

Ira,

I think it was I that farted today when we were reading those web pages. I'm writing because I wanted to say "excuse me" and I suddenly felt the need to make sure you didn't think I was literally scent marking or something. (Yesterday, I meant that my use of engineering skills in decorating might be viewed as scent marking in an abstract way.)

The problem with bringing-up the topic of double meanings is it can lead to all kinds of confusion, especially when two parties are aware of it and think the other might intentionally be placing double meanings out there. It's not that bad when I see double meanings out there and think the speaker was unaware that a spirit or something was talking through him. What I don't like is when a double meaning comes from me and I think my meaning was not received correctly. Or, when I think another person placed a double meaning there intentionally.

This double meaning stuff might be like Pandora's box: A Greek mythological person opened a box that contained many mostly bad abstract things, releasing them, but closed it in time keeping "hope" inside. You may want to refrain from mentioning double meanings to anyone else, I don't really know.

Did you notice that before we viewed web pages, I said I was trying to think outside the box about sanding chips to probe them. Then, that Pandora's box web page came-up. I'm a veteran to that sort of thing and generally cope with it alright.

I'm also a veteran to this psychological warfare crap relating to JFK and stuff, but it's still distracting. JFK was hated mostly because he was Catholic. It's possible he was killed for another reason, but Dallas is in the deep South with the KKK, so it's certainly hard to ignore the most likely reason. You're Jewish and with all the anti-Semitism out there, you certainly can understand how "Dallas 1963" might distract me.

Pandora's box applies to breaking the Secure Hash Standard, as well. They said it was used to encrypt password files on some computers. A user would have the same kind of knowledge available that we have in that case since he could change his password and watch what happened to the password file. Then, he could go after other people's passwords. The only real protection is limiting access to the password file. An administrator would have access and could learn people's passwords if someone broke the SHS.

I noticed that our temporary secretary started talking in Russian today. That was just what I needed with the rest of this. The obvious temptation was to think this information was going to the Russians.

I don't think this is entirely good, but after being bombarded with constant temptations to see spooky stuff around, I've reached a state where I don't react when I see something, but still think about it a lot. That's dangerous in case something really happens and I don't react.

Perhaps, I've been subjected to a systematic psychological warfare tactic to make me an easy victim, but it sure seems to have supernatural origins.

Here's an interesting story relating to my struggle with superstition or whatever you wish to call it. I'm telling this to show I'm a veteran to psychological warfare sort of attacks, be they from human or supernatural origins.

In the bible, there's a prophecy about an "antiChrist" who's supposed to be a bad guy. His followers are supposed to be marked with his number, "666". A couple years ago, when it was time to renew my credit card after changing addresses to Vegas, I was spooked when my new card number contained "666" consecutively. I asked for a new card 3 times but kept getting the same starting numbers. I canceled my card and lived off debit. My Mom scolded me for being superstitious and even warned that superstition can be worshipping false Gods.

Six months later, I bought my computer. Wouldn't you know it, the only decent one they had was a 666MHz. In a triumph over superstition, I purchased it. Over the years, that purchase has occasionally nagged at me. My Mom explained that "666" was a reference to the Roman Emperor, Nero's name. (The guy who fed Christians to lions.) The letters of "Nero" are Roman numerals that add-up to 666. She meant to convince me 666 was code-speak for someone like Nero. I felt a little better.

Not for long. About six months ago, I bought a CD-ROM burner for Graphic Technologies. When I installed the software, I discovered it was called "Nero burning ROM". Nero was also known for ruling while Rome burned. He played the fiddle.

I won't bore you with more psychological war stories, but know that I am a veteran, for what it's worth. I can't say if I'm good at combating it, since it adapts to my defenses. It's funny that when I went to Robbie's Bar Mitzvah, the Torah story was about the guy who wrestled with an angel and hurt his leg. It's in our bible, but I never heard it before. Sometimes that story seems to bring me peace in my struggles. The Christian version is similar but isn't so comforting--it says we all have "crosses" to bear just like Jesus. (Who carried the cross they hung him from up a hill.)

Terry

Ira, I said "What I don't like is when a double meaning comes from me and I think my meaning was not received correctly." What I meant was, "What I don't like is when two meanings come from me, one by accident." Ironically, the very sentence I tried to say had a stupid double meaning. Maybe, it really is a brain disorder of mine--another person in my head I don't know about. Maybe, it's just that sloppy writing done by anyone yields double meanings. I don't truly believe the occurrences are chance, I believe they are by external spirits because the double meanings come from both me and other people about the same. Hey! If they are all in my head, maybe we can hire them all at Graphic Technologies. :-)

Terry

Ira,

It's hard to know what you meant when we discussed publishing something together. In my paranoid way of thinking, I thought that might mean you would pretend to listen to me as a form of therapy (for me) and do nothing. I'm not sure I need therapy because what I experience is not that unpleasant and very wonderful, most

of the time... it is occasionally frightening, a little less now, or I am more courageous. In wonderment, I tuning-in messages from my environment and find it hard to get motivated to do much else but think about them. If I ever fail to meet my basic needs through honest labor, I'll seek therapy.

I'm not sure if you intended to publish my stuff in tabloids or what. I don't really care, except I wish to avoid disgracing the Catholic church in any way or getting ex-communicated (if they still do that.) Actually, I'm sincerely interested in making a positive difference, if possible, with the understanding that Catholic views are the ones I should be expressing. Before publishing anything, maybe I could find a Catholic authority to check to see if what I express would be sanctioned by the Church.

Let me tell you a story about my first mental health episode...

When I was at Ticketmaster, my last assignment was to work on assembling off-the-shelf devices into a point-of-sale station. My pride was not liking the project much because I suffered from the "if it's not made here, it's no good" syndrome. Arizona State University's library was nearby with many periodicals and I was sent to do research. I read from VAR (value added retailer) magazine and may have gotten into magazines geared toward retail store owners because I figured they were the one's we were going to market to.

It was culture shock for me, coming from the world of science/engineering (and freshly out of school) where you strive to present things clearly and honestly, when I read an article on 99 cent pricing. I was, perhaps, agitated and angered from other marketing articles and wasn't actually focusing. I read something to the effect that 99 cent pricing creates confusion among shoppers. I assumed it was referring to prices ending in '9's in general, not 99 cent stores. Looking back, I'm not sure which it was. Anyway, I also don't know if the article was saying creating confusion was a good thing or not, giving them the benefit of the doubt today, but back then I thought it was saying creating confusion to take advantage of shoppers was good. I was outraged. I had been brought-up with ideals like being a champion for the poor, stupid or weak. I set-out to fight-back. I was probably muttering things like "those mind-control fucks..." under my breath. That got me thinking to Hitler because he fucked with people's heads. Then, I thought, "He knew how to fuck with people's heads, maybe I can learn from him and fight back." Looking back, I'm ashamed I ever considered him a source of knowledge. I was going to read his book. I went to the card catalog and looked-it-up, then thought "Shit! Someone might be watching that one!" I wandered-off with a certain amount of paranoia building.

At this point, let me say what Hitler did was very unChristian and I don't condone it and never had in mind anything similar. All I was thinking was fighting-fire with fire, or perhaps immunizing people against mind-fucks.

Needless to say, my first episode has plagued me with bad trips like, "am I an anti-christ", because Hitler's generally regarded an "anti-Christ" and I almost got to his book, and if you think about it there are some similar trains of thought.

I was also bothered by a joke I heard when I was in high school--"Did you hear about the dyslexic satanists--they got '999' tattooed on their foreheads." Suddenly, I was afraid my concern over prices ending in '9' was satanic. (If I were to rile people-up about the issue of prices ending in '9's, they might have it on their minds (foreheads)?)

Back when there were stories of Bush being dyslexic, I started getting nervous all over a stupid joke. (At the time, I had a few delusional notions connecting me with the president. I started being paranoid I was dyslexic.)

At this point, let me say, I've lost some of my simplistic notions of marketing and the economy. The evolutionary system in which companies thrive, on the whole appears to lead to an improving standard of living for all. Competition creates a stress which, in the words of Charles Dickens, might "try the soul" of corporate heads. Spiritually, it's not the shoppers who are in the most spiritual danger, most of the time. When corporations endanger the spiritual health of shoppers, however... that seems very bad. Jesus had harsh words for those who lead others astray.

Getting back to my first episode, my paranoia and imagination went on overdrive and I basically became completely irrational. I started hearing messages in songs. The radio started talking to me. I remember I got freaked-out when I saw a man in a suit pull-up and exit his car just after I went to my apartment. That night, I left my apartment carrying nothing with me and drove around, thinking about visiting my little brother, who was in an ASU dorm. Thoughts of the end of the world and stuff were on my mind. I headed-out of town going East from Phoenix. More craziness transpired on my way and eventually I made it to El Paso and a town called Marfa, known for unidentifiable lights in the night sky. (UFO's entered into my thinking many times, but I had no knowledge of Marfa being special at the time.)

My thinking was filled with conspiracy theories relating to things like rich kids having good tasting Vitiman C ("Hi C") while poor kids were deficient or had rotten tasting pills. (I saw a mountain with a letter 'C' (the name of a city) on it and advertisements or billboards or something for "Hi C".) I bought a bunch of Vitiman C pills, ate some raw--they tasted really bad. I gave them to some elderly couple in a store who rightfully must have thought I was nuts.

Texas got me thinking to oil and the oil industry. I remember conspiracy stories I heard about a rotary engine getting really good gas milage but it being withheld from the market by some bad guys. I went to installation or something that in my mind became something to do with the oil industry. I picked-up a dog from a man.

I drove away from the installation, thinking I must fight the oil industry. Driving, I realized I was contributing to the oil industry by driving so I stopped my car in the middle of a high way and opened both doors. (I let the dog out of the passenger seat.) I threw my keys into the desert. I started walking in the same direction I had been going.

Soon, a police man came and ask me to get in. I thought we would continue in the same direction, but he suddenly made a U-turn (going toward my car) and started accelerating really fast. I did not want to return to my car, so I bailed-out the passenger door.

I broke my collar bone in the fall and was probably knocked unconscious. I vaguely remember the ambulance and sometimes wonder if I died at that point in my life. At the hospital, they took X-rays. I remember one of my head that appeared to show some foreign object in my head. They said it was an artifact--scientific term for garbage introduced into data that's not really there. I was plagued by thoughts of that X-ray in the future, making me wonder if I had something in my head.

I was determined not to stick around that hospital. I escaped out a door, ran through a field and jumped into the seat of a pickup truck which was idling with people hanging-out in someone's front yard. Police cars approached. I was weak and easily overcome by the country boys owner of the truck.

They hauled me to jail. I started thinking about the corporate logos I was wearing and stripped my cloths off. As I sat in the holding cell I examined the fire alarm on the ceiling with it's odd shape and blinking light and thought it might be an alien artifact. There might have been rounded mirrors or other strange things on the ceiling. Aliens! I had to get-out. I saw a power-outlet on the wall... All doors are wired to open during a power-outage for safety reasons, I thought to myself... I took-off my glasses. I broke a piece off from my frame-off and shoved into one side... another piece into the other side creating a cradle.... I took the rubberized matrice off the bed and stood-on it to insulate (probably overkill) me as I placed the third piece across the others to short it and hopefully throw a circuit breaker, opening my door. Nothing happened because I was using black plastic pieces of my eyeglass frame instead of the metallic portion (I had hoped it was a conducting material other than plastic). Seeing a naked man standing on a mattress messing with a power-outlet didn't go unknowticed very long! They opened the door and lead me off to the cavity search area where an enormous inmate was standing. That was scary.

Realizing I was a mental case, they soon sent me off to El Paso's mental hospital. In there I stopped eating because I feared people messing with my food. I didn't take meds because there were some zombies in there. I did 300 jumping-jacks every morning with a painful broken collar bone because I started to get religious and felt guilty for not exercising in the past. I broke a window with a chair and tried to escape.

In that hospital, I imagined some of the people were various people I had known. I felt guilty for wrongs I may have done. One day I washed people's feet (Christ washed people's feet and said to do the same to others. The Biblical story has meanings I don't fully understand, but I think it means not to be afraid to do the most menial chores for others.)

One day a woman (fellow mental health hospital inmate) picked a hair off my arm-brace. I realized I had been lazy in not cleaning it. In my religious zeal, I picked every hair off my brace and cloths. It soon became a habit. Eventually, seeing a hair would trigger me thinking "lazy" to myself. That was the start of symbolic thinking. Jumping ahead, I would spend time in peoples homes after cleaning my own apartment and hitting the road. I cleaned several bathrooms and kitchens. I would meditate while cleaning and sometimes I'd review my work and find a hair just about the time some lazy thought totally unrelated was crossing my mind (a lazy thought being a thought where I overlooked a detail or something). Seeing hairs became omens.

I hired a lawyer to get me out of the El Paso hospital. They released me before it became an issue. It was about 2 weeks I spent there. I took a bus from El Paso to where my car had been towed--somewhere a few hours North. I discovered I had no keys, but the doors were open! Never having learned how to hot-wire a car, I figured I was an electrical engineer and should be able to figure it out. Within an hour or two I had starting. I began to drive back home. My car broke-down in El Paso. My Dad flew in to help me out.

CHAPTER 2

I got to Phoenix, packed-up all my things and took them to GoodWill. I liquidated all my investments (\$9000) and gave them to the Church. I quit my job. I started helping at homeless shelter while living at my sister's. I gave my car to my little brother (it had been given to me by my parents.) Poor Sean had to live with a switch started car for a while. The switch kept breaking and I'd have to come fix it. Anyway, I wore-out my welcome at my sister's and moved into a homeless camp on a riverbed in Phoenix conveniently located. I got to know some homeless people. I never pan-handled, but I accepted a donation of dented cans. (Like you Ira :-)

I developed quite a daily ritual of cleaning my one pair of cloths with soap and water under an overpass in a drainage pool. I remember finding a hymnal from a church in the riverbed and being happy. I would hike a couple miles to the Cathedral and attend mass. I would spend long hours reading the Bible.

The other residents of the camp made shacks with pallets and blankets. I found a nice hollowed-out spot in the ground and thought it'd be neat to make more of a dug-out. I removed the weeds and borrowed a shovel from someone. My pride would haunt me as I was plagued with snakes during the night. There's nothing like the feeling of a snake awakening you at night as it crawls across your leg!

I was so emaciated from exercise they wouldn't let me donate plasma at a local center that catered to the homeless as a way of earning money. (I was down to 135 lbs from 165-170. No comment what my weight is now :-)

Anyway, my ritual and inner focus left me to be very conscious of my body and my environment looking for inspiration. At some point I saw a smashed bottle of salad dressing on the ground and thought it was an omen not to indulge. Looking back, I'm wondering if I was going-through a once-in-a-lifetime extreme of discipline that's probably good for everyone. Anyway, I was motivated all the more to keep from indulging in good foods during that time.

There were some break downs. I remember rebelling, buying a half-gallon of ice cream and eating it at night in a park near a hospital.

I walked through South Phoenix, the Mexican zone, and contemplated what I saw. I remember pushcarts selling popcycles. I wondered if I could get one of those jobs. I remember little stores with high prices and wondered if the poor suffered a double burden of low wages and high prices.

At the riverbed near the pipe under the overpass that drained the water supplying my little bathing area, I noticed several young men who must have been illegal (undocumented) aliens.

Eventually, the strangest part of my story begins. In my routine of cleaning my cloths, walking, praying, reading, I hyperanalyzing every detail because my environment was deprived of mental stimulus compared to the mentally demanding work in TicketMaster job. The stage was set for noticing little things like miniscule changes in my body--sensations here and there. Becoming conscious of a stimulus, I'd try to expand it into something more meaningful. I'd feel a minor pain in my knee and think, "hmm, My knee hurts... kneeling is related to humility... Have I been as humble as I could be?" (At a Catholic church, you kneel during mass at certain times

and it's not comfortable on your knees.) Or, "My collar bone hurts... Everytime I overexercise, my collarbone hurts... Overexercising is warlike... am I being too warlike?" The vocabulary of sensations built over time as did the clarity. Today, they happen with zero natural cause and fit perfectly as a commentary on my thoughts or actions.

I'll tell more, but I just picked a passage from the Old Testament (Jewish portion) relating to people worshipping "Baal". I pronounce that "Ball" and take it as a reference to worshipping testicals, sometimes called the family jewels. My sense is it's not a good thing to encourage conscious human breeding programs--let God do that. More importantly, that might be a distraction from worshipping the true God--God. I guess God wanted me to correct my previous email which might have been guilty of worshipping Ball.

I've attached files relating to the sensations... if you're curious you can look. There's a danger of drawing too much attention to me if we get into publishing or something--I don't want to create a cult around myself--instead, Christ, should be the focus.

A brief overview of the sensation vocabulary--right side is from Christ (he sits at the right side of the Father). Left side is from the Father. An angel presumably is the one actually causing the sensation acting as a messenger. Sensations with a "their" prefix are directed toward a 3rd party. Sensations on the hands generally have corresponding sensations on the feet with a "their" prefix prepended. Many sensations have an inverse ("not") usually located on the opposite side of the limb or digit.

This will probably never come to pass, but I can document the sensations I receive as I write and we could publish it, but that would be pretty weird. I'm not sure it would be good to encourage people to imitate what I do--it's been through a long complicated journey I've gotten where I am. Perhaps, finding your way on your own is an important part?

From what I've read, I'm a Christian mystic, but I'm not sure everything's right with my practices from the church's standpoint. Whenever I discover something wrong, I humbly fix it.

Terry

Terry,

I was wanting to see if your thoughts might be something that people would like to read. Nothing more, nothing less.

I am of the opinion that might want to consider trying to keep yourself in a direction and not wander off that direction. I believe that we can all wander and need to learn that going with the natural flow of life is a much easier road. I am also certain that God would want you to have a joyous life and a life that does not include strife. What do you think about this concept?

My sense is that you seemed a bit more grounded months ago than you are now. Am I right or wrong on that?

Ira

Hi Ira, I was nervous I might have offended you seriously. I'm the same-old-me, but maybe now you can better understand where I'm coming from.

Perhaps, not wandering off is a writing tip as well as a life tip?

Believe me, you don't want me to always go with my flow--my impulses or the desires that may tear at me from moment to moment. It's a battle to summon the will to live a semi-ordinary life. I have a keen sense of how much I can get away with on the job, unfortunately, and that gets me into trouble because my personal spirituality seems more important. (When you talk with spirits/angels or God, what else can compare?) I've paid-off my parents the debt I considered I owed them for the 2 years I lived there without rent. I've almost paid-off a debt I've owed to charity from my years as an atheist. The disgraceful fact is I didn't pay anything my entire life to charity or church until I started working for you... except that one-time donation of \$9000 I mentioned. The budget program I give you automatically calculates a 5% charity 5% church figure (the rates recommended by the church) for all income if you set-up some special accounts <F: laugh>. Anyway, now, I'm viewing myself as a free man and I have no material desires. I have a \$720 lease on my apartment, no car payment, and the other typical bills, including an expensive soda/snack habit. You ran an ad for a part-time electrical engineer. Perhaps, it's time to renegotiate, canceling some of my benefits and/or adjusting my salary (converting to hourly?) accordingly. Writing sounds interesting--I'd do it for free.

You heard how I left Ticketmaster... I didn't tell you how I left Xytec. When I started at Xytec I was in big debt from H.A.R.E. (\$18,000 with charity/church included, though those weren't an issue to me at the time.) In two years, I paid-off the part owed to credit cards, made money for the down-payment on my car and saved-up \$12,000. My little brother was moving to Vegas and I had been doing more personal writing, missing work and there was no real goal financially. I decided to move to vegas and write full-time, trying to get published.

Basically, I've had the opportunity to persue most of my dreams and fail at them. Not much is left, so I may as well devote as much time to spirituality, which brings fulfillment. I did the robotic thing (H.A.R.E.) enough to realize I don't want to run a business or create the next big invention. I wrote to my hearts content for a couple years and realized I had many ideas for changing the world, but suffered from a lack of wisdom as to what were good ones. I got stressed-out by the thought of being published. A monastery sounds interesting, but I'm not sure how well I'd fit in. I do horribly with women--I stand no chance of finding a non-married Catholic woman who'd date me with my peculiarities.

----- Original Message -----

From: lseaver@aol.com

To: tdavis@hare.com

Sent: Wednesday, June 26, 2002 12:18 AM

Subject: Re: About personal writing...

Terry,

I was wanting to see if your thoughts might be something that people would like to read. Nothing more, nothing less.

I am of the opinion that might want to consider trying to keep yourself in a direction and not wander off that direction. I believe that we can all wander and need to learn that going with the natural flow of life is a much easier road. I am also certain that God would want you to have a joyous life and a life that does not include strife. What do you think about this concept?

My sense is that you seemed a bit more grounded months ago than you are now. Am I right or wrong on that?

Ira

I programmed-up a MICR two days ago, and was able to create a single use 0 serial number cartridge. Note that the serial number doesn't mean it is multi-use--we'd have to have our own programmer. I'm reluctant to fiddle with the 3 bytes that are different between the OEM nonprebate MICR and, our standard prebate and our nonprebate. For example, there's one byte which is "FD" on one "BD" on another and "Esomething" on another. I have no way of knowing what would happen if I altered it. It's like gene splicing. There's only one way to find-out--doing lots of experiments and testing very carefully.

I have an important personal thing I have to do, I suppose. I generally haven't been too aggressive in trying to pack "sensation" definitions onto my body. I figured I'd respect the distance or lack of too direct contact. By most accounts, talking directly with God is not <F: fuck you> healthy for humans? Oops, I thought there was some deep respect those who had contact with God held for getting too near, etc. Anyway, I occasionally pressed-my luck a bit with the sensations hoping to define distinct ones for each half of my body, but my efforts were ignored last time I tried (2-3 years ago) and I figured I better take a hint. A week or so ago, I had a sensation on the side of one of my fingers and thought, "hmm, there are many unused spots on my hands." Then I picked a random scripture passage, JEREMIAH 52:21-23, a little later in the evening and realized it mentioning something being "four fingers thick". That could be taken as <F: 1/3 fuck you> a reference to my fingers having 4 sides. Oh yeah, then I started getting fractional sensations (located a portion of the way up each finger) clearly referring to which fraction of the fingers I had sensations for or was missing. So, God appeared to be dropping hints I should define more sensations on my fingers and hands.

That sounds like a wonderful thing except I'm nervous. I read about a circus "seal boy" (hands attached directly to shoulders) recently in the news and I'm conscious of a distorted map I once saw in school depicting where your body has the most nerves by enlarging or shrinking each area. The hands were enormous. You're asking what's the problem? The bible mentions opening seals in the Book of Revelations (prophetic book about the end times).

I have plenty of faith things would go well for me, even if I should open the seal, so to speak... but even a remote possibility of bringing-on the end of the world shouldn't be taken too lightly. <F:that's the point>-->I must ask myself, do I trust the party encouraging me to proceed with the seal thing?

Terry, how do you feel about finishing off some projects and then making certain that someone else could step in if there were problems with programmers, etc. And how would you feel about waiting until I get back from this summer as it is important to me.

If you want to go another direction I cannot stop you although I do believe that you should try to stick with something.

What is it that you want to do?

Ira

When I was living in Phoenix, I had a roommate in college named Franck Drahy that was a French Jew of Moroccan descent. He happened to go to pilot school while I was there. Sound familiar? You heard about the 9/11 hijacker. Only detail that seems wrong is his being Jewish instead of Muslim.

This guy was a grad student researching concrete for his Phd. I was working on my structural simulation program and outlined my plans to him at that point--that I thought it might be fun to build simulated structures and destroy them in various ways. As a child, I remember building dams out of dirt and letting water overrun them. I played with Lego blocks a lot and firecrackers and generally had a destructive streak as a kid. Vegas does implosions, so I know I'm not alone. Structural engineering is centered around designing so it won't get destroyed. Engineering tests are often destructive--car safety tests for example.

Anyway, Franck wanted to become a lawyer. I couldn't figure-out what was wrong with being an ordinary engineer. I used to argue with him and debate lots of things. We enjoyed each other's company for the first 6th months he was there. Then, I saw him throw my cat half-way across the lawn when it got a steak he had left too low. He was a jock sort of guy, played on the ASU water polo team, and apparently rather violent, but short in stature. We had an argument when later, in a separate incident, my cat appeared injured and I accused him of abusing my cat. We argued and he threatened to pound my face. I thought I'd be clever and freak-him out by recalling something he confessed earlier -- he said he used to have to remind himself he was in America and people here were crazy and have guns. Anyway, I repeated what he said he'd say to himself, "Franck, you're in America, people have guns".

Perhaps, our friendship was broken at that point anyway, but I regret resorting to that. The odds of a fight were probably slim and I needlessly made things worse.

Jumping around a Bit, Franck had a brother who twice came for a month visit while we were there. (I can't stop laughing now because I just remembered his brother liked the Irish-American Rap band called House of Pain who wrote a song called Jump Around. I wasn't thrilled about rap music, but years later changed my mind. Looking-back, his musical choice was probably a friendship gesture.) I forgot what his brother did, I think he was studying law.

To my shame, I had the rather popular anti-lawyer sentiment that is common. Now, I see they have a job which places enormous demands on personal integrity with the potential for incredible character being formed in those who don't yield to temptations.

Franck said he hated people who "just do money". He was referring to financial traders and stuff who, in his mind, were contributing nothing to society. I, however, had admiration for entrepreneurs so things related to stocks didn't register as a bad thing on my radar.

Franck went to pilot school after I pissed him off when there was the cat incident. <1/3 not lazy>I can't explain the coincidence between him studying concrete and me working on a structural simulation program--I'm pretty sure I formulated my ideas before meeting him. Apparently, my vision for the SimStructure computer program--destroying buildings in various ways might have been passed along to him. I don't think I said this, but I remember growing-up as the son of someone in the nuclear power industry, one of the things they'd mention was that the containment structures could survive a hit from an aircraft without breaching. Aircraft hitting buildings is not a new idea by a long shot. I want to emphasize I'm not a terrorist, only a good-ol-boy American with a health fascination with the challenges of making buildings structurally sound.

I won't leave you in a bind, unless I have an episode or something out of my control which I'm pretty sure won't happen--I've generally gotten better adapted to my new reality and cope with it. One thing that probably contributed to my leaving Ticketmaster and Xytec was being at transitional points where they, in my mind, could afford to lose me with little difficulty.

As for what I should be working on, adding the new sensations, in the scheme of things--seems like a high priority since God appears to be hinting at it. It's a complex linguistic challenge. I don't think God'd go for putting an alphabet on my fingers--not His style, from my experience. I'm trying to pick multiple words that would be distinguished by context and easy to remember and useful. I could use <C: laugh> outside assistance, but I don't expect to get it.

I forgot to mention in that SimStructure program I wrote, I included a scenario with a pair of buildings like those towers in Malasia (they have a bridge part way up). A guy from Malasia contacted me in a chat room, but he said he was Indian living in Malasia. He wanted to help work on my program. I sent him the computer source code. He seemed hopelessly lost, so I forgot about him. Malasia has a large Muslim population... Perhaps, I pissed them-off with my Scenario where an earthquake brings down the towers. Those towers are a source of pride.

Finally, I got to thinking about Sampson again and the two towers sound suspiciously like two pillars?

<F: 1/3 that's the point(1/3=.333=holy number as opposed to 2/3=.666=unholy number)>I had nothing against world trade or the stock market, yet, did I do something indirectly by accident?

Serena and I discussed how I feed my fish and I got to <C: too humble> worrying about the small fish. I decided consolidating feeding would give them better odds of getting food before it was gobbled by the fast ones. I didn't actually reduce the number of feedings per day, but fed them more every time. Bad idea, as it turns out!

Why would a carefully evolved fish not have sense enough to keep from self-destructing? Perhaps, the self-destruct protects the group when one fish get's too fit, depriving others. The genetic deversity of the group is worth much, as nature would indicate.

The goldfish group is probably tuned to recieving a certain amount of food.

These considerations might be important in considering a fabricator device for the home market, if someone decides to do that down the road. Humanity, might experience a dramatic termoil if resources suddenly changed one way or the other. Then, again, humans are rational and God is guiding us, so, nothing to fear? Perhaps, God in His wisdom has placed the danger from excess resources out of reach.

These ideas seemed to promote a sense that looking-out for the group's interest and diversity is a valued attribute. Nature comfirms Christian values.

have you looked into auto feeders>

any progress on the AR201?

Ira

Over the weekend, I decided I might need to get a girlfriend. I went to a certain Irish Pub in town and was pleased to find 3 young attractive lasses sitting at a table with no man in sight. I sat down and tried to decide which one I'd go for, remembering my brother's advice that you pick the one who's not the prettiest. They all seemed about the same, but their faces seemed a bit odd because they had strange cheekbones, I latter suspected plastic surgery. Anyway, I sat down and offered to buy drinks. I'm now open to the possibility that Irish might be partial to food and drink gifts. I had been considering pick-up lines in my apartment before leaving but decided those would turn-me off if I were them. Anyway, I had some good ones--"I like to play baseball, are you in my league?" (Can't remember if that's my own or not.) I picked-out a shirt from what was clean and it gave some ideas for pick-up lines. It was full of a slightly abstract "XOXOX" pattern. I thought "Want to play a game?" Might be good as I pointed to my shirt. (I confess I had some irritated thoughts contemplating the dating scene that may have influenced my thinking reminding me of the movie WARGAMES? My conscious thinking was "XOXOX" is hugs and kisses. I'm not sure what pointing to a shirt full of prior games might mean.)

I asked if they were from out-of-town. They said Albuquerque, New Mexico. One said she was a 1st grade teacher, a second said 2nd grade teacher and a third said she was a nurse and that they were sisters. I said, after a long pause, "I'll buy that." They burst-out laughing and I, stupidly didn't figure-it out.

I said, "Oh, Jeez, you're probably married!" The first two said they were and the third said divorced. About this time a man walked-over and talked in a suspicious Irish accent. He picked-up each hand of the ladies and said to the first "you suck", to the

second, "so do you" and to the third, "We need to talk..." I was impressed with his boldness and his prioritizing topics of conversation and wished I'd done that. I confess, he out-charmed me. Latter, I considered he might be mocking my directness.

He started cutting-in, walking off with lady number three. Later, on my way home, I thought of defense lines against such maneuvers should I return, like "I've never seen a Green card, can you show me one?" or "So, do they give Catholic Irish Green cards and Protestant ones Orange cards?" Might start a genuine brawl :-)

I had a chat with lady number 2 while the other two were off with Irishman number 1. I explained I was opposed to remarriage, that my Mom threw a fit when my sister remarried and that I could understand how such a thing would screw-up whole extended families. I said "I just do what they tell me. I figure some wise guy worked-it all out." <F: humble (Getting a sensation in my knee saying to be humble)> Anyway, something didn't seem quite right about those ladies--it seemed like a set-up. Now, I'm wondering if they were prostitutes--that would explain why they burst-out laughing and, a little later on, one made the "L" finger sign on her forehead when I didn't follow-through. Irishman 1 might have been a pimp. I might have really confused them because Irishman 1 had a friend who stopped by at the start, who seemed a bit odd--I wonder if they thought "I'll buy that" meant "bisexual".

Now, I'm wondering if I accidentally just delivered a warning from some imaginary organized crime family--I did say "wise guy" and "I just do what they tell me."

Shutting down a prostitution ring in an Irish Pub may have been <C laugh> my good deed for the weekend. More likely, it's just my active imagination.

I guess you could try to hype the value of your ethnic stock by manipulating the market through pornography. It's <F: lazy> against my values... (Confused by that sensation...) I'm a buyer, not a seller... But I guess I'm also a seller. Anyway, I'm not about <C: that's the point> to advocate manipulation--I'll stick with what my faith says.

I just picked a passage from the old testament about a false profet who sent letters to people. His name was Seminaiah or something like that. It was the passage were someone else was instructed to tell him something about police and madmen and such. I'm concerned I may be a false profit, a concern anyone who claims to have contact with God should have.

I've learned some truths. You can <F:laugh> <C:laugh> make people happy by telling them they are right. It's tempting, therefore, to look for spiritual solutions which result in the conclusion that every religion is correct. That conclusion is incorrect, unfortunately.

