMEONE entering me. (But it wasn't rotten or depression or... Flames.) It was like two gases (me and... WHO?) filling the same... 'air.' And I'd pray and see faint visions of words of a strange language in a Book.

Then I was going through Bill Bright's Campus Crusade for Christ series of Foundations for the Christian Faith. The present booklet was about the Holy Ghost. I asked for the Holy Ghost to come into me, according to the booklet's steps. And I began saying those words that I'd seen in that book. I was speaking in tongues.

Avery said: "The Lord just told me to get you the <information> and you'd 'take' to it."

Avery told me about 'falling under the power,' 'getting slain in The Spirit,' that he'd seen at some meetings: "Just like the people were hay and a wind hit them."

I was driving around with Ange for some reason. "I think you're going down the wrong 'road' (with this Bible stuff)." "No, Ange, I'm finally... right!" Shivering would come over me after 'witnessing' like this at times.

Dad said: "I wouldn't follow Avery too closely. Avery and Cal are a little too concerned about 'spiritual' things <for one reason or another.>" (He even encouraged me to visit Todd, Jonn and Ange!) I couldn't hardly believe my Dad pulling me back from pursuing God. But Avery and Cal were responsible men- running a large farm.

Avery and the preacher told me about 'Concordances.' And he talked about young men at the place his son was at out on the West Coast- young men that had given themselves to The Lord so well. One thing they had was the memorization of scripture. He said I had that trait.

And a picture at the church, some young lady painted like 'Ste. Somebody,' says underneath her: "**DEVOTION.**"

A teaching became clear too: I John in Genesis 3. I gave it at the prayer meeting. Avery commended me! I drew charts in my Bible, too: Spiritual War Teaching diagrams. Avery commended me!

As I knew scripture, it was getting clearer- Matthew 7: "He who does these... is like a man building a house. Who dug deep... built his house upon a rock." What lust in me! To hit that rock! "(What else am I for! But, how many years? How much toil, trial and error!? And these sayings, to do them: are they not so harsh?!)" But apart from these fears and uncertainties, this was that hunger in me.

I was feeling really bad... again, at the Castile U.C.C. church, some Sunday morning, up in the choir. The depression or rotten... or hole in me or that I was in: this time, with it unremittant, unending "(When will it end! When!)" I was at the end of myself! And there I was: A P00L was in me instead of depression, instead of unending death: A P00L, a real water, in my belly and coming out of and into my belly.

"He who believes in me, as the scripture has said:

'Out of his belly will flow rivers of living water.'"

1975 "The Disciple!"

"No friends!" I cry by Lake Ontario; God shows me years, decades.

What I wanted was to be a Monk, in a Monastery the rest of my life and existence- to read, to write books and do other 'monk stuff' and be bothered with little else. "24 hour Christianity." "24 hour fellowship." Avery and his wife Willie told me more about where their son was: Eureka, California; Gospel Outreach; Lighthouse Ranch, a Christian Commune. We prayed about me going.

I listened to Gospel Outreach tapes: most by the head preacher, Jim Durkin who, they said, was an apostle. They explained what an apostle was. His preaching didn't sound like sermons I was used to. "Jim has something different: 'Apostolic Authority!'"

Gospel Outreach started churches in cities up and down the West Coast, then in Chicago, New York, etc. Now they were starting one in... Oswego! The counsel was to visit there. Maybe this would be it. The prayer group prayed for me and the trip. Willie prayed: "Bring back some fire." "(But, Willie, I'm thinking of going... to stay.)"

My first afternoon there, I waited with a 'Michael Dalton' for a 'Paul Wagner.' Michael was from New York City. He was a disciple of Jesus Christ.

That week, Michael, the first elder at Oswego, and I drove through every street in Oswego looking for a house for the soon-to-be growing church. We talked about many things: what he'd gone through as a young Christian, about the difference that scripture shows between being 'in the World' versus 'in the Lord,' and more.

At a real estate agent's downtown, identifying ourselves as members of a church looking for a larger 'boarding' arrangement for some of our members, the agent exclaimed: "Oh, are you ministers?" "No ma'am," Michael says, "We're disciples."

In another Jim Durkin tape, "The Master's Voice," again, the hunger came, the hunger that sets the brain aside [the brain (that thing that had been proving its inadequacy)] which can never account for any deep reality, can only record, observe and 'mull' over reality): "(I must know God's voice!)"

The new G.O. church was already associating with other christians: the college InterVarsity fellowship and a Charismatic Catholic group.

We went to 'Love Inn' that Sunday. I was feeling that blackness again. Then, The POOL came a second time!

Months passed.

There I was, sitting in my car writing notes in my little New Testament.

I'd been accepted at a few SUNY colleges and had made arrangements to go to SUNY Brockport, studying Fine Arts. Money had to be in by mid-August.

I'd quit smoking. And I'd gone through a little persecution at work. But, like a brother told me: "You've got to be careful about talking to people; they'll think you're a Jehovah's Witness or Mormon or..." I didn't want that. [Still, even with Christians, you sometimes wonder (I wonder): "(What planet do these guys come from?)"]

Dad tried selling Gravel Ridge. It was a sad day.

Dave had college-learned questions & onslaughts: on what he called 'glossalalia' and what he said was a chief contradiction in the Bible: "How can you 'Love your neighbor as yourself' if he tells you to 'Love The LORD your God with all of your heart, your soul and your might'? Huh? Huh? How about that?"

I drew and played music, too: with no more 'darkness.'

I'd needed more money. The Prayer Group prayed. And 'Out-of-the-blue,' I was offered 40 hours per week during days. Ideal!

I'd taken various trips to diverse churches and meetings with Avery and others- FGBMFI (Full Gospel Businessmen), etc. One was a new church in Cuylerville- mostly college students- founded by an apostle from England. What an excellent spirit! (Why didn't I keep going there?)

In all, I heard Service- the standard preached for a true believer. You see, book-learning to be a preacher was not the ticket. Instead, examples like the guy whom God made a septic tank cleaner before he'd make him a preacher: THAT was the ticket!

Something troubled me about my college plans. So, I took a second trip to Oswego.

They told me again about being a disciple of Jesus Christ. "God has enough Christians. God's not looking for Christians; He's looking for disciples. Building a career? No! We're here to preach the Gospel and go Home!" There were brothers from the New York City church there. One of their wives had studied art: "I didn't use my college degree!" Nail-by-nail, the coffin was sealing.

Michael and more taught me by example about loving Jesus, learning all I could about Jesus, being Jesus' disciple. (Jesus Christ is my career.)

But when I got back home, I balked at moving to G.O. Oswego. I gave them a call: "I'm going to college!" Michael asked: "What happened to all your talk about... being a disciple?" I was nailed.

MIDPOINT OF BOOK

I moved to Oswego in August of 1975. This is where I was to **change The World**.

Dad, Dave and others accused me of escaping reality: "You're out there like some monastery!" And Mom spoke up about my prospects: "How are you going to be great (like Billy Graham, etc.)?"

I only knew, I'd found **my niche**- at which a thousand arrows might be pitched, but in which I was left undaunted, unscathed, **solid**. Something unique was being offered me. I'd literally found my Master. It is said of ancient covenants that true friends swore, exchanging bloods and oaths, that the one in need could have the other's possessions "...to the point I'd give you my flesh to eat and my blood to drink." So had Jesus done.

We were all at Paul Wagner's on River Road in Minetto: a single family dwelling with 16 extra 'guests.'

My first discipleship lesson was to "Sell yourself," to confront businessmen with me, that I would be a solution to many of their problems and make more than I would ever take. Knowing who indeed owned me, I threw myself into it. I went to factories, to stores and to the New York State Job Service. I made sure I put on the application (somewhere like 'Goals' or 'Occupation') 'Disciple of Jesus Christ.' I made sure the agent saw it.

They had a continual listing for 'Muck Worker:' under the hot, hot sun in the black soil, weeding row after row of lettuce and onions. "(This will be the bottom, my harshest first step, my foundation, my Lighthouse Ranch, my 'Tree Planting,' my excoriation, my initiation, my...)" You see, I'd heard the G.O. brothers' stories of harsh conditions out West at The Ranch and of how brutal their occupation to earn money to travel by was: Tree Planting for Georgia-Pacific, Weyerhaeuser, etc.

I preached in the fields some and saw my words raise IRE among the workers- like a knife going up their back.

From there, the brothers helped me set up a (very) small business: Window Washing and Odd Jobs. They also had me work now and then with them- light carpentry, etc- to judge and adjust my work habits.

Michael Dalton told me to pray for Jim Durkin and for G.O. and its churches when I felt I was getting into myself and mind problems. It worked.

Instead of confirming every 'sensitivity' I had, like Michael might, another older brother, Will (William) ran roughshod over them. He was occasionally rude. But it was strangely refreshing that a brother could be so unfearful about your feelings. And he was, frankly, more fun.

Our meetings were Saturday nights. We'd go to other churches on Sundays: Elim Full Gospel, CM&A, etc. We met with the Charismatic Catholics on Wednesday nights. You could say we were of the Azusa Street, Latter Rain, Jesus People, Charismatic, Five-Fold Ministry strain of The Church.

In November, we moved into Oswego, to an old three story former 'Motor-Hotel.'

Michael preached at our Saturday night meetings. Aside from his constant theme of being a Disciple of Jesus Christ, he'd transmit something else he'd gotten from his mentor, Jim Durkin: a fact, a sense, a preaching that "We're going on a journey in God" "God's taking us on a journey..." "God is going somewhere!"

He gave a strange question one night: What would it be like if you were without fellowship for a while, for whatever reason? Would your quality of relationship with God get you through?

We were the 'Talk of the Town,' that "Cult on the Hill." So read the local and college newspapers. We ordered checks from our bank. For "Gospel Outreach," they gave us "Gospel Outrage."

Dave & Ange visited me early on. And Mom & Dad visited. They stayed the night in "The Lord's House" as it was now called. They checked the church out.

I was getting distracted, thinking about whether <this> sister or <that> sister was "The One." I told Peter Mayer- one of the 'locals,' but already one of the leaders in the church. He took me aside. "Lay off thinking about marrying for a couple years; what do you say?" Things like this, I prayed through and talked through with others. It was pretty good advice. I did it.

I started listening for God in every little detail, question, problem and circumstance that came up, putting into practise "Hearing 'The Master's Voice.'"

And I started wondering about "the name of Jesus" early on. While working, I thought on what the use of that phrase might really mean. I took several stabs at it. Like: "'In His Name...' As if Jesus told me to do the work as He would do it, to the point that He could sign His name to it." Michael said: "That's interesting!"

Michael remarked about me at times... to me and to everyone else. I was "The Disciple!"

I was repairing our back steps one Saturday. Michael saw and scolded me: "What are you doing? Take the day off!"

I took my car to a spot unknown, by the Lake (Ontario). God showed me many years ahead.

"No friends!" I cried. I saw the only one getting to know me well for quite some time would be God Himself; that I wasn't going to get much beyond God during it. There's a reproach to that, you know.

"You have taken lover & friend far from me."

"I will instruct you and teach you in the way that you shall go. I will guide you with my eye."

1975 Jim Durkin spoke, of course, about "The Purpose & Vision of God" 'God is moving inexhorably' to The Goal He set for Himself: to be all in all. <His History.>

Jim Durkin visited in November.

Jim Durkin is a large man (like 'Santa.' Like Bob Braymiller. Like Grandpa.)

Jim Durkin is an Apostle. This was widely held true by many men... men of God.

Vis-a-vis what expectations I had- slick suited executive type- the first sight of the Apostle was of some big construction boss on a hunt, like Babe Ruth playing Lumberjack. This was Jim Durkin. A man.

Jim Durkin, of course, spoke about (I forget.) But...

Jim Durkin, of course, spoke about "The Purpose & Vision of God," the 'Flagship' of the Gospel Outreach Doctrine 'Armada,' Jim Durkin's model of the Universe: The Ultimate Purpose of God is that 'he be all in all' (1 Cor. 15), that God Be Everything in Everybody Everywhere For All Time. For this age before us (the one in which men die) God's purpose is to, by any means, point out to men the man that took over death: The Lord Jesus Christ.

God's Purpose (This Age): Exalt The Lord Jesus Christ.

God's Vision (how that Purpose is put into practice):

1. Each believer conformed to Jesus' image [Romans 8]
2. The Unity of the Body of Jesus Christ [John 17] and
3. Preach the Gospel in all The Earth [Matthew 28].

Other excerpts from Jim Durkin Tapes:

"God is moving inexhorably to some point... according to His Purpose."

"Through the years, there have been interesting <words, teachings, revelations> throughout the body of Christ. Some of them novel... But with no Purpose."

"Be consumed by and consume... The Purpose of God."