It's not okay for some religions to hype the value of their stock with pornography.

More importantly, I may be a false profit. At least, I'll try to be a good Catholic

The title to this email is a famous quote from Christ when he addressed Jews in his day. I'm proud to say with a better diet, my nausea <F: childish> has passed. Anyway, I wanted to appologize for some of the unCatholic things I said.

I shouldn't have glorified the feeling you get when you scheme at a good comeback (when I was thinking of what I could have said to that Irishman in the Pub). The indulging in aggressive thinking when conceiving of pick-up lines <C: rings a bell> I also feel guilty for. Finally, the bit about brawling... I'm not sure about. Brawling would seem unCatholic, but I can't figure-out why the most prestigious university in the United States, Notre Dame, has the mascot, the Fighting Irish.

Now that's a mystery? Maybe, the Pope should fix that <thumbs up> because that seems unCatholic.

Brawling in bars may appear to be a way to promote rapid evolutionary advancement, but I'm sure that's just naive superficial analysis of evolutionary dynamics. I have faith that God has <F: childish> good plans for the world and that those plans will be achieved by me following my faith and promoting it.

The forces reforming the church now with the sex scandels should also target that Fighting Irish mascot--I'm sure most Catholics in their hearts believe that is unCatholic. I have some idea of how a muslim must feel when there are militant temptations present, but you know they aren't right.

I wouldn't be surprised if <F: rings a bell> some person at the school in the past thought it would be a marketing coupe and sacrificed core values. He probably caved into some of the same temptations I did--everyone wants to get caught-up in ethnic pride. It's human and we must resist. When you see the big picture and the coevolution aspects you feel foolish for caving-in.

I will defend my decision to visit an Irish Pub. I don't normally go to bars and don't make it a point to pick Irish ones. This time, however, I figured I take advantage of the simple fact that <C: childish> there are compatibility advantages to seeking people similar to yourself--the odds of finding other catholics goes-up in an Irish bar.

I guess it's not a crime to have a little pride in your heritage. I wouldn't advocate pressing Hispanics to become Americanized. America becomes enriched with diversity, but perhaps, there's something to be admired in those who make unity stronger by fitting-in.

----- Original Message -----

From: [Terry Davis](#)

To: tedmcd8@lvcm.com

Sent: Tuesday, July 09, 2002 10:38 PM

Subject: My dialog with Ira

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: maybe superstition, maybe not
From: "Terry Davis"
Date: Fri, 10 May 2002 00:23:02 -0700
To: "Ira Seaver"

Ira,

The problem with bringing-up the topic of double meanings is it can lead to all kinds of confusion, especially when two parties are aware of it and think the other might intentionally be placing double meanings out there. It's not that bad when I see double meanings out there and think the speaker was unaware that a spirit or something was talking through him. What I don't like is when a double meaning comes from me and I think my meaning was not received correctly. Or, when I think another person placed a double meaning there intentionally.

This double meaning stuff might be like Pandora's box: A Greek mythological person opened a box that contained many mostly bad abstract things, releasing them, but closed it in time keeping "hope" inside. You may want to refrain from mentioning double meanings to anyone else, I don't really know.

Did you notice that before we viewed web pages, I said I was trying to think outside the box about sanding chips to probe them. Then, that Pandora's box web page came-up. I'm a veteran to that sort of thing and generally cope with it alright.

I'm also a veteran to this psychological warfare crap relating to JFK and stuff, but it's still distracting. JFK was hated mostly because he was Catholic. It's possible he was killed for another reason, but Dallas is in the deep South with the KKK, so it's certainly hard to ignore the most likely reason. You're Jewish and with all the anti-Semitism out there, you certainly can understand how "Dallas 1963" might distract me.

Pandora's box applies to breaking the Secure Hash Standard, as well. They said it was used to encrypt password files on some computers. A user would have the same kind of knowledge available that we have in that case since he could change his password and watch what happened to the password file. Then, he could go after other people's passwords. The only real protection is limiting access to the password file. An administrator would have access and could learn people's passwords if someone broke the SHS.

I noticed that our temporary secretary started talking in Russian today. That was just what I needed with the rest of this. The obvious temptation was to think this information was going to the Russians.

I don't think this is entirely good, but after being bombarded with constant temptations to see spooky stuff around, I've reached a state where I don't react when I see something, but still think about it a lot. That's dangerous in case something really happens and I don't react.

Perhaps, I've been subjected to a systematic psychological warfare tactic to make me an easy victim, but it sure seems to have supernatural origins.

Here's an interesting story relating to my struggle with superstition or whatever you wish to call it. I'm telling this to show I'm a veteran to psychological warfare sort of attacks, be they from human or supernatural origins.

In the bible, there's a prophecy about an "antiChrist" who's supposed to be a bad guy. His followers are supposed to be marked with his number, "666". A couple years ago, when it was time to renew my credit card after changing addresses to Vegas, I was spooked when my new card number contained "666" consecutively. I asked for a new card 3 times but kept getting the same starting numbers. I canceled my card and lived off debit. My Mom scolded me for being superstitious and even warned that superstition can be worshipping false Gods.

Six months later, I bought my computer. Wouldn't you know it, the only decent one they had was a 666MHz. In a triumph over superstition, I purchased it. Over the years, that purchase has occasionally nagged at me. My Mom explained that "666" was a reference to the Roman Emperor, Nero's name. (The guy who fed Christians to lions.) The letters of "Nero" are Roman numerals that add-up to 666. She meant to convince me 666 was code-speak for someone like Nero. I felt a little better.

Not for long. About six months ago, I bought a CD-ROM burner for Graphic Technologies. When I installed the software, I discovered it was called "Nero burning ROM". Nero was also known for ruling while Rome burned. He played the fiddle.

I won't bore you with more psychological war stories, but know that I am a veteran, for what it's worth. I can't say if I'm good at combating it, since it adapts to my defenses. It's funny that when I went to Robbie's Bar Mitzvah, the Torah story was about the guy who wrestled with an angel and hurt his leg. It's in our bible, but I never heard it before. Sometimes that story seems to bring me peace in my struggles. The Christian version is similar but isn't so comforting--it says we all have "crosses" to bear just like Jesus. (Who carried the cross they hung him from up a hill.)

Terry

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: Oops, pesky double meanings...
From: "Terry Davis"
Date: Fri, 10 May 2002 01:08:47 -0700
To: "Ira Seaver"

Ira, I said "What I don't like is when a double meaning comes from me and I think my meaning was not received correctly." What I meant was, "What I don't like is when two meanings come from me, one by accident." Ironically, the very sentence I tried to say had a stupid double meaning. Maybe, it really is a brain disorder of mine--another person in my head I don't know about. Maybe, it's just that sloppy writing done by anyone yields double meanings. I don't truly believe the occurrences are chance, I believe they are by external spirits because the double meanings come from both me and other people about the same. Hey! If they are all in my head, maybe we can hire them all at Graphic Technologies. :-)

Terry

In a conversation, Ira proposed we might publish something together if I had more stuff to write about.

June 20 3:24

to Ira

Subject: What I'm zoning-out on while not working

Can't concentrate now--distracted with happenings of yesterday.

Told story at lunch about cleaning my fish bowl at home, had no intent to say anything profound. Feel like Maxwell Smart at times. Nervous about being controlled by spirits. Anyway, I left out some of the story when I told it at lunch. Here's the complete version:

Over the weekend, I noticed the water in my fish tank was about 3 inches low out of 10, the water was green and there was disgusting scum coating the place where the water had dropped. I grabbed a few paper towels and attempted to wipe the scum. It didn't come off very well. I refilled the water and squirted declorinator into the tank feeling guilty for not setting the refill water aside first to let the declorinator work.

I went back to picking passages from the bible, meditating on them and writing about it in my journal. Next passage was from the New Testament (Christian portion). It was about the betrayal of Jesus. I was immediately alarmed and anxious. Then, I read the text and it described the classic story of Jesus saying "the one who dips his hand in the dish with me will betray me..." or something like that. Nervous, I searched for a shallow interpretation and concluded it was merely a reference to my goldfish. Honestly, I hate that passage because it can fill your imagination with many crazy thoughts. Anyway, weeks earlier, it appeared I killed an algae eater I bought, just after adding water (less than I had just added). I rushed to clean my tank properly, removing that chlorine filled water.

I went to the store and bought 2 2.5 Gallon jugs of arrow water. I cut a hole in the top of one and grabbed a fish and released him into the jug. I noticed the water was much cooler than the old water, perhaps because the store aisle was cooler than my apartment (78 degrees). I debated about what to do--let them remain in cool water or chlorinated water. I watched the one in the jug for a while and he seemed okay, if very inactive. I dropped the rest into the jug, cleaned the tank properly and went to transfer the fish back. As I drained the water from the jug into the tank, a fish got caught in the drain. I rescued him. All 7 fish survived the ordeal.

Now I can see them in the tank at all times and they run from me. They used to run to me to be fed when I was near. They frantically swim into the corner into the plastic. As I said at lunch, fish have memories. Either that, or they can now see out better? Perhaps, they came when I turned-on the light before?

At lunch, I didn't tell the part about the chlorine being in the water because I didn't want to mention the part about the Bible. I started thinking I must have sounded pretty cruel. I explained to Serena that I got goldfish because they are hard to kill. I rescued them from the feeder fish tank at Walmart for 10 cents a piece. I gave one tank to my sister and one tank to my brother for Christmas with 10 fish in each. My brother's tank had 3 fish (and an algae eater they bought) and was very clean last I saw it. My sister returned her tank to me when I got my apartment and it had 7 fish in it.

Serena asked if I had names for them. I was ashamed I didn't really. There's not a good way to tell them apart except for one which is white and one which is big. We talked about tagging them somehow and I mentioned putting earrings in them.

At lunch Serena mentioned \$500 dollar fish. Joe mentioned getting Jack Dempsey fish that ate all his other fish.

That was the story... Here's some of the analysis (I'll leave-out a certain theme):

My assumption about goldfish being hard to kill was based on childhood observations up north that gold fish seemed to be in many little ponds and bits of water around. They didn't appear to be some wimpy tropical fish. I used to get caught-up in evolutionary theories but, now, get nervous about the dark, harshness of the topics.

I'll say a little about some of the things I've considered which were unorthodox analysis of why things are the way they are. Catholicism certainly doesn't encourage theories of evolution or even say anything about it. Similarly, Judaism doesn't either. Catholicism, if anything makes less of a big deal with ancestry and all that than other faiths. (I'm not sure caring about your lineage reflects, necessarily, dark evolutionary thoughts, but it might.)

This is a delicate subject, so I'll approach it as best I can...

I read a passage that said God exalted the Jews in Egypt. I'd have to check exactly how it was worded, but I'd say most people'd pass-over that. (Wow... getting inspired/possessed here.) Anyway, let's just say getting subjected to slavery can do things to you... not all bad. I wouldn't wish for slavery, frankly, because I don't care that much one way or the other about the distant future--it's God's business.

Christianity speaks of things like the meek inheriting the Earth. I actually see how something like that could come to pass.

Before getting too one-sided, let me say that yesterday I went home and opened a passage (commentary actually) that said Jesus explained to his disciples they should be fishers of all different types of fish. Jesus used the analogy of fishing for bring people into the faith.

Switching momentarily to a different subject. I went for a walk after talking with you last night to get some yogurt. I stumbled onto a downed powerline. I saw the end before coming close, laughed and started taking baby steps in case I was being spied upon. I got home and wrote in my journal that I'd have alerted Nevada power except I noticed other lines that were clearly under construction. Then I said, maybe the Homeland Security should be notified that citizens should take baby steps near downed power lines, except it may inspire terrorists. (More info for the spies.) Jumping ahead to late in the night riding around in my car, Arafat announced a peace deal... thought he might be taking baby steps or it might be something having to do with that electric fence. (Not very compelling coincidence but interesting... perhaps just one for fun.)

The woman from the movie, A Fish called Wanda was on Jay Leno last night.

In the car I heard a preacher talk about jars of clay. I didn't remember but that's a common Christian story--"We hold a treasure in Jars of Clay". The preaching was not about evolution, but was more orthodox and, frankly, a better interpretation of the goldfish story. It said the Master passed-over the proud containers of precious

metals or crystal and selected a broken jar of clay. He fixed it and, basically, it was a story of love on both sides.

Getting hints here I should move on (Serena's saying does my Sam's card say graphic technologies or is it on your personal account...), maybe after getting this off-my mind. Couple quick things...

Heard a song from the 80's called Orange Crush by R.E.M. Some of the words are:
"That's me in the corner,
losing my religion,
oh no I said too much..."

"Catholic" means universal. My Mom explained that we have the fullness of the truth. I haven't figured-out if everyone's meant to be Catholic or if we need different fish out there. That's probably a sinful unorthodox interpretation. Maybe I better consult with someone first.

Anyway,

I'm thinking too much.

Terry

June 25, 3:36PM
to Ira
Subject Personal Writing

I'm at work, but off-the-clock. The tasks you've assigned me are difficult to focus on while more grandiose ideas fill my head. That's not good--it reflects a lack of self-control. Instead of bearing no fruit as usual... I'll actually send someone my ideas (you), so I don't feel like I'm completely lazy.

Yesterday, I had an encounter with the homeless man who wanders our region of town. I'm sure you'd recognize him--I've seen him countless times in our complex and a fair distance away, walking. He's always silent, maintaining a sense of pride not begging while he digs through trash for cigarette butts to smoke. I approached him and asked him if he wanted change or something. He looked intently at me and there was an awkward moment and he shook his head. I told him I was homeless once... true if a bit misleading--my stay was a 2-3 week urban camping trip... but my mental health state was probably sincerely derailed enough to be similar to other homeless (I'm being humble enough not to assume my mental state was unique.) Perhaps, I gave him hope? Maybe, he's in his own world and doesn't want change. (pun intended) In anycase, it was probably seeing him that inspired me to write last night.

Hey... Joe's asking for fabrication drawings... I'm not fabricating this story! I guess Jesus fabricated stories (parables), so there's nothing wrong with it. I'm not Him however <middle-finger sensation on the left (Father) side> so I better stick to the real events I've experienced and hope God enables me to... Hey? I was just completing that sentence when I got a sensation and reported it in an expanded form for your benefit (normally, I'd have written <F:fuck you> for the Father saying "fuck you"). Anyway, looking back, I'm inspired to ponder human fathers leaving their families and becoming homeless (sounds bad).

Perhaps, I could fabricate a story about a homeless man I met who left his family? I'm getting side tracked from what I wanted to discuss.

I didn't mention a black guy and his wife, Snow, who lived in the homeless camp next to me. I followed him around a bit and learned from him. It was with him that I went <F:wound> to the plasma center. I discovered he had serious problems--he had a history of cutting himself in some sort of suicidal thinking. I learned he once drove a fork lift and lived "indoors". His shack was nice and he had dishes and everything. They weren't matched, obviously. He and Snow would collect junk from trash bins, put it in a shopping cart and go through poor neighborhoods selling it.

At this point, let me reflect on "fork". I once contemplated "pitch fork" and why devils carry them and concluded a "pitch fork" as a place in you life's path where the road forks vertically (in pitch). One path goes up and one goes down. Sorry, that doesn't relate much to the story except, the path to homeless might be down? I don't know because my homeless was by choice and I had family that could bail me out.

Anyway, I grew tired of homelessness and bought a bus ticket to Las Vegas to stay with my parents. I stayed a couple weeks and was very judgemental and angry. I was not pleasant to be around, apparently. I moved-on to other family members residents, distributing stuff I figured they'd like and was very God fearing and motivated, yet misguided a little and overzealous. A good deed I did was using my drywall skills to help fix-up one of my brother's homes. More than anything, I think I convinced them I was looney--I wore a single pair of cloths and spent an hour each day picking hair from it and washing it. I did jumping jacks, etc. I'd purchase my own food, typically bulk items which I always percieved to be the best value.

I had the chronology a little off--I was homeless for a week or so, went on the road trip to Washington State, returned and was homeless some more.

My determination gradually wore-off as nothing seemed to be happening. I thought about going back to school. I still had a credit card with a \$10,000 credit limit, but no cash. I bought a plane ticket to Carnegie Mellon University, renouned for robotics. I arrived in Pittsburg and wandered around homeless. I think I was there for the fourth of July 1996. The weather was beautiful and I slept by a firestation on a hill in some bushes... I think? My memory's not 100% certain it was a firestation--there would have been people around at night. Needless, to say, I wasn't planning my life very well and I got frustrated when I discovered closed offices and missed deadlines for registration. I was inspired by a story of a college roommate of mine who said he had arrived in Tempe with little money, took a job at McDonalds and a nursing home and made enough to get started. I figured I could do something similar. I had a bit of luck when I wandered to the robotics lab and found someone to give me a tour. I got to see, Dante, a robot designed to descend into a vulcano like the story of the Inferno by Dante, the writer. Thinking of trips into hell didn't help my overactive imagination.

I bought a bike while I was there and thinking of staying. I looked into apartments a little. I eventually gave-up and decided to go home. It was night when I made the decision and no buses were running. I biked maybe 15 miles to the airport and got a flat. I pushed my bike for a few miles along the freeway (there was no other path because the terrain was hilly.) At one point there was practically no shoulder. A police car stopped and gave me a ride to the airport. I got a ticket and, with difficulty, a box for my bike.

I arrived back in Tempe and, with amazing luck, qualified for an apartment with no job by paying rent a month ahead or so. I decided I was going to follow a dream I had been working-out of designing a "fabricator" to carve or extrude 3D objects, for hobbieists. After getting used to going into debt, I started letting go and spending without concern for what was going to happen... faith, you could call it. It was heartbreaking because I had managed to go through college with <F:thumbs down> little debt... Well, I guess scholarships reflect a debt to society. Anyway, I got to a

certain point and realized it wasn't going to happen given my lack of people skills and, possibly, for technical reason. I had a prototype that could carve soft materials like soap... someone suggested that material to me after I had been working with balsa wood. I didn't realize it might have been a cruel joke--you carve soap in jail. As a marketing idea <C:too humble> coming before venture capitalists with a soap carver, just didn't sound good. I guess you could expand on the symbolism of carving soap. I forgot to mention, it took 45 minutes for the device to carve a single bar.

Once, I left it unattended while I went to the store and came back to discover the fire-alarm going off and my apartment with some smoke in it. I had it set-up to carve a piece of balsa wood and misprogrammed it, or maybe it was a problem with the dremel tool coming loose... anyway, the dremel tool had dropped too rapidly into the basla wood, causing the block to smoulder. That was humbling--there could certainly be a lot of liability concerns for my product. Schools with supervision might be a better market.

to Ira
June25 5:05PM
subject More Stuff

I named my company "Home Automation & Robotic Equipment". I wanted a name that said what my company did and formed a cute acronym. I didn't plan very well because I didn't know that "Home Automation" refers to those house control systems. Perhaps, that was a defensive, proactive, move by the system. I also didn't realize hares are not exactly without other association, from a marketing standpoint. It ocured to me, it might remind people of the nightmare of machines <F: their unfriendly> reproducing. Then, there's the tortouse and the hare story--hare's the fool. There's "Hair" the movie, a positive one for hippies, but not for rednecks. There's the fact that <C: too humble> I associated seeing hairs with being lazy. When I made that connection, I started wondering if I was indulging in sinful laziness with my company venture. Now, reflecting more on Jewish associations, there's the story of Sampson. That's pretty good, except a month ago, I threw-out my fabricator in one of my fits of purging my life of things I suspected of being sinful... Come to think of it, it may have been when I was looking to make a fresh start with that neighbor 20 year old girl. Oops. Then, again, getting crushed as the building colapses doesn't sound fun. I guess I'm a coward. I'm not thrilled about becoming public hero number one, but hated by those who'd stand to lose. The same guy who mentioned soap <painful not masturbation> carvings also mentioned that I could get killed or something. The only course I see taking would be to target the people who'd stand to lose and win them over peacefully, perhaps offering something just as good or better.

The fabricator idea scares me because it'd change so much. I don't have <C: friendly> the wisdom to forsee what's in the best interest of society. Perhaps, some things are inevitable? It doesn't have to be from me. Perhaps, <F: thumb half way-up> it'd be a rough transition then something good.

More in a bit...

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: Re: About personal writing...
From: lseaver@aol.com
Date: Wed, 26 Jun 2002 03:18:05 EDT

To: tdavis@hare.com

Terry,

I was wanting to see if your thoughts might be something that people would like to read. Nothing more, nothing less.

I am of the opinion that might want to consider trying to keep yourself in a direction and not wander off that direction. I believe that we can all wander and need to learn that going with the natural flow of life is a much easier road. I am also certain that God would want you to have a joyous life and a life that does not include strife. What do you think about this concept?

My sense is that you seemed a bit more grounded months ago than you are now. Am I right or wrong on that?

Ira

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: Curious tidbit

From: "Terry Davis"

Date: Wed, 26 Jun 2002 23:47:10 -0700

To: "Ira Seaver"

When I was living in Phoenix, I had a roommate in college named Franck Drahy that was a French Jew of Moroccan descent. He happened to go to pilot school while I was there. Sound familiar? You heard about the 9/11 hijacker. Only detail that seems wrong is his being Jewish instead of Muslim.

This guy was a grad student researching concrete for his Phd. I was working on my structural simulation program and outlined my plans to him at that point--that I thought it might be fun to build simulated structures and destroy them in various ways. As a child, I remember building dams out of dirt and letting water overrun them. I played with Lego blocks a lot and firecrackers and generally had a destructive streak as a kid. Vegas does implosions, so I know I'm not alone. Structural engineering is centered around designing so it won't get destroyed. Engineering tests are often destructive--car safety tests for example.

Anyway, Franck wanted to become a lawyer. I couldn't figure-out what was wrong with being an ordinary engineer. I used to argue with him and debate lots of things. We enjoyed each other's company for the first 6th months he was there. Then, I saw him throw my cat half-way across the lawn when it got a steak he had left too low. He was a jock sort of guy, played on the ASU water polo team, and apparently rather violent, but short in stature. We had an argument when later, in a separate incident, my cat appeared injured and I accused him of abusing my cat. We argued and he threatened to pound my face. I thought I'd be clever and freak-him out by recalling something he confessed earlier -- he said he used to have to remind himself he was in America and people here were crazy and have guns. Anyway, I repeated what he said he'd say to himself, "Franck, you're in America, people have guns".

Perhaps, our friendship was broken at that point anyway, but I regret resorting to that. The odds of a fight were probably slim and I needlessly made things worse.

Jumping around a Bit, Franck had a brother who twice came for a month visit while we were there. (I can't stop laughing now because I just remembered his brother liked the Irish-American Rap band called House of Pain who wrote a song called Jump Around. I wasn't thrilled about rap music, but years later changed my mind.

Looking-back, his musical choice was probably a friendship gesture.) I forgot what his brother did, I think he was studying law.

To my shame, I had the rather popular anti-lawyer sentiment that is common. Now, I see they have a job which places enormous demands on personal integrity with the potential for incredible character being formed in those who don't yield to temptations.

Franck said he hated people who "just do money". He was referring to financial traders and stuff who, in his mind, were contributing nothing to society. I, however, had admiration for entrepreneurs so things related to stocks didn't register as a bad thing on my radar.

Franck went to pilot school after I pissed him off when there was the cat incident. <1/3 not lazy>I can't explain the coincidence between him studying concrete and me working on a structural simulation program--I'm pretty sure I formulated my ideas before meeting him. Apparently, my vision for the SimStructure computer program--destroying buildings in various ways might have been passed along to him. I don't think I said this, but I remember growing-up as the son of someone in the nuclear power industry, one of the things they'd mention was that the containment structures could survive a hit from an aircraft without breeching. Aircraft hitting buildings is not a new idea by a long shot. I want to emphasize I'm not a terrorist, only a good-ol-boy American with a health fascination with the challenges of making buildings structurally sound.

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: Update
From: "Terry Davis"
Date: Wed, 26 Jun 2002 22:29:31 -0700
To: "Ira Seaver"

I have an important personal thing I have to do, I suppose. I generally haven't been too aggressive in trying to pack "sensation" definitions onto my body. I figured I'd respect the distance or lack of too direct contact. By most accounts, talking directly with God is not <F: fuck you> healthy for humans? Oops, I thought there was some deep respect those who had contact with God held for getting too near, etc. Anyway, I occasionally pressed-my luck a bit with the sensations hoping to define distinct ones for each half of my body, but my efforts were ignored last time I tried (2-3 years ago) and I figured I better take a hint. A week or so ago, I had a sensation on the side of one of my fingers and thought, "hmm, there are many unused spots on my hands." Then I picked a random scripture passage, JEREMIAH 52:21-23, a little later in the evening and realized it mentioning something being "four fingers thick". That could be taken as <F: 1/3 fuck you> a reference to my fingers having 4 sides. Oh yeah, then I started getting fractional sensations (located a portion of the way up each finger) clearly referring to which fraction of the fingers I had sensations for or was missing. So, God appeared to be dropping hints I should define more sensations on my fingers and hands.

That sounds like a wonderful thing except I'm nervous. I read about a circus "seal boy" (hands attached directly to shoulders) recently in the news and I'm conscious of a distorted map I once saw in school depicting where your body has the most nerves by enlarging or shrinking each area. The hands were enormous. You're asking

what's the problem? The bible mentions opening seals in the Book of Revelations (prophetic book about the end times).

I have plenty of faith things would go well for me, even if I should open the seal, so to speak... but even a remote possibility of bringing-on the end of the world shouldn't be taken too lightly. <F:that's the point>-->I must ask myself, do I trust the party encouraging me to proceed with the seal thing?

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: About your email
From: "Terry Davis"
Date: Thu, 27 Jun 2002 00:06:37 -0700
To: "Ira Seaver"

I won't leave you in a bind, unless I have an episode or something out of my control which I'm pretty sure won't happen--I've generally gotten better adapted to my new reality and cope with it. One thing that probably contributed to my leaving Ticketmaster and Xytec was being at transitional points where they, in my mind, could afford to lose me with little difficulty.

As for what I should be working on, adding the new sensations, in the scheme of things--seems like a high priority since God appears to be hinting at it. It's a complex linguistic challenge. I don't think God'd go for putting an alphabet on my fingers--not His style, from my experience. I'm trying to pick multiple words that would be distinguished by context and easy to remember and useful. I could use <C: laugh> outside assistance, but I don't expect to get it.

I forgot to mention in that SimStructure program I wrote, I included a scenario with a pair of buildings like those towers in Malasia (they have a bridge part way up). A guy from Malasia contacted me in a chat room, but he said he was Indian living in Malasia. He wanted to help work on my program. I sent him the computer source code. He seemed hopelessly lost, so I forgot about him. Malasia has a large Muslim population... Perhaps, I pissed them-off with my Scenario where an earthquake brings down the towers. Those towers are a source of pride.

Finally, I got to thinking about Sampson again and the two towers sound suspiciously like two pillars?

<F: 1/3 that's the point(1/3=.333=holy number as opposed to 2/3=.666=unholy number)>I had nothing against world trade or the stock market, yet, did I do something indirectly by accident?

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: 2 Goldfish dead :-(
From: "Terry Davis"
Date: Fri, 28 Jun 2002 20:27:54 -0700
To: "Ira Seaver"

Serena and I discussed how I feed my fish and I got to <C: too humble> worrying about the small fish. I decided consolidating feeding would give them better odds of getting food before it was gobbled by the fast ones. I didn't actually reduce the number of feedings per day, but fed them more every time. Bad idea, as it turns out!

Why would a carefully evolved fish not have sense enough to keep from self-destructing? Perhaps, the self-destruct protects the group when one fish get's too fit, depriving others. The genetic diversity of the group is worth much, as nature would indicate.

The goldfish group is probably tuned to receiving a certain amount of food.

These considerations might be important in considering a fabricator device for the home market, if someone decides to do that down the road. Humanity, might experience a dramatic turmoil if resources suddenly changed one way or the other. Then, again, humans are rational and God is guiding us, so, nothing to fear? Perhaps, God in His wisdom has placed the danger from excess resources out of reach.

These ideas seemed to promote a sense that looking-out for the group's interest and diversity is a valued attribute. Nature confirms Christian values.

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: Re: 2 Goldfish dead :-(
From: lseaver@aol.com
Date: Fri, 28 Jun 2002 23:45:26 EDT
To: tdavis@hare.com

have you looked into auto feeders>

any progress on the AR201?

July 1 2:51 PM
to Ira
Subject: Governing Dynamics

I got the video "A Beautiful Mind" and could relate, to a large degree.

I studied control systems in school. In one class we examined the "predator-prey" problem. Basically, the math I studied applies to systems governed by rules in which quantities or values are changing. Often, you wish to control them. Believe it or not, learning about how to stabilize a space craft so it doesn't spin out of control, introduces you to concepts such as corrective forces that can be found in biological systems.

I've examined a few computer-science related topics in my spare time. One is called "genetic algorithms". The idea is you use rules of natural selection to solve some problem.

I wanted to assure you that my interest in evolutionary dynamics is academic. I believe in God and am content to let him do his thing. I believe things may be so complex, that attempting to intervene in evolutionary dynamics consciously could backfire.

If you fight bugs with pesticide, you sometimes make stronger bugs.
If you fight germs with antibiotics, you sometimes make stronger germs.
If you keep your house extra clean, you reduce your exposure to filth, possibly slowing the adaptation of bad things. (This might represent a successful result,

unless you strive for mutual evolution--yourself and the bad things. There is always the possibility, however, you might go extinct if a bad thing overcomes you.)

You mentioned I might be on Australia time. That was very profound. Australia was a penal colony. I discussed laziness... Criminals might represent a class of lazy people. My Mom said "lazy men work the hardest". The lazy develop alternate approaches, sometimes good ones? Lazy, procrastinators, might artificially impose a more severe burden on themselves than the general population resulting in faster evolution. They might represent a pool that, when interbred with the rest of the population <2/3 fuck you (sensation saying unholy sex)>... Okay, God's saying, I'm not onto the right thinking approach. The 10 commandments specify not to steal, etc. In faith, we must believe the correct path lies in righteous behavior. I've fallen into the trap of thinking I can understand the dynamics.

Hey--"Al Gore" is the start of the word "Algorithm". That's spooky?
"Reagan", "ray gun", "star wars"

July 1 10:09 PM
to Terry
Subject Re: Governing Dynamics

Thanks. I found this very enlightening. Ira
----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: Short Cheerful Story
From: "Terry Davis"
Date: Tue, 2 Jul 2002 00:43:13 -0700
To: "Ira Seaver"

Over the weekend, I decided I might need to get a girlfriend. I went to a certain Irish Pub in town and was pleased to find 3 young attractive lasses sitting at a table with no man in sight. I sat down and tried to decide which one I'd go for, remembering my brother's advice that you pick the one who's not the prettiest. They all seemed about the same, but their faces seemed a bit odd because they had strange cheekbones, I latter suspected plastic surgery. Anyway, I sat down and offered to buy drinks. I'm now open to the possibility that Irish might be partial to food and drink gifts. I had been considering pick-up lines in my apartment before leaving but decided those would turn-me off if I were them. Anyway, I had some good ones--"I like to play baseball, are you in my league?" (Can't remember if that's my own or not.) I picked-out a shirt from what was clean and it gave some ideas for pick-up lines. It was full of a slightly abstract "XOXOX" pattern. I thought "Want to play a game?" Might be good as I pointed to my shirt. (I confess I had some irritated thoughts contemplating the dating scene that may have influenced my thinking reminding me of the movie WARGAMES? My conscious thinking was "XOXOX" is hugs and kisses. I'm not sure what pointing to a shirt full of prior games might mean.)

I asked if they were from out-of-town. They said Albuquerque, New Mexico. One said she was a 1st grade teacher, a second said 2nd grade teacher and a third said she was a nurse and that they were sisters. I said, after a long pause, "I'll buy that." They burst-out laughing and I, stupidly didn't figure-it out.

I said, "Oh, Jeez, you're probably married!" The first two said they were and the third said divorced. About this time a man walked-over and talked in a suspicious Irish

accent. He picked-up each hand of the ladies and said to the first "you suck", to the second, "so do you" and to the third, "We need to talk..." I was impressed with his boldness and his prioritizing topics of conversation and wished I'd done that. I confess, he out-charmed me. Latter, I considered he might be mocking my directness.

He started cutting-in, walking off with lady number three. Later, on my way home, I thought of defense lines against such maneuvers should I return, like "I've never seen a Green card, can you show me one?" or "So, do they give Catholic Irish Green cards and Protestant ones Orange cards?" Might start a genuine brawl :-)

I had a chat with lady number 2 while the other two were off with Irishman number 1. I explained I was opposed to remarriage, that my Mom threw a fit when my sister remarried and that I could understand how such a thing would screw-up whole extended families. I said "I just do what they tell me. I figure some wise guy worked-it all out." <F: humble (Getting a sensation in my knee saying to be humble)> Anyway, something didn't seem quite right about those ladies--it seemed like a set-up. Now, I'm wondering if they were prostitutes--that would explain why they burst-out laughing and, a little later on, one made the "L" finger sign on her forehead when I didn't follow-through. Irishman 1 might have been a pimp. I might have really confused them because Irishman 1 had a friend who stopped by at the start, who seemed a bit odd--I wonder if they thought "I'll buy that" meant "bisexual".

Now, I'm wondering if I accidentally just delivered a warning from some imaginary organized crime family--I did say "wise guy" and "I just do what they tell me."

Shutting down a prostitution ring in an Irish Pub may have been <C laugh> my good deed for the weekend. More likely, it's just my active imagination.

I guess you could try to hype the value of your ethnic stock by manipulating the market through pornography. It's <F: lazy> against my values... (Confused by that sensation...) I'm a buyer, not a seller... But I guess I'm also a seller. Anyway, I'm not about <C: that's the point> to advocate manipulation--I'll stick with what my faith says.

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: Odd Coincidence.
From: "Terry Davis"
Date: Tue, 2 Jul 2002 00:56:32 -0700
To: "Ira Seaver"

I just picked a passage from the old testament about a false profet who sent letters to people. His name was Seminaiah or something like that. It was the passage were someone else was instructed to tell him something about police and madmen and such. I'm concerned I may be a false profit, a concern anyone who claims to have contact with God should have.

I've learned some truths. You can <F:laugh> <C:laugh> make people happy by telling them they are right. It's tempting, therefore, to look for spiritual solutions which result in the conclusion that every religion is correct. That conclusion is incorrect, unfortunately.

It's not okay for some religions to hype the value of their stock with pornography.

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: Oops,
From: "Terry Davis"
Date: Tue, 2 Jul 2002 00:57:43 -0700
To: "Ira Seaver"

More importantly, I may be a false profit. At least, I'll try to be a good Catholic.

July 2 8:36PM
Subject: Humility
to Ira

The Catholic church has many "mysteries" which you're supposed to believe. It's unclear if anyone in the church understands them or ever did. Sometimes, they are contrary to conventional wisdom. It is then that you must especially have faith and humility. My impression is when you have faith, that pleases God. That being said, what should one do if he finds a decent reason that explains a mystery? Share it, so that others believe <F: lazy> without faith or let it remain hidden?

My discussion of disease and the third world and the possibility that the third world may develop immunity to diseases before the first world reveals something. The amount of kindness we have shown to the third world will determine the course of the future. Our church teaches charity as do most churches. What is not realized is that there will be a judgement day on the first world for the amount of <Terry's weakness> charity given and it will be plain as day what the cause was. But, as the overfed goldfish which died demonstrate, charity must be administered in carefully and thoughtfully.

Something such as birth control should be similarly considered. What dire future does the world have when the penalties for adultery are removed from the evolutionary equations. I imagine God punishes adultery for some good reason, possibly having to do with his plans for the evolution of the human race and I'm nervous when small-scale punishments are removed from the equation. I'm certain there will be some large scale punishment to bring it back into balance.

A peoples who, over time engage in adultery will not please God and will be weeded-out. I'm certain. The temptation for adultery, however, will probably always be present to accomplish God's purposes.

The AIDS epidemic represents an interesting topic. What does the future hold? Will all eventually become exposed and those who can tolerate it without it killing them be the only ones left-over? If so, I'd say God would have select a chosen people to carry-on the human race, but it seems unlikely such a result would happen after undergoing sinfulness. Will the US administer a dose of HIV to all citizens early in this century knowing only some will survive, to protect it's future genetic stock? What a cold, heartless approach when the alternative is to help Africa.

Perhaps, the world population will never become immune to AIDS and it will remain a lingering disease weeding-out sinners.

Fortunately, I don't need to figure-out <F: hip> all the answers. I have faith.

I find affirmation of Christian values in human evolutionary theories, when they are not the simplistic notions of former theorists. "Survival of the fittest" is a useless expression when there are the subtleties present of fit goldfish dying for the genetic diversity of the group. Higher level forces appear to be present favoring diversity in many cases. Evolution is the work of God and, from my experience, He is so awesome that for centuries to come I suspect man will be discovering secrets of evolutionary theory.

Jesus preached to sinners--tax collectors and prostitutes. The Jews in His day thought he was nuts. Jesus saw that those people could be turned to righteousness over time by focusing on the heart. He was medicine for their downward spiral of sin. I'll bet He had an impact on genetic diversity, once the sinners children gained respectability and returned to the respectable gene pool.

My biggest personal concern at the moment is laziness--Will I suffer dire consequences for writing this when I could be working. Am I revealing secrets, or misleading people. I might be bringing on my own doom and it may be my fault. Back to the AR152... :-)

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: Not what goes into your mouth but what comes out...
From: "Terry Davis"
Date: Wed, 3 Jul 2002 02:35:31 -0700
To: "Ira Seaver"

The title to this email is a famous quote from Christ when he addressed Jews in his day. I'm proud to say with a better diet, my nausea <F: childish> has passed. Anyway, I wanted to appologize for some of the unCatholic things I said.

I shouldn't have glorified the feeling you get when you scheme at a good comeback (when I was thinking of what I could have said to that Irishman in the Pub). The indulging in aggressive thinking when conceiving of pick-up lines <C: rings a bell> I also feel guilty for. Finally, the bit about brawling... I'm not sure about. Brawling would seem unCatholic, but I can't figure-out why the most prestigious university in the United States, Notre Dame, has the mascot, the Fighting Irish.

Now that's a mystery? Maybe, the Pope should fix that <thumbs up> because that seems unCatholic.

Brawling in bars may appear to be a way to promote rapid evolutionary advancement, but I'm sure that's just naive superficial analysis of evolutionary dynamics. I have faith that God has <F: childish> good plans for the world and that those plans will be achieved by me following my faith and promoting it.

The forces reforming the church now with the sex scandels should also target that Fighting Irish mascot--I'm sure most Catholics in their hearts believe that is unCatholic. I have some idea of how a muslim must feel when there are militant temptations present, but you know they aren't right.

I wouldn't be surprised if <F: rings a bell> some person at the school in the past thought it would be a marketing coupe and sacrificed core values. He probably caved into some of the same temptations I did--everyone wants to get caught-up in ethnic pride. It's human and we must resist. When you see the big picture and the coevolution aspects you feel foolish for caving-in.

I will defend my decision to visit an Irish Pub. I don't normally go to bars and don't make it a point to pick Irish ones. This time, however, I figured I take advantage of the simple fact that <C: childish> there are compatibility advantages to seeking people similar to yourself--the odds of finding other catholics goes-up in an Irish bar.

I guess it's not a crime to have a little pride in your heritage. I wouldn't advocate pressing Hispanics to become Americanized. America becomes enriched with diversity, but perhaps, there's something to be admired in those who make unity stronger by fitting-in.

July 3, 6:14PM
to Ira

Win on for the gipper", the famous Notre Dame quote is probably supposed to be "Win one for the gypper"

The assumption would be feeling grateful for being blessed by those who have been unkind to the Irish? Jesus said, to rejoice when others curse you on account of his name, for your reward in the kingdom of God will be great. In all sincerity, the Irish could attempt to be nice to those who intended them wrong.

The Jews have been cursed by many, perhaps, they've stored-up a reward too.

There's a caveat--you're not supposed to earn curses for being unkind.

July 3 9:38PM
to Ira

By meditating on mysteries of the church, I drew possible explanations. I don't know if they are Kosher with the Catholic church, so to speak. (Forgive my borrowing of a Jewish word, but I find it handy.) There's the possibility that if it no longer seems a mystery you're in deep moral jeopardy. Then, again, mysteries are supposed to eventually come to light. It would be arrogant of me to assume that I understand <C: childish> things generations past missed. I must conclude the secrets are enforced, or I don't understand properly. I admit I'm a little arrogant and wonder if, with the privilidge of looking back at history from my vantage and with my particular background, and with the grace of God, it's possible I see things others believed on faith. (I give myself some credit because my faith was tested many times along the way.)

I picked a passage from the old testament last night--the 10 commandments... I stopped after reading the first <F: laugh> because a thought occurred to me about the first with someone else being guilty of sin and I was trying to avoid guilt trips that would come from reading the rest. (I probably need to visit the confessional--free psycho-analysis for members only!) It seemed Notre Dame might have worshipped an American Idol--football. They certainly got carried away with stories of the four horsemen and stuff. You must wonder if <F:childish> there might be a consequence for their sin. The Irish might not be so lucky in the future.

On a serious note, I'm still unsure how evolutionary concerns relate to worshipping false Gods. Abraham almost sacrificed Isaac <F: madness>... whatever... Anyway, my guess is you focus on God and He'll take care of evolution <F: lazy>. (If that's his concern. For all I know we're devolving in the eyes of God.) You could argue we are stewards of God's creation and Christ has given the complete plan. Perhaps, humans need something positive to occupy their time in the future. It is conceivable that Christ's commandment to love your neighbors and even enemies is a way of promoting a much better alternative to the negative version of natural selection. The most loving societies on earth will develop strong hearts, so to speak, supporting the weaker ones. When tough times come, if tough times come... How strong is America's heart? Are we supporting others or others supporting us? It's tempting to think you leave the weak hanging when tough times come, but Christ might have us push harder to give. If we sacrifice ourselves in the process, we may start a new dynamic in evolution similar to the goldfish dying when overfed.

I read about a point shaving scandal in the same football fiction story I found in the news article which revealed the "gypper" idea. Are the Irish guilty of something along that line--point shaving? Hierarchies are foolish--you can't rate humans--they are all created equal. Jesus made it clear that sins could be forgiven. In evolutionary terms, if you pull yourself back onto the path of righteousness (with the grace of God), your descendants might thrive. There are no lost causes with God's grace available. <1/3 not lazy (holy not lazy)>

Terry, It is now almost midnight and I am tired enough to want to sleep.
I read all the e-mails to Ira and am trying to understand them. I don't recognize errors in doctrine as I am so confused by the general context.
I was surprised that you reference your sensations. Also, I have always been confused by your constant references to Ira's Jewish heritage and your Catholicism. I like to exchange ideas concerning different beliefs but I believe we all have something we can give and something we can receive. Not everyone has been offered our heritage. And I am sure they will occupy some of the "many mansions" that Jesus said were in His father's house. It is difficult for me to see crude and obscene words in the same sentence with the Holy name of God, Also I guess I just don't know anything of the scene and your references to the incident in the Irish Pub. None of it made any sense to me. And why are you so

attached to your Irish heritage. I was raised to be an American and except for St. Patrick's Day (when everyone is Irish) and my Dad stirring the pot sometimes to tease my mother about being Cajun (which she wasn't), we didn't emphasize our being Irish. Will try to give this more thought and maybe we can get together to go over it. Love you, Mom.

Hi Terry, This is not going to be very long as I am still trying to read and understand your dialogue with Ira. One thing I did do was look up each of the four gospels about the last supper with reference to the one who dips the morsel in with me will betray me. In each instance, footnoted was the same to indicate betrayal by one so close that he enjoyed table fellowship with Jesus. In other words, not a stranger but someone close enough to be as family. As far as the morsel was concerned, one note said it was probably the bitter herb dipped in salt water -- part of the traditional Passover meal--symbolizing the bitterness of slavery and the tears shed. It would have been easier to be betrayed by another not a companion -- com pan--with bread. The Psalm 41:10 was referenced "Even my friend who had my trust and partook of my bread, has raised his heel against me."

Terry, Jesus was a pious Jew and knew and recited the Psalms as prayers of praise and encouragement. Even on the cross, His "My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?" another Psalm 22:2 which we accept as a Messianic reference -- all about Jesus. Terry, there is no way that I can associate ANY of Sacred Scripture to such trivia as your goldfish nor can I understand that that passage would have you take off on some tangent. In the sense that we receive Our Lord in the intimacy and closeness of Holy Communion and that we share that "table "with the Lord and with each other, we must take it seriously and not betray Jesus nor each other in so far as our weak humanity is able. But I never think in terms of fear. I place my trust in God and hope for His mercy and forgiveness for my many weaknesses. I know that without Him, I can't do what I am supposed to nor even what I want to do. And so, I say, Most

Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in You." This is just one small part of your dialogue that I have considered. I truly don't understand your reaction at all. It makes no sense to me. I hope you no longer fear to think about what Jesus was saying. Love, Mother PS I also looked up some of St. Paul's letters concerning unbecoming speech. I'll

write a few words about that in another e-mail right now.

Terry, I can't find the particular passage I was looking for. I know it is in one of St. Paul's letters. I found the general idea but not the really, really strongly worded passage with reference to obscene speech.

However, Colossians 3:5-11, gives us a guideline to what we should be striving for. It is about putting aside and renouncing vice of all kinds. --8 "But now you must put them all away: anger, fury, malice, slander and obscene language out of your mouths." Another passage you

can look up is Ephesians 4:25-32. These passages should not make you

excessively fearful but help you to strive to do your best. You MUST stop associating your sensations to God or to spirituality and then use that foul four letter word and attribute that to God's speech or communication to you. That is NOT of God. Don't ever write that dribble to me again. You and I both know that God would not sanction something that is so offensive and crude. Well, Dad continues to come

in here and tell me what is on TV so I will go in with him for a while. I'm still trying to get through your extensive communication with Ira.

Hi Terry, We were happy to see you last night. Dad is still wanting us to go to the cabin. We both have books we want to read and would like

to water around the cabin. Also Dad said he'd like to paint the side deck while up there. There is always some maintenance to be done.

We

have finally unpacked and washed the clothes from our three-week venture

and are going to repack. We'll probably leave in the middle of the night so as not to be on the road in the heat of the day. Going east, Dad was considering leaving sometime this evening so as not to be driving into the sun. Nothing is decided. If you are interested in coming over tonight, please come. I'm sure we'll not leave until some odd hour--maybe 3:00 am so Dad can get some sleep.

I just want to continue to go through some of your communications with

Ira as I pick areas that can be more easily addressed. I looked up the

passage concerning the disciples being fishers of men and the three gospels that contain Jesus picking Simon (Peter) and his brother, Andrew and James and his brother, John the sons of Zebedee, all say that they will be fishers of men. Mt.4:18-22, Mark1:16-20 and Luke 5:1-11. Not any of these passages use the word , "different" or "different types of fish." I'm only trying to clarify because you seemed to emphasize different types of fish. That is true that the gospel is to be preached to everyone -- everyone is invited to share the faith. We don't exclude anyone . When I reread your comments, I don't know why I thought your emphasis on all different types of fish" seemed significant. Of course that is true even though the gospel text did not say "different". Maybe you were thinking about Judaism and the Israelites emphasizing their being the chosen people. They were, but not in the sense of exclusivity and privilege to lord it over others. They were the chosen people with a God-given mission that would extend to everyone. By the way, we all have a God-given mission. Once God became Incarnate and walked this earth, His invitation to follow Him extended His mission to all of us once He ascended back to heaven. We can't brush off our obligations as Christians with a passing attitude that that doesn't concern me, it's God's business. I know that you are very aware of that.

Another area that I didn't understand was about the downed electrical line. I presume that you came to the conclusion that it was not "live" as you saw other lines clearly under construction. Had it been "live" it would have been unthinkable that it would not be reported to safeguard lives. Not sure of "baby steps" being taken -- but caught the significance of (coincidence of) having heard news about Arafat making reference to peace deal being baby steps? In the peace process. The other parts totally escape me. I've got to go now. Maybe if you read this in time, you may decide to come by. Otherwise, we'll let you know what we decide to do about the cabin. I'm sure since Dad is so anxious to go, we will go. Not sure when we will return. You can always join us. Love, Mom

P.S. That reference about the vessel being chosen that was a broken pottery one, instead of the ones of precious metal or crystal, is in a poem--actually I have used it by assigning different people to read the part of each type of vessel. It is effective and thought provoking.

We'll have to go into the part of God's chosen people in depth. Jesus said His mission was to the lost children of Israel. More later. It is too significant to pass over so lightly. Also, I still take strong issue with your bringing God down to a low level of obscurity.

Mankind

is to be elevated to a higher level--not bring God down to our level in the sense of His taking on our crudities and obscenities. We use anthropomorphism when describing God because we need something to

imagine that is concrete. But never in the sense of degrading God.

Thank you for replying to the extensive e-mail I sent to you. I took time to look up the passages and read and re-read what you sent -- trying to understand and respond. But you reacted to one thing only.

I

will not change my position. I have NEVER associated that language with

African American males. It was around a long time before rap took over. I am ashamed of my own vulgarities and don't excuse myself.

The

passages in James referring to the tongue as a rudder and the need to keep it under control is another indication that we are to refrain from offenses language and I have felt guilty every time I have heard those passages. The Christian message and its delivery can stand on its own

with no embellishment. And because those who wrote had an ability to

write, they didn't have to resort to vulgarity to deliver the message.

As another passage quoting Jesus says--say yes when you mean yes and

indicates that our word should be strong enough to be believed without

resorting to swearing, etc. We'll be at the cabin with the cell phone, if you need to get in touch. Mom

Ira, I'm sending this to my Mom, too.

My biggest thrill comes from disproving worldly wisdom by proving the wisdom of my faith is better. Today, I want to address hierarchies and the notion of climbing the corporate ladder.

I was led to address this topic when I read an Old Testament quote saying lightning was carefully aimed. That's profound, if you think about it--lightning strikes the top. Placing the most valuable people at the top of a corporation or army or whatever might be risky in a hostile environment. Suppose, down-the-road, there is a war and assassins target key American corporate heads. We're vulnerable, so long as our leaders are the most capable people and they are recognized. I've thought about this before and it appeared in the movie, Saving Private Ryan. A very capable leader was sent to lead a squad of men, emphasizing that some tactical missions might

justify more leadership resources than strategic operations. And, he didn't make himself a target for snipers by wearing fancy badges.

Sidetracking a little, I also stopped to think about the history of multilevel structures before the invention of the lightning rod--was God making a statement by causing lightning to strike high places? (I'm a firm believer in intelligent design of the universe.) We have the story of the tower of Babel that sounds like a similar message. I wonder if multilevel structures disturb the natural balance in population densities, total populations . . . or if it's something less significant like God wanting to protect us from <C: childish> earthquake deaths. Maybe, it's a form of pride he especially dislikes.

Getting back to corporate hierarchies, my faith's angle would be different--if hierarchies did not correspond to abilities, it would give everyone reason for humility. Humility is a good thing in the eyes of God and I'd guess there might be payoffs for restructuring moves that promote humility, even if they seemed illogical from a human standpoint. I'm not a biblical scholar, but perhaps a study of God's choices might reveal something--the only problem is you never know the alternate endings if other leaders had been picked. God picked David, a shepherd, who was a pretty good Old Testament leader. In our society, what would happen if we picked a farm laborer for president . . . and society prospered? Conventional wisdom would be shattered. Conventional wisdom may place too much emphasis on the abilities of the leader (I'm revealing prejudices that may be unfounded) and not on the more far-reaching effects. How do you calculate leadership loyalty and leadership motivational equations--what type of leader brings-out the best in people.

Judging by <C: holy not lazy> our democracy, the people want change in leadership, from time to time. Parties change in the U.S. regularly. Perhaps, the right answer is not always the same type of leader. Imagine the lasting consequences in the U.S. if, generations from now a person as low on the prestige scale as a farm laborer could reflect on a president once rising out of his circumstances. Imagine if he (she) jumped straight from farm laborer to president without the usual climb in society. That might send a dangerous message like you shouldn't seek to climb. Shaking-up the distribution of talent, might bring unexpected results. God led David from a low position up to being king. (Granted there wasn't much mobility.) Jesus said, don't immediately sit in the positions of honor at banquets, pick the lowest and get upgraded. Hmm, Jesus didn't say anything about dispensing with prestige, so I have to think about this. Hierarchies are necessary, I'd say, despite the appeal of round-table structures. In one of Jesus' hypothetical banquets, who in the hierarchy'd get the honor. . . would it vary?

To take the idea of highly talented people lurking low down in hierarchies to the extreme, you must allow <C: suicide> for the highest talent sometimes residing in the lowest positions. There could be benefits in the form of newly invented janitorial tools or the like. Or, perhaps, David, the King may never have developed properly for kingship if he had been promoted first to farm master. (Sounds illogical, but you never know.) Leadership virgins have a certain property that others don't have, that perhaps disappears over time. I guess I ignored the reality of the "suicide" sensation from Christ--this idea might never fly because there's something unnatural? It may be a good idea, but require inhuman will-power to sustain.

Having a few more deep thinkers in low stress positions might pay-off. Einstein was a patent office clerk.

I saw a commercial with a certain ethnicity person who you'd more typically find in a lawyer commercial. He was juggling cats. It was a car mechanic commercial and he said something like, "I can do this."

If I were Jewish, I'd be paranoid. God continuously punishes them by making everybody hate them. Aside from converting to a different religion, I'd examine what I was doing wrong historically and try to change course. . . unless I felt blessed to be disciplined, so, by God. Examine what is a core value and what is not. By all appearances, materialism seems to be a core value. My guess is any Jew who believes materialism is a core value is bound for trouble or his descendents are bound for trouble. Ask yourself this question--would you rather the public perceive Jews as average in wealth/power or above average/power. Granted, there are times one or the other perception might be more convenient. All I can say is praise God very few hate the Irish. Our corporate image is worth much more than the Jewish one. . . except we're not God's chosen people. The horrors of World War II gave the Jews an P.R. boost, but why squander it. People celebrate Saint Patrick's day because they want to be Irish. (The I.R.A. hurt our image, though.) If I were head of the Jewish League, or whatever it is called, I'd pull strings and do everything in my power to remove the public connection between Jews and lawyers. (Cancel all lawyer commercials with "Gold", "burg" and "Stein" in the names.) People hate lawyers. If you want to defuse a timebomb, that's a good start. I'd ask myself, where is our image suffering and how can we fix it, instead of how can we seize power and prevent people from doing anything about it. A power struggle is suicide for the Jews--they're a minority.

For the heck of it, I just picked a random Bible passage: Isaiah 8:10
It says any plan will be thwarted or any resolve will not be carried out because, "With us is God!"

If that's the Jewish thinking, I'd remind them that God is only with you when He's pleased with you. At other times He's collecting enemies against you to set you straight.

Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry character said, "You have to ask yourself, Do I feel lucky?"
I'd say any Jew better always ask himself, "Am I in God's favor, today?"

This idea of rethinking hierarchies must be reconciled with the notion that we are expected to use our talents. Perhaps, society would be better served with a few more people exerting more energy outside work. A return to spiritual values might come through corporate down-shifting. A semi-cynical person would say America (or Jews or any group) might boost its global image by down-shifting and spending more time with spirituality.

To some extent, America has the same image problem globally that Jews have--resentment and envy. Perhaps, if we're so much richer than our neighbors that they're envying us and we have to use force to keep what we have, we should consider the possibility that we may be up against natural forces God put in place to regulate things. How strong are the forces pushing for more even wealth? A Christian shouldn't let the question of how much inequality in wealth he can get away with be his guide for how much he keeps, by the way.

There are many approaches to converting Jews to Christianity. Since Judaism is the basis for Christianity, it seems theoretically possible to induce a gradual conversion

by discussing tenets, one-by-one. Today's discussion <C: lazy> was intended to address. . . <C: friendly> touched on many topics that came to me spontaneously instead of the more methodical approach I just now thought of.

Terry

Ira,

If you ever decide to look deeper into Catholicism, you'll discover <C: childish> endless things to puzzle you and build your faith, psychological strength and heart <C: childish> <Warm fuzzy>.

To an outsider, the "sacrament" of communion must seem very odd. In the movie Gandhi, an Indian explained he had a Christian friend and said he drank blood. . . the blood of Christ. The listener was confused until he understood that the Indian was referring to communion.

You're an adult, so I'll share with you my view--Christianity arrived in civilization at a more barbaric time. Sacrifices were a common way to please the gods. . . sometimes human. Abraham almost sacrificed Isaac!!! In the New World, the Indians had various human sacrifices. Perhaps, Christ foresaw the need to satisfy that way of thinking in those who would eventually be converted. You may ask me if I'm truly Catholic--Catholics believe during communion, the bread and wine actually become the body and blood of Christ. In humility, I'll say I'm open to taking things on faith. The Catholic view is that Jesus Christ (God's son, in a sort of split personality mystery), had to die to ransom the world from sin. As I've come to believe more strongly in a profoundly complex governing system in place designed by God creating forces here and there to push civilization along God's path, I could imagine a drastic correction might, at some point have been necessary to fix things because man wasn't doing <C: their childish> (I'm being too elementary?) what he was supposed to. Frankly, I'm not eager to learn the calculus of <C: unholy sex> (My Mom convinced me to do away with obscenities.) <C: too humble> why an "unblemished" sacrifice was necessary in such a horrific manner. (We say Christ was without sin and he was tortured on a cross.)

My take on those last couple sensations would be the Jews were too humble trying to please God with righteousness, creating poor genetic dynamics (unholy sex?)--it's not always that the unrighteous don't reproduce, but perhaps they married other unrighteous creating extreme characteristics. With different governing dynamics, you wouldn't get the polarization based on righteousness. A little acceptance, tolerance and forgiveness was in order--not being so narrow minded. It's tempting to search for who gets weeded-out in the game of life and rejoice in progress, but that seems unChristian. The Christian stance would appear to be to <C: mild too humble> <F: childish> save as many as possible <C: strong reprimand> and leave God to select from unpolarized gene pools. <F: too humble> <C: their wound> I give-up trying to analyze it for now, but <C: too humble> I'm sure Christ was doing good things. I guess the reality is that Christians (or Jews for that matter) can reach-out to the unrighteous attempting to get them back on track and some won't and that will lead to their destruction. (<C: too humble> If you still plan to remain Jewish, you might take a hint from Christians and reach-out more often to unrighteous Jews to get them back on track. Do Jews have a live and let die attitude with respect to other Jews <F: that's the point> who have gotten off-track? Obviously righteous Jews don't want unrighteous Jews bringing hatred upon them <F: brave> but <F: their old> that's a different motive.)

I just wanted to comment on a crude sensation that comes to mind in thinking about the Jews being too humble historically at the time of Jesus in their marriage habits. The tip of my nose <F: their wound> is "brown-nosing". I was brought-up by my siblings with a certain sense that it is wrong to be too forward in trying to please someone when you are looking for a reward. I'm not sure if I'm guilty of anthropomorphism, but people don't like-it when others "suck-up" to them for various reasons, so perhaps God feels the same way. Brown-nosing is certainly not a very noble form of behavior. Rebelliousness <C: too humble> and independence must be carefully balanced, so you don't get carried away in the other direction either. I guess God might be sad and let you do whatever <C: childish>, warning you that you will encounter unpleasant corrective forces. Then, there's eternity. . . When a Catholic goes to confession He's supposed to first tell the priest a prayer called an act of contrition. Basically, it says we're sorry for our sins because we fear the loss of heaven and punishment in hell, but more importantly we're sorry we disappointed/hurt God, who's deserving of all our love. If you analyze it it's an attempt to rise above brown-nosing mentalities based on rewards and punishments <C: their wound>, to a more personal relationship with God.

There are references to stumbling blocks in the Bible which imply that certain things are designed to be so difficult to accept that certain people are excluded. Communion is a sacrament of initiation and I'm sure many view it as something analogous to fraternity initiation rights, but I believe they lack true faith. People born Catholic obviously see it differently than people raised non-Catholic.

In Catholicism, if you maintain active meditation, there's enough content to keep you going endlessly. Recently, I had to struggle with the following unpleasant train of thought. It was inspired after I read Ezekial where it describes what might sound like God in a UFO. I got to thinking. . . Christ said do unto others as you'd have them do unto you. . . Christ said eat my body (blessed bread and wine) so you have eternal life. What if a UFO shows-up one day looking for food? Perhaps, aliens tricked us? Perhaps, Christ prepared us with a humble attitude with respect to UFO's which seem so awesome we mistake them for God. Many of us would let ourselves be eaten. . . so others would survive. Anyway, my imagination brings me lots of discomfort, but it builds my faith and strength. I asked myself, how prepared am I to be eaten by an alien? I said to myself, well if I ate communion, I guess I have no right complaining. I said to myself, God's been pretty good to me. . . could I do that? Then I worried I may have insulted God by thinking he'd eat me. But, Abraham thought God wanted him to sacrifice Issac, so I may be in good company.

<C: too humble>Anyway, in discussing my faith I've been open in sharing what a mature(?) Catholic with an active imagination, a tendency to think outside the box, borderline mental illness, etc. . . I've shared what I believe, and I've not being trained in bringing others into the faith, so I'm not sure what's meant for you to struggle with to understand on your own, what's meant as a stumbling block, etc. I'm being a little rash. I'm sure there are enough mysteries to test your faith, build strength, understanding, hope, peace, joy, etc. . . should you decide to become Catholic.

I'm in the possibly bad habit of opening the Bible randomly and reading. Not sure if that's somehow evil sorcery or something. Who knows what Moses did in those hidden times in the tent or on the mountain or whatever. He had a staff like sorcerors are portrayed in most movies (Lord of the Rings). It seems like a fuzzy line. I'm not really sure what other power could control what page I open to in a book

than the one and only God. I never treat it like a weegee board--I always examine what stand-alone message is in the passage and use it to direct/inspire my thoughts, not make superstitious decisions.

Anyway, I just picked 1 CHRONICLES 26, which mentions David's police officers. In doing an image make-over for the Jews yesterday, I had been considering how the Irish, like the Jews migrated into certain professions. The Irish went for the police force. The Jews went for the legal system. Overcoming some of my childhood rebelliousness, I've come to admire both professions when those entering have noble intents. If there were a successful rebellion, I confess, I'd rather have the police on my side than the lawyers. If, for some reason, the Irish in America became persecuted, controlling the police would be a strong defense. Imagine Nazi Germany if the Jews controlled the police force before Hitler attempted to come to power. Scholarliness is admirable, but there's something to be said for courageous men of action. I don't pretend the Irish had completely noble intents when they went into the police force--they came from an English controlled Ireland and probably decided that the police was the first thing they wanted different? I'm just speculating, and I hope I don't offend the English.

In both the police and legal professions, there are opportunities to score P.R. points, or lose them. That's a little cynical, the real motivator should be a noble desire to serve the public. White police abusing blacks <C: humble> is a way to lose points. Police dying in the line of duty, generally gains points. In law, lawyers are helping all sides and making a killing doing so. For the public, I think there's a lack of the black and white clarity. Many know that for each lawsuit where the public interest was served, there was one lawyer fighting one way and one fighting the other. It demands a more sophisticated intellect to appreciate. The disparity between lawyers wages and everybody elses, earns resentment that the police profession doesn't have to contend with. (Forgive the menacing way that could be interpreted, I meant the nonmenacing meaning.)

You don't write much Ira, so this is about the same as writing to myself.

Ira, Mom, Dad and Joe,

I recently heard a radio spot that said many people in mental institutions end-up there for guilt they felt over sins. (It was a Protestant Christian Radio channel.) I resented it because many attack Catholic's as guilt mongers, but I had to admit it may have rung true in my case a little. . . I'm not sure. Actually, I think rage and paranoia set-me off and the guilt came after and in the institution.