"Most people think that they have to understand something before they can do it. Scripture teaches just the opposite: that understanding comes only by doing it first. But few ever get there; they're slaves to what they can fit inside of their Pea-sized Brain."

"There's very little 'Absolute Truth' in scripture." (sic!) "What the Bible has is 'Workable Truth,' truths that can be variously applied to the varying need. The only thing I know absolutely is that Jesus Christ is Lord."

"The truths of scripture aren't in any one place. They are found by a thorough understanding of the whole text: the 'testimony of scripture.'"

"Practise The Word."

"I don't want you to be a good 'Gospel Outreacher;' I want you to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Getting saved is not enough. Christians? The Lord has His fill of Christians! You must go on to become a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"You'll be one of the Lord's men."

"Stand up to Life."

"...where you're all by yourself, on a break or where ever and find yourself saying here and there, 'I wish...' This is God stirring in you what he made you for."

"In meditating, at some unforeseen moment, the thought, the idea, you're meditating on drops into your spirit."

Jim Durkin tape: talking about Moses and the Name:

"...some crazy little insignificant nothing: I AM. Faith is all that made it into something." Even in a little while, I would take issue with that.

The extended family atmosphere set by G.O. major visits was Tremendous. There was the 'covenant relationship:' I was brother of all these strong and able men and women, most just a few years older than I. (Jim Durkin, the 'Dad' of the group, was of our Dads' generation.)

There was David Sczepanski, head of the Media Ministry.

There was Steve Schrader who'd started G.O. in Chicago.

There was Tommy Kennedy, chief elder of G.O. New York City. Others would always be along with him every few months. He'd been a debating Champion in some college- a pretty good speaker. His recurring theme was "CHANGE THE WORLD." It was his 'gospel:' a subject that, you could tell, God had been working in him for years.

For Tom Peterson, an elder from G.O. Chicago, his 'gospel' was BELIEVE: he had something to say about believing from the heart. (God used a heart defect to speak something into him and into those that heard him.)

For the presiding elder from G.O. Munich, Germany, his 'gospel' was warfare and how God, The LORD of Hosts, was RAISING UP a host against Satan's host, who'd FALLEN.

These had been some of the "Mobile Elders:" brothers on a rotating duty, visiting all of the G.O. churches. [Most had their own businesses, so could travel. Most were investing so that, early on, they could retire from it and preach fulltime. (That was the ticket!)] Every few months, one or two or more would visit: from Anchorage, Portland, Philadelphia, Olympia, Guatemala... When they came, something else tremendous was at hand- another example of what God could do with a man.

And the sisters were... Tremendous!

1975 "I saw you sitting in the woods. Thinking of all the famous men who had ever lived. You were crying, wondering which one to model your life after. And the voice came: 'It's been given to you to know the Son of God.'" Nothing else mattered.

One weekend night, I'd gotten ahold of this Andrew Murray little book about the Blood of Jesus. I holed up alone in our 3rd Floor leather shop, reading. It was winter and the radiator heater didn't work too awfully well. I'd started reading it at 10 or 11 at night. But after an hour, then another... then yet another hour, and it getting colder. The Blood- it's interest- kept me glued to that chair.

On a weekday, not much before or after, I came home from my work and 'felt' like writing. I wrote one, then two, then... just kept writing. After I got it, about four pages on a yellow legal pad, everyone agreed it was prophecy: **God Himself preaching** about all on which I'd been ruminating. He took the bits and pieces and out of them made A Speech. We typed it up. A brother set it to music.

A prophecy came, November 1975. Prophetesses from Elim Bible Institute were travelling around the Elim churches. The first prophetess: "...about me being a great lantern, burning.>..." And the second: "I saw you in the woods. And you were sitting, thinking of all the famous men who had ever lived. And you were crying, wondering which one to model your life after. And the voice came: 'It's been given to you to know the Son of God.'" Nothing else mattered.

JESUS CHRIST

E N D O F V O L U M E II

1976 Run the tape "Purpose & Vision" over and over, holding it to my heart.

I woke every morning, weak- hurting and dark- facing the day, praying and gaining strength for the day by it.

But in the day, in the sun, with my snow-shoveling collection and hammer (to straighten their front edges now and then), in my red coat with lower-arm patches with crosses that Sallye Glennen sowed on, I was walking with God- walking the city. And God was walking with me.

My customers taunted me: "Shouldn't you be in college? You're a bright young man!" "(But) I'm a DISCIPLE! A DISCIPLE of JESUS CHRIST! (That's MUCH MORE! I'm in the real college!)"

My mind had its love-affair with scripture. And I'd read Hebrews, my favorite, over and over: many translations.

I'd think about Bezaleel, the man who built the Tabernacle and its Furniture: the Ark (Box) of The Covenant, Its (Lid) Mercy Seat, etc. Why couldn't God use my gifts like that- to draw and to do many other things?

Many of us at G.O. heard a G.O. tape about Christmas- about all of its heathen origins (that the Church christianized centuries ago), and that Jesus was born in the springtime.

"Just because you're not an elder doesn't mean you can't do what an elder does...." I gave some 'counsel:' a 24 hour prayer idea- each of us at the House signing up for an hour. Michael said: "Great idea!" So, we did it. [I took a wee hour of the morning. I prayed outside in my car.] Michael said that I had valuable counsel. Later on, we had a 24 hour party, an all-nighter. (Did someone tell me I gave the counsel for that, too?)

Michael came to me: "We have a job for you for a while, working with a brother, one of Paul's friends in Syracuse. He's a welder. You'll like him: he's really into the Word, like you."

Russ had his gear on the back of a big truck. He was a 'Gypsy' welder, travelling from Industry to Industry- different accounts every day. My first job with him went into the night, welding a pipe onto a huge gas tank- the 50-foot-tall kind that you see in 'Tank Cities' that the Petroleum Industry has in big cities all around. (Dad took me to see John Wayne in "Hellfighters" when I was a kid. He thought it would be a WWII film. But it was about Big Oil.)

While welding, Russ would be up every other minute, between welds, lifting his welder's mask, giving me another scripture point. He was great.

He showed me his Greek Interlinear huge, multi-volume, scripture set at his house.

Back in the Lord's House, taking a bath in the second-floor bathroom some Saturday morning, I reached up to see, down below, some arriving brothers- elders coming for their meeting. One saluted with open hand: "Ambassadors for Christ!" Elders joking around was a revelation.

Someone left The Lord's House, as some were want to do. I told Will that I'd argued against her leaving. "I told her: 'Repent!'" Will said: "You say the nicest things!"

I heard: "After the first year or so, things will begin to get difficult. You're no longer a 'babe.' God will start raising the protective cover he's had over you, allowing complications to get at you- for growth, for growth."

There was the period of having a (diabolically!) hard time saying "Jesus" in my mind. But I'd also heard it in Hebrew: "Yeshua," as in "Yeshua H' Meshiach."

There'd be a state, an occasional image in my mind, of some demon crawling into my back and driving me around, like he could get at my "Driver's Seat." Not like I was possessed, but like I could be easily influenced by something other than God and His Word.

KOOKs came to our House. One was a guy who ended up (at least accused of and, I think, arrested for) killing some older lady in her house later on. When he'd been across from me at the table, I was shivering. Something in my belly said: "All is not right here." It felt like he had an entirely different something inside him besides him.

Of course, there's times I've shivered at the Word. And times that others- preaching at us- shivered, too.

"Test the spirits. Every spirit that does not confess that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh is not of God..." Every thought that came my way, I'd test.

At the Hotel Pontiac, Joe was showing D.W. Griffith's "King of Kings." (Bob Valeria and I posted flyers for it all around the college campus.) Some foul unreasoning accusation found a place in me: "You've done the unpardonable sin!" After enough of it, I walked into the Men's room, looked myself straight in the mirror and told myself, my soul: "STOP IT." That was the end of that.

I took ahold of "The Purpose of God." I signed out both Jim Durkin tapes for days/ weeks, listening over and over, holding the tape player to my chest at times (the hearing heart) as I said, in memory, every word with Jim.

1977 I looked up 'Jesus' in Strong's Hebrew Dictionary. And "The LORD." And I hear different things: the Tetragrammaton, "I AM," and all. Y H V H is the Ancient Hebrew verb 'exist' (all three tenses rolled into one- past, present, future) in some mystical combo that no one cares about or everyone argues about.

G.O. leadership held a huge retreat in Washington State. Varying conflicts came out. Some of the leaders who felt priorities, such as 'Relationship,' 'Koinonia' and 'Body-Life' weren't being given enough priority gave their unheeded ultimatum and then left G.O. It changed the G.O. atmosphere- even in our little backwater outpost. The Jesus-People hippie-edge was reduced.

Michael talked to me once about me being a House leader in future years. At a meeting, he announced: "I've been feeling since February that my time here is at an end."

He was of an absolutely careful temperament. Like: halfway through writing a ten word note, one of the words gave him the hardest time. Oh, for that one right word!

Will was quite opposite. And he collected friends.

He was given and took over the lead as Michael left. "My style of leadership is going to be "Let's be friends" rather than coming to me, only me, for counsel and just about everything else- which had been our custom with Michael. If we're not friends, we tend to live in our imagination." Our minds! Boy! What a trap!

William became an elder. It was a wonder.

Visiting back at Avery's Home Group, the old girlfriend (married now) came, too. She gave me a ride home, going on and on about how I saved her life that time. And, about my Following Jesus: "...you're crazy- on some Don Quixote 'trip.'" She was studying Psychology at Geneseo.

At my old church, I felt constrained to pray in public, turning around in the pew, getting on my knees. Then the preacher from the pulpit: "Lead us to do things obvious to your kingdom." Dad was bugged: "You may be confused about how to show people you're a son of God..."

I had charge of a young disciple for a while. But my mind was not quite set. Everyone remarked well about my prophecies. But I was giving less and less of them.

I listened to Jim Durkin's 'Spiritual Warfare/Victory' series. Things got heavier.

I was increasingly bitten by a **hunger**, in search of the overarching principle that would keep me running true no matter what I went through (apart from what men could give), the one practicality/reality that would **actually** benefit in every situation. This was experimentation. Like Will said: "Make your mistakes now."

The one who got in the way of most 'mistakes' was John Glennen. John was at the University of California at Berkeley in the mid 1960's. John had been there! He was the Work Coördinator at Lighthouse Ranch. He started a home repair business pronto on arrival in G.O. Oswego. Yea, I was 'swaying in the breeze' pretty badly then.

Will's wife Jeannie said later on that the crazy stuff knocking at 'the door' of the mind- daily/ constantly/ now and then- we're practiced (from common sense, trials of growing-up and other ways) at dismissing out of hand. But, when one is dabbling into 'Being Open'.....

יֵשׁוּעַ	JESUS, JOSHUA
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I'd looked up the name 'Jesus' in Strong's Concordance. (Jesus- 'Joshua' (I'd heard in somebodies' preachings) was a name common back there 2000 years ago.) And I looked up "The LORD" and Exodus 3 in Hebrew. And I hear different things: I AM, the Tetragrammaton and all. Y H V H is the Ancient Hebrew verb 'exist,' only in some mystical combo (all three tenses rolled into one- past, present, future) or some obscure token that no one cares about or everyone argues about.

הָיָה	WAS, IS, WILL BE
יָצָח	EXIST

Walking late afternoon needing a different job, it occurred to me that all I need do was pray. This attitude helped me out then and many times hence.

At Bill and Jean's, above stores at First & Bridge (the center of town), all of the brothers talked about folding The Lord's House up and buying a farm. It occurred to me: "Let the cost be shared among the G.O. churches in New York City, Philadelphia, etc. They'll be using it- sending people to us." Paul said: "Good counsel!"

"My soul followeth hard after Thee.
Early in the morning will I rise up and seek Thee.
Because Thou hast been my help,
in the shadow of Thy wings....
will I rejoice.... rejoice... rejoice ...ioce!"

1977 Meditate till it "drops into my spirit."
Yes, it changes reality. If the thoughts
 the heart stays with change, is not the
 heart changed? And not, then, reality?

After the confusion of 1976, the brothers felt good enough about me to make me a member of their VR (Vinyl Repair) business.

We moved to "Living Waters-" the farm we bought south of Oswego. Our neighbors, who were farmers, helped us out quite a bit. (First debate at The Farm was between spending time fixing the house or attending to the garden. I got a shot of counsel: "Work the field first, then build your house." <Proverbs 24:27> My counsel was taken.) The farm was a strip of land, not much road frontage, extending back one-half mile.

The G.O. churches in New York City, Philadelphia, even Chicago, used it as their decompression chamber, sending to us brothers and sisters who needed to get away from city atmospheres for a time. Like Will says: "Some worked out; some cared. Some didn't."

We got some pigs. It fell to me to be their main 'care-giver,' maybe because I enjoyed it. I gave them names (I'm an old hand at naming.) 'Snout,' 'Chuck' and... I forget. Yup. Names are important. Yup.

"Pig! Pig!" (Can you hear the gluttonous expectation?)

Ed, the VR boss, set me on my own as Vinyl Repair Crew #2. He and Peter Mayer were Crew #1: "Can you handle it?" I gave the question my usual meat grinding. Peter told him: "Kirk doesn't say 'Yes' very easily." (Of course, I don't say anything very easily.) I'd be in different car lots daily, following a weekly route.

At a dealership in Palmyra, mixing vinyl paint color for a rooftop repair with a bottle-nozzle dried shut, a little voice tells me: "Don't squeeze the bottle so hard, Kirk!" But I squeezed hard, putting too much color in the mix. I didn't have enough of the other color to balance it. I couldn't finish the repair. The salesman was Hot!

I started to preach, giving the main talk once at our Sunday meetings. I spoke on Hebrews 1.

Hosea 14:2 "Take with you words, and turn to the LORD."

You're probably wondering by now (if not way before) about the tens, hundreds or thousands of sinners I did (or didn't) lead to the Lord. Well, I didn't.

Things were pretty stable. And I'd gotten some weight amongst the brethren. I decided to meditate on something.

Meditation is one of The Apostle's "practices," found throughout Scripture: Joshua 1, Psalms 1 & 119, Phillipians 4, 1 Timothy 4, etc. But meditation, contemplation, etc. has not been that well-used in Christianity, especially among the Protestants. The notion is that it all stinks of Eastern-Religion Demon-Worship or of Monks leeching off of Society or of lost minds that can't make it in the World. You know.

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in your sight, O LORD."

Psalms 19:14

We think Jesus had it so easy, at least in his thought life (if you don't think about it too much). But don't you think that there were other thoughts trying for a place in him? (All of the time!) (Mark 8:33)

I decided to meditate on something until it "dropped into my spirit" like Jim Durkin said. I chose a thought to deal with the chagrin of not having as yet become some Big Wheel in The World:

"Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself,
and God, even our Father, which has loved us,
and has given us everlasting consolation
and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts,
and stablish you in every good word and work."

2 Thessalonians 2:16,17

At work, among the fixers of cars, the smell of grease, the whine of air-powered hand-tools, to and from work, at home at the Farm and everywhere in between, I thought: "Everlasting Consolation. Everlasting Consolation. Everlasting Consolation." I thought.

Honest, it changes reality. If what thoughts the heart is familiar with and stays with are changed, is not the heart changed? And if so, then a (piece of) reality, too? (How much more so if we choose to put in our minds that which IS real!)

Ange died in August, 1977.

Some (and more) of those I went to school with were drug dealers, if you remember.

He ran a STOP sign somewhere in the country, around Attica. He was with some friends. He fell asleep at the wheel. He was brain dead. The family pulled the plug. Pretty sad.

One of those in the car, not killed, was that lady's son, that lady who came up to me after Hallowe'en 1974 and asked me to pray for her son.

I visited Jonn and his girlfriend Kay south of Pike.

Dad asked me about Mormons at Ange's funeral. I said; "Their doctrine is straight from Hell." (Free Masonry on steroids.) They think you can grow up to be a God. But

God is self-existent.

A brother who'd been away for a while declared: "I was thinking about you, Kirk. I was troubled. So, I prayed: 'God, Kirk seems to be getting nowhere!' And God told me. 'Kirk is an OX' plodding your cartload, step-by-step."

A while back, my old roommate had talked to David Sczepanski about journalism. David wanted him to move to Eureka and work with him in the Radiance Monthly Magazine. So, Joe Anfuso and Karen- newlyweds- went.

One of the sisters was sent there, too. "I have a talent." She drew.

Another brother was sent to the G.O. church in Olympia, Washington to teach them Upholstering. There was more room to grow out there: he was raised up to be an elder in two or three years.

Then another sister was off to Eureka, to Gospel Outreach headquarters, where 'the talent' goes, to help with bookkeeping.

And I was offered a job in Eureka, California, too: doing lay-out in a weekly advertiser that G.O. was connected with. Joe had dropped my name.

There I was! I'd landed it! I'd made it!

Then I heard of a second team being formed to England. And I wanted that. And to my mind, I couldn't have both. Now Joe did call me, trying to get some sense into my head. But I told him "No!" seven times! Man!

(Why do I leave "big mistakes" in the book?)

Peter commented about all the garbage going in and out of the mind, day-in, day-out, normally, as one is working or whatever.

Two brothers with their families were sent from G.O. out West to shore up our Vinyl Repair ranks. One of the brothers' wives had an edition- a version- of the Bible called 'The Restoration of the Holy Name Version' or thereabouts. For every place where most versions have "The LORD," it had "Y H V H" and, where most have "Jesus," it had "Y H V H yasha" (or thereabouts).

Peter Mayer, the elder, asked me to read scripture to him while we drove to Rochester to fix vinyl. Every time "The LORD" would come up, I'd say "J E - H O - V A H." So, after a while of this, Peter is bugged: "That saying 'Jehovah' every time: Is it VITAL?"

1979 "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom. Let not the mighty man glory in his might. Let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him who glories glory in this: That he understands and knows Me; That I EXISTENT... "

Ed asked me once: "Do you like VR?"

"I could think of things I'd like better."

I moved into town. I got a job at a supermarket.

Spring 1978 was my time of BURNING BRIDGES- falling in love with God (all over again.) I'd take walks to the Lake after work.

And some guy, bless him, was throwing eggs at me, the "Church boy."

Avery died sometime in 1978- my first leader in God.

I'd seen him in a Rochester hospital some time before. His funeral was a grand 'ceremony.' Some were (half) expecting a resurrection. Why didn't I go?

My manager at Crosby's Super Duper Supermarket asked: "So, why are you into that 'born again' stuff?"

"Well, you know what it's like when you find something that you really like..." He said "Yeah!" I continued: "...And then find something even better...."

I'd go to St. Mary's, the hugest cathedral in Oswego, and pray at lunchtimes.

There was a fall day at the farm- a perfect day.

The new Lord's House leader asked me: "Ever thought of being a leader?" I'd been thinking 'Girlfriend!' for a while, wondering how it'd sit with elders, etc. A married sister talked to me about one of the single sisters. "For a while, I've been checking her out. But now, I think she's O.K." The girl she talked of was the one I'd been thinking about. It had been two years since I started following the counsel to lay off thinking about marriage and all. So, here she was, eh?

I showed the girl some interest. And she wrote me a letter back. She was interested. "(Excellent!)" The girl was pretty and beautiful and cute. I walked with her to her place after a Sunday meeting. We went to a movie. I went to her house one Friday night. Then after another Sunday meeting. Both times, I was a little lost as to what to do. The next time I knocked on her door was the last. She wouldn't answer my calls. "I've blown it! Am I going to screw every opportunity God puts my way? First California. Now this!"

A couple of us took a canoe out with Bernie Haroldsen into the port of Oswego. Bernie was pretty high up in G.O. If Jim Durkin had to pick his top ten men, Bernie'd be one of them. It was nice of him to be with us.

I preached with the brothers.

Friday nights, we'd take guitars,
preach and play in front of bars.

"The music's better out here than in there," they'd say continually, walking in and out.

What was I doing in the church as a service? Year after year, I was setting up chairs. "(When is God going to promote me? When am I graduating from this? When's (IT) going to happen?)" Will told me, after viewing me for a while: "I've seen a dimming of the flame in you."

Dad lived in Gouverneur now, north of Watertown. He and Mom were kind of separating. He'd pick me up on his way to visit cousins (reunions) near Rochester a couple of times. It was Hell having to deal with their constant "What do you do? (What's your career?)"

The Apostle visited in October '79. He was there in the Living Waters farmhouse: "How are you doing, brother? Still serving The Lord?" I almost spilled it. (I wished I had.) As it was, there was a trembling in me, a quenched beaten-down voice: "(Jim! I've blown it BIG TIME- TWICE in as many years! (What's the Jesus trip for!))"

There's the term: 'Death of a Vision:' when "hopes are dashed" and the only way that even hope is returned <Ecclesiastes 11:1> is for some relationship, some trust, to exist between you and Who gave the wish to you for it to exist, to be.

BE
BREATHE
LIVE
WISH

Beginning in summer '79, a verse had been repeating and coming back. Jeremiah 9:23-24 became very acquainted with me, as I'd been blowing it pretty consistently and never had yet fulfilled what had shone from me in past promise.

"Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom.
Let not the mighty man glory in his might.
Let not the rich man glory in his riches.
But let him who glories glory in this:
That he understands and knows Me,
That I am EXISTENT..."

1980 "God, bring forth the gift in that quiet brother."

What risk Jesus took with the Crucifixion! Only His Father saying that He was The One and that conquest of Death could be done was with him <Exodus 3:12>. You see, the demons cried out "You're the One" to tempt him to their side with their 'confirmation.'

New Year's Eve, January 1st, 1980: after the party, up on my bed, with wishes and all, concerned about time, appraising the decade: "(What will the 10 years bring?)"

I was well liked, sure. The remark was: "What a faithful brother!" about me all the time. I got sick of that. Not just by its repetition, but by there being next to nothing on my "resumé." How much of a man was I? Watching a TV documentary about 'The Famous,' it occurred to me again: "(I've missed it all! Are all my years going to get thrown away, one right after the other? Man! I'm missing it all!)"

I started looking for my own apartment.

There are times of revelation, when freeing and power that is new is placed upon you. In Someone Else's plan, He's giving you something that will bear **rightness...** after a while. Like a JD tape says: "There is time needed to get to be able to wield that power."

On May 9th, 10th & 11th, 1980, the brothers had a retreat, near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania- about two hundred of us, G.O. East Coast: Philadelphia, Queens, Brooklyn, Long Island, and some from a church we were friends with in Laconia, N.H. Jim Durkin came. We had fine worship: visiting places and flying in The Spirit.

I went to Ed, my old VR manager, to apologize for the couple times I almost lost accounts for him back in Vinyl Repair days. (Back then, I'd begun to act strangely, not keeping myself in the attitude (i.e. being a **servant**) around our customers. You'd be surprised how practical that attitude- **that even God bears-** is).

A prophecy, kind of, came during the retreat. The first night, the M.C. (if you will), Steve Bartlett (one of the chief elders from Philadelphia or Washington, D.C.), was having each group present itself, say where they were from and give a little message or 'howdy.' Since many elders and brothers from the various locations knew one another from Eureka and Lighthouse Ranch, it was a reunion atmosphere. Our team sat up front; we were introduced first. Bull Moody (our elder) and the M.C. were clowning around. After Bill's glowing report, the M.C. prayed for us all in G.O. Oswego. And then he said:

"And God, bring forth the gift in that quiet brother. O God, Bring forth that gift!"

After the retreat, at our midweek meeting, I gave a word: "I don't think God is so concerned -sin wise- in any particular act we may do. I think he's more concerned about our unbelief." Peter Mayer stopped the meeting there: "I believe that's right. That's from God." He led us to take the rest of the meeting to pray for one another: about 70 at the start.

A will inside me that's not me: this was becoming my present reality.

Washington State brothers visited that month. Their Mt. St. Helens blew during our Sunday meeting.

+ 29 +

1980 This is the point.

SELF EXISTENT entered into me.

A sister- an Indian researcher- visited. She talked of them being demonized by white men and of certain tribes' honor, chastity and initiations: "Individuals go on a journey (fast, etc.) and don't come back till they've heard what it is they're to do in life ...whatever."

On a picture I drew- a side profile self-portrait- I wrote my name as I'd seen it in Anglo-Saxon: "Hurle Beorht: 'Army - Bright,' A Brilliant Leader in War." And God has me write on it what He said of me: "Friend."

I was passed by for worship leader. (It bugged me. I'd been part of the team the longest. But like Jim from NYC said: "All these 'Worship' songs! Can't they do any better than the likes of (what sounds like) '(Have You Seen) The Muffin Man?'"

I looked up more of the Hebrew words: **אָנִי** I AM, Anee (Anokiy: 'I') and investigated **הָיָה** (to be) and more.

This was the point.

SELF EXISTENT entered into me.

I looked at Strong's Concordance Hebrew Dictionary's number 3068 for the 1000th time and saw James Strong's translation of **הָיָה** for the 1000th time and God said, God spoke, God impressed within, upon, into me for the 1st time: "That's My translation of it: '(Self) Existent.'"

3068.



SELF EXISTENT

He pretty much did it as quiet as anyone can do anything.

I had visions. But I could not say they were from God.

Paul Wagner simply counseled us all: "Get a friend."

To Bret, who wasn't sure of my genius or insanity: "I've found over my years that certain things important to me aren't necessarily important to others..."