When the "Prebate" issue came-up over the T520 chip, I felt I may be leading others to violate their consciences in regards to breaking the commandment not to steal. I told Ira and he translated my concern into not wanting others to accumulate "baggage" (guilt). (Just saw word trick--"baggage"=guilt and excess material possessions = guilt?) Anyway, now I see I should set the record straight. Guilt is not the problem Jesus is referring to, otherwise making people amoral would solve the problem just as well. Ira, expressed a compassionate notion, but it's important not to turn people from the 10 commandments or society is doomed (and they're doomed eternally). It's complex because Jesus introduced the concept that the

commandments are for our own good and that in rare circumstances you didn't have to be <F: mild thumbs down> absolutely strict? Healing on the sabbath was not a sin, according to Jesus, even though it appeared to be a form of work. Perhaps, stealing can be justified under rare circumstances if the target is a person who's being generally destructive to society? Please, don't ask me to make judgements like that--the prebate issue is so complex, for example, I don't know. When you don't know, it's probably safest to stick with the commandment or defer to someone else, though that can be cowardly.

Ira told a cute story about Rabbi, a woman and a chicken with straw in it's throat that expressed the notion of occasional leniency, maybe he'll email it to everyone. Ironic that there's a "chicken" and a throat in a story about courage--if you're chicken, you may have something in your throat that keeps you from speaking-up. (Not <F: not lazy> sure I like that realization in view of <C: stinks> my cowardly choice.)

I've pondered Jesus' saying about it being better if a millstone were tied around the necks of those who lead others astray (and they be thrown into the sea.) It certainly sounds like Jesus is saying deadly force is authorized. It's probably best to consult a Catholic authority to get their take on that passage, but I've sort-of formulated my own course of action.

I went with my sister to the Museum of Natural history this morning with Brenda, my sister, and was concerned because I knew I'd be seeing Dinosaurs. In light of my recent thoughts on being eaten by aliens, I didn't need the stimulus of monsters who vanished mysteriously and were supposedly unintelligent, but who knows. It's easy to generate theories like, "The dinosaurs are living on the dark side of the moon and will soon be coming to harvest us." I've become stronger and more courageous, and have developed a knack for spotting disturbing thought sources before I approach them. I compare avoiding disturbing thoughts through faith, to walking on water. In that case, putting a millstone around someone and throwing them in, might be a reference to dumping <C: that's the point> disturbing thoughts on them. The results are probably rarely fatal and perhaps Jesus' perscription for curing people. Perhaps, the mental health instutions will need more beds by the time I'm done.

How about a passage?

PSALM 88:8 "Your wrath lies. . . " I was just imagining I was the wrathful person and got a sensation: <F: painful stinks> Oops, that reminds me of something I wrote about a couple years ago--stink bombs, which coincidentally ended-up being implemented. Non-lethal force, seems to be the theme. I guess, if you could develop<C: that's the point> a semi-perminent weapon that made people stinky and shunned by people by maybe altering their pore chemistry? Harsh, but better than death. There are many non-lethal forms of bio <C: too humble> warfare (Perhaps chemical as well). The most humane might be ones <F: lazy> which inflict minimal suffering <F: their childish>. . . I meant physical suffering, but I guess God might mean he's inspired me onto something <C: Christ doesn't know is is not telling> easily achievable. How about <C: grace? or maybe disgrace> targeting the common bacteria which cause human B.O? Generate new, more effective strains (stinkier)? (For friends, generate less stinky ones to displace the stinky varieties.)

I'm not sure I'd mess with scents--who knows what effect they have on romance and socializing. I'm either superstitious or have a health respect for what's evolved in nature. We're don't follow instincts 100% but we are effected.

I think I want to hang-out with more older people because they have wisdom. Before I discuss the following topic, I feel the need to make public a sin of my own to cover myself (funny choice of words) in case I'm making someone else uncomfortable when I discuss something they revealed which reflects a capacity for sin.

I cheated on the SAT and got a merit scholarship. I wasn't out for scholarships, so much as the prestige of high test scores, but you could say, I've possibly stolen a lot in my day (\$4,000?). I cheated in two ways--in one of the breaks in testing, I talked with a friend and, somehow, we got to discussing specific problems. I realized I made a mistake on one of the math problems and changed it when I got back. Another thing I did was, after finishing the verbal section with time to spare, I went to the math section and spent more time on unfinished problems instead of reviewing the verbal section.

Eventually, I made some vows--I vowed never to refill soda cups when I go to restaurants. (Actually, that was for stealing some milk crates for furniture while in the dormitory. I had a roommate who encouraged me to do it with him, but there's no excuse for what I did given the fact I worked in a grocery store and was aware of the lengths they go to protect them. <C: Laugh> -->Oops, just revealed a weakness that might scare my employers--would I ever be disloyal? Maybe they should be encouraged that I feel so guilty for it. <F: slow down> Anyway, making it up to restaurants is a round-about penance, but how do you give money back to stores? I guess I could stop using my Von's card. Yeah, I better do that. Yee--Ha, I can refill my cup at restaurants now? :-) Anyway, I should vow to fund a scholarship or two at some point.

That's pretty harsh that God would tempt me with a roommate like that--that roommate built a whole wall of shelves out of brand new fancy, good looking milk crates probably costing \$30 a piece with metal reinforced lips perfect for book cases? I chose 2 old ones with no metal reinforcements and used them as laundry baskets and carrying crates. I guess I may have been a tool of <C: pain in the neck> God--my obvious reluctance to steal big-time may have come across to my roommate? Sounds more like a sting put in place <F: laugh> by those Sun Devils. My roommate was from Wisconsin, so maybe milk <C: support that> was dear to his heart and it was his little trademark or reminder of home? (Just now realizing his motives and <F: stinks> thinking more highly of him? Maybe, empathetic toward him. After our living together, we parted with me thinking him a stupid jock with a harem of stupid girls. I didn't respect him much.)

Anyway, getting to the dirt on others. . .

I said I heard that a company that's not growing is dying. Ira explained why--that salesmen lose their edge, then become desperate and it comes across. Desperation comes across!!! That's a little scary. A Christian might find detecting desperation useful for distributing resources to where it is most needed. Others might act in various ways based on <Not brown nosing>. . . yeah, what God said. Anyway, a Christian isn't supposed to take advantage of people. People who take advantage of good people alter the evolutionary dynamics against themselves, so they are, in a sadistic sort of way, blessing the people they take advantage of, or their offspring.

I made a vow not to put my merit scholarship on my resume and that probably made me come across more humbly (desperate.) Ironically, that may be a good thing--it's very possible I may have won a merit scholarship without those few points. Now, I'm

locked-into a stealthy career mentality, with complete sincerity that can't be explained. I guess I could put, I cheated on the SAT and earned a merit scholarship on my resume--hard to say what people would make of that!!! As a goal, I could say I wish to fund scholarships to others? Better yet, I'd list that under a penance heading. (Hmm, if we have a penance category, I might have to list something for laziness.) God bless the company that'd lets me do my penance.

At Graphic Technologies, I've managed to almost catch-up on charity donations I've missed--\$3000 owed but \$5000 in 401K that could cover it. I'm not thinking of leaving Graphic Technologies, so long as there's a purpose for me being here. I guess I could try to fund those scholarships.

I just rented "Death of a Salesman" and will watch it, now. I haven't a clue what it's about, but Dustin Hoffman's a good actor.

How about a passage?

EZEKIEL 45: 9 "Weight and measures"

I worked at deli for four months in between Graphic Technologies and Xytec. I didn't list it on my resume. I guess I could put that on my resume and make myself appear more desperate, to those who might misinterpret the complex motives for my taking that job. It could be an added filter. Perhaps, with an honest resume, God would force me out of programming.<-- <F: lazy> <F: pain in the ear--like a slap> One motive, and you may <C: god doesn't know> find this unbelievable, but I had toyed with the notion that you can't score moral points unless you step-up to the plate. I viewed programming as a field devoid of opportunities for the most part and had a general doubt on technology. I concluded a career change might be in order and I needed money and it would reassure my parents. I got a job in a deli a mile from my parent's house.

A deli job is a constant struggle between pleasing the customer and pleasing the store. The best you can do is strict honesty. There's a struggle between satisfying customers and wasting food, too. A deli <F: wound> worker could have an impact on people's values, if skilled enough. I don't think indulging in <C: christ knows> pleasures now and then is wrong but you shouldn't get carried away. (If you knew my eating pattern, I would be greatly shamed--lot's of soda and ice cream.) Anyway, people are human and pity and prayer is in order for addicts of all kinds.

<C: wound>I don't know if I managed to do good works in that deli, but I recently did something in that Irish bar, I'm proud of. . . sort-of. There was a fat guy who got to boasting of a big house he owned worth \$400,000 with lots of stuff and he ran the A.C. all day and kept computer's on, etc. A person, I felt painfully compassion for--he had a shallow life and was looking to me to make himself feel better by making me envious? I felt a tinge of guilt because I run my A.C. accidentally when I'm gone some times and, for a while got in the habit of leaving my computer on. The whole time he spoke, I just nodded and when he was done I said, "And how much have you given to charity?" That shut him up! Looking back, I don't know if he was lying about the house, but encouraging charity is good and am almost free from guilt on the charity thing, though I guess there's always room to pull-in the belt and give more.

Back to the deli--I had some interesting experiences and gained wisdom. I got a chance to work with a Black woman up close for a while and a Hispanic. The black woman was incredibly nice, surprisingly sharp. I had complete respect for her. The hispanic guy was a fun character. I suspect there was a blarney stone around where he grew-up, though. I realized he was a true professional. . . . liar that is. He'd suck-up to all the customers with phoneyess, but I don't know what to make of the fact that the customers generally went away happier. I hate lying, and maybe that's sinful pride? On the other hand, perhaps, lying to make others happy is a dangerous instability waiting for a crash. I guess if you had 100% certainty you could get away with it indefinitely. . . . Lets just say I had stuff to think about in that deli.

They made us take temperatures of the food. Many of my coworkers expressed contempt for the health department because they were so picky. Perhaps, I was too new to catch-on. I, being trained in lab work, had ideas on the proper way to take temperatures so as not to misrepresent the health risk. If you tell me that 180 degrees is the proper cooking temperature for a chicken, I'm not going to find the hottest chicken and stick a thermometer in it--I'm going to find the coldest one! I got frustrated explaining the concept. The system seemed broken unless it was a system meant to try men's souls. I don't know if I passed? Thinking about that chicken with straw in its throat, now. . . . I could have let things slide assuming the health department compensated for dishonesty with increased fudge factors--they're not dumb.

I was fascinated by the thermodynamic problem of preprepared cold dinners in an "island" case cooled from the bottom. They would stack the dinners and we were supposed to stick the thermometer between them and the case, obviously wrong unless you solved a thermodynamic problem and compensated to determine the temperature of the meat higher in the stack.

I don't know for a fact if the temperature readings were official health department standards <C: lazy> or store procedures meant <F: thumb's up> to keep us <C: friendly> above the standards.

In any case (pun), why take the stupid readings if you aren't going to do them right?

I wanted to add something to that discussion of the deli. I think they gave me a test to see if I was honest enough to be promoted to checker, that I didn't pass. A cute checker slipped me an extra dollar bill while I was buying something, one time. I didn't feel comfortable about it, but kept it because I didn't want to make her feel bad or get her in trouble. I had no way of knowing where the money was coming from. I guess I was supposed to turn her in or refuse? I figure checking has more to do with being honest yourself than turning others in for dishonesty, but what do I know? Stupid store was dishonest with the health department. . . . should I have turned them in?

I forget what the Christian duty is. "Gently rebuke a person who's doing wrong", I think I've heard.

Many organizations and institutions try to steal your loyalty. The store wanted unconditional loyalty from me? Rediculous!!! I'm a Christian, first. <C: childish> (I'm laughing at Christ's last sensation.)

I've heard God doesn't suffer his holy one's to see corruption. I'm feeling pretty holy because I've seen very little unquestionable corruption--I can always imagine a different take on things that's not corrupt. I shouldn't judge the store and health department policies because they may be designed to work properly with the way they <F: cold> get implemented. (Hee Hee, God's a comedian today.)

I'm hip to this notion of being holy and not seeing evil. Not sure I'm taking it right. Jesus said, "It is finished." I'm not sure when his victory is complete.

Sorry Ira, I'm picking a New Testament passage now. . .

GALATIANS I 1:11 "Paul's Defense of his Gospel and his authority: His Call by Christ"

The passage talks about St. Paul, a former Jew who persecuted Christians <F: too humble> for a while, who converted to Christianity and preached to the Gentiles, to the amazement of the Christians. I used persecute theists when I was an atheist <F: don't smile> and now look.

Just when I thought I was unusually gifted in spotting hidden meanings and a holy one not destined to see corruption...

I walked to work a minute ago (I say 10 minutes and left). On my way there, I stopped at a 7-11. On my way out, a guy stopped his car when I was rounding the corner of the parking lot. I thought he needed directions. He stared at me for a while. He looked like Sylvester Stallone. He didn't motion to me or anything, so I kept walking. I had just heard a joke/story about an Irish boxer preacher on the radio. The story went: An Irish preacher who had been converted to Christianity (Bastard protestant radio <F: don't support that> <F: their not lazy> <C: share (the wound)> . . . Okay I'm getting diverted to different subjects--this is impossible to paragraph properly if God is directing me.

Let me first address what God is meaning for me to share in reference to Catholics possibly not being Christian. After realizing that there appear to be laws of nature in place <F: that's the point> enforcing Christianity, it's easy to get suspicious of people who appear to attempt to manipulate those laws in unChristian ways. Thinking about Ireland, got me concerned about a possible need for reform in the Catholic church. I recently saw "Angela's Ashes" and <F: stinks> it confirmed several things I had been coming to realize. The Irish were stuck in <F: lazy> unhealthy conditions for much of the time of English occupation <C: slow down>. Okay, "health" is up to debate--do you define healthy as that which leads to longest life or long-term health of a civilization. You could say, in the misery of unsanitary conditions, the Irish were proceeding healthy down a road to their kids inheriting better resistance to disease. After seeing the video, I picked a passage from the Old Testament about some group "immolating" children--a vague reference to putting them in fire that could be symbolic. If the unhealthy conditions were not forced on the Irish, they would be guilty of <F: friendly> immolation. I saw a piece <F: lazy>

God's referring to my paragraphing problems? New paragraph, but I may return to the old topic.

I saw a <Not cute>(documenting all this dialog with God? <C: not wound>) documentary on the IRA in the 1970's. They smeared feces on the walls of their

prison cells. That seems like a flagrant way to menace people with your heightened immune system. (Not Christian, but perhaps they succumbed to human emotions.)

Basically, Angela's Ashes and that piece on the IRA got me concerned that the Catholic church may be sometimes guilty of thinking <F: mild their wound> they can mock God by manipulating the principles Christ layed-out. I think you should cease subjecting yourself to unsanitary conditions, the moment you are capable of doing so, or you are guilty of an scandalous arms race with all other peoples that you surely won't get away with. . . <C: laugh>Unless, sacraficing for your long term descendants is a higher good that superceds other principles. Perhaps, moderation is in order--an oversided immune system may unbalance the body <F: rubbish>, or <F: mild that's the point> if the immune system has adaptive capabilities <F: their friendly> that cycle over generations (Hypothesizing a new evolutionary dynamic: a higher level adaptation that governs the trends in expressed traits over generations, sometimes cycling. I don't know the limits of DNA, but it'd be cool if such a thing were <C: humble> possible. <C: their wound> Okay, probably not possible with the way we understand DNA.

Anyway, if the immune system had <C: humble> higher level governing principles, <C: not strong rebuke> then you could concievable use-up the genetic adaptability capacity on irrelevant diseases and get wiped-out when a new disease comes along. <F: strong rebuke>The issue is surviving and adapting to future (possibly recurring) diseases, not <C: childish> past diseases.

If I ever feel the Catholic Church is guilty of thinking they can manipulate Christ's principles, I'll speak-up. <F: stinks>

Who knows what has been done to the Irish nose, if the conditions of Angela's Ashes were true for a while. Popular thinking has it that the less subject to instincts you are, the less of an animal you are. . . and that's a good thing. I'm not sure how God will lead-us along in the future if all means of control are removed.

Anyway, back to Sylvester Stalone and the Irish Boxer story: There was an Irish Boxer who became a preacher. He was alone in his preaching tent when 2 thugs came-in. One hit him. The Boxer stared at him and set his chin. A thug struck him again. The Boxer rolled-up his sleeves and said, "The Lord's directions don't say what to do <C: childish> next <F: Childish!!!>." Anyway, it was a reference to Chirst saying, "<Prick (I may have been thinking something)>When someone strikes one cheek, offer him the other." The Radio person explained that striking a cheek might be interpreted as an insult, possibly verbal.

I got to thinking if I had insulted anyone and realized I owe Ira an appology for talking about detecting despiration and implying he may have used that on people unscroupulously. I'll admit, my imagination got to thinking about noses at some point--there are various bio-feedback means to detect lies. . . you could probably detect other things.

Racism is dangerous because you can get carried away--it's a black-hole <C: laugh> of thoughts--very enticing, but easy to become lost in erroneous thinking. If you combine culture, you have much stronger standing on <C: their wound> hypothesizing non-biological differences.

I got to thinking about the blarney stone <C: their wound>. How do the Irish rate from an honesty standpoint <C: not lazy!!>. It's scary to think how the Irish <C:

lazy> may have acquired honesty. . . or dishonesty? <F: that's the point>I was going to hypothesize the English killed-off all the dishonest Irish. Or the Irish killed-off all dishonest Irish (sympathizers). Come to think of it, I know dishonest Irish, so that theory's blown. Anyway, I'm tempted to delete this portion of the text. . . (but I'm too honest.)

Anyway, back to Stallone--I figured the encounter was God's way of passing some message to me, I'm still trying to figure out. I really don't care who's the best boxer or any other characteristic, except perhaps holyness <F: their strength>.

After staying at work and eating a couple cookies (thank's Ira), I read my email and walked home. I stopped into the bar by the 7-11 <C: don't listen> <F: faster>. Anyway, I discovered it was a gay bar after puzzling why a girl hugged a girl and the guys seemed odd. Upon leaving, I looked at the name of the bar-- "Fresco's" (San Francisco?) So much for not seeing corruption. That's more <C: humble> and more troubling because, as I'm thinking about this, my life bares some resemblance to Saint Fransis. Perhap's I'm called to minister to those lost souls in that bar? I'm more fit to take-on athiests in China or Hindu's in India. I'm regretting my hair-cut. Wait a minute. . . San Fransisco was a place for long hairs? But there were butch girls there. I've lost my ability to make sense of things on a higher level--I was blind to the obvious indications of a gay bar.

<C: wound>Why isn't it as easy <F: rubbish> picking-up girls as it would have been. . .

<F: their adult>. . .

I was just going to say, perhaps, St. Fransis had an insight that it's not good sharing everything you know <F: listen>. That first sensation, got me thinking you guys are able <C: mild thumbs up> <C: mild rings a bell> able to handle it. Anyway <C: mild not the point> here's the prayer of St. Fransis: <F: listen> (I'm listening to the song version)

Make me a channel of your peace,
Where there is hatred, let me bring Your love,
Where there is injury, your pardon Lord
and where there's doubt, true faith in You.

Make me a channel of Your peace,
Where there's dispere in life, let me bring hope
Where there is darkness, only light,
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek,

So much to be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand,
To be loved as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace,
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
In giving of ourselves that we receive,
and in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Perhaps, the message from the sensations is to always listen carefully.

Anyway, I didn't pick a bible passage on that last email, so I'll do one now. But, First I want to address a couple things <C: not funny>. On the radio, I heard something about space travel and tunnels and traveling back in time. If you wish to explain things that way, you may get scared. <C: childish> The stuff in <F: mild kick in the shin> death of a salesman seemed unusually like <C: rubbish> time travel might be necessary to explain it. Anyway, we're taught God exists outside of time, so you shouldn't be surprised if you discover items (stuff in the bible or in movies or old TV programs) placed in the past for you in the present. I don't pretend to understand, I just adapt and hope for <F: cold> the best. It was very unnerving at first. It's still not a pleasant concept, but I guess I <F: don't support that> should rejoice when it is good stuff. Hmm, perhaps it represents something which demanded powers of God which He prefers not to use? Anyway, it definitely messes with my head. There is a precedent <F: laugh> if those guys in the past who made-up <F: childish> church doctrine new that God was outside of time <F: laugh>. (Precedent is a strange notion with time travel. Hee Hee)

Anyway, you can get worried about getting taken forward in time or killed by people from the future, if you wish, but I'll wait until I have to deal <C: Christ knows> with such an event before worrying about it.

I have a prayer:

God, please comfort our troubled and anxious country.
Give others the same sense of courage and peace that I have
(or someone even more courageous and at peace than me :-)
If you are shaking-down the world, be merciful and gentle.

Now a passage:

Joshua 4: 19-24 Reminds me of Stone Henge

<F: not sharing the wound> Hmm, let me think about that sensation--Sometimes I take it to mean "share" or "don't share" some topic. The original derivation came

from "sharing the wound of christ" or "not sharing the wound of christ". In this case, He could mean to shut-up, but there are other sensations for that. <F:their not chop-chop> (You guys aren't hurrying me in working this out.) Or, he could mean there's some pain of God's or perhaps yours I'm not empathizing with. (At one point I had separate locations designated for "not sharing God's wound" and "not sharing their wound" but I've forgotten.)

Anyway, what I was going to say was I got carried away with a focus on the Irish and wondered if Stone Henge might be across from Ireland. (Sinful of me being <C: not pat on the back> <F: strong reprimand. . . (@ thoughts of "Pat"?)> <F: their thumbs up> Okay. . . now <F: their childish> I see-- the Irish who crossed-over were pre-Christian heathens who shouldn't be praised. Many sensations. . . <C: childish><F: brave><C: rings a bell> (other's but the order's all messed-up now and it doesn't make sense.) <C: childish> (The Irish were childish back then? Or this is childish worrying about the Irish now when most people aren't Irish and we have better things to talk about?) Moving along. . .

Okay, perhaps God is calling for a memorial for some significant historic point <F: holy not lazy> I haven't a clue <heart/warm fuzzy>

You figure it out <C: their strength>

I've been a little anxious to speak recently.

Neil Armstrong. . .

I left-off pride and vanity on my list of the seven deadly sins. Is vanity supposed to be on there? I just checked by Catholic Encyclopedia. . . I guess not. (I'm relieved.)

Earlier, I went to <F: humble> went to that Irish Pub. Took-off my glasses before going in now. Vanity? In reality, I mostly don't wear them anyway. That first "humble" sensation might be taken as "don't insult people with glasses" or "I went to humble that Irish pub". I confess I was out seeking girls, but I may have done a few more good deeds. There are two bartenders. I got to know one, who's from Ireland. Then, the second, who's Italian American. That day I mentioned God being a split personality type person something strange happened. I got my first beer from the Italian bar tender and he made a shamrock with the foam droppings (a symbol for the trinity, when it is three leaved). He drew my attention to it, saying it was his best shamrock ever. I thought to myself, "I had just drew a comparison of God to a schizophrenic earlier in the day. . . was this praise for my description?"

Yesterday, I also went to the pub (guess what's been on my mind?) I asked the Irish bartender why he didn't put a shamrock on the beer. He said, "I don't mess with beer", as though it was sacred. I thought it was a cute way of implying respect for the trinity. (This bartender was present when I mentioned the charity topic when that one guy was bragging about his house (oops me, now, bragging about my house?), so I thought we had a common spirituality?) A little later, I revealed my lack of sophistication in an uncool way when I couldn't help myself from saying, "You have respect for the shamrock." I think the Italian-American guy might have overheard me (I hope not) because, today, the Italian-American guy stopped putting

shamrocks on my beer. Perhaps, I reminded them of the need to respect the trinity and they stopped. . . If, so, I may have increased one persons faith, while accidentally stopping him from spreading the joy of the faith to others.

A fish was the secret <F: holy sex> symbol of early americans facing persecution. (Your guess is as good as mine on that sensation--I'm just the messenger.) Anyway, I saw the shamrock as a cute little secret sort of symbol kind of thing, unless I blew it. I generally frown on unnecessary secretness, but maybe it embellishes life, so I'll <F: listen> try not to judge. I don't really see how a shamrock plant is any more holy than beer foam(pun). Maybe, I'm dangerously disrespectful? NO!!! A beer foam shamrock is even better than a plant because it is a holy shamrock implying a better description of the holy trinity. No. . . wait. . . making an image is wrong? Or is it a reminder of the real thing? Or, is it too Irish? I don't know, but I don't know if I should request a shamrock on my beer or not when I go there.

Another possibility occurs--I may have lost their grace and they don't like me anymore <C: adult>. I may never be worthy of a beer shamrock, again? Maybe, you have to earn them with more good deeds?

you can ask for the shamrock.

From a book of wisdom, I read about sowing generously and reaping generously and thought I might write generously. Then, I read about Jesus' parable of the sower. It mentioned Jesus spoke in parables. I got to thinking how I'm speaking, but I don't feel comfortable making-up stories. When you tell real stories, you must be careful of hurting feelings or gossiping. We're generally supposed to gently rebuke people and it's not good to dis<C: thumbs up>grace people. I don't know if that leaves me <F: laugh> in a bind.

I started thinking about ways to interpret what I had said in an earlier e-mail as Christ's summary of the commandments. I was not exactly quoting the passage because I said he summarized instead of responded to the question of which was the greatest commandment--dangerous? Anyway, I got worried about how I actually said what He said--"Love the Lord your God with all your heart, mind and soul and your neighbor as yourself." I realized Jews might interpret that "Love your neighbor as yourself" part as "Love your neighbors who are like yourself", and wondered if Christ was speaking in duality. I vocalized my realization.

<F:unholy point>I was listening to Howard Stern. <C:that's the point>-->He often inspires topics to attack, but I confess I often listen vainly waiting for things that I can interpret as feedback on stuff I say. <C: don't smile>I haven't figured-out if that's vanity or the only way to tune-in God or spirits. We are supposed to strive to tune-in God or spirits? I'm not sure how the nature of what you hear relates <C: childish> to the source, when you interpret the meaning in completely different ways. The bible does talk <C: lazy> about unholy spirits <C: childish> occupying people. The sensations (spirits?) are saying that's childish, but can I trust them? Anyway, I don't know if spirits can speak through anybody they choose but God can.

After I vocalized that realization on the alternate interpretation of Christ's command, I turned-on Stern and the first thing I heard him say was, "I hate lawyers." I thought to myself, "Wow, feedback. I wasn't out to point-out a propoganda vulnerability that could be exploited--I was being honest in a probing manner, exploring the possibility of Christ creating a duel (or more) system. I soon learned Stern hated lawyers <C:

childish> because of high fees. He pointed-out that they are a deterrent to get people to settle out-of-court?

At the risk of insulting your intelligence, I'll explain a few thoughts on the last couple emails.

The Irish perceive 4 leaved clovers to be luck. Sounds like the trinity plus one.

Perhaps, Christianity with its focus on loving others, including enemies creates a new zone in your brain that models other's thinking. Christ "is our brother", so in the split personality trinity in a Christian's head, it's obvious how he'd come to exist when you focus on loving others (requiring knowledge of what makes them tick). God, the father, would be formed as we wonder about what God, the creator is like. Jews would have a split personality in a dual sense. I haven't theorized about the holy spirit, yet.

It's obvious how an ability to form split personalities in our heads might be a wonderful thing to possess, especially if you are being persecuted and possibly interrogated!

Perhaps, each person you know well can be a personality model that exists in your head, hard to say when a model <C: that's the point> actually becomes one of your personalities. I'll have to rethink people who change faces, so to speak, in order to please others.

We're supposed <F: that's the point> be formed in the image and likeness of God. If we have the power to become new creations by forming split personalities, we should think about that. Does God have a personality split, formed by thinking about what we might like. If so, it'd be a humanlike personality in the divine mind. (Not sure I should use "mind" to describe God.)

The fifth horseman referred to the Old Testament passage about five angels who assisted the Jews by absorbing arrows with their armor and shooting arrows at the Jew's foes. I had opened that passage after the Howard Stern incident, but before writing about it. I got an email from Ira while I was writing and thought he had been with me in spirit when I read the passage about the five horsemen and there was no need to explain. (Not sure how spirits work so, I thought I'd be safe and explain.) I sent my email just after I received Ira's. I got a little carried away with living in the spirit. <C: their wound>

That's a much more pleasant way of interpreting the four horsemen of Notre Dame. You take it in the same sense as the four leaved clover? four horsemen plus me equals five horsemen?

I just had a funny thought on the prodigal son story. In the book of wisdom, I read that people who ignore the promptings of God end-up like the prodigal son, destitute and living in filth. In reflecting on that, I thought of the Irish, not for sin, but for filth. (Being prejudicial/symbolic.) Anyway, the funny thing is in Jesus' story of the prodigal son, the father welcomes the reformed sinner with more joy than the son who stayed faithful. Perhaps, the reformed sinner brought the father <C: wound> more joy because he passed through the trial of filth, exhibiting a certain robustness. Nevermind, I guess that's sinful.

confessed gluttony (mostly in reference to soda) at my last confession. I wasn't sincerely ready, I think, to make a change, so I don't know if it was right to confess <C: listen> it. I also confessed a struggle living strictly daylight hours, that I've also lapsed in. From some sources, the feedback has been negative (I think people are watching me and judging because I sometimes hear references to being children of the light or whatever also, the pope <C: strong reprimand> mentioned resisting those who promote sensual pleasures.)

I picked a passage today, the one about weights and measures and it said something about liquid measures and homers. Each time I think I've come-up with a good idea, one symbol I use is a home run. My thought was, focus on results. Now, I'm thinking that's the same as judging something by it's fruits.

I decided, soda, night hours and Jack's Irish Pub's pint's of Guinness had been a fruitful formula. I take meds that alter my brain chemistry. Everything you eat or drink does that. I choose not to become conscious of what works and stick <F: forward> <F: rubbish> to what I crave <C: that's the point> or what's been marketed to me to want. Whatever... anyway, I wanted to point-out I'm not thinking I'm drinking magic potions--the social atmosphere and ambience are just as "magical" in effecting my thoughts.

On my way to the bar, I listened to a song by Alice in Chains <C: note cute> about a man who "created hell on his own and "was living with this leapercy". Part of it was about an abusive father in a trailer park or something. Anyway, the singer died from a heroin overdose. (I've pondered "hero" in "heroin"--do they sacrifice themselves to achieve new thoughts for humanity?)

Jesus cured leapers (leapers?). . . anyway, they <C: childish> were stigmatized in ancient times. I started recombining all the words/thought--"leapercy", "drug addicts", "stagmetize" and added some "stigmata", "astigmatism".

Could I be christlike and cure people with stigma's? Drug addicts are heros, of sorts. People with astigmatism can be heroic by removing their glasses, making themselves more attractive to others (unselfish) while suffering a little with lack of clear vision. I know one thing, I'm sure glad I didn't stick with that pair of glasses from my last perscription--eye doctors might be in <F: Terry's weakness(untrustful?)> a habit of increasing perscriptions. . . perhaps there's a stable point with slightly less than perfect vision. Perhaps, eye health wouldn't deteriorate in some people if 20/40 net vision were perscribed? I haven't the foggiest (groan at the pun). I've always figured glasses were a crutch for eye muscles, so the obvious way to keep them strong is to use your glasses as little as possible.

I also saw a trailerhome on the freeway about the time the song was playing. I thought "white trash" suffer from stigma's. . . what could I do to fix that? I haven't the foggiest. . . (Let me meditate a little bit on <not cute> why I was inspired to say

that. . . Are the Appalachian mountains of West Virginia foggy?) I've already discussed (disgusted) filth and developing better immune systems. We have pockets of heroic <F: that's the point> white citizens in the U.S.

I heard an Ozzy Osbourne song about "Don't ask me. . . I don't know. . . not how you play the game, it's if you win or lose." Appears the disc jockey's (or their spirits or <F: strong reprimand> God?) . . . anyway, <C: unholy not lazy> I certainly don't buy the machievelianism in the song. The question is my lack of self-control seriously wrong? Diet has an effect on our body and, generally speaking we have an obligation to maintain our body because it is a temple of the holy spirit. Christ let himself get killed, so he let his temple get destroyed, for an unselfish reason. You could probably argue He glorified his temple. . . Anyway, if I'm on a roll with writing using untemperate methods, judge by the fruit. . .