Dad & Dave came for a visit. I perplexed them.

Bob Mumford told me by way of the tape machine: "Once they truly break the yoke, it proves nearly impossible for them to get back." Yeah, I was getting loose.

Someone said: "You're going to Hell with yourself!"

I was leaving.

On top of the old grain silos at Oswego harbor- 100, 200 feet up- I looked over Sea (Lake Ontario) and Land (Oswego, the place of whatever manhood I had). Here, I viewed the World's Expanse again. How could I enter It?

In the State College Library, viewing The World as all of Its Books- The Library Huge, made full of Books in every way and, through them, to the covenants that they document and contain- I'm hearing: "Go ahead. Try each book and section out. If any drag you down, refuse that one. See what keeps you free."

Anyway, I was beginning to think all this RELIGION stuff that I'd been in since 1974 didn't mean NUTS to all them BOLTS out there. I was beginning to feel this "Lord" stuff was just some grandiose sect and I- sucked into it.

I headed out one Friday night. Bill tried stopping me.

I returned a day or so later. Paul was concerned that I was putting too much effort at turning my walk with God into, as he put it, "a 'Magical Mystery Tour.'"

In his next visit, Jim The Apostle, at the start of a meeting, turns aside and hugs me, saying: "Looking good, Kirk! Looking good! Not as good as me, but..." I guess he knew I was slogging through something.

That summer, a sister cried: "I've noticed you, Kirk. You're plain selfish lately."

Bill and I took a walk around West Park. Knowing my desire to move on, he suggested a trip and that I start with a clean slate somewhere else: "You've made some embarrassing mistakes here."

I ended up in Washington D.C. during the week of the hottest weather in the past 20 years: 95'+ every day. All along, I'm getting told (by Whatever/Whomever influencing me) to throw -this- away and -that- away so as to be worthy of gaining entrance into yet successively higher (spiritual) planes. My pockets were emptied. And I'm thinking: "What's it like having nothing?"

+ 30 +

1980 ישי׳ 'free'! 'open'! 'wide'! 'safe'!

Jesus said he'd be dead "three days and three nights." But the way everyone on planet earth celebrates 'Easter,' it just doesn't add up: Friday- 9 hours, Saturday- 24 hours, Sunday- at most 6 hours. That's 39 hours tops. Three days and three nights is 72 hours. "But if it doesn't add up, then Jesus was a liar."

There was a book that showed that a check of the scriptures minus the "Good Friday" predisposition shows that Wednesday rather than Friday is not so unreasonable. (There are more Sabbaths than the ones on the "seventh day" of every week.)

Back in Oswego, some brother tells me: "I've been looking for **one thing** to think on in any situation."

3068.	יהוה	SELF EXISTENT
3091.	יהושע	JESUS, JOSHUA

I prayed lots. "I guess that was my problem, Will: lack of prayer." It didn't seem to hit Bill very hard.

So, I'm praying, and: "That's it!"

Why would YH God use Strong's Hebrew Dictionary at all?

He put that book in front of me again. He turned to a page I'd seen more than enough. He directed my eyes to

3467. ישי׳ yasha`. I'd seen it too many times.

ישי׳ yasha`, He then reminded me, is His character.

ישי׳ yasha`: all that is in Jesus, now in one word.

ישי׳ yasha`- 'free'! 'open'! 'wide'! 'safe'!

Previously, He had shown me His 'Business Card:' יהוה

But now, He was showing me all His 'Brief Case:' ישי׳

3467.	ישי׳	FREE, SAFE, OPEN, WIDE
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E N D O F V O L U M E III

1981 Hebrew words at the Kitchen table.

Jonny wrote me from Florida. (All of a sudden!) it was confirmation that I should leave Oswego once and for all! There I was, counting my monies from Income Tax refunds. "(I'm loaded!)"

When I left Oswego, I had the ה'ה conjugations, ה'הוה י'שע הוה אהיה, a Bible, a paperback Strong's Concordance and dreams of my messages to the churches in the villages below.

Fluttering Wings came upon me at Syracuse Bus Terminal- Strange Sounds of some Big <Spirit> Bird alighting me and power in that syllable "Yah."

I hung out in an abandoned factory for a few days. And Beth's boyfriend drove across Ohio for me and back.

At their apartment, I'd just lit a smoke, heading outside for a walk, when some voice came at me: "GO BACK!" It was immediate; too strong to blow off. In the kitchen, the match that I'd used stayed lit and had caught some trash on fire. The trash can was under a window with curtains. Flames were about to reach them.

At Marti's in Dayton, there I am, giving Saffron the dog some supper. Good doggy! Reagan got shot on Monday.

I visited Jonn and his wife in New Smyrna Beach. (The Space Shuttle first launched out then.) But I decided to live back in Western New York. My main ride back was by some "Junior," a Viet Nam Vet. We ended up at a friend of his watching some Televangelist show. I spoke: "What do they know. Why should I follow that?"

"You'd better, if you don't want to go to Hell!"

They gave me that and a carton of smokes. I walked out back. Thinking on my plans, looking down at their town.

In N.Y., I thought about becoming Catholic. I inquired at a priest. His responses ceased to impress me.

A High School friend told me her story of getting saved and encouraged me to get back into fellowship. And the old girlfriend, the one I 'saved,' saw me at her job (department store cashiering). She said I needed help.

Then came The Speech. My sister Justi was present at its delivery at the Kitchen table at Mom's in Warsaw. I gave my Experience of GOD: I gave the Hebrew words.

My parents lived far apart, headed for divorce. But they agreed on one thing: Kirk goes to College. I caved.

I wrote Bill Moody all of my complaints against the Oswego church. He wrote back: "You sniveling selfish little whining rat. You had the affection and love of a

great girl; and you wasted it, being so concerned about your plans, your projects..." Yeah, well...

In the community college guidance office, I answered 1000 questions in some career counseling computer program. Its computations resulted in its printout of three suggestions for my career: Contracting Company Owner and Chief, Ship's Captain and... I forget. **"Walk with JESUS CHRIST"** wasn't in its programming, I guess. (Hobby? The wish: **"My Little Radio Cabin"** on the High-Hill, with Big Antenna, broadcasting tunes and spreading my ethereal magazine over the countryside. Yeah. Some would know me around the towns. A few would like me.)

At one of Hawk's parties, with Dave back from US Air Force training, an old classmate asked: "We all wonder what you've been up to (since High School. We remember) at Graduation, you stole the show!"

Eating at Mom's was great- reminders of FAMILY.

For a college paper, I cut the Main Hebrew Words from my paperback Strong's and 40 words from a dictionary. These, I said, would be the structure of My Book.

But partly from the fact that God hadn't counseled me to college, I quit my job and college after some travelling adventures with a borrowed car.

I tried moving in with friends in the country. Every day was loaded on hemp, was no work, was dull oppression.

Then I moved in with Dad in Gouverneur.

Lunch with Dad in an old diner downtown, with people of the town walking by and saying 'Hi' was pretty great.

In some travels, I asked Dad about Iwo Jima: "Why so many casualties? Why didn't they just blow it to (Hell) before they went in?" "We did! Four days! Greatest fireworks you could ever see. They were just so well dug in!" Dad quoted me Shakespeare a couple times:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
which, taken at its swell (the flood),
leads on to victory (fortune)."

Brutus, Julius Caesar, Act IV, scene iii

Dad and his friends were trying to make me a Mason.

I paid Oswego a visit. A brother warned: "I don't think you're going the right way." But he recanted later.

I visited the Parks, too. They told me about their imminent move to the Albany area and offered to house me and have me work in their Vinyl Repair business.

And I spent some hours back in a library: "(Man, books refresh me!)" Some got me scratching my head, like Bertrand Russell: "'God' as 'First Cause' had to come from some 'Cause' which had to come from some 'Cause' which.... It's an endless hall of mirrors!" I **wondered** why such smart men could fool themselves into a lifetime without GOD by such flimsy argument-concoctions. Refusing the only הוה SELF EXISTENT, they make out everything to be self-existent or non-existent.

1983 "There must be a God!" "Shut up!"

"(At least I did the most important thing one can do in this life: I took Jesus Christ as my (Lord and) Savior)."

I applied for college in Computer Graphics (CAD/CAM).

Dad moved back to Warsaw to marry someone (else) there. I finally moved after getting into alcohol (rum with coffee) and getting lonely enough to phone sister Nancy.

Mr. T and I talked of my hopes in CAD/CAM and of (my own?) church- a close-knit group of friends. "That would be exceptional, to have it happen twice in one lifetime." He was referring to 'The Clan' as being the first.

Mark (of 'The Songbirds') paid a visit from San Francisco. He'd done pretty well, career-wise. Mark: "The last time we talked, in 1975, all you talked about was 'Jesus... Jesus... Jesus...'"

Back at a library, I looked at a witchcraft book. It left me sick, black and with a kind of 'stink.' It took two days to clear away. I was glad it cleared away.

I worked at a factory in Castile. A couple of my High School classmates were there. For sure, they said "What's he here for? I thought he was going 'BIG PLACES!'"

Dad got married to someone else. Her name is Lois.
Mom moved to a trailer in Castile.

I got an apartment. In my many visits to the library, I started at Existentialism. It didn't pan out.

Two dreams remain: In a house of three rooms with three machines, I manage to get them running united. And a drive through some Town called 'Enduel' with a sister.

One night, on my knees, praying for help ("There must be a God!") a voice came back, a voice to answer my starving spirit. Yes, a voice came saying: "Shut up!"

I quit college before starting.

But I reconsidered. By then, my CAD/CAM seat was lost. Electrical Engineering Technology had a 'ring' to it.

At Orientation, a girl took me to her room. (Why am I continually passing these chances up?)

A picture was taken for my College photo ID at my college inception. It was Excellent: a record of my soul.

I approached the School's Newspaper editor with an idea of monthly news updates in the five fields that the college taught: electronics, nursing, agriculture, etc. He liked it. But I dropped it. I had other things going, like being Guru to some rock band with a female singer playing U2 tunes. Why wasn't I quite 'discovered?'

Smokes in the breezeway, where the young men congregate, new tech's of 'The (Computer & Electronics) Age:' I fit in and we had a craft that my 'teammates' already saw I excelled in. I walked the campus: a mighty high Tower.

I talked with the department head about job prospects. Why did I go away wondering if there'd be a place for me?

The old girlfriend talked with me at a coffee shop about being a Christian. She lived nearby and went to a Baptist church. Divorced, she had a boyfriend there.

I'd tried drugs again: hemp. I'd been obvious about it. Dad talked with me on Thanksgiving break: "Kirk. I'm begging you to stop! You have so many talents. What you could do! What can't you do?!" (The old You-can-do-anything-you-set-your-heart-to line. Yea. The old You-could-be-President speech.)

Some Saturday at the top of one of the college's hill of stairs, there I am: Desolate and, dare I say,

BORED!

I had **הוה** and all the words. But I wasn't spending any time with them.

My Excellent photo ID was unraveling at a corner. I went to get it repaired. The lady took it in her hand and, without warning, ripped the entire thing off. It was destroyed. There went my ID, my identity.

In December 1983 I prayed in a Baptist church with its campus pastor. I prayed to return to God and Jesus under the gaze of a church again.

I read scripture and alot of books about Martin Luther.

At an Anti-abortion meeting at Houghton College, I told a couple of preachers: "I want to be a preacher."

But I called the church at Oswego about moving back to study teaching at SUNY Oswego. They told me: "We're no longer in Gospel Outreach." "(MAN!)" I visited there. Peter said some Apostle named 'Rumble' from Kingston N.Y. was visiting in two days. The next day, I walked around SUNY Oswego, realizing: "(I have no place here!)"

At Alfred church, we had a Cults Seminar, which I'd seen before. And Fellowship dinners: this was family. Roger the pastor asked: "How do you know God wants you to be a teacher?" It got me thinking. He had talked about the business he and his brother had had and how it prepared him to be a preacher. I prayed. I heard. "God wants me to build a business."

After a visit in Rochester, I walked back to Alfred. It's about 70 miles. I walked 60. Some guy walked with me for a mile. He asked me where I was going. "TO PREACH THE GOSPEL!"

1984 Jim Durkin turns me aside: "You have
<rare> gift of Spiritual vision."

Despite all claims I'd made, I was filled with every fear about starting a business. I fell on the idea to go to Lighthouse Ranch, to re-enter Gospel Outreach. (Anyway, they've helped many create businesses.) I talked with Roger about it, then called Joe Anfuso in Eureka. In a week, all was set.

Old friends studying at Elohim were happy about me and my progress, except: "Why do you have to go to California? Why not do those things around here?"

I had a dinner with Mom, Ed & Mary Liz Degenfelder, Doc & Alice Crawford, Rev. Burlingame and his wife.

And Dad and I talked a bit.

On the Bus, leaving Buffalo, I was leaving the Mighty Slabs of its City and leaving Western New York behind. To see me off were Mom and Alice Crawford. I was going to Lighthouse Ranch... for good.

"So this is Lighthouse Ranch!" On a bluff looking over the Ocean, with Eureka a few miles north and- across the Eel River valley- the beginning of Cape Mendicino to the south (I would never see that view look the same way twice) it stood. With Lighthouse Ranch came its reputation: 'Changes,' 'Trials' and "It'll get you where you live."

The Director then was David Sorensen, who knew William Moody from his G.O. Alaska days in the early 1970's. There lived about fifty souls on the Ranch then.

I went, as all did, into Eureka on Sunday, to Deliverance Temple (a.k.a. Gospel Outreach Christian Center) where Jim Durkin was pastor and preacher. (He had about 40 elders around him: men who'd started churches elsewhere and come back.) The timely word lately was about "Dreams & Visions:" that God had planted in each of us a course to follow in life, the evidence of which was the desires, the yearnings that recurred and kept at us. I introduced myself to him and his wife Dacie again. Yes, they remembered me from Oswego. And there, amongst whom I remembered, were Joseph Anfuso, Tommy Kennedy, David Szczepanski, Bernie Haroldson, Steve Schrater.

Lighthouse Ranch was run by one Director and two Coördinators (Pastor and Elders in any other church setting.) Coördinators then were Todd and Ray. Ray gave me the low-down in my first week while I worked around the Ranch doing odd-jobs. I talked of my experience in G.O., 'Purpose & Vision,' 'Discipleship,' etc., etc. He said: "You know <the score>."

On my second Monday, I was asked to go into town and telemarket for SteamMaster. Tuesday, anticipating going with most to deliver Tri-City Advertisers (known affectionately at the Ranch as "Trial Cities" for the work they were at delivering), I was, instead, asked to become a crewman in SteamMaster. Todd said: "We need someone in there now. There's a hole to fill. You're the most available. You know the <G.O. 'ropes'>. You have some maturity." There were probably one or two that thought they were the next in line, not this 'new kid.'

Becoming part of SteamMaster was a Lighthouse Ranch privilege. You were recognized as a more stable brother, you were more of a provider and you were guaranteed five dollars allowance per week! SteamMaster- a carpet cleaning business- was one of two Ranch businesses, both housed and run from a building at 2nd and 'B' Streets in Eureka itself. The other was a chimney cleaning business.

At the first job on the first day, Todd showed up. He was his usual Happy, Cheery self- as this was one of the great lessons God had taught him: to be happy <Proverbs 17:22>. And he taught me about "The Cleaning Pie: Solution (soap, water, etc.), Heat, Agitation and Time."

My problem was temper. The tough physical labor got to me. But by the end of the first month, I'd gotten used to bearing this 'Yoke' of sorts so that, while Barry (from Rochester N.Y.!) and I cleaned rug at the local Firestone Tire shop, I turned to him: "Hey, I figured it out: I'm an 'Earth Mover!'" i.e. A Dirt Re-mover.

SteamMaster people went several times to Jim Durkin's 'Successful Living' classes. Jim Durkin, it's said, read constantly and everything. These classes were based on his scripture command and also two books: "The Richest Man in Babylon" and- a surprise- Napoleon Hill's "Think and Grow Rich." Jim Durkin made money by being wise about money. He talked about having a 'Circle of Advisors' (relationships with key people that you develop) and, as "Think..." said: "Create a <circumstance, system, business, mode of operating> that lets you be you."

Gospel Outreach had a Retreat. We were praying- the hundred or two of us there- for a brother or two. I suddenly had a vision and word. I spoke it out. Afterward one of the elders came to me and suggested that I'd spoken out of turn. In other words, I got yelled at.

I was feeling kind of low about this. A little later, Jim Durkin himself walked up to me. What was he going to say? Thousands of people, men of reknown and responsibility, drop at this man's word. What was he going to hit me with? Jim: "Over the years, as our paths have crossed, I've noticed in you a powerful gift of Spiritual vision- being able to see things in the Spirit that most others can't."

"But, these things I see are so plain (to me)."

"That's the way the gift operates."

We met Thursday nights ("Family night") in the main Building at the Ranch: worship, preaching, prayer. I gave a word one night; a small earthquake immediately followed- the first I'd ever felt. (The Eureka Newspaper confirmed a small earthquake out on the ocean in next day's paper.) I felt richer, as if prophesying made time or I was richer among the brothers for having a practised gift. And a couple of the longer-time Lighthouse Ranch brothers talked well about my prophecy: "You're real!"

Soon, I was a Crew Leader. God used this opportunity to strip away strange concepts I had of Being In Authority. Back at our SteamMaster office, on the Hot Water Heater in our washroom, a plate showed its TEST PRESSURE and its RUNNING PRESSURE (just one-half its TEST PRESSURE.) God told me that Lighthouse Ranch is my TEST PRESSURE time.

Cleaning some lady's couch in some high-priced home on some high-priced street in a gloomy Eureka day, I had to admit whatever was down deep inside me: "You hate me, God!" God was taking the trash out. <Psalm 61>

An emergency arose, a water damage job that came in on Todd's wedding day, Saturday. "(Don't we ever get to go to the good stuff? Always work!)" I called Lighthouse Ranch trying to reach Todd for guidance about the job. Some other brother who knew nothing about carpet cleaning answered, of course. He told me to do what I already concluded I should do but wanted reassurance for. "(Maybe I don't need so much reassuring.)"

After a Saturday Night job, I tell my crewman: "Sometimes, even though it's GOD having you do stuff, it's still somebody else." You get that way at times, being pushed around. Even though it's GOD, it's still somebody else pushing you around. You would never push yourself around that way.

Joe and I had a talk. (Joe was an elder in the church. That made a difference to some people.) I wanted to move into town, get a job, get an apartment. I was sick of the discomfort (especially the long hours and demands) of SteamMaster. What Dave Sorensen called "the Cleaning Game" remained all TEST to me. Joe told me: "You know what you should do. You know what God wants you to do." Yes, I did. Going into town would have to wait.

At some gym-floor cleaning, I saw the Beautiful Girl- in dress and boots.

One job was a large carpet at a school. I complained. But afterward: "Oh, if life were all like that!" It was bare: no obstructions (chairs, tables, etc.)

We worked forty miles outside of town after Election Day. We voted in Lolita, did a small job and then went. My crewman, Tim, was from around there: Willow Creek. We took an hour off to go to his growing-up place. He appreciated it. We got extra work, too. When I called in, I told the office. The other crewleader answered the phone: the tough guy, the bully, the guy that could sell

extra service on a dime. (There was always some competition between the two crews to motivate us to sell extras while on a job. The other crew ALWAYS won.) He was astonished that I'd sold extra work. I didn't have the heart to tell him that the customer had approached me.

Todd said we did a certain lady's place every year. And every year, she'd call back, saying we'd missed a spot or two, requiring a return visit. But after my partner and I did her place, she never called back. I was worried: "I must have blown it bad!"

Through a hundred customers, I found: "Is everything OK?" coming out of their mouths too often. I found that wearing a smile changed that.

Through two hundred customers, I got sick and tired of the obligatory 'Butterflies' before going into a new house, meeting a new customer. So, I shewed them away.

After finishing at some place in Fortuna, we had our equipment packed up, ready to leave at the end of the day. But the customer pointed out that we hadn't cleaned his upholstered chair. There it was, on the work order. I was tempted to blow up. I didn't. I got the equipment back out. We did it. Maybe my crewman was impressed.

At one of our morning meetings at the SteamMaster office, I'd had it: "I've had it! Work! Work! Work!"

As we left Deliverance Temple one Sunday, to get into our run-down bus to go back to our run-down Lighthouse Ranch, Jim's wife Dacie, pointing to me, spoke to one of the married sisters: "Take care of my Oswego friend!"

'Meanwhile, back at the Ranch....' Dave Sorensen spoke of Lighthouse Ranch being "a door into the Spirit World" as he played electric guitar on family nights at times.

In December 1984, G.O. was host to an Apostles & Prophets conference. We were all let in on it on Sunday. Jim Durkin had all the conference's participants stand up front in threes. Then he had us go to whichever group we wanted and have them pray for a concern of our choosing. I went to the one with Alex in it- the elder of G.O. Birmingham, England. I had them pray for a second England team. (Yup. They hadn't sent one there yet.) Alex: "Lord, show him where" (as he puts his hand on my heart). Dave Sczepanski was in this group of three: "Kirk, 'The Lord has placed you in the Body as it has pleased him.'"

Michael Dalton was at the conference, too. He found me. I told him I was at the Ranch. Michael: "Tremendous."

In February, 1985, I began some fasting. I'd pray about my future and saw a faint impression of 'NY Finance.' I started planning out a business, like I'd begun at Alfred: a truck, picture-taking and picture-making tools, products. I drew out the plan and showed David Sorensen. "We're here to help your vision in whatever way we can."

Matt took over as my crewman. I wondered if he could handle it. Over the time we worked together, his willingness made him capable.

We heard back from that lady who Todd said always called back. She hadn't called us back because... we'd gotten every spot.

At another job, the woman's (son, father, brother, ..) just died. I told her: "Too bad you can't bring them back from the dead. Too bad no one's ever come back from the dead... (Wait a minute!) One did come back! Ever heard of

JESUS?"

About March 19th, I called Dad to wish him 'Happy Birthday.' I talked about my upcoming re-talk with "...one of the older brothers here, elders, one who knew me far back, back in Oswego, in '75, '76. I'm going to be ironing out my (vision/goals) for the next years with him." I was now on 'the other side of the mountain,' having proven some character. He was now respondent to my wishes: part time job, rest of the time drawing, etc. Joe said: "I feel good about all this. Last November, I would have said 'No.'" And "This drawing desire may be of God; you've had it so long."

Along with this, I'd flatly refused graduating to the next step at SteamMaster, which would have been Salesman. (Can you believe that they wanted me to be a salesman. But then, this is what Lighthouse Ranch was famous for: arranging a niche for you that wasn't quite your niche, but brought out something hidden in you.) I talked to Todd about not being at Lighthouse Ranch: "It's hard for me to accept. I thought I'd be staying here forever."

After a Sunday meeting, Bernie Haroldson drove up and asked: "Need a ride?" "No. I'm just going for a walk."

Yeah, I was going to go into town and be just one of the brothers- pursuing my dreams. Lighthouse Ranch gave me a month or so to find a job in town. At the Library, I studied a career-counseling book for a while.

I went into town every day, looking for work. Todd came by with a job lead. But I passed it off. Can you believe it? Not long after, I was thinking about... COLLEGE and Western New York. I knocked on Todd's door: "Pray about me going back to New York."

I called Steve Parks, living outside Albany, N.Y., who'd written me months before, offering me a place to stay.

Coming home to Lighthouse Ranch one day, a brother talked to someone about what 'Hallelujah' meant: "Praise to the covenant-keeping God." And I was thinking... that the interpretation on the 'JAH' part wasn't quite up to speed.

1985 Lighthouse Ranch, California. Their last prayer: "I command all that is not of God to manifest itself," with a ringing in the crown of my head where his hand is.

Todd gave me the best compliment: "You've had an especially hard (mood) time here, compared with all of the people I've seen go through here." The Hallmark of Lighthouse Ranch being Tough Times, I'd done quite a job!

G.O. got together with The Vineyard. Some 'well-healed' brothers started visiting the Ranch, praying for people: Emotional Healing and all that. Anon, they ask for me.

They asked about my sin-scars that might still annoy and whence recieved. When I proceeded to graphic specifics, they say: "OK! That's far enough!" And they pray: "I command all that is not of God to manifest itself." Nothing happens; except a wonderful ringing at the crown of my head where one of their hands is.

David Sorensen got me work for 'Get-Home' money.

I wrote to Dad; he wrote back. Therefore, I knew all of the family knew that I was coming Back East- hitchhiking.

In my last week, Todd said: "I wish we had some money for you. We're pretty low right now." "I could have made more at Warner's. But I wanted the challenge of the Cross-Country Hitchhike. I'm confident that it's right."

At my last at Deliverance Temple, I told Jim: "Thanks for all the teaching through the years." "Thank you ..."

Tim McTague found a mummybag along Rt. 101.

Another Lighthouse Ranch brother gave me his raincoat/poncho- a real good one he had hidden away.

Yet another- was it Don?- gave me a little tent.

Bobby loaned me a full-sized metal-framed hiking pack. I stuffed it: my load would be 38 pounds.

Three of us were sent out Family night May 30th, 1985. (Matt: "(There's) A lot of love (for you here tonight.)") We each gave a little speech. Then everyone gathered around and prayed. Todd asked that I be protected from unusual people during my journey. Then a brother, a law student from town, prophesied of me: "...wandering, you will not return (here) until you have answered

'WHY?'