Finally, I picked a passage when I got home. It was about Isaih curing someone. They ask for a sign. It said the shadow backed-up 10 steps. I thought to myself. . . "steps. . . 12 step program? Let me look-up on the internet what you get if you back-up 10 steps from 12 to step 2". The 2nd step in the 12 step program is " I believe that the power of Jesus Christ, through the working of the Holy Spirt, will restore me to sanity". . . well I thought that was profound at first, but now after looking at some of the other steps don't know what to make of it (Might have struck-out instead of making a homer, unless someone sees something I don't.)

Jesus didn't sin on his way to getting killed, so he didn't sinfully bring-on the distruction of his temple of the holy spirit. That may be a key difference. Jesus preached forgiveness, not tolerance of sinning. That's probably also important. Anyway, I'm having doubts <F: their adult (can think for yourselves)> . . . so take things I say with a grain of salt and offer me your thoughts (Mom).

Wow. Was my sanity restored by Christ a moment ago. I was just on my way to that bar, but had doubts. Before I left, but after I sent the last email, I was going to pick a passage from the bible but got a "thumbs <C: childish> down". Maybe, it was because I might have gone for the O.T. Anyway, I <F: not friendly> privately picked a page from the book on wisdom (not the biblical book but one by a protestant preacher). Anyway, I picked a passage "Sweeter than honey". It said the word of God is sweeter than honey. I've been living on Ice Cream, Soda and the Word of <C: that's the point> God. Room for loss of sanity in that last thought, I'd say! Anyway, the page said to the Russian's who had been under athiest rule, Bibles were so precious that one guy wanted the box that had contained them when they ran-out of them as preachers were distributing them there. Anyway, I guess I disrespected the word of God in that passage where I expressed doubt over the significance of the 12 step/ 10 step back connection. <C: grace> I'm not sure what I was supposed to draw from that. I guess grace is what restores us? I've grown adicted to the Word of God. . . I hope I never have to suffer withdrawals. Hmmm, is that a warning--<C: that's the point> the word of God is addicting. Maybe, I need to cut-back? One more passage, then I'll head for the bar and listen to his word on the radio. . . yikes!! :-)

Since the 2nd step said Christ would restore us, I'll pick a New Testament passage:

Revelation 2: 17

Wow, big secret there. Don't read it.

The Virgin Mary came in a vision and said if you die wearing a "scapular", you'll go to heaven. It certainly sounds hoaky, but I figure it demonstrates faith and serves as a reminder of faith each time you put it on or adjust it. If you are bold enough to wear something, that you know might be seen by others and it represents your faith, it inspires you to try to be worthy of it, not bringing shame.

A scapular looks like cloth dog tags and on one it says "our lady of mt carmel, pray for us". The other says, "St Simon Stock, pray for us". Interestingly enough, mine also says "made in china".

The revelation passage I picked was:

"Whoever has ears ought to hear what the Spirit says to the churches. To the victor I shall give some of the hidden manna; I shall also give a white amulet upon which is inscribed a new name, which no one knows except the one who receives it."

At first I rejoiced because I thought carmel was a reference to soda and sweet things, being manna and my scapular being the amulet.

Later, I was humbled when I realized that carmel contains "car" and "mel". I broke one commandment with a car and another with a woman named "mel". My joy turned to woe, for a while.

I read a passage about a sinner woman who, grateful to Jesus anointed His feet. People objected. He told a story about two men forgiven debts. One owed 500 days wages, the other 50 days. Jesus asked who would be more grateful. He said when you are forgiven much, you love more.

In my atheist days, I met some people who claimed to be pagans (I'm not sure if they were actually Christians doing therapy on me or what, so I won't judge.) I played in a band. They claimed to hate Christians. They wrote a song which talked about the pagan God Ra pecking Jesus' eyes as he hung on the cross. I felt uncomfortable, but in my conceited atheism, I figured I might influence them into disregarding notions of gods and set hate aside. I played along. (Later, I experienced much guilt for my activities among them, though I may have taken some of the edge <C: strong reprimand> off their rebelliousness? Okay, no or redeeming aspects to my activities.)

There was a groupy named Mel who wasn't very attractive, but was very nice to everyone in the band. She provided the main guy in the band with a place to live and supported him. He wasn't completely bad (no one is), but he was a scary guy. Anyway, I agreed to play in the band until we did one public performance. We played a gig and I quit. As we approached the end of our relationship (I generally wanted to ditch those guys), the main guy said Mel wanted to do oral sex. It was a disaster. Hard to say what my motives were for accepting, lust had something to do with it, but being nice also played a role. Anyway, I'm not proud of what I did, but it made me a little nervous about getting in relationships with women who didn't stir me. You might think you are being nice, but there's no way to devistate like that.

In the passage preceeding <F: Terry's weakness> the revelation passage I quoted, it talks about someone on Satan's throne. I'm not sure if that's someone who causes others to love them a whole bunch by making them in debt. Love begets love, so I

guess there's nothing automatically wrong with it, but you must be ware of manipulation (not love) intended to get someone in debt to you. (I haven't reflected on this long enough to know if this is something I'm guilty of. Perhaps.)

Mel was into witchcraft. That spooks me (it didn't spook me then because I believed in nothing supernatural). I open the bible and <F: holy that's the point> it speaks to me in holy ways(am I guilty of witchcraft?). I guess you judge by the fruit.

Then, there's carmel (the sweet stuff and the stuff in soda). My dad likes carmels, oddly enough. I took that as a sign of something special. In the passage preceeding, it says some worship "Balaam" and that some put stumbling blocks before the Israelites: to eat food sacrificed to idols and to play the harlot. It continues that some people hold to the teaching of Nicolaitans. Therefore, repent.

My take on that is "Balaam" might be "balls"? Have I preached something with too much emphasis on children and descendants? Probably--that's not a tenant of our faith. Food sacrificed to idols? I've advocated beer, ice cream and soda and carmel. Don't eat them if you thing they're extraordinary. Wait!!! Don't eat communion if you think it is a sacrifice to UFO's. Anyway, not sure about the harlot part or Nicolaitans. Did I endorse <C: goatee (reference to the devil)>Nostradamis when I talked about the anti-christ. I'm probably confused by the biblical and his prophesis. I never studied him, but popular culture and friends of mine introduced me to some of his ideas. He's probably not a church endorsed profit. If we're getting into that topic, I must confess I've been influenced by various science fiction books.

Back in one of my out of control periods, I hit someone with my car. I'm not free from guilt. Perhaps, I martyred someone. Lets just say the hidden manna doesn't have me rejoicing. Repentance <C: lazy> is more what I'm thinking. A holy fear.

More woe. Was Mel a guy?

Hi Terry, Dad and I got home around 2:30 this afternoon after leaving at 6:00 am. I stayed up all night to assure that we'd get the early start we were hoping for. (no alarm clock nor wake up call available). Anyway, I am really tired and sleepy. We had a wonderful two weeks at the cabin - rainy and cool the whole time. Hard to adjust to the heat. We stopped at the meteor crater for the first time. It was well worth the time. Ridiculous to think that we had never been. Anyway, I have just begun to look at the e-mail (48 pieces to preview). As I told you, it will take me a long time to read and evaluate what you have been writing. I saw this short one and wanted to confirm your conclusion. Jesus never sinned. He preached forgiveness but never tolerated the sin itself. That time-worn saying to "love the sinner, not the sin" is still valid. Jesus simply told the woman caught in adultery to go and sin no more.

Dad and I are to be at Brenda's tomorrow morning as close to 8:00 as possible for her to take John to the doctor to have his little hand dressed. We, of course, have not seen anyone since our return but only know about the accident with his hand. Anyway, Brenda said they do not make appointments so she has to do a walk-in and doesn't want to get caught in the backlog that happens as the day progresses. She said the appointments have been taking two hours to get through. I guess they re-dress the wound every other day. Oh, according to the trip schedule Sean had given us before he left, they should have been at Trezbitowski's all this past week (I think her folks took vacation time to spend with them) and will leave tomorrow. They will stop at Caryn's until Thursday morning (5:00 am) they drive straight through to home. They have a commitment to do the Masses next weekend. It will be good for

all of us to be home for the first time since mid-June. Maybe we can plan some kind of get-together. More later. Mom

-----Original Message-----

From: Terry Davis [mailto:tdavis@hare.com]

Sent: Thursday, July 25, 2002 10:08 PM

To: Ira Seaver; tedmcd8@lvcm.com

Subject: Wait, let me rethink. . .

Jesus didn't sin on his way to getting killed, so he didn't sinfully bring-on the destruction of his temple of the holy spirit. That may be a key difference. Jesus preached forgiveness, not tolerance of sinning. That's probably also important. Anyway, I'm having doubts <F: their adult (can think for yourselves)> . . . so take things I say with a grain of salt and offer me your thoughts (Mom).

:-) Mel was short for Melissa. On Sat, 27 July 2002, Iseaver@aol.com wrote:

More woe. Was Mel a guy?

I had a few beers tonight, went home for a while and went for some food. I went to Jack-in-the-box because it's open late. I had difficulty communicating with the drive-thru clerk and was not getting angry exactly, just a sense of "Oh, great... got to deal with this." Anyway, tried ordering a milk shake, but after much difficulty assumed their machine was down (turn's out it was cleaned and they didn't want to dirty it. I could relate from my deli days, but they didn't say it very clearly!) Anyway, I ordered an egg roll and cheese sticks. Everything looked great on the display, but I got just an egg roll. That's all I was charged for, but no explanation was given for the cheese sticks missing. This got under my collar. I ate my egg roll and circled around again and ordered one egg roll. (For once, I was not in a hurry.) Then, I circled around a final time and ordered an egg roll. I began thinking of the walls of Jericho story :-). I refrained from four more trips, though.

Anyway, I'm pretty sure I acted unChristian. Then, again, Jesus said to turn the other cheek and let yourself get hit again. It's one way to wear-out your opponent.

I just picked a passage hoping it might be in reference to the last trite story.

1 Samuel 26 17-25 Saul admits his guilt

Okay, this is a fun game, but not sure it's holy. The drive-thru attendant was Mexican and I was listening to a preacher on the radio in my car at the time. . . Did that <C: childish> throw him. Okay, this is silly. How about a different passage to meditate on

:

1 Corinthians 9:24-26

Oh, yeah, I picked this recently when I was meditating on converting Ira to Christianity with all my skills. This passage says not to shadowbox. Oops, it says also not to be disqualified, myself after preaching to others!

Who works there late at night. PHD's?

converting me is not possible short of a miracle. I am 100% comfortable and non questioning in my faith. And of more importance, I respect yours and do not try to convert you but rather only support you in being with your faith on the manner that you choose.

Ira

I wonder if the pope ever planned a battle with Satan.

I was just reflecting on "empty promises". The Catholic church says to reject Satan, the glamour of evil and all Satan's empty promises. If this is spiritual warfare. . . Getting Satan to make an empty promise is chewing-up some of his resources. Thinking like a general in this campaign, what else can we do?

Here's the goal: Sucker Satan into making easily avoided empty promises to people.

He's been doing a number on me, but it's hard to tell the effects (delusions of grandiosity :-). I have the choice of whether to continue using-up his resources by typing all kinds of stuff in my journal and watching the feedback piggy-backed on messages in the media (resources used-up) or sitting tight, the more typical Catholic approach.

Well, I wonder if it is better for one valient warrior to risk salvation by <sensation on my lower lip. . . bite my lip? it's never come-up> playing with the devil, using-up his finite resources (only God is infinite) and pull-out of dangerous teritory just in time, or what.

One must wonder, is my brain capable of generating anything Satan might use on others that Satan and his devils couldn't concieve of themselves? (If so I should be careful what info I produce.) In humility, I should probably conclude Satan is better at his game than I am at his game (thank God!).

Yet, I must be careful in my interactions with others in the real, nonspiritual realm.

As I survey the perpetrators of Satan's works and empty promises, I can attack the human resources Satan has (within the law of course). I can <C: childish> rally people to attack them. How about getting <F: unholy point> managers in companies to tarnish the records of questionable people. Get them to sucker them into their-own demise. Better one person leading others astray should fall (by an appropriate fall from grace--poetic justice) than the many he would lead astray should fall. <C: childish>-->Obviously, targeting the key enemy individuals in is order.

I should become a spiritual psychological warefare sniper!!!

Do I really wish to become versed in the nuances of psychology? I would detest myself. Marketing people appear not to have a problem with it. St. Paul (A roman Citizen, appropriately enough) said in the process of converting others, it is sometimes necessary to become like them, be they a class of sinners or whatever.

The following doesn't really piss me off as much as it might, but it educated me and opened my eyes. I happened to read a marketing report explaining on how to market to engineers. It said engineers pride themselves on being immune to conventional marketing ploys--being very logical (the article reassured the reader at this point that the engineers were not immune) <F: humble>(And of course we're not? We're human, though some of us are mentally ill and uncategorized in marketing lit :-). Mentally ill are a strange breed. . . nevermind I won't slit my own throat by divulging a self-analysis. (It would help the enemy!)

As an officer on the side of good, let me consider some things.

A. The Catholic church says to resist Satan's empty promises.

B. It says material possessions are devoid of enduring significance/pleasure. . . (empty promises)

Therefore, as a logical engineer, I should be able to convince any other logical Catholic that given A and B, those who market are Satan's helpers.

Okay, just got a email for Phoenix College and just realized my logic isn't bullet proof. It would certainly impact a lot of people and as any Marketer knows that's all that matters.

One tactic: Terrorfy marketeers by threatening to expose them to their victims.

Get Church officials to scrutinize disceptive ads and blast them. Boycott companies with disceptive or overly enticing ads. Tare into the <F: not strong reprimand> marketing logic used to create the ads.

When is an attack on marketing finished? Whden people stop being led into empty purchases, by the standards of the Catholic church.

As a general, I must anticipate Satan's response.

What <C: too humble> <F: Terry's special> are Satan's key empty promises?

"You can get a sexy spouce." Antidote: Learn to settle for realistic spouces.

"You can change the world." Antidote: Think grass roots. <C: rings a bell>-->I need to remember this.

"You can be a sports superstar." Antidote: Try for a real job (Thank's Sir Charles)

"You can get any other 1 in a million job." Antidote: Learn the probablities.

"You can be rich <unholy lazy>. . ." Okay maybe we shouldn't completely squelch that?

<C: distraction> "You can have lots of stuff and be happy" Antidote: Give demonstrations of the emptyness of material goods. Sponcers could volunteer to teech kids lessons. . .

I have a plan on convincing people to devalue material goods, that may backfire <F: childish>. Start with kids at a young age and give them all they want of something (candy? Homemade Pokemon or whatever is the next craze?) to the point where they lose interest.

Take-up a civil disobedience attack on fad items--produce forgeries.

Perhaps, I should resurrect my fabricator idea, though that may backfire.

Anyway, back to Satan's response--If the media is neutralized, where does he shift his resources and how do we ambush him?

Do we risk inadvertently placing him in a better position?

What are the consequences on our way of life. I've learned to be happy with modest goods. I have more time...

AHH!!!

Another route to attack Satan!!!

Get people to devote less time to Satan's purposes. Start a campaign to draw people away from the places where Satan makes his empty promises. The challenge (and this a monumental) is to find things more fulfilling that can be marketed to people.

I think a safe, generally better alternative to most canned entertainment is socializing. Start more Pubs? Block parties. . . Barbeques. . . Activities small enough or designed especially to allow socializing. Get women addicted to it and the men will follow. Active amateur sports are better than TV sports.

In the logic of the meek inheriting the Earth and the general backfiring of most bad intended plans over the long run, it'd be ironic if diet coke was responsible for keen marketing/psychological insight.

Sigmund Freud, according to Robin Williams, did a lot of cocaine. . . Is there any part of the plant still used in coke?

I've been talking with the security guard here. He's probably 50 years old and black. He's a vietnam veteran--army. I think we got to talking about programming yesterday. Today he had a book on DOS. I'm not sure, but I may have promised to teach him computer stuff. If so, I'd have to obviously be careful not to create any unrealistic dreams. I just went looking for him and didn't find him. I hope he didn't stop by just to see me because I didn't follow-through with concrete action. Anyway, I'm probably guilty of trying to create unrealistic dreams in people's heads in the past. I don't think I've done it recently, but I want to be on guard.

I don't know if dreams are bad, but with that talk about Satan's <F: their weakness> empty promises, it's tempting to equate unrealistic dreams with empty promises. I suppose <F: their unfriendly> some account must be considered for how important the dreams are and how much they are believed in.

I'm not sure if our faith says we should avoid low-probability stuff. Probably not. I'd be curious to get a Catholic authority's opinion on all this.

I just picked 2 Chronicles 31:1-4

. . .smashed the sacred pillars, cut down the sacred poles and tore down the high places and altars. . .

Hey, I want to be a Levite--devoted entirely to the law of the Lord. Empty promise? How upfront is the priesthood in making known the acceptance criterion? I know they don't accept many.

I said enough that God will probably respond with more if I pick them.

ACTS 27: Departure from Rome

I meditated on Las Vegas and gambling in relation to what I said. I must say gambling might fall in the category of making false promises. I don't really know--most people know they will not win, but they still play.

If I listed a method to take-down the gambling industry, I'd probably get in trouble. Not playing is a start, but is it enough. A manic crusader could certainly get crucified if he tried.

Yukka mountain seems like fate. I don't know if there will ever be an accident, but if not, it may be a graceful departure for gambling.

Okay, one more. . .

SIRACH 32 1-7

Let me know if I talk too much.

I plan to host dinner at my place, but have been putting-it-off. Too bad you're not in town, Ira.

When I said something about there being more if I picked them, I was referring to meaningful Bible passages, not priests! I went back and added the stuff about the priesthood after I had written the first stuff.

I'll pick a page from that Book of Wisdom by Chuck Swindoll (Don't like his last name, but I'll try not to be superstitious.)

"Reach Out to Others: The generous man will be prosperous, and he who waters will himself be watered. Proverb 11:25"

I've been graced with feedback on the material I write from media sources, but not much dialog with you Ira, or Mom. I guess I've addressed mostly a third party audience. Mom's been on vacation. Ira, too. And Ira doesn't share the exact faith.

Mom or Ira, does Judaism say anything about Satan and empty promises, or is that a Catholic thing?

Another passage: NUMBERS 8:23-26 Age Limits for Levitical Service (25 years old to 50 years old)

We have lots of old priests! We're certainly not following the under 50 guide-line! That wasn't meant for us, <F: not distraction> but it still may be wise. I'm pushin'

the age limit, by the time I'd be out of Seminary. Not very realistic goal, given my mental health history. And <F:lazy, bordering on unholy> I'm not much of a large-group speaker. (I'd be dangerous if I were a good speaker, and I don't <F: backup> want. . . <C: listen> You can do much good or much bad by public speaking.

Sorry, for the tangents and muttering to myself. . . Mom has said some stuff and Ira, too. . . perhaps, you could address each-other (and me) if you think of something you want to share?

My thought was that in many cases people have unrealistic dreams and waste their lives only to be disappointed when something else might have occupied their time. Obviously, chasing a dream is one way to pass the time and gain experience, but what does our faith say about empty promises? I think it is clear--DONT CHASE EMPTY PROMISES.

----- Original Message -----

From: [Terry & Marietta](#)

To: ['Terry Davis'](#)

Sent: Tuesday, July 30, 2002 4:52 PM

Subject: RE: Cause for some humility

Terry, I have just a minute here but wanted to comment about this idea of dreams. I don't believe that it is wrong to have objectives and goals and hope we achieve them. Obviously I'm talking about moral goals -goals that are within the normal range of our society. To sit on one's ---- and pipedream about fairy tales with no effort to achieve them, I believe is wrong. No one has the right to think that the world owes them a living. In one of Paul's letters, when he found that some members of the community were sitting around waiting for Jesus' return so felt it was useless to get started on anything (they believed that He would return soon) Paul said if they won't work, they don't eat. Seems pretty harsh and maybe even unChristian. But he repeatedly pointed out that he worked hard to sustain himself (he was a tent maker by trade) in addition to his preaching and leadership position in the community. In other words, I think that with hard work and some help "dreams" can be realized and we can help others to achieve - not do it for them— but perhaps show them the way and encourage them. This helps people feel good about themselves and be proud in a good way. We are worthy of human dignity. There is not a CATHOLIC position about everything. This is Post Vatican II. There was an attitude Pre Vatican II that we run to a priest about every decision to be made. We should be able to evaluate most things in our lives according to a well-formed and right conscience, if we have had early childhood training in moral living. Not all Catholics are going to believe the same about everything. But the law of love does prevail - love of God, love of neighbor and love of self. And taking responsibility in our society is a duty. There's nothing wrong with reaping the benefits of hard work and encouraging others to hold fast to their dreams to live in a

dignified manner. We need to encourage and help others to achieve their dreams when possible. Mom

-----Original Message-----

From: Terry Davis [mailto:tdavis@hare.com]

Sent: Tuesday, July 30, 2002 4:12 AM

To: tedmcd8@lvcm.com; Ira Seaver

Subject: Cause for some humility

I've been talking with the security guard here. He's probably 50 years old and black. He's a Vietnam veteran--army. I think we got to talking about programming yesterday. Today he had a book on DOS. I'm not sure, but I may have promised to teach him computer stuff. If so, I'd have to obviously be careful not to create any unrealistic dreams. I just went looking for him and didn't find him. I hope he didn't stop by just to see me because I didn't follow-through with concrete action. Anyway, I'm probably guilty of trying to create unrealistic dreams in people's heads in the past. I don't think I've done it recently, but I want to be on guard.

I don't know if dreams are bad, but with that talk about Satan's <F: their weakness> empty promises, it's tempting to equate unrealistic dreams with empty promises. I suppose <F: their unfriendly> some account must be considered for how important the dreams are and how much they are believed in.

I'm not sure if our faith says we should avoid low-probability stuff. Probably not. I'd be curious to get a Catholic authority's opinion on all this.

I just exchanged a chat with my Mom, perhaps she'll share it with you Ira. She said she saw nothing wrong with encouraging and helping people with dreams.

I just picked a passage that convinces me all the more that we are not to pursue empty promises.

In Chuck Swindoll's, Wisdom for the way, on page 193, it says we don't call our own shots and that God has a plan for us. I think when people let other's dictate what they are centering their life on, and the decision is not made through careful meditation, we don't achieve all what God intended. (Spiritually or possibly even materially.)

I don't know the answer, but are the dreams being promoted by society the dreams God would promote? Would God promote dreams which couldn't be realized or would that be Satan? Please, help me with biblical support for this question. (I'm really freaked-out by Chuck Swindoll's last name.) Perhaps, the answer is found there--What is the intent of those promoting various dreams in our culture and our world? Are they seeking to swindal, or direct people in a health direction.

The poverty of inner city minorities is a flash-point that might explode like Watts. By promoting professional sports, is society swindaling people to passify them? Or, is it a way to direct bad attitudes away from a destructive course. If I were a poor inner city minority and happened to be Catholic, I know for sure, I'd conclude professional sports were a empty promise from Satan. Yet, our society offers many college scholarships, so if my sites were set on college sports. . . but even there, how

competitive is it? What other life choices exist--is the Catholic answer to bite the bullet, put your nose to the grindstone and live a dignified life as a menial employee in some fast-food store or something? I know from my deli experience that spiritual growth can be achieved in unexpected jobs. Too my shame, I couldn't endure that job, because I had tasted better things. (Might have also had something to do with building frustrations.)

You might ask if belief in an afterlife is an empty promise. I answer that there's no risk because if you would be bound for heaven at the end of your life, you will be a more satisfied person because you will be in better spiritual shape.

Thinking about societies dreams, you must wonder if God would let things get drastically off-course. I'm a little <F: laugh> reluctant to question standards which may have been put in place by wise men. If someone asked me for a better system than our current marketing-based capitalism, I'd have to think about it and wouldn't be at all sure the system would perform as well by all standards.

A passage:

JEREMIAH 48:29-33

". . . pride of Moab . . . tendrils trailed down to the sea . . . upon your harvest the ravager has fallen . . . joy and jubilation are at an end in the fruit gardens of the land of Moab . . ."

Well that didn't speak as direct as I've been spoiled to expect, yet it may seem America is proud <F: suicide! (me or America? Must be me because there's a "their suicide" that's sometimes used if I remember it)> Anyway, is there anyway to graph the contentment level of Americans historically? During the pioneer days, the American dream was alive with free land, not empty promises. During the 1950-1960's, and other times America benefitted from unnatural robust opportunities based on the world being underdeveloped or recovering from war. In the past, the American dream was not an empty promise. . . is that true today? What can we do to fix that? If we can't make the dream attainable, it's time to change the dream. (Peace is preferable :-)

I decided I was comfortable enough to tackle the task of picking the sensations for my hands and boy did the Holy Spirit overcome me. Since there are many words to generate, I decided to log my derivation process.

The year 2002, July 31 4:15 am I am considering new sensation definitions for my hands. I am returning to this work after leaving-off after getting spooked. I think I will start-over.

Seeking guidance, I opened a passage about the fall of some town or something from the old testament and the coming day of the Lord. I overlooked the superficial meaning (thankfully, else wise I would remain spooked) I saw two odd words, towns, actually—Put and Lud listed. I decided God wanted to make a suggestion that I

consider some verbs into his vocabulary. "Lud" reminded me of "lewd"—another useful word, though I confess I only vaguely <F: nipple wheat(I added "wheat" when editing)> know what it means. Wait a minute. . . it would seem odd for God to offer His opinion on <warm fuzzy> various things in the world? <Sensation which I forgot on my rib cage under my right arm> <humble @not remembering and getting blasé> OHH!!! "Mercy" <C: lazy>(embarrassing what made me think of that—I imagined a dagger going between ribs like a dagger of mercy from the gruesome middle age stuff I grew-up with. I'm not sure I got the word right, but that's a good one. Hey!!! I should check a Catholic caticism glossary.

Let's <unholy lazy> see: "Put", <C: laugh> "Get", "Lewd", "Mercy" (God meant "Put 'Lewd'" not "'Put' and 'Lewd'"

I can see this will be a long struggle. . . Another passage. . . <Warm fuzzy>But this is joyful.

JUDITH 13:17-20

"All the people were greatly astonished. . ."

Hey, I just checked what I wrote from "seeking guidance" on and it is astonishing—the duality. It's either the Holy Spirit or a clever devil! Let me explain the two interpretations of what I wrote very carefully—my meaning and the unintended meaning. Wow. . . I just read the preceeding passage (JUDITH 13:11-16) and it is getting more miraculous. I get a bit nervous around miracles because you never <F: thumbs up> know which way they will turn--God can easily strike terror into me, so I have a healthy respect. Before addressing the meaning I saw, let me meditate a bit further myself to set my mind at ease. . .

Holoferns was a drunkard. . . I'm drinking soda in large quantities, though decaffeinated. I could be in trouble.

In previous journals, I <C: disgrace> mentioned holographic ferns. I have a fake plant and I was given grief for not picking-up a broken leaf. Again I could be in trouble. I've wondered if I've been guilty of worshipping artificial things.

Okay, I'll let myself overlook any other things which might spook me and get back to explaining what I wrote.

When I said I only vaguely knew the meaning, I was referring to "lewd"--it means vulgar, I think. As I was saying that, God did the nipple sensation which I had once translated as "nipple wheat", a term I heard from a roommate that sounded like a playful harmless pet name (I'm not the most knowledgeable about females I confess, so it could be lewd and I didn't know it). About the time <C: Christ

knows> I was thinking God wanted me to put "lewd" on the list, I started wondering if God was going to start offering judgements on the world--as I walk around grocery stores, is He going to tell me which magazines have lewd covers--that would seem unusually intrusive for God, though I wouldn't find it unwelcome, I think. I got the "warm fuzzy" sensation and thought God was going to start interfering in a loving manor. Then I got that "rib sensation", couldn't remember it and in my arrogance was going to move-on ignoring it as though God mistakenly thought I was capable of remembering it. I got the "humble" sensation, so I thought harder. I said "Oh" as in Eurika and said it is the "mercy" sensation. Then I got the "lazy" and thought I got it wrong (which I may have). As my Mom knows I studied knights and armor and weapons from the middle ages when I was a kid. On thing that I vividly remember was "daggers of mercy"--small daggers that a knight would slip between the visor slits of a defeated opponent laying on the ground to make him beg for mercy. I explained I wasn't sure "mercy" was the word God meant with the "rib sensation" but decided it was a good one to add to my list of new sensations. Then, I thought a glossary in a Catholic catacism might be full of usefull sensation words.

The unintended meaning is spooky: "Put Lewd" might imply putting lewd sensations <F: doesn't know> on the list. God may have implied I vaguely knew what "nipple wheat" meant which is true because he placed it in that sentance. "warm fuzzy" might imply that some lewd terms are full of heart, so to speak. "Ohh Mercy" is an exclamation from an earlier age that is archaic in today's language. "gruesome middle age stuff I grew up with" reflects some of the sick thinking present in the "civil" talk of previous generations. The rest seems like a harsh scary demonic(I'd hate for God to talk to me like that) sounding reprimand to people who used "Oh Mercy".

My Mom criticized me for vulgarities so I will address her: With both those interpretations, I don't honestly know what God would say--I'm not sure I'd stake my salvation on "Put, Lud" meaning "put lewd sensations". I also don't necessarily think "Oh Mercy" is a horrible thing to say. I think you should always look past the literal meanings at what is being said and not get hung-up on superficial details, unless you are talking with immature people or people who catch your meaning wrong. "Fuck You" to my generation isn't always a terrible thing to say, but to your generation, it might be. "Oh Mercy" is not a terrible thing to say in your generation, but to people who have studied Dungeons and Dragons, it might generate horrific misunderstanding. Love is the key and you must ask yourself if you are speaking in a loving way to your audience. That being said, I'll

probably refrain from the "fuck-you" sensations or other vulgarities, unless I'm sure I'm speaking a common language and it is not offensive. Maybe, God was reprimanding both of us? I don't know. Around God, it's sometimes <brown nose> best to platy it safe.

Perhaps, God merely wanted to say to put the word "lewd" as the sensation on my nipple. That would be appropriate and would keep the sensation language elegant. I hate it when the sensation becomes too contrived. What else would I use for a meaningful sensation on my nipple? I could think of some nouns, but those are rarely useful--not God's style in our relationship. He's more like an editor than a writer.

The following is a continuation. It's more or less what I would write in my spiritual journal, so you may find it dull <unholy thumbs down>. I don't claim it's very universally profound, but it may entertain.

When I was discussing holographic ferns, the word holosuite came to mind. If a holofern is an artificial fern. . . is a holosuite artificial sweetener? In my book 2084, I mentioned something to the effect that it would be a glad day for the human spirit when "artificial" connotes something better than "natural". That was foolish and arrogant and I live in constant fear of being stomped-on by God for saying it. I have many guilt producing things to watch for.

I haven't heard from God lately. . .

JEREMIAH 51:39 "When they are parched, I will set a drink before them and they will sleep. (perpetually)"

I'll be an optimist and take that as permission to make a run to 7-11 for <warm fuzzy> <mild F__ You> a diet coke. Then, I'll go to sleep when I become very sleepy. Graphic Technologies fits in there after sleep.

Back to more words. . .

I better do something about that "Mercy" definition because it's not the kind of mercy we generally talk about. . . or is it? <C: childish> Whatever, <C: their not funny> I just don't like it at that location with the thought of a dagger at my ribs! I guess that might produce a certain reaction that might be holy, but no sense being a glutton for punishment if there are holier alternatives. Off hand (pun), I can't think of any place where "mercy" might make sense in an elegant way besides the rib location.

Is "rib" useful, as in "to rib" somebody. If so, it goes there and "mercy" goes on the hand. To rib means to gently poke fun at. . . would God want to do that? Was that, in fact, the meaning he meant in that first passage? Assessing how much each word adds to God's vocabulary is not easy! I just looked back at that passage where I was confused about sensations and there was that duality. The "to rib" meaning would fit better. In fact, I'm embarrassed I didn't pick it, making an ogre of myself.