I headed out Saturday, June 1st hitchhiking: my first in years, my last forever. A SteamMaster crew passed on the other side of Rt.101 in Arcata. They honked. I waved.

After four rides- my first time outside of California in a year- I was let off on Easy Street.

My sixth ride was to a Christian halfway house. The care-taker fixed himself (and me) a grudging meal. At a lumber place, I made a better sign: a 12-inch square of painted-white plywood that I put a cut-out tar-paper hitch-hiker hand on. I tied it on my back-pack.

The ninth ride, we talked about religion. He said: "Everyone needs their 'warm fuzzies.'" I ripped up my sign's hand into six strips, making an 'N' and a 'Y.'

The twelfth ride, the guy was down: "My friend just died." What did I say?

There were no rides off the Oregon to Washington bridge. I prayed and went over to Interstate 84 and got a ride pronto. I stayed the night along a railroad track. The sun was on the tent that morning and it was hot! And I was hot. I tried to untie my mummy bag (I'd tied it tightly around my neck in the night's cold) and it got into a real knot. So, I tried to unzip the bag from the inside. Of course, there was no tab to do this with. Three times I tried grabbing at what I could of the zipper. Then my heart starts pounding. My hands were in the bag; I couldn't open any windows for fresh- cold- air. I told myself to calm down. "(Yeah. That's what they say to do in an emergency.)" Great ADVICE. Who can DO IT? My heart was POUNDING! What next? What next. you say? My whole life flashed in front of me. That's what. "(OH, MAN, THIS IS IT! THIS IS IT! It can't end this way. I can't end this way!)" (PANIC!) And I heard Someone say: "Judah!" And the zipper budged. And I was out.

Later, packing everything away, some unusual thought came: "Get out of here any way you can." So, my fourteenth ride was some young guy with, as he said, a stolen car. We gassed up; a county mounty was nearby. He was nervous. We hit Interstate 84. And State Police- two in a car- pulled up behind us, then beside us, just behind. The kid is NERVOUS! I continued preaching the gospel. He says he's heard it. He'd made a commitment somewhere. The Police drove past. I directed him: "Better leave me off here. And next exit, ditch the car."

I stayed a day with Michael Dalton and family in Spokane, Washington. He took me to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

I walked- hiked- on that road. The West's Interstates are untravelled enough that you can walk them for miles. I was fit. It was the very best moment of the trip.

At Billings, I changed my sign from 'NY' to 'ND' at the split of Interstate 90 & 94. An Electronics Technician and I talked about his 'support group of friends.' Did I tell him about mine? He gave me a meal and \$20.

An Indian got me clear across North Dakota. I changed 'ND' back to 'NY.'

I had enough now to take a bus the rest of the way. And rides weren't forthcoming. I thought of giving up. But "Try a little longer." Getting wet (my poncho had a couple of leaks). I debated between "Try a little longer, Kirk" and "You're a Damn Fool, Kirk!" A little longer got

longer. But, there she was: a girl, going to play softball, my twenty-fourth.

It was raining off and on in Racine. I complained to God. I went for some breakfast: a couple break-fastfood sandwiches. Dried out, I went again; and it rained... again. "I've had it! This is the 14th day!..."

When.....?" Some Truck Driver walked out from the Truckers' Stop & Restaurant: "Where are you going?" "Buffalo!" "Well, come on! I'll give you a ride!" "(God! God, I'm so embarrassed about complaining.)" "Pray, Kirk. Give me all you've got. That's the only Kirk I want!"

And it was Kink- a friend from the old days- that got me to Warsaw. He asked if I was still into that "Bible..." "Yes." He said: "It's an Open book."

After a few days rest, I headed to Albany with my N Y sign still useful.

The fortieth ride was some guy in Bloomfield thinking I was running away from God.

My forty-fourth was to Steve Park's "Mountain Lodge."

1. Drug Dealer	Trinidad	CA	1985	6	1	Sat
2. Indians	Crescent City	CA	1985	6	1	Sat
3. short ride	Crescent City	CA	1985	6	2	Sun
4. Old man, boy, truck, Easy St.	Brookings	OR	1985	6	2	Sun
5. "Mr. Big Shot" radio operator	Brookings	OR	1985	6	2	Sun
6. a christian divorcee	Coos Bay	OR	1985	6	2	Sun
7. Cranberry Farmer	Eugene	OR	1985	6	3	Mon
8. Racks; Maps of all US Florists	c. Salem	OR	1985	6	3	Mon
9. Paul B____ski, software tech.	Portland	OR	1985	6	3	Mon
10. 2 'farmers'	Vancouver	WA	1985	6	3	Mon
11. G.O. ride; small businessman	Portland	OR	1985	6	4	Tue
12. "My friend just died."	Portland	OR	1985	6	4	Tue
13. "NY!"	Portland	OR	1985	6	4	Tue
14. Mike Sawyer	past Portland	OR	1985	6	5	Wed
15. Get his girl back	Spokane	WA	1985	6	5	Wed
16. Elder from old days	Coeur d'Alene	ID	1985	6	7	Fri
17. Mine worker	Kellogg	ID	1985	6	7	Fri
18. I walk to	Wallace	ID	1985	6	7	Fri
19. Russ truck driver	Missoula	MT	1985	6	7	Fri
	Billings	MT	1985	6	8	Sat
20. Electronics Tech.	Glendive	MT	1985	6	9	Sun
21.	past Glendive	MT	1985	6	9	Sun
22. Indian	Moorhead	MN	1985	6	10	Mon
23. Hard luck, divorced, wife	St. Cloud	MN	1985	6	10	Mon
24. The Girl; softball game	c. Monticello	MN	1985	6	11	Tue
25. Darryl Tervyl	Minneapolis	MN	1985	6	11	Tue
26. bus	c. St.Paul	MN	1985	6	12	Wed
27. Walk to	c. St.Paul	MN	1985	6	12	Wed
28. Fake ride	c. St.Paul	MN	1985	6	12	Wed
29. Fake ride	c. St.Paul	MN	1985	6	12	Wed
30. Dr. MacDonald, salesman	Milwaukee	WS	1985	6	13	Thu
31. G.O. ride; bus	Milwaukee	WS	1985	6	14	Fri
32. Divorced	Racine	WS	1985	6	14	Fri
33. Jeep, drunk driver	Kenosha	WS	1985	6	14	Fri
34. Walk back to Racine	Racine	WS	1985	6	15	Sat
35. Truck Driver	Belfast	NY	1985	6	16	Sun
36.	Fillmore	NY	1985	6	16	Sun
37. Kink	Warsaw	NY	1985	6	16	Sun
38.	Cuylerville	NY	1985	6	27	Thu
39. Girl- railroad <follower>	Lima	NY	1985	6	27	Thu
40. 'Bloomfield'	Canandaigua	NY	1985	6	27	Thu
41. Wedding man	Geneva	NY	1985	6	28	Fri
42. Drunk	Waterloo	NY	1985	6	28	Fri
43. Seneca Co. Sheriff's Deputy	Thruway Exit 41	NY	1985	6	29	Sat
44. Catholic 'solidarity'	Mountain Lodge	NY	1985	6	29	Sat

1986 '...When will they learn? How will they hear? When will they know?' '...Hope I live to tell the secrets I have heard. Until then, it will burn inside of me.'

Riding with Steve as he Vinyl Repaired, we talked of G.O.: "Jim spoke at the church we go to now. I talked to him when the Oswego split was coming down..." It seemed that Paul Wagner got to feeling there were too many little Jim Durkins (i.e the travelling elders) visiting every other month.

Michael Bowers, their church's pastor, was "...building a church that looks like Jesus." Their church was 'Schenectady Christian Community,' overseen by association with 'Maranatha,' a church group out of Dallas, Texas and by the Rumbles in Kingston, N.Y.

At Steve's church, I was proud to say I came from Lighthouse Ranch. Nobody knew what I was talking about. Here I was again- having to start all over, having to prove myself to yet one more group of people: the whole set of hoops to jump through to give the benefit to their doubt!

Steve and I talked with Michael about my past and my plans. Michael had Steve call the Ranch for their report on me.

We visited Oswego. I saw Will and Jean Moody.

We went to the Conference in Kingston that The Rumbles held every year in an old movie theater. A pair of prophets went through the crowd, giving a word here and there. One was quite experienced, with a good reputation. He was training the other one. They picked on me. Some of my group were called over to witness. The Prophecy was about The Prodigal [i.e. Me]: "As you keep walking toward The Father, He'll give you a ring and a robe."

Will Moody wrote some feedback: "I KNOW your vision is from God..."

Michael had a chart: Five Levels, with 'Apostolic Foundation' (Level 1) to 'Church Planting Teams' (Level 5). He showed it off now and then, mostly then.

Steve had an instructional book on Sales- very good. It showed definite principles to selling, contrary to it being all 'balls' and pressure. Sales is a service.

I spoke of what things God had done in me about The Name- The Hebrew Words and all. Steve & Lois Parks told me of a book: "Tetragrammaton, Key to The Universe." But they couldn't find it.

We preached the gospel at SUNY Cobleskill. I made a tract: "I AM... is free..." etc. I was paired with the evangelist: "I detect a teaching gift in you, brother."

I tried for a Mechanical Drawing job that Steve's friend David Croteau told us about. No dice.

The Parks were tiring of my presence, bless them. I was encouraged to look for work in town (Cobleskill).

Dave and Dad drove out from Western New York to take me back for Christmas/ New Year's. All of us kids were going to be there. They wondered, again, where I was headed. Dave lamented: "What are you going to do with that wonderful body of yours?"

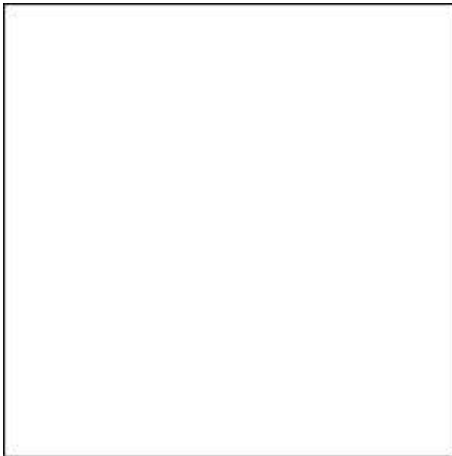
I got a job at a big department store, working 30 hours a week, 7AM-Noon, Mon-Sat. My expenses were low. The rest of my time, I drew, read or researched at the libraries.

A brother had a book on Biblical Hebrew that I perused some. We had the same birthday. He came by on my 30th.

I'd begin to get bored at work. After all, it was a cleaning job. Do you know what God answered me with? Do you know what he said? Not: "Get a better job." Not: "Go to college, Kirk. Get a career!" No, nothing like that. He said, time after time: "Hey! Remember Me?" So, I'd think on Him. And nothing else mattered.

A song hit me from the tape or satellite-feed- the background music and P.A. announcements at the store. One song hit me hard. The song "(Who is that?)" went like 'When will they learn? How will they hear?

When will they know?' and later
'Hope I live to tell the secrets I have heard.
Until then, it will burn inside of me.'



1987 "(Is that my yardstick?)"

I moved to Troy. I went to college. (Who was pushing me this time?) I walked back and forth to school every day. (I didn't take the bus because I needed food money.)

I skipped church meetings until... the end of February.

Thence, I moved to Albany, April 1st, 1987. I remember the city lights outside my upper room- the red lights atop Corning Tower, off downtown, a mile or two away.

One of the elders called me "The Mystery Man," as if I wanted to keep everyone in the dark. Anyone with enough questions could solve the mystery.

At the end of the semester, I tried to give up school. I met with that elder. We talked about my plans. He mocked them and cursed them. Thereafter, I talked with him twice: tried to, at least. I brought all my pictures to our second talk, wanting to go over all of my wishes and to solve his "Mystery" about me. But he had no time for them- even though he went to college for drawing. Seemed like a pretty good mentor-fit to me.

This isn't the only time some 'leader' hasn't seen my passions as assets. There's good ones. There's bad ones. Leaders, that is.

One of the intermittent brothers had Interlinear Bibles. He showed them off to me once.

We were to preach the Gospel in Albany. I made up a new tract- about "Jesus" meaning "YHWH is salvation, deliverance" and such.

At Michael Bowers' seminar on gifts in the Church, his one key to using them all was: "Pray for compassion."

To Rick Cross, an elder: "I believe my place (in Life and in Church) is spoken about here <Isaiah 3:3>: 'The Eloquent Orator.'" It didn't seem to hit him that hard.

I left church again- September 1987.

I was watching a TV Movie of a Girl, a Wolf and a Train. Seeing the girl's adventures, I was reminded of my own and, with my Companion, cried to Him: "Daddy!"

But a church sister called and then spoke her concern that I was "unprotected." What lay in me was not quite strong yet to repel all of Hell (A Strong Voice with strong commands to rip my head off); Not quite yet. I contacted the church. (You can't keep too much secret when it drags you down; brotherhood is brotherhood.)

We were advised from the preaching: "The battle for your mind begins the moment you wake up." And I was thinking: "(That's a bit more of a battle than is right. You should have alot of that territory won if you're

'playing your cards right' at all. <Proverbs 16:7>.)"
Jesus also said:

"Be careful how your ears hear."

Mark 4:24

Going home on a bus, I ask, I wonder, if I'm O.K. (with God, you know, etc). I answer myself: "(Am I O.K. with (the church eldership)?)" But I started to think in the next months: "(Is that supposed to be my yardstick?)"

Light of the World (Schenectady Christian Community) detached from Rumbles and their friend Owen Carey; I asked the elders why. "They're into 'multiplicity of eldership.' We think that's a <trashy> idea. Someone needs to lead! And they're not into church planting, either."

The Seaburgs started coming to Light of The World; they knew Willie & (the late) Avery DeGolyer. They went to the Geneseo (Cuylerville) assembly during the late 70's.

I had a long fast over the top of the year- 1~4 Jan 1988- for all my future.

One Sunday, Michael called those who felt a calling to lead to come up front. He raised his hand upon us, pronouncing Isaiah 58:8-12.

"Those who come of you will build the old ruins.

You will raise the foundations of many generations.

And you will be called:

THE REPAIRER OF THE BROKEN,

THE RESTORER OF PATHS TO DWELL IN."

1988 "...an opening! Won't be open for long!"
 "The LORD has spoken. Who can but
 prophesy!" "I've heard the name of GOD!"

We helped Elim start a B.A.S.I.C. chapter at the State College. They showed a movie on campus to attract students. I went to the organizational meeting beforehand: thirty or so of us. I gave a 'word.' No one gave me a thank-you, or 'Attaboy,' or pat on the back.

I'd help the worship musicians at church, working with Larry Denham, the brother in charge of the sound equipment, mixing the sound, etc. He'd drive up to Lake George after meetings quite a bit. He asked me (and many others) along.

I impressed a Professor when interest led me to derive the OpAmp formula. All through college, professors and advisors prodded: "You've got to go on to Engineering school- a 4-year degree. There is no way that you'll enjoy a job with anything less... with your calibre."

I showed a career advisor my mountain of plans. He was impressed. But it all boiled down to books and pictures.

At the end of college, they wanted to put me in some Honorary Fraternity. I couldn't do it. I couldn't do it. My thinking is: Oaths mean something. But I didn't want to face my teachers and classmates with "NO."

I quit school.

I was out of money, too.

I talked about it to no one.

Potatoes were my solitary (un)voluntary poverty 'meat.'
I drew.

I went to New York City with my pictures. In a little woods in Queens, with the pressure of my picture-selling plot upon me, I cried to my God: "I love you so much!"

I got a job fixing radios back in Albany.

Investigating the dates and generational lists given in Scripture, I made a chart running the dates back. It was interesting: that Adam and Abraham were so close, etc.

The Light of The World Venezuela team broke up.

We preached at a Grateful Dead concert in Saratoga Springs. I made a tract. Some thought it (and me) rough.

Tony Fitzgerald, an apostle from Tasmania, stopped in every few months. He commended about our worship atmosphere. We had a certain "Sound" he'd heard only once before in all of his travels in all of his years. It was significant for community. It was singled out. <Exodus 30:34-38> He commended our worship leader, Larry Pape.

Larry said that the quality was way before him. Michael said that Light of The World started in worship: one special night in the '70's when a small prayer group's worshipping didn't end for hours.

Michael pointed out that the 'H' sound is <the God sound>, that it's prevalent in 'YHVH,' etc. He quoted someone's translation of YHVH as "The Lord most vehement." I concluded: "(Kind of shy of the bull's eye.)"

At a Sunday worship, I felt a power... in the Name! (Curious.) Many people sensed something special and strong. Michael said: "We've got to get to the bottom of this." So, he called for a 'Corporate Meeting' Wednesday night. The week progressed, thinking on the Name: "'IHWH.' What exact simple privacy open!"

The meeting began with worship, then prophecies: not for individuals, but announcing things to us. "There is an opening in The Spirit! It won't be open for long! You must walk through now!" "(But God, I'm not ready, at all! I don't want to open my mouth, one bit. The teaching (of The Name) has not come yet (with the revelation that has certainly come.) Please!)" Then: "The Lord GOD has spoken! Who can but prophesy?!" "(I MUST SPEAK.)"

"I've heard the Name of GOD!"

	SELF EXISTENT
	SELF EXISTENT IS FREE, SAFE, OPEN, WIDE
	FREE, SAFE, OPEN, WIDE

1989 As with most, he ignores the very Name...
to get to something 'important.'

Dennis Peacock was starting "Rebuilders" in 1988. Everyone went to the Huge Seminar. He was organizing people to help Society when the Government breaks down. (Some believe that the Government's going to break down.) A couple points: "Ever been hit by <the reality> that you have Someone Else inside you?" And about the three questions that, if anyone answers, they can't refute that God exists. "Write me. I'll give them to you." But I have my one (answer) after all: SELF EXISTENT.

I lost a jackknife and my ID bracelet. It bugged me. I burned many things at Thanksgiving: memories from the past, pictures, mementos, icons, reliquaries, idols, little things... I figured if there are to be no second-sources of input, reminders of who you are, sometimes you throw things out.

I partook in Abortion protests. You get a predominant reaction of "Get a Life!" from the World. But there's an army-commune-underground-resistance-clan spirit that such shared-suffering often thankfully produces.

At a Christmas party, I gave the witness of the recent past: "This has been 'The Best Year of my Life.'"

They laid two of us off at the radio shop. I was one. In a dinette that night, there I was- just wanting to take my money, get on a bus and vamoose!

I allowed the brothers to talk me back into college. I got a job, too. My boss, Jerry, encouraged me in my hobby, my off-time activity: writing my book (this book). Dad and his wife came for a visit. We had dinner with Rick Cross and family. Dad really liked them. "Steady." At home group, a brother (lawyer for a New York State Senator) taught about The Name of God. His subject was the endings of 'Yahweh' and 'El:' -Jireh, -Tsidkenu, -Shaddai, etc., not about Yahweh (YHWH) itself.

The Light of The World eldership showed "The Lord's Prayer" seminar on tape. As usual with all, <the preacher> walked right by the first and most necessary point (YHWH) to get to <something (that he thought was 'important,' like those endings (-Jireh, -Nissi, -etc, etc, etc.)> or the other stanzas of The Prayer ("Give us our daily bread," etc.) without establishing The First stanza First. (After all, Jesus put it first.)

"Our Father, which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name."

1989 How and what constitute change? Usually, to capture what people think (i.e. meditate) on (habitually) (when they're not 'on stage,' 'under someone's eye,' etc.) The thoughts seem so mundane. But they turn out to be so habit, so deep: People's 'inhabitants.' People's identity.

It was Autumn 1989: the Fall of the Fall of Communism. After giving two or three more 'words' at home group meetings and the like, I wondered if there was any good to 'words' or preaching at all, seeing as it's 'In one ear/ out the other.' How and what constitutes change? Usually, the only hope of it is to capture what people meditate on (habitually), think on as a habit. The thoughts seem so mundane. But they turn out to be so habitual, so deep. People's 'inhabitants.' People's identity. The idle thoughts. Over and over. Layer upon layer. Day after day. Severe or huge things that you did or were in. Things people said. That which happened... from which your mind can't fully escape. This is the material of which we are made. WE ARE THEY. THEY ARE OUR HOME. And there are so very few new thoughts around to be had.

יִהְיֶה	SELF EXISTENT
יִהְיֶה שֶׁ	SELF EXISTENT IS FREE, SAFE, OPEN, WIDE
יִהְיֶה	EXIST
יִהְיֶה	BREATHE
יִהְיֶה	LIVE
יִהְיֶה	WISH
יִהְיֶה	FREE, SAFE, OPEN, WIDE

I lost some gloves then a hat on the bus. It bugged me. It got me thinking.

I'd been reading whole sections- ten pages- of scripture each day. I started picking one scripture per day as that day's meditation. Then I started picking one scripture to meditate on for a few days, till it got in me: "Now unto him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy...]" (These were the same words that Rev. Burlingame put on us after church every Sunday back in Bliss.) If something like that could get in me, maybe I wouldn't make such careless mistakes or "keep falling."

The home group leader and I went to Stockbridge, Mass. I confessed: "I have a hard time accepting that God wants me having an excellent, well-protected life." Insistent God.

All of my works- writings, drawings, plannings, wishings- lay on my bed. I prayed over them. There I was. I summed them in a 'business plan' writing to my church leaders.

At this time, my meditation was: "EXISTENT IS FREE. EXISTENT IS FREE. EXISTENT IS..." singling out that one thing on which it could feed for years.

† 40 †

1990 Janu 1: after 16 years, at 33+ years old, now 10 years past, I knelt, I swore: "[(SELF) EXISTENT]: No matter what I go through, let this [Your Name] be the only thing in me forever."

T H E E N D

I FRIDAY NIGHT

A 1. <SELF EXISTENT>

S E L F E X I S T E N T

There's only one [God, person] who has ever used this name.

This is the only name that he has ever used.

According to him, he is the only God.

According to him, all other names of God are names of false Gods.

2. What I aim to put in (or bring out) of Scripture.

3. THE SELF EXISTENT ONE fuller version of SELF EXISTENT

SELF EXISTENT English for יהוה' (YHVH)

EXISTENT short for SELF EXISTENT

X English for ה' (YH)

4. I AM

B 5. "יהוה" Yahweh SELF EXISTENT"

6. "What in God's name...?"

7. "What's In A Name?" Shakespeare

8. EXIST, BREATHE, LIVE, WISH

9. <Rotherham>

10. "HALLELUJAH" The (only?) Universal word. "JAH"

C 11. <The StampingSeal>

12. This is The Beginning of All That Is, The Center of and Key to The Whole Universe, The Secret of All Ages.

13. God must be put in a box: He's put Himself in a box.

14. "By this, ye shall know..."

15. "...then shall you know that..."

16. We are commanded to KNOW 'THE LORD.' We are commanded to KNOW GOD. Knowledge (of God) vis-a-vis Love

17. KNOW THYSELF(?) KNOW THE LORD!

18. KNOWING is an important issue to God. If it wasn't, then He's lied to us repeatedly.

19. "YAH YAH." Friendliness, chumliness.

20. "YOU YOURSELVES..."

D 21. <To be SELF EXISTENT...>

22. He keeps to Himself what even He cannot give away.

23. That there is only one SELF EXISTENT.

24. verb tense: "Habitual. [Hebrew notes.]

25. (Definition of SELF EXISTENT.)

26. On My Preacher-Business Card: "God is God."

27. SELF EXISTENT Unreferenced Declaration. References.

28. To have only ONE ingredient! "(Is that SAFE?)"

29. INFERENCE vs. ORIGINAL DESIGN This is why SELF EXISTENT is needed; not just self existent.

30. Does the SELF EXISTENT have to be a person?

E 31. BREATHE & I.D. (news report by-line)

32. LICENSE==>I.D.

33. PEOPLE Matter

34. INSTANT & ENTIRE.

35. Person Indivisible

II SATURDAY MORNING

F 36. EXPLAINING AWAY EXISTENCE

- 37. ANGST <Definition in T.A.R.R. credo>
- 38. IGNORANT is not passive. It's caused by ignoring what is shown/revealed/laid before <everyone>
- 39. JD Tape: "Self-limiting factor."
- 40. Evolution & other Myths [Evolution 'Dream' c.2002-2-26]
- G 41. I'm allowing him to do all that he can (while I retain your right to do all that you can and my right to do all that I can)
- 42. Did he make everything because He was lonely? Bored?
- 43. The Very Thing That Is Promised
- 44. All Other Religions and Non-Religions talk of love, God, faith, forgiveness, salvation, creation... But there's something... not quite right or "up to speed."
- 45. Therefore: Why other Religions, Sects, Beliefs, Cults, (Un)Christian Denominations!
- 46. Why Pain, Sin, Sickness? Where did Death come from?
- 47. Therefore: Why other Gods!
- 48. If God is all the Gods, all those names, He's a
- 49. "Why is it necessary for me to be bothered with any one of you... with anything. And not prescient enough to have excluded myself from all bother!