Speaking of ribs, there's a sensation at my lowest rib, I sometimes associate with Adam's rib. Not sure how to form that into a useful sensation <F: thumbs down> word, but I was thinking of "wife" or something. So dumb, I didn't stick with it. It occurs from time to time and it's more like a conventional sensation in duration, so it may be nothing. The location is fair game. "Genesis"? . . .borderline too direct. "Creative"? . . .Not very useful--praise <humble> from a critic isn't as valuable as criticism (that's why they're critics :-). Praise <brown nose> is nice. Okay, how about a sensation "More creative" and "Less creative" <F: mild fuck you> (Did I insult God by implying it was possible <C: mild fuck you> to be too creative. I insulted my fellow men, but I didn't mean to--too much creativity can make you insane.) I may be creating clutter on that area of my body. Hopefully context will sort things-out.

The hand is more definite and uncluttered. . . <C: their don't listen? (A new sensation next to my ear)> It is more contrived. Completely contrived.

2 CORINTHIANS 10: 12-15

"Not that we dare to class or compare ourselves with some of those who recommend themselves. But when they measure themselves by one another and compare themselves with one another, they are without understanding. . ."

My creativity is divinely inspired, so it's silly to compare to others who are divinely inspired. Later, it says, "We are not over reaching ourselves" so I feel comfortable defining contrived sensations on my hands.

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I haven't heard from God lately. . .

JEREMIAH 51:39 "When they are parched, I will set a drink before them and they will sleep. (perpetually)"

I'll be an optimist and take that as permission to make a run to 7-11 for <warm fuzzy> <mild F__ You> a diet coke. Then, I'll go to sleep when I become very sleepy. Graphic Technologies fits in there after sleep.

Back to more words. . .

I better do something about that "Mercy" definition because it's not the kind of mercy we generally talk about. . . or is it? <C: childish> Whatever, <C: their not funny> I just don't like it at that location with the thought of a dagger at my ribs! I guess that might produce a certain reaction that might be holy, but no sense being a glutton for punishment if there are holier alternatives. Off hand (pun), I can't think of any place where "mercy" might make sense in an elegant way besides the rib location.

Is "rib" useful, as in "to rib" somebody. If so, it goes there and "mercy" goes on the hand. To rib means to gently poke fun at. . . would God want to do that? Was that, in fact, the meaning he meant in that first passage? Assessing how much each word adds to God's vocabulary is not easy! I just looked back at that passage where I was confused about sensations and there was that duality. The "to rib" meaning would fit better. In fact, I'm embarrassed I didn't pick it, making an ogre of myself.

Speaking of ribs, there's a sensation at my lowest rib, I sometimes associate with Adam's rib. Not sure how to form that into a useful sensation <F: thumbs down> word, but I was thinking of "wife" or something. So dumb, I didn't stick with it. It occurs from time to time and it's more like a conventional sensation in duration, so it may be nothing. The location is fair game. "Genesis"?. . .borderline too direct. "Creative"?. . .Not very useful--praise <humble> from a critic isn't as valuable as criticism (that's why they're critics :-). Praise <brown nose> is nice. Okay, how about a sensation "More creative" and "Less creative" <F: mild fuck you> (Did I insult God by implying it was possible <C: mild fuck you> to be too creative. I insulted my fellow men, but I didn't mean to--too much creativity can make you insane.) I may be creating clutter on that area of my body. Hopefully context will sort things-out.

The hand is more definite and uncluttered. . . <C: their don't listen? (A new sensation next to my ear)> It is more contrived. Completely contrived.

2 CORINTHIANS 10: 12-15

"Not that we dare to class or compare ourselves with some of those who recommend themselves. But when they measure themselves by one another and compare themselves with one another, they are without understanding. . ."

My creativity is divinely inspired, so it's silly to compare to others who are divinely inspired. Later, it says, "We are not over reaching ourselves" so I feel comfortable defining contrived sensations on my hands.

Satan making empty promises can be translated into the sheep analogy as follows:

"Don't tease God' flock"

Jesus laughed at this for a long time. God the father also chuckled.

The following is some poetry I wrote in my journal contemplating my helping the War effort. Take it in the context of achieving a successful Iraqi opposition based regime change.

Let me tell you a little story
about a man named Ter,
He was dropped into Iraq,
Where he showed-off his hair.

Got all the boys stirred-up,
To topple that saddomite
Showed them many tricks
You can do with dynamite!

Terryism's fun
They all said with glee
Can't let those palistinians
Get one-up on me.

With homegrown style
They went after Huissien
Picked-on sympathizers
And pilled-on great shame.

In every house around,
It was safe to spend the night.
The one or two others. . .
Well, they were soon a-lite!

Merciful warriors are we.
Non-lethal force we use,
Shaving heads to humiliate,
Our victims, we tattoo "Jews".

Before writing the last verse, I wrote the following in my journal:

Bush says he is patient. A regime change presumably means to a democratic, Western friendly one, if possible. No sense toppling Huissien before the country is prepared to live with such a regime. Covert actions which convince the Iraqies they did the job mostly on their own are probably a good thing, so long as enough American help is used to keep it friendly. <F: Holy temperance> <F: ½ temperance borderline ½ reprimand> (Me stop drinking? Or the US use limited aid?) I guess Gandi's approach is out of the question. A lot depends on who is the leader for the opposition.

Picking a passage from Swindoll's book of wisdom: "developing secure children" p.216

The passage seems to treat Iraq's replacement regime as the child and it's important that, "They know who they are. They like who they are. They are who they are. They are real." Sounds like might require a little open-mindedness. They are, after all, not a Christian nation <F: their rash. . . their not rash?> <C:Unholy don't get advice/unholy not the point (Not the point sounds bogus so must be "their")> Translation: They're rash (or not) and they don't seek advice? . . . Who? Bush administration or the future Iraqis?

2 KINGS 9: 27-29 ". . . Kill him too . . . "Perhaps, the train terrorists would kill the successor too, out of habit? Brutal regimes might be required in such a country? How do you <cute> cope? Homeland security? (I wrote this before the verse on "nonlethal" force.)

Train bad-ass terrorists, then defeat them with badder-ass homeland security? The heart of the people rules in many places, but I'm not sure it's a universal - don't know about under extreme tyranny.
2 CORINTHIANS I 2: 5-

"Not taken advantage of by Satan" Sounds like beware of empty promises (weapon's inspectors)? But wait. . . talk of forgiveness. . . love thy enemy? <F: their unfriendly> (I was thinking Saddam as the pain person, but they may talk of Bush who I mentioned a moment ago. . . I'm confused. "Punishment by the majority seems like something pointed at Bush.) Whatever.

Let me explain some of the poem and my goals and some of the accidental meanings.

I hoped to provide a method to, as peacefully as possible, change the regime in Iraq. <C: chop chop (Not sure if me writing or the change of regime)> I considered some, but not all global effects. If I do really well, maybe I'll get a nobel (with a bonus for using dynamite? :-).

I asked myself how to get a successful revolution. I assumed popular support was a prerequisite. I assumed it is healthier for a country's future when they can take pride in largely having done their own fighting--they would value a new regime more if they had to earn it. I thought of ideas to motivate--one was competition with the palistinians, who are going about earning independance (in a misguided way. <F: 1/2 love God (New sensation referring to a call to love God--no idols, etc.)>)

Shame is a way to sway popular oppinion. How do you shame someone in a muslim country? With my limited knowledge, I thought associate <F: childish> them with being Jewish. (Not necessarily a wise thing to do if long term reginal stability is of interest.)

I was talking symbolically when I said <C: not the point> "show-off my hair" thinking of it representing creativity. I didn't realize that I have a few gray ones which I've had since Ticketmaster and which my Muslim boss commented on saying they showed wisdom and he wished he had some. (I don't know about wisdom, but I have lots of luck :-)

I sort-of lucked into this idea too--there are lots of copy-cat peoples <F: evolve> in the world. Lets be real--terrorism has been going on ever

since
public executions were invented (Tyrants were terrorizing rebels.)
Human history
is driven by emotion and attempts to sway emotion. Christ's death is
an example.
When the cause is just <F: no mercy (God was earlier using this new
sensation to
tell me if I was allowed to indulge in drinking soda or not. . . Now, I'm
not
sure if He's saying no exceptions or it's okay to have no mercy when
the cause is
just.)> <F: pain in the neck> Anyway, I'll say what I was going to say
and
reconcile with God later. If a cause is just, terrorism is a tool. It saves
lives because it produces fewer casualties than methods based on
attrition,
though inflicting fear is not without suffering (mental). As Christ's
death
demonstrated, unjust terrorism <F: not boring> doesn't work because
it causes
unintended emotional effects. Sometimes it works for a while, until
people
overcome fear.

When the terrorists don't have power (and when they do), the more
emotionally
moving the terrorism is in making your side seem right and the
opposition's seem
wrong, the better it is. (I'm reflecting on God's comment on evolution
with
respect to terrorism.) Anyway, if terrorism became non-lethal, and
just as
effective, that might be an improvement (unless victims suffered a
fate worse
than death).

If one Arab country started non-lethal terrorism, perhaps it'd catch-
on. I was
focusing on shaming people.

Ironically, if Iraqi opposition people shaved the heads and tattooed
targets, they
might remind people of the holocaust. In kind hearted people, that
may stir more
positive feelings toward Jews as they mature and consider what a
nightmare it

was. (Young opposition people are foolish youth easily filled with hatred, so they probably wouldn't think about it at the time.) It's <F: their childish> probably too big of a gamble to add more anti-semitism to the region in a pragmatic way of accomplishing a short-term goal.

I just read an article that discribed drunk drivers being pulled from a van and beaten to death. Alchohol is shameful in muslim cultures--the opposition could kidnap with a van, get victims drunk and tar-and-feather or whatever, then dump them. (Does a chicken bird mean coward in Iraq? Inner circle people not with the opposition are cowards for not going after Saddam, or worse.)

I'm not sure how the opposition's shaving heads and tatooning might effect people in America that were anti-semetic. It'd be kind of funny if skin-heads suddenly found themselves resembling those who were labeled with the jews in other countries, unless that's their whole point--to resemble Jews in concentration camps. I may not understand skin-heads <F: God knows>.

Terse Verse To Women...

The ground
is always down
Just ask the organ
with sand from jordan.
Too buff! your pillow down.

Lame verse! ... Ducking
The pillow and bucking
Ham in a hollow
While I wallow
Swallowing plenty, not mucking
Terse Verse To Women...

The ground
is always down.
Just ask the organ

with sand from Jordan
Too buff your pillow down.

Lame verse! Ducking
The pillow and bucking,
Ham in a hollow.
While I wallow
Swallowing plenty, not mucking.

I must tell you that I wrote this without knowing what I was saying
<unholy
lazy>. Spirits or something were very hard at work. I had more
innocent
thoughts on my mind, but it makes more profound sense with not-so-
innocent
thoughts. (Except the first part of the last verse! That's supposed to
be
innocent!!!)
I meant first part of last line is innocent.
I was just remembering my thought process when I wrote that poem.
Ironically, I
described it in my book 2084 when I was referring to a possible
computer program
based lyric generator. God called me "unholy selfish" as I was
contemplating
this, so I thought I'd share so others could write verse like me.

Basically, it's when you add a word to your poem, think of all
associations with
that word and try to keep them in your head as you add more words to
your poem.

I was thinking of a electrical schematic when I started singing a stupid
song to
myself--"The ground is always down." I thought of "gringing-things
down", "organ
grinders". "ask the organ" started as a reference to "organ grinders",
a
restaurant from Wisconsin I remembered as a child. It was going to be
"Ask the
organ grinder to grind your pillow down". I decided I didn't want the
same words
twice, so I decided to get clever and randomly picked a synonym for

"grind"--"buff". I needed to make it a limrick or whatever, so I needed something to rhyme with "organ" and all I came up with was "sand from Jordan", thinking of sand as abrasive. I saw the potential for making a frustrated comment on women going for buff guys and altered the wording to "too buff". About that time I realized I had made an incredible line based on "buff" being similar to "fluff".

I reflected on the weakness of the previous lines--"sand from Jordan" was a lame line and the missing syllables in the beginning lines bothered me. So I started in with "Lame verse" and added "ducking" because of "lame duck". Perhaps, "down" was also on my mind, but I think I lucked into that one. I actually wrote shorter lines in the second stanza and hadn't a clue I had anything worth keeping. I started beefing-up the second stanza, making the meter better and at some point, realized I had something worth sharing. I wanted a word play based on ducks, a bird--that's how "swallow" entered. I wanted things based on pigs, that's how "wallow" and "mucking" entered. I confess, I lifted "while I wallow" from the Alice-in-Chains song, which says "while I wallow in a sea of sorrow". Anyway, I was meditating on the dating scene. "Ham in a hollow" popped into my head--I forgot I got it from a raunchy source--I don't know where, but I know I've heard it before. The rest, was autopilot and I can't explain.

Practice Poetry

Dr. Dan
can kick the can.
While I practice
preaching poetry.

Duality's
No Falacy
When Sex

is on your mind.

if I do?
Get my due
Cause my hair's
insanely curly.

Moe than that
I'm not that fat
So back in the
bar I rent.
Drank my fill
but got no thrill
at graphic technologies.

Damn atmel's
just like fat Mel
reversed--won't respond to me.

Voltage level mismatch
Must buffer and snatch
a little sleep at dawn.

'S on me
by quarter to three
I better quit rambling-on
Pints Amp Poor Pleasures

With inpoor thoughts
I went to the bar
Do drain some draughts
dreaded driving my car.

Went to boast
of my poetry's wit
out the most
humble of heart.

Damn fool
was maid
as I drool
and paid.

Fuck'n Bar scene
bites!

and bits and dribbles
are all I know.
Set for life

Just give me life
So I can write my poem
without the strife
of an ordinary home.

My needs are quite few
and not proud
Am I of what I might do
when I get-up to speak out loud.

Bullying the pulpet
away from the strong
who should know better
but keep doing wrong.
Pints Amp Poor Pleasures

With inpoor thoughts
I went to the bar
To drain some draughts
dread not driving my car.

Went to boast
of my poetry's wit
out the most
humble of heart.

Damn fool
was maid
as I drool
and paid.

Fuck'n Bar scene
bites!
and bits and dribbles
are all I know.

I was hiped-up after <F:temperance> those poems (and many quarts of diet coke). I'm amazed thinking I have a powerful talent I didn't realize I possessed, that's exceedingly satisfying to use. Anyway, wired-on caffiene and too distracted for work, I went for some food at the grocery store (Lean Cuisine) and brought back a "Time" magazine. I'm not sure how all this works, but I learned that today is the anniversary of the Sept. 11 threat briefing to Bush. In a photo, a woman was smiling when she handed Bush the report (a year ago). I realized that a few moments before, I just threatened to sieze the bully-pulpet from the strong in my poem.

Time baffles me because freaky things happen. I wonder if someone made a faster-than-light beam to transmit info back in time by bouncing it off the moon and Earth many times or something? It could just be God and angels and/or good predictions.

I'm now thrown into a full-blown mental tizzy <F: wound>. . . Okay, I'm just looking for a good excuse not to do that Atmel project by tomorrow.

Amazing how God keeps me honest :-)

I'm a veteran to the unexplained when it is non-threatening, but I really don't like being lumped in with Bin Laden. That freaks me out.

I've decided my poems are <F: current>. . . my current poems are largely from me. I remember consciously forming most of the meanings and tricks. A few caught me by surprise.

You might ask what I'd say from the bully-pulpit. I didn't have anything in mind when I wrote it, but extolling the pleasures you can have for little money, comes to mind. Writing poetry costs me nothing but time and is very pleasurable, but it's not for everyone? I guess some work could be done to open it up to more people. Devising more poetic tricks gives more targets for people, making it easier to <C: give advice> write things which make you feel like you did something clever or creative.

Christ wants me to discuss ideas for poetic tricks. . .

Ones I know so far:

- 1) Rhymes (Same ending vowels)
- 2) Alliterations (Same starting letters--consonants)
- 3) Double Entrenses
- 4) Overlapping sentences
- 5) Setting to rhythm

New ideas:

There are endless templates you could generate for placing rhymes and syllables in stanza's. The goal should probably be to make ones that make poetry more open to the masses. <C: don't support that> Okay, I'm not sure what the goal should be. I guess adding templates that are satisfying is good enough.

Here's an idea: Try to write verse with ending word letters and beginning word letters being identical. I'm not sure how to document it.

Society pushes materialism and pleasures that cost money. People are motivated by material wants to work harder. It is senseless to work harder for expensive pleasures when alternatives exist. I certainly don't have the capability to know how well an <C: Terry's weakness> alternative society would play-out, but my up-bringing would tend to say it is the right thing to push for. Technological progress would be sacrificed if materialism were de-emphasized, but resource usage might be curtailed.

If I were in government, I might fund a study on fun and satisfaction whereby we learned cost-effective and low resource using activities that brought the most satisfaction. It's important not to forget things from generation to generation that brought satisfaction. Then, I'd scheme to introduce those ideas into society covertly <F: humble>. Religion'd certainly be included, but you already knew I'd advocate that.

Perhaps, it wouldn't be covert--occasionally the government would publish a report on activities and how satisfying they were.

Torah, Torah, Torah

We're coming for you
Enemies of the Jew
who hit our home
an attack on Rome
and all your friends
will meet their ends
so buckle under now

Iskibubble towel heads
might as well be reds
in the hot war hell
you'll soon no well
Christianity's
gonna spread you'll see
or at least it's power will

You have it comin'
Might as well start runnin'
cause the light we are
from a famous star
your wisemen once new well.

When Christ was born, 3 wise men from "the East" came to visit him. Perhaps, they were so impressed they made it back to Japan and coined the word "Tora", meaning "attack". (I guess word of the Jews could have drifted at an other time and the star was the star of David.)

Under my theory, the Jewish gene pool was in bad shape when Jesus came because they were being too successful in weeding-out the people with wild or rebellious

(creative) ideas. Their well of ideas was drying up. The French word for Christmas is "noel" which sounds like "no well".

In my poem, I warn the Muslims(Iraqi's) they will soon "No well".
(You could also take it as a reference to a vulnerability they have in warfare?)

The light from the famous star might be an atomic weapon--a hint at our arsenal.

I didn't plan this, but this poem may be instrumental in converting Japan to Christianity.

Graph-up with Toner and Chips at Graphic Technologies

I'm not in the mood for engineering. The deadlines are contrived. In reality, I need a programmed sample chip tomorrow, which I can do by wiring-up the off-the-shelf programmer, provided there are no glitches. I plan to do that tomorrow after I sleep (so, pm approximately 7:00)

We have serious testing to complete. There's a remote chance things will improve with the 152 running an Atmel at Higher speed. I'll need to run long tests to capture what's going on. I get no support running tests. I think with the personnel we have, (Maria), I could get some help?

As for the slogan, I'm not sure it's that great--might be too slick, turning people off. There's also uncertainty in which words could be substituted for "Graph-up". "Throw-up"'s not a good substitution. I intended "Fill-up" to come to mind, but I'm clueless how the public thinks.

It could be shortened to "Graph-up at Graphic Technologies". "Graph-up" sounds like a cool techy or military term for something rising on a graph? That was my interpretation, but I guess there are others. Our market is not engineers. If our customers were fairly smart, they might have broad-based knowledge and realize it was techy-talk. That might help our chip sales?

In my spaced-out way of thinking, a company called "graphic technologies" might specialize in analysis of graphs, trends, etc. Perhaps, others will see that. (Not sure it helps.)

I'm going to reflect on leadership. In my delusions, I often think I'm a leader. Harmless fun, that might be good training... On second thought, might be unhealthy spiritually. I'll give some of my own ideas first, then switch to a more Christian perspective.

If I were president, I'd have to put together a cabinet. I imagined doing so and considered family members. It soon occurred to me that one choice was not independant of another choice! I switched into my mathematical thinking mode and was proud of myself because math provides crystal clear images of independant and nonindependant problems. I was suddenly confident and thought a mathematician might have an edge. Then, I thought not, realizing that keen common sense

probably includes the concept--everyone knows that one person might be jealous (envious) of another who got a position they were hoping for. Anyway, a mathematician might map-out the entire government structure indicating the historic level of interaction between different posts. (This would be a strategically important item because someone hoping to infiltrate or attack the government could also find it useful.) I got a "lazy" sensation while talking about that, but I'm not sure why. I'm sure there are organizational charts, but I doubt they've been drawn like network maps showing the typical amount of data passing between each pair of nodes. Maybe, I'm underestimating the government. A computer science leader might arrive with strange different approaches to filling posts that are arrogant wastes of time? You'd have to forgive him for having a little fun or seeking the satisfaction of applying his knowledge.

Anyway, the network structural diagram could be enhanced indicating the relative degree of competitiveness or cooperativeness between positions. A non-politician might have an easier time coping with Washington with a nice chart. It could be generated showing historic data, or current data. You could have all kinds of maps showing friend/foe partisan levels, and I could probably figure ways to generate useful quantities factoring in various political influences to place on the network charts. Once you make Mathematical models, a mathematician can (natively) assume leadership by plying his control systems skills.

People are too difficult to model, though, so it's probably just a way to waste a lot of resources.

I started thinking about doing speeches with multi-voice ideas coming through. This is something that's been going on for a long time, I'm sure, but I'm just now privy to it. Another speech idea is "intellectual level incryption". You can limit some ideas to certain audiences by making them difficult to understand. I believe targeted marketing, for example is a good thing because it can prevent the poor from being exposed to advertisements for things they could never afford. Intellectual level incryption can be a form of targeting. I'm not sure what the intellectual elite need to know that might bother others, but there are probably a few things.

In a time of war, the intellectual elite would generally be more difficult to deceive. You might be forced to address them more honestly. <F: give advice (sensation meaning I should say more)> If things looked bleak or scary in war, you might wish to comfort the masses, while, perhaps, coaxing the intellectually elite not to be fear mongers?

This is hypothetical--I don't know what wars we may be in for and how scary they may be!

The real challenge would be writing the speech. Perhaps, with God's grace and an unabridged dictionary, I might be able to accomplish it. I'd look for uncommon words that sounded like comforting common words and use them, hoping the ignorant would be deceived?

Perhaps, a truly great leader would take an offensive instead of defensive approach--squell fear instead of coax the fear mongers. That's what Churchill did. (Or did he do both? I feel humbled!) He was probably inspired by honesty, not shrewdness--moral(e) is key in warfare.

My Churchill like speech would be:

"<F: Don't Get advice>Morale is key"

Not sure I go along with <C:laugh> God's little addition to that quote. A leader who doesn't get advice might boost morale with confidence, yet that's a little risky! I guess I could issue such a guideline to troops, if I believed morale would be highest when troops felt their commanding officers knew more than they did, but I'm not certain of that. Perhaps, it depends on the circumstances--in the heat of battle, if you are a commanding officer and are faced with two choices which seem about equivalent, you might be better-off trusting your judgement (unless one of your underlings is really smart and everybody knows it) and just pick one randomly--God, after all helps if you are moral? Perhaps, moral judgements are more <C: Terry's weakness> important than intellectual judgements.

Bottom-line is I'm not sure about that quote, but I'm not the leader, so who cares.

I just realized I was proposing a deceitful approach. Decept is often based on pride--that you can trick people--and that's as much why it is used as anything. <F: their adult> I don't know if I would actually have been deceitful as a leader. I'm just glad God pointed-out my weakness, so I could appologize. It feels better when you can respect yourself. Honestly, I really felt the necessity to appologize after I opened the bible to the following quote:

JEREMIAH 9: 7-8

"A muderous arrow is his tongue,
his mouth utters deceit;
He speaks cordially with,
his friends,
but in his heart he lays
an ambush!
For these things, says the LORD,
shall I not punish them!
On a nation such as this
shall I not take vengeance?"

I guess it's clear, I'm not qualified for leadership (phew) after my revealing that in my heart I could scheme against the people.
Hopefully, no harm done.

I just got a ticket for running a stop sign I didn't see.
I thought I had the right of way.

Gave me an idea for intersections without lights--put an electronic compass tied into the radio time channel and have a dash-board indicator indicating if you have the right-of way or not for intersections without lights.

Existing traffic Lights could be removed and replaced with radio timer broadcasters.

The device for the dashboard would be very cheap.

Also, to correct for the unfair load tickets present on the poor, Tickets could be converted to an increase in the percentage tax you pay.

I've decided modern biologists are idiots. The evolutionary theories I was taught were so incomplete. Did it ever occur to a biologist that the diversity of the gene pool might be favored in natural selection? That is, in a case where a crossroads in evolution is reached and a choice is made between selecting a "fit" subset of the gene pool to replace the larger gene pool, or a choice which would maintain more diversity, the diversity choice might be made by nature? Biologists are so unimaginative that they cannot fathom ways for more interesting natural selection rules to take place than "survival of the fittest... individuals". Duhh! Don't they know that diversity and randomness are building blocks for evolutionary progress and that higher level biological laws might exist governing natural selection!

Here's an example: Suppose there is a highly favorable characteristic which gives some individuals a survival edge and it is distributed on a bell curve over the population. Let's say some goldfish are better swimmers than the rest. Stupid biologists would assume that the fastest fish would always survive. Why do goldfish overeat and die? Seems to me it indicates preserving the diversity by keeping the gene pool from reducing down to the fittest individuals too fast. Nature retards evolution for the retards sake. That's my opinion.

I'm a computer scientist and have a passing interest in genetic algorithms--a problem solving approach based on using natural selection.

I observed fish and realized there was no reason to limit to simple laws such as survival of the fittest. Any superior rules to survival of the fittest that found their way into a species would give that branch of the evolutionary tree a big advantage in terms of speed of evolution.

Christians are, in fact, new creations. The rules governing Christian evolution are different from nonChristians because they are friendlier to the weak and fringe elements of the gene pool which might otherwise be eliminated. It is my opinion that the Jews had polarized society into the righteous and unrighteous creating all kinds of stigmas which corrupted the breeding. Christ came to fix the breeding, among other things. Rebelious elements (sinners) often have alternative approaches to living (forms of creativity). Systems which weed-out sinners weed-out creativity or other desirable characteristics. People who sin might live in filth, for example and evolve robust immune systems. Anyway, Christ was obviously superhuman in intellect and came to fix the gene pool.

You should have more respect for the Church, raise your kids Catholic and go to Church!

Please edit this and pass along to anyone in academia who might be interested.

In humility, please correct me if I'm wrong and explain the true reason goldfish die when overfed. I view the fastest ones as representative of Christ himself, eating-up the excess food so the others don't die and thereby sacrificing themselves for the gene pool. I wrote this in a deliberate attempt to get your attention so you'd read it.

I was inspired to paint, using my childlike cartoon style and deep symbols. I no longer believe in "insider" art--art that can't be understood by a general audience, so I stuck labels on all my symbols. They wouldn't please the public because they were childlike so nothing important is lost by labeling.

I started doodling something, tried to explain my playing around and attempted to turn it into an inspirational piece by picking a random Bible verse and creating a poem.

Microsoft spoiled my day today. I set-out to write a musical keyboard program using the code I wrote for SimStructure. My new compiler had features removed, as near as I could tell and I got really pissed. It also has a horrible new interface. I went back to my old compiler and discovered it wouldn't work with the new one on the same machine. Grrr!!!

I started cursing and recursing. I even brought God into it and he said he was pleased I called on his name. (It was an old testament passage :-)

As an exercise, I thought I'd blow-off steam scheming on how I could bring-down Goliath. God gave me a sensation on my jugular, so I felt encouraged to use my uncanny knack for smelling blood that I developed competing in many war games.

At first, I planned to write a better browser and expand into other products. I might call it Sha-na-na, after a 50's TV program that was on in the 70's with a character called "Bowser" which rhymes with "Browser". That was my gimmick. I planned to outclass the other browsers with advanced navigational aids, which I don't want to describe for fear Microsoft will hear about them.

I'd name my company "MegaHard" which is the opposite of "MicroSoft". I might resurrect my Budget programs, SimStructure program and CAD/CAM program.

I realized that the American Dream is a Farse and I'd be wasting my time because agents are blocking me from success. I've learned my lesson on expending much effort producing advanced products only discovering an inability to get them making money. There is a conspiracy and somebody's in power that's not me.

Therefore, I decided I would not fight as a player myself but manipulate other players in the game. I have incredible gifts as a propagandist and I could easily stir-up the anti-Microsoft forces, especially with my uncanny poetry. My only challenge would be the same as with a product, getting past the agents suppressing me to reach the masses.

I could also lend aid to the anti-microsoft forces. I already passed along a tip to Borland a major competitor. I have superhuman computer skills and creativity.

The Linux crowd is pathetically unorganized. It is strongly anti-Microsoft, but plays defensively. To unseat Microsoft from dominance, the Linux crowd must launch an attack on Microsoft's home platform--Windows. That is, to draw more people to Linux, more programs need to exist which run on both machines which are not Microsoft based--once there is somewhat of a perceived equivalence of linux being a viable alternative in the public's mind, Microsoft is dead. When an application is written for the Window's platform, a not should appear saying "also runs on Linux with complete compatibility".

This Microsoft ".NET" thing is a scary Orwellian Maneuver. Who want's Microsoft as Big Brother. It is easy to spread rumors about vulnerabilities with people spoofing Microsoft's website and uploading updates to computers that do nasty things. I might create one just to demonstrate. We need to establish a lack of trust with this software update mechanism--it gives too much control to big brother-Microsoft or the Gestappo (Home Security). What I long for is something which lets me regulate the traffic going accross my cable-modem. I'm not alone. Soon there will be a massive outcry for a trusted source to protect the public from big-brother. It would be easy to spread fears and create demand. I could do so with a clear conscience because big brother is a threat we must fight. I'd like to make a mini-computer that splices into the cable-modem cable and displays what's being sent-out from my machine. When I delete files, my machine is really slow--it almost seems like the files are being up-loaded or something.

Propaganda could center on destroying trust in microsoft and it's next generation ".NET" theory <C: unholy not the point>. Okay, we wouldn't stop there.

Most days, I can live being more talented than the programmers from Microsoft, but once in a while it really gets to me and I get pissed-off I must put-up wick crappy software from people making a bunch of money. It really doesn't bother me that they have more money than I do even though they are less skilled, it's that my life sucks when I must work with their crappy software.

The Unix crowd is a bunch of uncool nerds who get-off on cryptic overcomplexity that's not that well thought-out.

All software needs user skill levels, like I started to add to my SimStructure program. There needs to be support for skill levels in the compiler environments. Skill levels let you conceal advanced features from beginner users so they don't get intimidated, while keeping advanced features available to advanced users.

A classic example of Microsoft's retarded thinking is their spell-check in Word. In "Works", with a single key you could replace the previous misspelled word with the most likely replacement. I really loved that feature because I even got in the habit of typing short-hand words and hitting a key to fix them, saving typing effort. "Word" hopelessly fouled that trick-up.

I might forgo my attack on the beast if I had an insider feature request contact--I told you Ira about how Software companies are forced to treat feature requests--they

ignore all but those from the most important customers. It's a nasty reality of the economics and the fact that everybody wants different features.

It's no secret that some wise guy made "Unix" to match the word "Eunich". Computers trap many men into nonsexual lives. I'm one. They are a siren call <that's the point>.

I guess it takes the pressure off the dating scene--(girls never start wars when they are hard-up, so they don't matter).

Who is the entity that is in charge of language? God? I'm not always happy with that entity. I guess those who see have a big advantage. Those who don't teach are cruel bastards I wouldn't mind killing-off. Anybody who knows the deeper meanings of language but doesn't share is worth killing--there in the same camp as the ones creating the secret meanings.

I see myself as a "Champion", a warrior who fights battles for the weak. I attack the enemies of the weak. Those who let my comrad programmers slip into a siren's trap or encourage it or profit from it are targets. I will use all means at my disposal and do what I can not to sacrifice myself wastefully.

A lesson that needs to be taught to all is that it takes some practice in dating before you can hope to find a mate and you have until you are about 27 to do so. Period.