50. CONFLICT. morning of 9-11-2001 scripture

H 51. HOW THE WORLD WORKS/ MAKING IT IN LIFE

- 52. THE "STAIN" OF CREATION. THE "STING" OF CREATION
- 53. BEING <everybody's a (calendar) Gregorian>
- 54. Strangeness of A THING being unchanged for all time
- 55. "EXIST!" "EXIST..."
- 56. "That's the way things ARE!"
- 57. "THAT'S THE WAY IT IS"

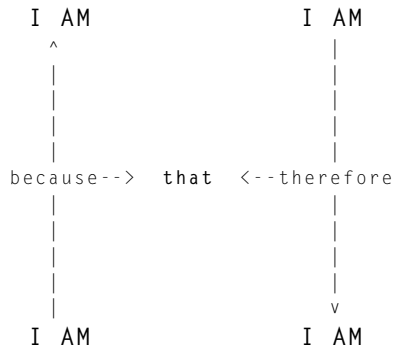
I 58. But then, how is History made, if it is not a repetition of what has gone before???

- 59. EXCLUSIVE BEHIND-THE-SCENES BACKSTAGE NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN FOOTAGE. Or, What happened before Genesis 1
- 60. to being inquired after,
- 61. If God is so big, so all-powerful, then He has the power to get to you, talk to you, be with you.
- 62. REALm REALity
- 63. Linear rather than Cyclical View of History, World-Order, Time-Order, ...
- 64. Concept/Conception of the World (esp. OPEN SECRET)
- 65. NEIGHBORHOOD
- 66. WORD
- 67. FAITH <-- hearing <-- Word of God
- 68. God has GUTS.
- 69. GOD- Original Blood.
- 70. VENTED (Invented + 'Came out' from Him)
- 71. COMMAND: <Analysis of a complete(d) command.>
- 72. MOTHER NATURE Superstition
- 73. Imputing personality into all kinds of things

74. "RESIDUE"
75. More wisdom YH packed into the animal "kingdom"
76. Animals, kids, celebrities, humor, (sex) are used to tell us things that we would ordinarily be (greatly) offended at. <Comics>
77. The River of God is Full of Life. <Cohoes summer 1996>
78. DELEGATOR vs. "I will be WITH YOU."
79. This entire Creation is just scaffolding
80. 'Manifest Sons of God.'
81. AMERICA, WESTERN CIVILIZATION, "THE WEST" Freedom to the ridiculous extreme vs. Religion
- J 82. NAMED "From Whom the Whole Family in Heaven & Earth is Named." Ephesians 3:15/ Genesis 2
83. Is Named= Is Franchised
84. Make a name for himself, like "Ivan 'The Terrible.'"

III SATURDAY AFTERNOON

- K 85. "WHAT'S THAT?"



- L 86. Let's take the chief example: that "the name of God" is mentioned in Scripture at all.
87. "the name of... " Scriptures: THE basis of my concern.
88. S A M P L E R
89. Experts (businesses) on-call for (most) all of Life's demands. But each one of us had best be the expert on GOD.
90. JD: "If it says it once, it's important. If twice, it's very important. If three times, it's..."
91. From INNOCENCE to USING THE NAME
- M 92. יהוה Yahweh is salvation
93. ROOTS OF 'JESUS'
94. That God is (non-A, non-B, non-C, non-D), the Name of God says He's (A!, B!, C!, D!)
95. WIDE: Babel/ Language and World-View WHOLE WIDE WORLD
96. FREE vs. SAFE
97. Every pore opening and every opening gaping. <Songs.>
- N 98. FAINT NOISE
99. something cherished but now lost
100. It is so throughout scripture that it was a revelation to show me that it was a revelation.

101. Christianity is the only true Mystery Religion because it's the only one with a True Mystery. (Mystics.)
102. Ancient Theorem.
103. SECRET It became secret before the very eyes of men and in their hand, through disuse in superstition.
104. These are Criteria/Rules of Revelation
105. "This revelation of Yahweh's name is a revealing of Yahweh himself; it comes to certain people, binds itself to them, and for the sake of its oath remains loyal to them." <OTHER Zimmerli quotes.>
- O 106. Answer to "Jesus is the name of God." If the non-mention of YHWH in NT suggests that we not mention it, then let's hold with the denomination(s) that, since the NT does not mention musical instruments, do not use them in worship. (Oh! You can use them anywhere else.)
107. Name borne by The Son (Paul W: 'Son' the closest term)
108. His name is "The Father" as much as The Son's name is "The Son."
109. Son's Name will be changed [Rev 3:12]. But Father's name remains. (And the Holy Ghost never has had/has/will have a name; He's the only unnamed <anything>.)
110. "The Holy Ghost is in you and in Norm and in Bill and in him and in me. But there's still just ONE Holy Ghost."
- P 111. "Is It Vital?"
112. <PICTURE: Gauge- Full to Empty>>
- | | | |
|---|---|--------------------------------|
| F | \ | Meaningfull <Jan 1, 1990 Oath> |
| ¾ | \ | |
| ½ | > | range of values |
| ¼ | / | |
| E | / | Meaningless <JD Tape 1975> |
113. It's not with bullet points, topic headings, etc.
114. OUR HANDED DOWN, DEVELOPED, PRACTISED APPLICATION-UNDERSTANDING OF SCRIPTURE
115. An example of why our traditions should be checked: Jesus said he'd be in the heart of the earth 3 days and 3 nights. And we still try to push 72 hours (3 days and 3 nights) inside of Friday afternoon ("Good Friday") to Sunday morning ("Easter Sunday.") 38 hours, tops! But the Tradition and Going-Along take precedence over Jesus Christ's CHIEF PREDICTION and SIGN! Our obedience to tradition says: "What Jesus said doesn't matter."
116. Hard to come against those ideas you hold dear
117. My prejudiced, preconceived attitude
118. REALITY by edict/ by fiat... for a while.
119. In this Corner: My Opponent, from the "No Name" Party.
120. "No, that Name of God, it don't mean Nothin.' It's the respect we have for it that makes it anything at all!"
121. Competition/Condemnation
122. Marching 'JESUS' over your Questions.
123. 4th Person of the Trinity.

-
124. Other people thinking for you [W]
- Q 125. Saved by works? Saved by Grace. Saved by GOD! [M:92]
126. "THOU ART WITH ME"
127. "GETTING HEAVEN INTO US" VS. "GETTING US INTO HEAVEN"
"Thanks for letting me in!" "Thanks for letting ME in!"
128. "This is eternal life..."
129. Rules? To get a relationship?
130. Patting ourselves on the back for being so good.
131. If you're in trouble, give me a call. "I will be with him in trouble... I will set him on high because...!"
132. Death was put to death.
133. "HEAVEN WAS PROMISED..." {story}
- R 134. The Conversation between The Father and The Son of God. Can you believe it? Only once in all of Holy Writing is any section of their conversation recorded! What is so important that they themselves excluded everything else?
"FATHER, GLORIFY YOUR NAME."
"I HAVE BOTH GLORIFIED IT AND WILL GLORIFY IT AGAIN."
[John 12:28]
135. "How many of you know that when Jesus prays a prayer, he gets it answered?" Marji 12-23-01
136. "I have declared your name..."
- S 137. <Notes from Note I carry at all times> <B00X old Pg 1>
138. IMPENDING ENTRY OF ANOTHER NAME.
139. "Have an 'EX CHANGE!'" Entry of S.X. [THE SELF EXISTENT ONE]: Freak out after! "(What have I done!)"
140. Life offers fewer opportunities to cause great offense than insisting on calling someone by the wrong name.
141. What Worked for Me.
142. the use of another's name without their permission!
143. being ignored altogether.
144. My Career: JESUS CHRIST.
145. YEARS OF WANDERING DOUBT & BEING PROVEN TO
146. DEALING WITH FLUB/ DEALING WITH LOSS
147. RECAP seven steps of JESUS.
148. In This Name since full manhood: 33+ years of age.
149. "IN HIS NAME" UNDER HIS AUTHORITY?
150. Doing Business, Washing Windows "in His Name."
151. Applied Pressure from things I did "in 'Real Time.'" Beaten into shape, like "The Molding of A Man."
152. "He's self motivated" when "self (anything)" was evil.
153. YH used Strong's to focus "SELF EXISTENT" in me.
154. Not building on another <PREACHERS'> FOUNDATIONS.
155. Salicylic Acid comment
- T 156. Death Bed & Explain Why: TO BE A PILLAR IN THE TEMPLE OF MY GOD. TO BE ONE OF ONLY A HANDFUL WHOSE WORDS MANY PEOPLE COUNTED ON TO GET THEM TO GOD. TO BE ONE WHO HAD A REASONING AND COMPELLING MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE. TO ANSWER "WHY?"
157. "The Prisoner" asks the Great Computer "WHY?"

IIII SUNDAY MORNING

U 158. <PICTURE: ALL.>

S E L F E X I S T E N T

The Story of how It encountered, arrested, submerged me.
First Possession; then Brainwashing. [W:166] [B00X]
[TRACTUS]

V 159. WHO: GOD

WHAT: IS GLORIFYING HIS NAME

WHERE: HERE

WHEN: AND NOW

HOW: BY BRANDING PEOPLE WITH IT

WHY: TO DISPLAY HIS PRE-EMINENT POSITION

WILL: YOU BE A PART OF IT?

W 160. THINKSGIVING "Yeah! So?" If our overall eternal purpose is to KNOW God so as to glorify Him, then don't you think that giving over our "KNOWER" (our mind) to thinking on the ONE thing that makes GOD GOD would be and is uniquely beneficial to that eternal purpose?

161. ROTE psychology REPETITION

162. PROTECTION To go into all the World and preach

163. "Sacrament" MEDITATION.

164. INNERWEAR

165. MEDITATION OF THE HOLY GHOST

166. MIND's ODOR if you haven't been brainwashed

167. "BACKGROUND NOISE"

168. TRAIN OF THOUGHT/ ENGINES OF WAR

169. <OLD SAW> HOLD THAT THOUGHT

170. THOUGHTS Dealing with them one at a time.

171. "I COULDN'T GET _____ OUT OF MY MIND."

172. "I will remember you from.." I will remember. COVENANT

173. Borrowing Ideas, so as to Test them.

174. Marketplace of Ideas.

175. Sourcing ideas. <Not like: "His diploma came from

176. Seat of Privilege. CatBird Seat. OINTMENTALIZE: Apply it to problem areas

177. LICENSE/ LEASE: for ADVENTURE!

178. Constantly "ON"/ Constantly UP (Better than THE DRUG)

179. A people diverse from Death. Rules? Heaven? But how to do that with Ruledom <Ge 3> kind of people?

180. 'Changing Reality:' Vol. 1 in stacks at the library;

181. It's not like money or food: you can't store it up.

It's like breathing: a continual need to do it.

Meditation\ Falling away from Meditation\ Meditation is the way back to...

182. THE BOOX'S INITIAL ALLEGORY: INVENTION!

183. "...always meditate on God's name, at every moment, in every place, in all we do, as something more precious than breath itself." [The Philokalia (texts on prayer and the spiritual life, written by spiritual masters... from the 4th to the 15th Centuries)]

- X 184. FOUR mementos (mementos) in ONE
- It's a NAME. "This is my (memento) to everyone."
 - It's a WORD. 'I AM' is a Hebrew word. "I will be with you."
 - It's a SENTENCE. English: shortest noun + shortest verb = shortest sentence: I AM.
 - It's a NUMBER. YH (יה) should be #15. But...

א 1	ו 6	כ 20	ע 70	ש 300	יא 11
ב 2	ז 7	ל 30	פ 80	ת 400	יב 12
ג 3	ח 8	מ 40	צ 90		יג 13
ד 4	ט 9	נ 50	ק 100		יד 14
ה 5	י 10	ס 60	ר 200		יה 15 טו 15
					יז 16 טז 16
					יח 17
					יח 18
					יט 19

- Y 185. IF THERE IS THE PREPONDERANCE OF EVIDENCE AND EXAMPLES THAT GIVING OURSELVES TO THE SELF EXISTENT IS A GOOD THING, THEN WHY CONTINUE TO BEHAVE AS IF IT'S NOT? THE MEDITATION OF THE NAME IS CONTINUED BENEFITS IN THE BASICS OF LIFE.
186. Why do we throw out reason and common usage and common sense when we start with God and with 'Spiritual' things?
187. SCIENCE: It is King in This World because it has served, so well, so long.
188. Scripture, Church, Christianity, etc... are part of EXISTENCE and as much to be studied as flowers, atoms, animals, planets, stones,... to get at Scientific Truth.
189. This we will do."
- Z 190. I WISH <and not just 3>
191. E.R.B.H.
192. T.A.R.R.
193. EXAMPLE of all of this: GR "Good Reference"
194. NEW DENOMINATION? NEW RELIGION!
195. "WE DO NOT HAVE FOREVER!" Lynn