I might launch an attack on dating itself. The facade business has to go--it's pointless and just fills our society with liars. No wonder marriages are in trouble--everyone starts-out lying about who they are! Squelch the honeymoon effect--everybody acts different during the start of a relationship. That's a distraction from how they will be long-term. When I date, I act the way I plan to act 5 years into marriage--I don't do things I wouldn't be willing to maintain doing indefinitely. I'm the only sane one in the dating scene. I'm very avante guard. The right course seems so plain to me, I think those who don't see it are complete idiots. What kind of idiot does a compatibility test with a person by acting different from how they plan to act long-term, while hoping the person they are evaluating is acting different too?

The theory of living together first would seem like a logical way to test compatibility, but it doesn't help the divorce rate.

If starting a war to kill-off my competition is one card I could play, there are certainly others in that deck...

I could launch a campaign to make women more dependant on men. They are the ones who bear children and are supposed to be the primary care givers. If they can marry a man and enjoy a nice lifestyle, who cares who's bringing in the most money. Christianity teaches it is wrong for a woman to have an ego problem with a man making more than her if she's married--she should look at the big picture. Women making less is good for society and should be made a law. That's plain as day. Any person who claims to have an ounce of wisdom should see that women should make less than men. It has nothing to do with what they are worth or are contributing. I contribute much but my salary doesn't match. I don't complain. Young woman should be told that society is stacked against them to encourage them to marry and

discourage them from neglecting their kids or leaving their husbands (same thing). The formula for fixing society is so simple sometimes. If it's out-in-the open, why not teach the government policy and proclaim it. A "Woman tax" if you will. Let them make the same as men, but tax all women really heavily "extra 30%". That ought to do it. Limit it to certain ages, if necessary-- 20-50 years old.

Those Muslims aren't completely stupid with their putting women in place--what's better than a society where every child has a dedicated adult to raise them? Men and Women are not identical. I'd be tempted to get rudely honest and propose a realistic study of gender differences. Everybody knows the liberal press distorts it because they think they are wise when they are really fools. Why can't people accept the beauty of God creating two different sexes that complement each other.

As we evolve into the future, we should seek to encourage gender differences so women become more specialized in caring for children. The only way to make a better human race in that regard is to amplify gender differences. God created two sexes with an opportunity for a more highly adapted species evolving. It would be a big step backward if the two sexes merged--a huge waste of potential.

<unholy not lazy>-->seeking to increase gender differences in our species. Hey, we're the guardians, I say we do it. <holy lazy>-->Two sexes are like two dimensions instead of one dimension--you get much more potential. Shoot, my only regret is there's no way to make us inherit pairs of sex genes--currently there is one of 23 genes devoted to sex. If there were more... However, there's plenty of stuff on other genes triggered by hormones due to the primary sex genes. (I meant Chromosomes when I said genes.)

NUMBERS 11:24

That's the passage about Moses and people worrying about others prophesizing. I think reason and wisdom can be used by others to peer into the consequences of what I've said. A Christian woman has no right to argue selfishly. Let's face it, society could save on education by cutting back on college for women. It's a luxury, but not essential because kids don't learn college level material from parents. (I didn't at any rate.) Television can educate women while they raise kids and generally assist them.

I'm from the camp of discouraging materialism. Two-income families place stress on time. The male must pick-up some of the slack for the working woman in the home and he has even less time. In an effort to return to spirituality and fight materialism, two-income families have to go. There's only so much time to work with.

We could import labor through immigration to offset the labor pool shrinkage. There'd be more opportunities for mobility for the men. We'd cut down on all kinds of wasted labor--our society is fat with <no mercy> pointless endeavors. It's time to return to what's important. If women returned to the home, there'd be a labor pool in reserve in case of war. Currently, our labor pool is completely allocated!!! We sitting ducks. Hopefully we don't see a war like WW2 which required on-going industrial production--the world would be in serious shit if that were going on. We're not ready to sustain wartime production because our industry is so globally dependant. (Unless there were just a few bad guys and they didn't disturb shipping.)

Thanks Dad,
I read it at your house. Didn't like the fact that it was poisoning my reputation
among the general public.

----- Original Message -----

From: [Terry & Marietta](#)

To: [Therese & Eric Muehlstedt](#) ; [Brenda & Frank Miraglia](#) ; [Caryn Davis](#) ; [Keith Davis](#) ;
['Kevin & Cindy Davis'](#) ; [Odd Hours Books](#) ; [Sean & Kara](#) ; [Terry Davis](#)

Sent: Friday, August 16, 2002 10:38 AM

Subject: Young and Bipolar

Hi Everyone,

FYI, I was having trouble with a web page on Microsoft so I went to Netscape. In the News section I happened to see a link to Time Magazine and this weeks cover story "Young and Bipolar" which I had just read in our issue. It is a good article and I thought some of you may be interested in reading it. The information is the same as in the Time Magazine feature, except it is split up into different articles. Click on the link below to read the articles.

Love,
Dad

<http://www.time.com/time/covers/1101020819/>

Recruitment Poem for the CIA

Delusional Dimensia
Arrays without bounds
Planetary Aprehensia
a culprit in chains.

Foregone conclusia
He sits on a throne
Deriding Malthusia
and drives like a drone.

Drown streets
People Ducking
Finding eats
Where He can.

A Vegging Vagabond
Apply... would
James Bond.

(Not sure what it means but it was fun to write. I've had a few beers so my gift may be lacking. I'm going for some more and will be write back.)

----- Original Message -----

From: [Terry Davis](#)

To: [Ira Seaver](#)

Sent: Saturday, August 17, 2002 4:39 PM

Subject: Recruitment Poem For the CIA

Recruitment Poem for the CIA

Delusional Dimensia
Arrays without bounds
Planetary Aprehensia
a culprit in chains.

Foregone conclusia
He sits on a throne
Deriding Malthusia
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Drown streets
People Ducking
Finding eats
Where He can.

A Vegging Vagabond
Apply... would
James Bond.

(Not sure what it means but it was fun to write. I've had a few beers so my gift may be lacking. I'm going for some more and will be write back.)

----- Original Message -----

From: <tdavis@hare.com>

To: <iseaver@aol.com>

Sent: Tuesday, August 06, 2002 2:21 AM

Subject: Set for life

> Set for life
>
> Just give me life
> So I can write my poem
> without the strife
> of an ordinary home.
>
> My needs are quite few
> and not proud

> Am I of what I might do
> when I get-up to speak out loud.
>
> Bullying the pulpet
> away from the strong
> who should know better
> but keep doing wrong.

----- Original Message -----

From: <tdavis@hare.com>

To: <iseaver@aol.com>; <intchassmbly@aol.com>

Sent: Tuesday, August 06, 2002 2:00 AM

Subject: Pints Amp Poor Pleasures (fixed-typo's)

> Pints Amp Poor Pleasures
>
> With inpoor thoughts
> I went to the bar
> Do drain some draughts
> dreaded driving my car.
>
> Went to boast
> of my poetry's wit
> out the most
> humble of heart.
>
> Damn fool
> was maid
> as I drool
> and paid.
>
> Fuck'n Bar scene
> bites!
> and bits and dribbles
> are all I know.

----- Original Message -----

From: <tdavis@hare.com>

To: <iseaver@aol.com>; <tedmcd8@lvcm.com>

Sent: Sunday, August 04, 2002 4:35 PM

Subject: Romantic Poem

> Terse Verse To Women...
>

> The ground
> is always down
> Just ask the organ
> with sand from jordan.
> Too buff! your pillow down.
>
> Lame verse! ... Ducking
> The pillow and bucking
> Ham in a hollow
> While I wallow
> Swallowing plenty, not mucking

----- Original Message -----

From: [Terry Davis](#)

To: [Ira Seaver](#)

Sent: Tuesday, August 06, 2002 10:12 PM

Subject: Wise Men

When Christ was born, 3 wise men from "the East" came to visit him. Perhaps, they were so impressed they made it back to Japan and coined the word "Tora", meaning "attack". (I guess word of the Jews could have drifted at an other time and the star was the star of David.)

Under my theory, the Jewish gene pool was in bad shape when Jesus came because they were being too successful in weeding-out the people with wild or rebellious (creative) ideas. Their well of ideas was drying up. The French word for Christmas is "noel" which sounds like "no well".

In my poem, I warn the Muslims(Iraqi's) they will soon "No well". (You could also take it as a reference to a vulnerability they have in warfare?)

The light from the famous star might be an atomic weapon--a hint at our arsenal.

I didn't plan this, but this poem may be instrumental in converting Japan to Christianity.

----- Original Message -----

From: [Terry Davis](#)

To: [Ira Seaver](#)

Sent: Tuesday, August 06, 2002 8:29 PM

Subject: Torah,Torah,Torah

Torah, Torah, Torah

We're coming for you
Enemies of the Jew
who hit our home
an attack on Rome

and all your friends
will meet their ends
so buckle under now

Iskibubble towel heads
might as well be reds
in the hot war hell
you'll soon no well
Christianity's
gonna spread you'll see
or at least it's power will

You have it comin'
Might as well start runnin'
cause the light we are
from a famous star
your wisemen once new well.

Milwalkee

Rebel Yellow
Must wait in hello
while bolder men
go forth

No whine
at any time
while on a hogg
he rumbles

Beer he says
's not queer he says
Milwalkee's finest
love's he.

To heaven's angels
not quote, unquote angels
He divulges
his heart.

----- Original Message -----

From: [Terry Davis](#)

To: [Ira Seaver](#) ; tedmcd8@lvcm.com

Sent: Saturday, August 03, 2002 3:04 AM

Subject: War Effort

The following is some poetry I wrote in my journal contemplating my helping the War effort. Take it in the context of achieving a successful Iraqi opposition based regime change.

Let me tell you a little story

about a man named Ter,
He was dropped into Iraq,
Where he showed-off his hair.

Got all the boys stirred-up,
To topple that saddomite
Showed them many tricks
You can do with dynamite!

Terryism's fun
They all said with glee
Can't let those palistinians
Get one-up on me.

With homegrown style
They went after Huissien
Picked-on sympathizers
And pilled-on great shame.

In every house around,
It was safe to spend the night.
The one or two others. . .
Well, they were soon a-lite!

Merciful warriors are we.
Non-lethal force we use,
Shaving heads to humiliate,
Our victims, we tattoo "Jews".

Before writing the last verse, I wrote the following in my journal:

Bush says he is patient. A regime change presumably means to a democratic, Western friendly one, if possible. No sense toppling Huissien before the country is prepared to live with such a regime. Covert actions which convince the Iraqies they did the job mostly on their own are probably a good thing, so long as enough American help is used to keep it friendly. <F: Holy temperance> <F: 1/2 temperance borderline 1/2 reprimand> (Me stop drinking? Or the US use limited aid?) I guess Gandi's approach is out of the question. A lot depends on who is the leader for the opposition.

Picking a passage from Swindoll's book of wisdom: "developing secure children" p.216

The passage seems to treat Iraq's replacement regime as the child and it's important that, "They know who they are. They like who they are. They are who they are. They are real." Sounds like might require a little open-mindedness. They are, after all, not a Christian nation <F: their rash. . . their not rash?> <C:Unholy don't get advice/unholy not the point (Not the point sounds bogus so must be "their")> Translation: They're rash (or not) and they don't seek advice? . . . Who? Bush administration or the future Iraqis?

2 KINGS 9: 27-29 ". . . Kill him too . . . "Perhaps, the train terrorists would kill the successor too, out of habit? Brutal regimes might be required in such a country? How do you <cute> cope? Homeland security? (I wrote this before the verse on "nonlethal" force.)

Train bad-ass terrorists, then defeat them with badder-ass homeland security? The heart of the people rules in many places, but I'm not sure it's a universal - don't know about under extreme tyranny.
2 CORINTHIANS I 2: 5-

"Not taken advantage of by Satan" Sounds like beware of empty promises (weapon's inspectors)? But wait. . . talk of forgiveness. . . love thy enemy? <F: their unfriendly> (I was thinking Saddam as the pain person, but they may talk of Bush who I mentioned a moment ago. . . I'm confused. "Punishment by the majority seems like something pointed at Bush.) Whatever.

Recruitment Poem for the CIA (Take 2)

Delusional Dimensia
Arrays without bounds
Planetary Aprehensia
place culprits in chains.

Foregone conclusia
He sits on a throne
Encouraging Malthusia
Acting like a drone. (ant)

Drown streets
People Ducking
Finding eats
Where He can.

A Vegging Vagabond
Apply... would
James Bond.

(Not sure what it means but it was fun to write. I've had a few beers so my gift may be lacking. I'm going for some more and will be write back.)

In programming, you dimension arrays to set their limits. Malthusia was a biologist who predicted trouble due to population growth (without bounds).

I think this is about Bin Laden--He's a vagabond who shoots at ply wood James bonds. Encourages Malthusian thinking--war to fix population growth.

Angels have heard meeee
on high
Sweetly singing
in the rain

Echoing what I do and say
resounding
in the media

Glo-or-or
or-or-or
-or-or-or-ria

He's quite wounderous. . .
reaeaeaeally!

Glo-or-or
or-or-or
-or-or-or-ria

He really adds a lot
to life.

When I have a lot to say
He resounds in-creadibly
fillin' up the radio
with angelic act-ion.

Glo-or-or
or-or-or
-or-or-or-ria

So you novice Christ-ians
Pour your hearts out
in your prayer.
He'll resound eventually.

If you listen atten-tively.

Glo-or-or
or-or-or
-or-or-or-ria

Mega Hard

Foundations crumble
Asimov's a bitch
To leave us stuck
with Microsoft the witch

fills our desktops
with a forest unseen
for the trees, PC's
we sacrifice our dreams.

In foolish toil
while others fight for oil
we'll lavish praise
on those who graze

Our heads with bullets
we'll rustle asunder
and strike with mullets
the blight, not wonder.

Issac Asimov was a science fiction author who wrote a series of books about a foundation which secretly governed the course of human events leading to a better outcome than would have occurred otherwise. A program I use is called the Microsoft Foundation Class and I hate it.

Mega Hard is the opposite of Micro Soft and I've often thought of starting a company to be gthe antiMicrosoft.

I thought "Mullet" was a golfd term but I looked it up and was mistaken. I decided to leave it as I originally wrote it.

----- Original Message -----

From: [Terry Davis](#)

To: [CM Davis](#) ; tedmcd8@lvcm.com ; [Ira Seaver](#)

Sent: Saturday, August 17, 2002 8:25 PM

Subject: Mega Hard

Mega Hard

Foundations crumble

Asimov's a bitch
To leave us stuck
with Microsoft the witch

fills our desktops
with a forest unseen
for the trees, PC's
we sacrifice our dreams.

In foolish toil
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Issac Asimov was a science fiction author who wrote a series of books about a foundation which secretly governed the course of human events leading to a better outcome than would have occurred otherwise. A program I use is called the Microsoft Foundation Class and I hate it. Mega Hard is the opposite of Micro Soft and I've often thought of starting a company to be gthe antiMicrosoft.

I thought "Mullet" was a golfd term but I looked it up and was mistaken. I decided to leave it as I originally wrote it.

It'd be nice if the operating system were open to the public. I'd feel better knowing big brother wasn't monitoring my desktop over my modem, for example. Software updates will always present the possibility of trojan horses which could compromise a system in that way. I guess I have nothin to hide, but it takes some getting used to. I think everyone has nightmares of 1984, by Orwell. Who knows if his book was on target or what. I guess Christians can't believe the world will reach an Orwellian conclusion.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Kevin Davis" <nebulia@yahoo.com>

To: "Terry Davis" <tdavis@hare.com>

Sent: Sunday, August 18, 2002 4:35 PM

Subject: Re: Fw: Mega Hard

>
> I do what I can to use and support anything other than MS
> but I sometimes wonder if having one company that writes
> the universal operating system is a bad thing it would be
> alright if it met everyones needs and was flexable enough
> to allow new improved ways of doing things there would be no
> conflicts etc...
> guess I think of that because I can remember the Bell
> telephone system before the breake up ...we picked up the
> phone and it worked never gave it a second thought no
> hassles it was price regulated so they made a fair profit
> and it kept the price down ...today we have a bunch of
> hodge podge companys all clameing to be cheeper than the
> other guy we have the ripp off slammers that steal your
> longdistance busness (we have been victimized by leastcost
> routing a couple times) we never are shure if we are
> getting the best deal because " the compition" always has a
> better deal ...and to top it off the multupal levels of
> service and multupal companys I do busness with give the
> government multupal ways to tax the hell out of my bills I
> pay as much in taxes as I use to just for the monthly
> phone service ... I would rather have just one large
> monopoly regulated by the government to provide service
> than the screwed up mess we have nowcant help but
> wonder if the computer operating systems and the internet
> wouldnt be better off working the same way with one large
> seamless company doing it all

> --- Terry Davis <tdavis@hare.com> wrote:
> >
> > ----- Original Message -----
> > From: Terry Davis
> > To: CM Davis ; tedmcd8@lvcm.com ; Ira Seaver
> > Sent: Saturday, August 17, 2002 8:25 PM
> > Subject: Mega Hard
> >
> >
> > Mega Hard
> >
> > Foundations crumble
> > Asimov's a bitch
> > To leave us stuck
> > with Microsoft the witch
> >

> > fills our desktops
> > with a forest unseen
> > for the trees, PC's
> > we sacrifice our dreams.
> >
> > In foolish toil
> > while others fight for oil
> > we'll lavish praise
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> > Our heads with bullets
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> >
> >
> > Issac Asimov was a science fiction author who wrote a
> > series of books about a foundation which secretly
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> > use is called the Microsoft Foundation Class and I hate
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> > I thought "Mullet" was a golfd term but I looked it up
> > and was mistaken. I decided to leave it as I originally
> > wrote it.
> >
> >
> >
> >
> >
>
>
>
>

> Do You Yahoo!?
> HotJobs - Search Thousands of New Jobs
> <http://www.hotjobs.com>
>

Just meditating on the old Christian philosophy I was taught by Mom and came up with this:

Love People not Things

Grooming file systems

Beautifying bonzi's
Removing Fleas and Tickers
Paranoid of ponzi's

Extreme lead, footed,
down the pathways
Supremium Unleaded
for my little stingray.

Bristlin' with gadgets
killer plane is it
soldiers makin' love
to their killer shit.

This starts out discussing computers and those who love computers. I've been guilty of being "anally retentive" in my wasteful beautification of my files on my hard drive. Files are stored in directory tree's like the Japanese Bonzi's which are carefully groomed. Nothin wrong with making things which bring pleasure to others, but your hard drive is, in most circumstances private, so it's selfish to groom it too much? I guess some grooming is necessary but not too much. Fleas and tickers refers to files which are not needed and perhaps tickers are virus'. I guess a virus should be removed, but I felt like making the poem more interesting by saying "tickers". No... wait, I'll fix it to add meaning about stock ticker's:

Love People not Things (Take 2)

Grooming file systems
Beautifying bonzi's
Removing Fleas, adding Tickers
Paranoid of ponzi's

Extremium lead, footed,
down the pathways
Supremium Unleaded
for my little stingray.

Bristlin' with gadgets
killer plane is it
soldiers makin' love
to their killer shit.

People often worry about internet virus' which spread like ponzi schemes.

The next stanza's about love of Cars.

The final stanza's inspired by the stingray-looking planes of the military (B2)'s. As a kid you all know I loved military weaponry. "Shit" is slang for "stuff".

I picked a passage from the bible, as I often do and it was a commentary saying that Paul preached against Mosaic law <F:Childish> as the way to win divine favor. I

meditated on that and the fact that God seems to be favoring me even though I've definitely not been a great example of "Loving people not things". Perhaps, I shouldn't be like Moses or lawyer types emphasizing laws like "Love people not things". I also realized loving God was not present in that little saying, so it's not complete.

With all that said, I'm proud of my little poem because it rings true to my heart and conscience, but I realize God works in mysterious ways and it may be inappropriate to demand others to live by my conscience. Diversity is of God. People are all different types of salt.

I hope you like my poem if it rings close to your heart, if not, I hope it provides you with knowing me better.

A poem for fun I wrote, but the notion of government in utopia emphasizing poor pleasures (like poetry and pints) is something to be considered.

----- Original Message -----

From: <tdavis@hare.com>

To: <iseaver@aol.com>; <intchassmbly@aol.com>

Sent: Tuesday, August 06, 2002 2:00 AM

Subject: Pints Amp Poor Pleasures (fixed-typo's)

> Pints Amp Poor Pleasures

>

> With inpoor thoughts

> I went to the bar

> Do drain some draughts

> dreaded driving my car.

>

> Went to boast

> of my poetry's wit

> out the most

> humble of heart.

>

> Damn fool

> was maid

> as I drool

> and paid.

>

> Fuck'n Bar scene

> bites!

> and bits and dribbles
> are all I know.

Wrote this to blow-off steam.

----- Original Message -----

From: <tdavis@hare.com>

To: <iseaver@aol.com>

Sent: Tuesday, August 06, 2002 2:21 AM

Subject: Set for life

> Set for life

>

> Just give me life

> So I can write my poem

> without the strife

> of an ordinary home.

>

> My needs are quite few

> and not proud

> Am I of what I might do

> when I get-up to speak out loud.

>

> Bullying the pulpet

> away from the strong

> who should know better

> but keep doing wrong.

Been preoccupied searching the bars for you know what. Wrote this
in

frustration.

> Terse Verse To Women...

>

> The ground

> is always down.

> Just ask the organ

> with sand from Jordan

> Too buff your pillow down.

>

> Lame verse! Ducking

> The pillow and bucking,

> Ham in a hollow.

> While I wallow

> Swallowing plenty, not mucking.

Many interpretations to this poem but let me say before writing this I prayed that I might have aid changing the rules of dating (If the rules suck, change them!)

My thought is that the game appears to be very physical and I'm at a disadvantage, but perhaps skilled enough to change the rules. There are many options like starting a war to kill-off you competition (King David's approach from the Bible). Mom said no rules in love or war! Anyway, before resorting to that...

Imagine my foe--a big burly well-dressed man without a lot upstarts and generally insensitive. (Not sure I should bring-up sensitivity after discussing starting a war!) Tall men look down ("The ground is always down"). He's nothing but a sexual organ is how I'll paint him. He's abrasive like sand paper and instead of fluffing your pillow (the woman I might hand this to), he'll ask you to buff-up your soft bod.

This interpretation sort of arose out of the words miraculously--it's what I interpreted after laying down words in a very spontaneous manner, much like I described in my 2084 random poetry section about putting related words together. Anyway, The Organ, as I'll call him, writes lame verse and ducks pillow talk. He bucks and places his ham in unbiblical places. Meanwhile, I wallow (in a sea of sorrow -- Alice-n-Chains song) swallowing beer or misery and definitely not mucking (which can be interpreted many ways, but the one related to unbiblical sex has makes it sounds like I wish I was, so I better say the official interpretation is that it refers to not throwing-up.)

Only the Lord of the wedding ring can change the rules of dating.
Weddings
are a part of the 10 commandments, and I'm not really interesting in
the
evil notion of no marriage anyway, so I won't go there. Anyway, just
wanted
to say Tolken might have been referring to marriage rings--"in the
darkness
bind them..." "my precious", etc.

"How deep is your love" is often mentioned. Everybody's familiar with
levels of thought or depth as in " does he know that I know that he
knows
that I know..."
Let's face it, dressing nice is a pain! Is it loving to dress nice for your
mate? Will your mate be happy you look nice (1st level love) or be
unhappy
because you hurt yourself to please? Second level love might be
dressing
plain so as not to hurt feels of 2nd level lovers. We could alternate
between 3rd, 4th, 5th, ect.

Lets, just say I want to be the kind that doesn't involve pain on either
side!!! So, I'm lookin for an always odd or always even, whatever the
case
might be lover :-) 1st,3rd,5th level love always dresses nice? 2nd 4th
6th
always dresses effortlessly?

Perhaps, real love is not constant--a low level lover might get away
with
something and dynamics are involved. I don't have a lot of
experience. I'm
working-on fixing-up these rules to remove the pain, though!!!

Dressin'

Do you love pain?
Are you insane?
To fuss over yourself
not talking bout health.

Worse still,
are you ill,
wanting me to tease

you on my knees.

Please Dress
with no Stress
I'll start
the art.

I just picked a bible verse and read about loving your enemies. I guess we're expected to be a little masochistic. That means that we should please the sadistic people out there who expect us to dress-up. Anyway, perhaps they like dressing-up and aren't really sadists--girls are known to play dress-up , etc. It's just a unfortunate male-female difference. Maybe, there's something to be said for this modern idea of boys and girls being raised the same--less possibility of accidental sadistic sorts of situations.

In that same passage about loving enemies, Jesus says "Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you" ... wait does that means everyone should dress-up if they like people who are dressed-up.

As Homer Simpson would say "Doh!!!" I'll have to shut-up because I'm uncertain I sent this earlier to the family and wanted to get everyone on the same page. It has a little different discussion.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Terry Davis" <tdavis@hare.com>

To: "Caryn Davis" <Caryn.Davis@orst.edu>; "CM Davis" <cmdavis@peak.org>;

"Danny" <drummurd@budweiser.com>; "Kevin Davis" <nebulia@yahoo.com>; "Keith

Davis" <kmdavis@attbi.com>; "Sean Davis" <ausnlsea@wans.net>

Sent: Wednesday, August 21, 2002 5:55 PM

Subject: Fw: dating poem

> Been preoccupied searching the bars for you know what. Wrote
> this in
> frustration.
>
>
> > Terse Verse To Women...
> >
> > The ground
> > is always down.
> > Just ask the organ
> > with sand from Jordan
> > Too buff your pillow down.
> >

> > Lame verse! Ducking
> > The pillow and bucking,
> > Ham in a hollow.
> > While I wallow
> > Swallowing plenty, not mucking.
>
> Many interpretations to this poem but let me say before writing this
I
> prayed that I might have aid changing the rules of dating (If the
rules
> suck, change them!)
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> My thought is that the game appears to be very physical and I'm at
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Weddings

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> that I know..."

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> Perhaps, real love is not constant--a low level lover might get away
with

> something and dynamics are involved. I don't have a lot of
experience.

I'm

> working-on fixing-up these rules to remove the pain, though!!!

>

>

>

You bring-up a good point in the fact that dating is more efficient if
there

are external clues as to the type of person you are looking at. In my
book

2084, I proposed a religion where everyone dressed in T-shirts and
jeans and

had their T-shirts customized however they saw fit. You can convey
more

info in text than other means, though it's difficult to casually read
T-shirts--especially Women's! (Except on the back)

I've gotten some emails about my latest poem. Thanks. Kevin had a good point--
that under current rules of dating, women are looking for status symbols and clues
based on neat appearance, etc.

I believe it's wrong to misrepresent yourself. When it's possible to cheat the system,
the system certainly sucks!!! Not to mention that any woman with an ounce of sense
would realize money wasted on status symbols (debt on cars) would not be available,
provided two guys were making the same amount.

Basically, the current system is a racket set-up by those who make loans and I refuse
to play by their rules. I'm satisfied to look-out for myself alone and not change the
world unless I have to.

I wish to represent myself honestly. My greatest asset is my investment in education
and intellectual abilities. The modern dating scene really does a crummy job of
providing good opportunities for honest representation. I'll say this--it's a rather
compassionate system in many ways compared to what it could be. In other words,
I'm not sure honest representation is what it should all be about--when people are
conscious of all the strengths and weaknesses in the people they are dealing with, I
think there is too much decision being made by people and not enough by God, but
I'm biased into thinking God makes better decisions.

You may ask how God makes dating decisions for us--he controls what appearance we take, for the most part, right? That's a pretty serious weight in the decision process.

Anyway, I've decided to put-up a fight. In nature, males put on displays. I feel compelled to make an obnoxious display of my assets. My first thought was a hip shirt wired with leds, but insanely original. (An asset I have is insane creativity.) In my most serious romantic relationship, I developed an electronic greeting card before they were commercially available. To me, it didn't seem particularly clever, but any never seen electronic gadget might impress a woman in a bar! Your average woman in a bar doesn't realize that there's a road-block to success called investment bankers, money, etc. and a lot of risk. Anyway, I've decided that's the most appropriate mating display for someone like me. . . I'd use poetry, but they'd think I was an artist with no income potential.

I could make a menacing display, to give an impression of physical strength--I could make a little cap gun on my helmet that tracked sounds--zipping back and forth honing-in on any noise. Gun's and electronics triumph most other infantry-type skills. I guess being able to run is important, but woman probably don't know all the details of warfare. God's telling me "mercy" at this point. (Remember I'm scitzophrenic and believe I talk with God.) Perhaps, women are impressed with mercy more than strength? How about some medical deal-ly-bob. Duh! Doctor's will triumph me every time. . . unless I convince them I have impressive skills for the benefit of all man kind. My fabricator could have saved lives by increasing the productivity. . . God's still saying "mercy". . . maybe he wants me to cease and desist my efforts. . . Christ is saying he's "wounded" (I also talk with Christ) Anyway, I was going to say that a 3-Dimensional object carved by a fabricator could be used in medical applications.

My life has a purpose--create a mating display and ...
(God's laughing and saying that's a holy point.)

I'm thinking I should do something that's not nerdy. There are electronic things which aren't nerdy. . . right? LED's offer verly limited potential and--those bastards! The teletubby show ruined one route to persue. . . Somebody was one step ahead of nerdy guys looking to look cool--where could you mount a LCD display anymore without reminding a women . . . "Mercy" say's God. I could try one type of lure--a teletubby tube and see if I pick-up any chicks who don't mind a blatent reference to having kids. Kids are part of the deal so. . . "Mercy" say's God

I've thought of inventing some kind of magnetic object--a chick magnet.

Hey, the little drummer boy played no melody. Only a snob judges music by the talent it requires. A person will be happier if they evaluate based on how stuff moves them as opposed to what talent was required. Personally, I find drums and rhythm moving :-) (Pun intended) However, the more general criticism of heartless military effecency posed by a auto-aimed gun is valid. Who want's to fight wars if all you are is target practice for killing machines!

Profounds related thoughts to the auto-aimed hat gun:

The Mad Hatter

The Manhattan Project (In a battle with everyone wearing a mad hat, there would be a chain reaction when someone shoots? All the other nearby soldiers Guns would aim at that person and fire and the reaction would grow across the battle field explosively.)

Kevin Wrote:

>Im not shure about the RAP RAP CRAP you kids
>seem to like these days ... I always figured music should
>be able to pass the whistle test it needs a melody you can
>whistle or hum to or a line everyone can singalong with
>...this rapety rapety crap has a rythem but takes only
>enough musical talent as what it takes to turn on a yamaha
>electric organ and hit the rythim and the repeat buttons
>...LOL that aint music !!!! its noise :) KEVIN

Just thinking that if I designed the auto-hat gun man killer for the army of the future, I do a little something to boost moral in that hell they would face. I'd let them pick the rhythm their hat gun made as it went-off machine gun style.

There's work to do

Off the couch
I raced from my doctor
To my home
to proclaim be a proctor.

The masses cry-out
for meaningful existance
Boob-toob numbed
they need assistance.

Roll-up sleeves
silly! not to clench fists
But to give hope
to those who'd slit wrists.

"Be a player! Be a player!"
Proclaim from the rooftops.
"Get a pet if you must
your own little ruff-bots."

Better still seekout the ill
who lie all around
Never realizing they're
delusionally sound.

Wake-up, I say,
"The key to good life
is to love everyone
especially, a husband or wife."

Now it's time for you to share some poetry or pearl of wisdom you've come across or thought-of. The bible says wisdom is more valuable than material things. . . how about you people who are older pass on a little so we don't have to learn everything the hard way!

I once pondered if it would be good for there to be some point in life where you, in a religious ceremony or something, are issued a blank scrap-book where you are supposed to record proverbs you create and which seem wise or reflection on biblical proverbs that are dear to you or that you finally understand. I thought it might be good for people to put their proverbs on their tombstones, making cemeteries places of inspiration. God, however, revealed his wisdom when he told me that would be a bad idea because it would mix corruptable with incorruptable (I picked a passage from the bible)--that is, not all proverbs invented by man are worthwhile. (My first thought was there might be a problem with bodies being corruptable and wisdom being incorruptable, but that didn't make sense.) Anyway, learning that an idea is unwise is prettymuch just as good as learning another idea is wise. With that, I've gotten the ball rolling on the wisdom-sharing club.

Wait, I'll pick a verse:

Hmm, it's a proverb about the ideal wife. It basically says she's diligent and hardworking, charitable and more. PROVERBS 31:10-31

There's probably a similar saying for a husband, but I just realized the bible wasn't written for women to read originally, so that probably didn't make the cut? There are New Testament sayings about marriage, I know. I guess it is wise before getting too carried away with the dating scene to spend more time contemplating the finer points of marriage as presented in the bible for some guidance. Perhaps, we can use the bible as a guide on how to change the dating scene to get marriages started on the right foot.

My guess is you don't see sensability in Christianity. Unfortunately, to reveal Christianity is probably to render you forever a nonChristian. Let's just say I have some theories, which I'm not sure of, which make being a Christian very sensible, but revealing them might make a person unChristian at heart. (I'm a little distressed.) The closest I can discribe it is Isacc Asimov's foundation series where it was essential for a certain person to act without complete understanding. Have faith Kevin in what you were taught and resist the temptation to disgard Christianity as nonsense.

Pause to consider:

Egyptians new a lot of shit. Jews new what the Egyptians knew. Ancient peoples new about animal husbandry. Jews made-up Mosaic law. A man of little faith should follow-along based on that alone! Meditate further and you will realize superhuman intelligence was at work in Christ. Hopefully, you aren't disqualified for lack of faith after seeing it plain as day.

Nice to hear from you. The third paragraph was a sleazy technique designed to link the first two stanza's (paragraphs) mediocre guilt trips with a more repulsive idea. The idea was to link loving computers or cars with the same degree of sickness as loving weapons. I may have gotten too dishonest in my efforts--loving things is probably not equally offensive to God--some things are more repulsive than others.

Anyway, I said we should also love God and he gives us gifts which are things, even weapons, so we should appreciate things. I wasn't speaking completely from the heart--sometimes I like inventing new weapons, so it's silly to criticize it. When we are threatened, is it healthy to use the gifts God has given us (our minds and creativity) to defend ourselves. Why else would he give us those gifts and those threats? Obviously using sense to avoid conflict if possible should be considered.

----- Original Message -----

From: [Brenda Miraglia](#)

To: tdavis@hare.com

Sent: Thursday, August 22, 2002 4:13 PM

Subject: people not things

Frank forwarded this to me, I think you had the wrong address for me (which I think you already figured out!!) Anyway, I enjoyed your poem. What are "ponzi schemes"?

I especially enjoyed the first 2 stanzas about the computer and the car...both can be so satisfying and fun, but also could be overdone and turn into obsessions (like a lot of things). I liked the comparison of the file grooming to the bonsai trees. Anyway, the third part seems to be in a different category to me. I think of war, at its best, to be a necessary evil; sad and wasteful, not created to bring pleasure and performance. Of course I'm sure it can be an obsession too, and I'm not sure what warring in "moderation" would be (small bombs??) but I think you could do a whole poem on just it. I think that the guys that run the really advanced machinery probably really get a lot of satisfaction out of doing their job well, but, as many have pointed out before me, they don't see the casualties and it probably looks much like a video game instead of real life and real people. I wish we could put all the resources and energy that the world devotes to war, and channel it toward something which is actually productive, not destructive. Maybe someday, huh?

Brenda

Little Man

Fat Boy looks at the sun.

Run, run, run!

Naaa... I don't think so!

Rollin' more my style

He says with a smile.

Down from the heights

Where the lone eagle soars
A leprous cancer
Don't mind my mind sores.
Valley's a bore
To be a Whore...
Or not to be.
Nobler to suffer quietly
Reality's cruel bias?

"Little Boy" and "Fat Man", were the names of the first two atomic bombs. They were dropped by a lone plane.

This expresses frustration with reality as it is and a hope to nuke it and form it into something more to my liking. I'm discontent with many facets of my life and I blame reality, not myself. I enjoy soaring in intellectual/delusional thoughts and coming down sucks. The only thing missing from the poem is the fact that my soaring is often accompanied by terror. I believe I talk with God. The ordinary doesn't register on my radar any longer as I've become accustomed to looking and dwelling beyond. (That's a slight exaduration, but you get the idea.)

I recently rented Hamlet by Shakespeare. I read it several times and memorized lines. Some more memorable lines: "Something's foul in the state of Denmark." (I'm thinking Microsoft and the dating scene.) "To be or not to be? Whether tis nobler to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to by opposing..." (Fix things or suffer under the current rules?)

God's response: MARK 4:1-9 Parable of the Sower.

Perhaps, Einstein was frustrated with reality and reformed it? Be assured, there are other nukes. It may be possible to drive weak minded people insane? Or to haunt nonreligious types with a harsh wake-up call.

Perhaps, a warning that I'll reap what I sow? No, that's a different parable. This ones about types of soil. Some of you will understand this poem more than others.

The poem's not very clever except "Don't mind my mind sores" :-)

How about I continue the poem...

Rise-up dwellers of the lower realm
See the heights through my helm
Approach the throne ore the land

He's our God, take his hand!
Don't expect a lot of frills
Just some supernatural thrills.
Intellect devine's impressive
It's not really that oppressive
Chances? Yes, I take a few
Opening bibles, dodging pews.
Perhaps, a face to fit your style
God will make it worth your while.

That was pleasant.

PSALMS 44:1-4 (In light of my recent discussion of Einstein, I'd have to say that may refer to the construction of the state of Israel in late 1940's.)

The Rolling Stones song Paint it Black, I'm tempted to sometimes sing along to. God help's my darkness pass. I recently picked a passage about 4 fingers thick pillars or something that I once recognized as an indication that I have room to allocate more sensations on my hands. Recently, I ignored the offer, but now I think I will seek-out more sensation definitions.

Here are a couple:

"Cool" "Not Cool"
"Gay" "Not Gay"

Hey, I'll bet that with the help of God (if he were willing) I could write a poem or two that would be so intensely intellectual with so many voices coming through that it would freak nonbelievers out

Finishing the poem...

God has but one face you say
Constrained by you to his dismay
He presents to you as best he can
his Omniscience you little man.

Hey, the plane dropping the bomb was the Enola Gay... What the hell does that mean? I'm sure there's something superhuman involved in that name, but I don't see it. I soar many heights but not to that one.

I just listened to a radio criticism of my poem--said it was still "practicing" and mentioned Ezekiel where there is mention of many faces. I must confess, I don't know much about the many faces issue other than the God I interact with is willing to use the full bandwidth available to me, which means he communicates in my language.

Let me improve that poem--it was lazily done at first.

Little Man

Fat Boy looks at the sun.
and he says, "Run, run, run?"
Nope! ... I don't think so!
I'm really not that low.
Instead, he says with a smile,
First, give me a while
Down from the heights
before I put on the lights
From where the lone eagle soars
Don't mind my mind sores.
The valley's really a bore
I really hate being a whore...

Rise-up dwellers of the lower realm
See the heights through my helm
Approach the throne ore the land
He's our God, take his hand!
Don't expect a lot of frills
Just some supernatural thrills.
Intellect devine's impressive
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Perhaps, a face to fit your style
God will make it worth your while.
God has but one face you say
Constrained by you to his dismay
He presents to you as best he can
his Omniscience you little man.

Mom was just reading from a book on prayer which says that the laity is just as holy as the priesthood and that I need to get into reality.

She is a laity, I'm more like a priest (perhaps not Catholic officially). You may ask what credentials I have? I've spent years on my own meditating, and consulting with

spirits/angels. The LORD directs me, I claim, so I feel confident that my studies have not been without guidance.

Perhaps, she is asking me to conceal the truth from the laity that there is a God and some people have a personal relationship with Him? She told me a story of her experience with God and I thought it was nice for a lay person but, thanked God I had more. I don't see a problem with encouraging the belief that priests enjoy a few things the laity may not, like a closer relationship with the LORD. It's true, so why hide it? Perhaps, out of kindness to the laity? That's certainly dangerous in a period of priest shortages. There are advantages and disadvantages to a relationship with the LORD. He's superhuman, that's a plus. But, he's not quite as ever real, in my experience. Tuning-in the LORD in the world around may require intelligence above average, so only a few may be allowed to indulge? I'm not certain of that, however, because I think God can talk to anyone who knows how to listen.

What do we know about God? He is jealous, by indications from the Old Testament. Naturally, a priest stands a better chance of relating to him than someone who splits their love with a human wife (or husband). I'd be willing to let my relationship with the LORD fade a little to let someone else into my life, but perhaps He won't allow it?

If you wished to get to where I am (I think I'm ahead of you), I might offer the following suggestion: pray for God to make some sign known, look for God in the world around, let your mind become irrational and symbolic. When you begin to witness the real presence of God (you'll know it--it'll be unlike anything in the past), then devote yourself completely to the LORD. At this stage I was, perhaps, like a zealous John the Baptist. Gradually, you'll mature into a Christlike person (less judgemental, more loving).

That's my best take on how I got where I am. I'm very glad I am where I am and would pray I got to where I am again if I had it to do over again... or beyond, I suppose. Anyway, I see no reason to water down the presence of God in my life when I talk to others. I see no reason to decrease the mystique of the priesthood. It's often said the priesthood is a sacrifice... I say the laity is a sacrifice, too!

PSALMS 105:39-43 ... "He spread a cloud as cover..." I say, be not deceived, some things are hidden. If you believe in God, don't you think He loves priests and rewards them to compensate for what they give-up? <F:childish> (The father may be indicating through a sensation that priests give-up children?) I'd feel guilty for revealing the secret, except there's a priest shortage!

You people who are non-poetic may wonder what I mean by "Whore" in that poem. Obviously it's not literal. Generally, it's someone who "sells-out".

After reflecting on this a bit, I guess the official interpretation of what "Whore" refers to in my poem is someone who's "pragmatic" in their reality. That is, someone who gives-up on believing they can know "truth" and simply forms a practical approach to getting by in the reality they find themselves in. I don't know to what degree I'm guilty of this. The other day, I was driving and thought someone had added a hyperspace button or something to my car because I got totally disoriented. I was in a region of my neighborhood I don't frequent often and saw a McDonalds which I had no clue existed there. For some reason thought I was at a completely different intersection about 7 miles away. I said to myself, "That's certainly peculiar!" and

kept on driving, my heart rate a little elevated, but not as much as I'd guess you people's rates would be elevated if you thought someone had hyperspaced your car! Anyway, a reality "Whore" simply accepts and copes with reality as it appears without digging deeper. Danny said he, "Lost all respect" for me a few years ago when I said I took a pragmatic approach to reality. Certainly, he hadn't walked in my shoes, so maybe I should have disregarded his comment but it stung and I tried to dig deeper into reality from that point onward? Not sure I succeeded even slightly, but whatever.

An old remedy for mental illness was lobotomies. I got drunk yesterday... perhaps that's about equivalent--disabling mental functions to bring you back into simpler notions of reality?

Kevin, I just got your email, after I wrote the last. All I have to say is YOU SUCK! I'm sitting here eating a bunch of little white grapes from Mom and Dad's that have gotten slightly dehydrated. You're turning me into a reality Whore and not helping. Should I dig deeper and ponder if Muslims viewed ahead into the future to see me eating these grapes... did I die recently? Whatever. I hate when this happens :-)
What can I say--I'm pragmatic and will munch away with a smile and say, "Don't know why the hell you're doing this God, but I'm laughin'"

By the way, these grapes are sweet (not sour). If they were sour, I'd be convinced someone was telling me I was missing out on all those virgins. My only complaint is they are a little small and it's a pain to remove the stems... what does that mean in symbolic terms? I'll let you know if I figure it out in delusionary logic (related to boolean logic.)

I figured it out!!! (What the grapes are all about.) I'll give you a hint--Listen to the Battle hymn of the Republic

just reread some of what I had written--the insulting article and I realize why I got so many responses :-)

Sorry! By attempting to clarify, I might be revealing a lack of wisdom--sometimes it's better to hope people forget what you say instead of fixing it. Anyway, there are some points I wanted to cover.

First, since it was last when I reread my email (therefore most recently on my mind), I quoted a "sensation" (a 6th sense sort of language I have with an entity which I call God) from God the father while discussing what priests give-up and the sensation was "childish" (Different locations correspond to different words). In my haste, I failed to realize there could be confusion to you who aren't in my head with God the father and I on the same page on thoughts. That is, I was thinking "priests give-up having children" as one of their sacrifices. With the recent scandal, you may have been thinking something more sinister when I mentioned "priests" and "child" (the "ish" is present because in my language there aren't separate words for "You are being childish" or "That pertains to children").

Classically, fathers had the joy of raising their kids to be like them and mothers raising daughters... Believe it or not, I'm nervous saying that it sounds appealing to train an apprentice. Passing-on the torch and making it burn brighter, sounds like a worthy pursuit and noble. But, Hollywood, however, almost makes that appear sick! Be on guard from anti-child elements in society out to stop the population from growing by making excessive nervousness about conduct around children. You are blind if you cannot see all that society (the government and environmentalists

crusaders) are doing to limit population amongst certain elements (hard to say which elements are experiencing the most encouragement not to have kids.) Anyway, in the movie "Austin Powers", there is an evil midgit called "Mini-Me". I only saw the first movie and that was a long time ago, but it appears they're bent on screwing with peoples heads into thinking it is unnatural to have a child and raise that child to be vaguely like yourself.

Kevin, I know you're big time into guilds and patriarchal professions so I'm sure you don't think there's anything wrong with inheriting professions. An elementary analysis of genetics might suggest that's a way to achieve a better human hive with specialized types of people (biologically). Apparently, God felt this too because that's how things ran for many generations and I assume God wouldn't let that get out of hand too long if He didn't like it. Now, we don't have that. I don't pretend to have so much arrogance as to profess to know if the old system is best, given we've gone on into a new system and God's probably in charge of the change. But things might change.

If you wish to control population, turn kids into something you hate--a burden you begrudgingly produce because your religion says no birth control, or because you feel it is a higher purpose--to pass-on the family name.

If you wish to increase population, portray kids as bundles of joy, you get to mold into fine mature adults. We are made in God's image. <F:unholy sex> God liked to make an image of himself. (God's sensation might be a warning against incest.) We, being vaguely similar to God might have that same attribute--a desire to make images (of ourself). I guess God didn't want us getting carried away, so He made inbreeding disadvantageous. Anyway, there's a force in our society encouraging hatred of children. My guess is that's anti-catholic and therefore my compass tells me that force is evil.

I believe in God and I fear what might happen if we get too successful at population control through birth control. There will be repercussions. Creation is a work in progress and we are evolving. For Godly evolution, people need to reach maturity before they are selected one way or another. I certainly hope the world reaches a cozy state of existence, but I tend to think God has other plans. If I were a betting man, I'd say there will be wars until Jesus comes again. Sometimes I think that's soon, sometimes not. Perhaps, the end will come when wars stop!!! Then something really bad happens before it gets better. A man of faith might say, bring it on!!! I'm not a masochist and am, more or less, hoping nothing significant happens because I fear I have more to lose than to gain.

If population pressures were controlled with campaigns to discourage children and wars stopped and things reach a point of stagnation, I think that would be the end. If population keeps growing, it will spur technology (out of necessity) or war. Either way, it will not be stagnant and I don't think the end will be reached.

You might ask if it is unholy to stall the end happening. Perhaps, it's a matter of pleasing God more by advancing further before stagnation comes.

If you are new to my writing, I'm not a Nazi. Diversity is healthy for evolution. I don't know how God measures success in evolution, but increasing diversity may be a measure, though more ordinary measures might also be his factors.

A close friend once said that children were the best retirement plan. Money comes and goes, but kids... will be there. Might sound silly, but when you consider upheavals in societies in the past--revolutions and such, few things compare to kids to look after adults.

I'm going to pick a random passage now:

DEUTERONOMY 29:15- It warns against Idolatry and it says, "Let their be no root that would bear such poison and no wormwood among you..."

Excuse me as I take you into my delusional world...

As Homer Simpson would say, "Doh!" Earlier today Mom and Dad visited and I bought root beer. It crossed my mind there might be superstitious ingredients--mandrake roots? I also wondered exactly what goes into my regular drink--diet coke. I confess I wondered if my inspiration might be derived from some nutrient. Anyway, God's upset at me for idolatry (believing in performance enhancing nutrients as opposed to God Himself). Sorry God. What I don't like is that I must now go and dump 3 2 liters of soda to show I mean it. Tonight, I even went so far as to point-out how you can carry a 2 litter most comfortable. Now, I realize there are sexual overtones to holding the top of a 2 litter in a certain way--forms a cup. Anyway, I must repent! Oddly enough, I've been havin strange thoughts like "is my soda drinking responsible for droughts" (God and I are tight and events seem to track what I do to some degree). God's messing with me because he talks of turning places into deserts. Reminds me of the book Dune. I confess in my augmented reality (superhuman?) I've sometimes wondered if I'm turning into a worm... from soda? Anyway, it's clear the path to a easy conscience-- no soda. I really am an adict, though.

I'm drinking my last beer. It took me 5 minutes to remember "Austin Powers" so I think the Lobotomy worked (Yesterday's beer decreased my overall faculties, perhaps permanantly). Perhaps drinking more alchoholic beer will save me from being a worm, but I think we're stuck with the desert :-). I drank 10 beers yesterday, typical quantities from my college days. Perhaps brains need a little thinning now and then to make room for new growth. I used to think of a woman I wanted to forget (she dunped me) when I'd get drunk in the past to do a magic bullet sort of brain surgery--those cells containing her memory would be most active, getting the most alcohol and most likely to die?

Let's see if I've pleased God? Arrogant me, at first I thought the root and poison might refer to people who have children and bear poison(hatred) against their children.

ISAIAH 3:24-26

Depressing one, not particularly relevant. I invented a new dress--Jeans, oversized white T shirt (because F-ing Walmart didn't have anything else--conspiracy against cheap garb?) and my rope belt that I mentioned in my poem to Caryn. Sounds like monks who fight and die? Perhaps, God presents a choice--the road to war (me wearing my monk outfit) or a road to peace (dressing for the ladies). Welcome to my delusional world :-)

I'm reading Kevin's response for new topics... "War's a waste of humanity" Not true from God/evolutionary <C:thumbs up> perspective. God wants progress. A better world for humanity comes about by having better humans, among other things. I'm not eager to sort the good from bad--the whole is what matters, not individuals.

Once you believe in a higher <F: holy modesty> purpose and see the big picture, it gets easier to stomach.

Kevin, my "prayer" is not of the multiplication of words style. I sit and contemplate existence, write in a journal, surf the internet and "tune-in" to spiritual voices in the world around me. If you look at some of my poems, you will see I talk with double meanings quite frequently. I believe the gift comes from God, but through years of "tuning-in" God's voice coming through in double meanings <F:suicide> in the media and elsewhere. (God's warning me--if FBI is watching, they might be alarmed. Don't worry--the double meanings are probably superhuman. That's to say the intellect required is above what I class as human. When I write with double meanings, I don't do it consciously.) I consider this email typical of my sessions of meditation. I've had the privilege to meditate for a couple years with few distractions, so I have many wild ideas I could share. It has been especially productive because it's been in the company of God, guiding when I open passages, listen to the radio or read the news.

You were correct about the Hubris, but I beg sympathy because you now know the extent of my "delusional" state. (Anytime I refer to my reality, I do you the courtesy of translating it ahead of time for your reality. My reality is "delusional" from the perspective of your reality. Your reality is "diminished" from my standpoint because I remember a less "augmented" reality I once had which I assume you exist in.)

It's unfortunate you associate augmented realities with drugs. I have limited experience with drugs but they didn't seem to put me in contact with superhuman intellects. You probably assume fasting produces a distortion of reality the way the drugs you take produce. <C: thumbs up>-->I don't think they're in the same category. God is no fool--he created things very carefully. There are evolutionary advantages to placing people in touch with their maker when they start starving. That's a corrective force which would help them survive. If drugs were of benefit, people would take them excessively and humanity would become dependant on God and humanity would become weak. The difference is drugs are readily available and access to God would weaken humanity. He wouldn't stand for easy access. Therefore, rest assured that your drug states are not experiences of God and you're not experiencing what I experience.

In 1996 I fasted in a period which was not a famine and that marked the start of my augmented reality. I guess I may have cheated the system, unless the system is such that anybody who has the gumption to do the fast, must be pretty motivated and, therefore desperate to talk to God. My goal when I started fasting was to avoid unknown substances placed in my food in a mental institution. Oops, I guess something triggered my behavior before the fast... diet coke? Doh! Just sinned by worshiping an idol. I'm now going to duck the next time I open the bible.

Note: Kevin, I'm speaking to you as an equal and not worried that I will intimidate you. If I had Hubris, I'd tone it down.

I've ruffled some feathers. Here's a distraction that's strictly for entertainment. Thought I'd sooth some feathers. (Are ruffled feathers tense?)

Kevin complained the poem was not readable on the painting. I'll clean-up the poem a little and improve it:

Capital Constellation

Warping Weighpoint
Approaching Airport
Decelerating Descent
Burping Bump
Taught Tension
Quieting the Quickness
Windy Wheeze
Releasing Relaxation (Originally "Relishing Relaxation")
Comfortably Cruizin'
To the Taxi

This describes the experience of landing as a passenger in a plane. You descend, hear the tires, the cables apply tension to the flaps (and passengers are tense) There's a windy noise as you slow. Then it's quiet and everyone relaxes, taxiing on the runway.

Whimsically, the ancients drew the constillations. You could draw constellations in a modern sky that included planes. (The constellations would warp as the planes flew) On a map of cities, you see flight paths that resemble constellations. On a city map, an airport is marked with a "A", or whatever symbol they use to show a couple runways and a taxiway.

Adultery (selling-out) can make you ill. ("A" is the symbol for adultery. Perhaps, "A" students are adulterers?) Sometimes I feel I have much to offer the world and get frustrated that I can't have my own business or family, on my terms. I had earlier talked withy Ira about not having much to live for... perhaps that was subconsciously on my mind as I wrote a poem about landing in an airplane. (A time when I face death and overcome fear.)

God dislikes lukewarmness. I must be made to God's liking because I'm a man of extremes. My current job seems pointless, unless it's an important step in recycling. It has been a learning experience and a chance to make money. Anyway, no one has shared with me the strategic plan as to how my little part will lead to larger scale recycling. I have doubts it is thought out, and feel pushed aside. It seems like a stupid game--a silly competition, that's a classic example of flawed capitalism. A blatent case where if the printer/copier companies acted properly, my job would be eliminated. I want to live in utopia, where everyone's efforts are of benefit and I hate being reminded on a daily basis that it's not utopia.

In short, I want to be an OEM. (Original Equipment Manufacturer.) That's where there's the most prestige in engineering--you can hold your head-up knowing you are adding new things, provided they are good things. I want to start my own company. Software costs very little to create and sell, once you figure-out how to get shelf space and name recognition. (That's the expensive part.)

Perhaps, I can live at the cabin in the off season and write and operating system. I have revolutionary ideas. I'm not deluded enough to believe I will succeed--I know better about how the world works. Success is not for the likes of me--I'm a slave. I like creating stuff and I know I will be robbed. It's entirely possible it's for my own

good--money can spoil you. Perhaps, the powers that be are also keeping me single. Someone controlling the women has effectively neutered me. No sense bitching, got to get on with life and be happy as best I can. Perhaps, wanting a wife, even an abstract one is coveting? Fine, go fuck yourself, God, and make kids. I'm not to upset because I've been blessed with an ability I never possessed before that allows me to express myself on deep levels.

Slaves Comfort Song

Equip yourself with quips
When the master quacks his whip
Fuddy Duddy Stupid heads
Wishin for our shrunken heads
Freedom is a state of mind
dwell in freedom, not in line
Reality's the land of the Nile
So stop makin' all deniles.
They don't have what we Got
Cause their shit's not that hot
Controlled externals is our state
Adapt to this twist of fate
Live inside
And deprive.
Want not.
Give not.

Better still
Show your skill
As mass potential rots
Watch-out for their shots.

I know if I write an operating system, my ideas will be stolen by big brother. I don't claim to know how that works--I might be inspired by other's ideas and, infact not the source. All, I know is I think of stuff I think is new and latter someone else makes money off of it.

My existance is basically pleasant and I don't fear death. I'm not bitter--I just try to adapt to the apperant slavery I exist under. Ira promised we'd work on other projects and enslaved me. They were lies. He accuses me of lying to him. Fuck-him. I don't want his money.

Perhaps, I'm in jail on a work program? That's effectively what it is. The real jail sounds more appealing for a hermit/poet/monk type. They don't force work. I should be able to land myself in jail without doing anything I'd regret. All it takes is playing hard-ball with the system. Incrementally up-the seriousness of your rebellion until they quit robbing us and we rob them.

My marketing of SimStructure convinced me the American dream is not in play for me. I am a slave, effectively.

Sorry for that last email. You don't deserve to be a target for my frustration because you've been good to me.

My best explanation is I feel I have talents going to waste and am frustrated. If I had to prescribe therapy for myself, it would be to convince me I don't have talents going to waste.

Why do you want to fight for scraps from the OEM's tables when you could be an OEM?

If you wish to do business with me, you must challenge me and make me feel I'm contributing something useful to society or place me in a position where I can learn something I'm interested in learning... or teach something I'm interested in teaching. Perhaps, we could brainstorm some new product? You know I'm a good employee when I'm motivated and I'm very skilled.

Basically, for some time now I've subconsciously convinced myself that chips are a sinking ship. Even toner seems to be on it's way-out with ink coming in. Perhaps, God placed me here to rescue your company providing a pathway into the future? If the bottom does fall-out, all our customers need another line of work too.

Do you enjoy stress? If you stay in the chip fight with OEM's, you will eventually lose, unless they have mercy on you. Perhaps, they will have mercy and have had mercy. If such is the true state of capitalism, I feel guilty for being merciless on our competition when it comes to protecting ourselves--the 16FX reset technique and the Masterset software. Mercy and capitalism are difficult for me to mix because I lack mercy. That's a serious defect for a christian. To tell you the truth, I can count very few times I've been merciful.

At the moment, I've lost much of my fear of starting some new technology (Terminator movie nightmares), based on the premise God loves me and wouldn't torment me with vast skills I wasn't intended to use.

I want a project more like the Masterset-- PC software, but challenging. Would you let me work on a Windows XP driver? That's a skill I want badly and maybe we could work something out. It wouldn't be a fun project--I'd be cursing Microsoft with every breath. I'd have some motivation because my programming skills are becoming obsolete without learning it, I stand to lose a large part of my wealth (my wealth is knowledge).

Can't you see why reverse engineering would seem frustrating to someone who was an idealist believing reverse engineering demonstrated a flaw in society--wasted engineering effort. It's really foolish for one engineer to spend time making something only for another engineer spending time deciphering it. I guess war might seem foolish, too, but one could validate it. It felt good making a better optra T chip than our rivals. A guilty pleasure, by Christian standards--the proper Christian attitude is sorrow at the pain inflicted on others. Games require sportsmanship, someone has to lose... I haven't figured-out when it is more noble to lose.

Christianity certainly messes with your head. Perhaps, the mental turmoil is actually good in-and-of-itself-- mental gymnastics?

I've read in the Old Testament warnings about creating idols and things with your hands. Some places in the old testament criticize artists. I assume that explains the distribution of Jews in the work place? Christians are supposed to believe the Old Testament, too. Perhaps, you could elaborate what the scriptures refer to.

Computers certainly stand prominently in the category of idols in today's world. Perhaps, Microsoft is doing good by making horrible software and we should let them keep-up the work?

Perhaps, we can start a crusade to crush the evil idolatry in society where people are worshipping computers (effectively). Save all the souls of the computer nerds and junkies, deferring the wrath of God. In the early days of computers, there were nonexpandable hardware platforms that became standards. Operating systems were simple and software didn't change every year. Enormous effort is now expended continuously upgrading. And people are greedy for newer and better stuff. Now's the time to crush that greed and stop the insanity. The complexity has grown to the point where the PC is a monster.

I'd like to address copy protection. I remember owning a Commodore 64 when I was young and pirating software. I regret that. It's a shame that all software for a platform isn't available to all users, since it costs nothing to make it available. I propose establishing software guilds which users join and receive access to all software written by members for a fixed rate.

The operating system would be open and all source code would be available to all. Furthermore, the operating system would run a "interpreted" language and all application source code would be available. No one would have rights to anything.

This would eliminate the sin of pirating (stealing), eliminate intellectual property lawsuits (A company creating an operating system has the power to make all applications available to all)

Some big details have to be worked-out, like how to allow two guilds without a member of each getting access to all stuff from the other.

Terry,

Your email requires a great amount of thought to respond to fully.

Regarding the software that you propose in competition to Microsoft, LINUX maybe already fulfills some of that and perhaps you might want to consider jumping on that bandwagon and adding to it. I costs about \$99 to buy a copy. I find that software is costly, however it keeps the companies working. With all of the wealth of Microsoft, they still do not have enough money generating to give their shareholders any money each year (called dividends). gates and others make big salaries and that is it.

You will have to agree that you have been telling me on at least a few occasions that you would prefer to do this project or that project. The last project was the programmer that you were working on. You really wanted to build that and you did not complete it.

You have also told me that you are having trouble working at all due to distractions. You have also said that you are happy with your life as it is.

What I am trying to propose to you is a two part program that will help you support yourself for a least several months. You can be on a retainer (like on call) for repair type purposes or simple requests, like reading a few chips or the like. For this you will receive an amount of money weekly. In addition to this you can supplement your income with some project work, if I see that you actually complete a project.

During this time period you will also transfer the technology developed at the company to another person.

We can do this for four months and if I see that you have improved in terms of your ability to work on projects we can continue the relationship in one manner or another. However if you are as you are now it will then be time for you to move on.

This proposal does two things. It helps you financially. It helps the company in terms of having another more quickly up to speed if there is a glitch in our product line. And during this time if there is a glitch you are also there to help make a fix. As a testimonial to your past work, Joe has been increasingly more able to deal with small glitches with the programmers, etc.

You have done fine work in the past and I have told you that on numerous occasions. But that work for the most part slowed to an almost stop. I can understand part of that and we should, in the future deal with some of the more mundane aspects with assistance.

I have told both Joe and Mike Bennet that I am interested in attempting to give you some support to see if that support will help you come around to a point in your life that we in the mainstream view as a bit more solid. You cannot go on as you are now.

At the intersection of Pebble and Green Valley parkway in the shopping center where Starbucks and Smiths is located, next the end of that building by the City of Henderson Offices are is a bookstore that might have seating where people meet. This is an alternative type of

bookstore and you might alternative thinkers to meet with.

Again, you have offered to do things and have of late not followed through. I accept this as it is beyond your control. I leave the door open for you to work and I offer you a retainer deal to help you along financially. I believe that this is the Christian thing for me to do. I realize that at this moment you might not be able to do more than help in an emergency and help with a transfer of knowledge.

I realize that you find that chips a dead end. Hello, do you feel that I see this as an extremely long term situation? What chips will do for this company is to get us into a financial position so that we can begin to look for better opportunities. In order to deal with those opportunities we need a solid company with some financial resources. If we can keep our momentum going and grow some more we will be there and then we can do some exciting things. Perhaps more than you I like the prospect of a product that is great and unique. I am just a bit short on any that we can do at the moment that really move me.

Over one year ago when I hired you, we could not afford to do so. On the other hand I sensed that we could not afford not to do so. I had a few choices. condense the company so that we could profitable at the size we were or try and grow it. I saw chips as a growth opportunity.

With many things that I wanted to work on you had some form of issue like moral or the like. Gate controllers for gated home communities caused a problem. And yet other items resulted in issues for you.

Terry, at this point we should work on what we can together. I care about you and appreciate the fine work you have done for us. I would like to give you some time to decide the direction you will choose for yourself but in the long term I am not going to be your enabler. I believe in tough love and some times that means letting go. In four months if you are now functioning in the manner that we feel is reasonable (it might not be perfect, but you generally understand the standard) then I need to practice my form of tough love and we go our separate directions in terms of a business relationship or we craft an arrangement that does not have me feeling like the enabler.

I care about you, however I cannot lead your life for you. You need to be responsible and you also need to be responsible to those around you that are hurting inside due to your present condition. NO one expects that you will not live your life with some challenges, as most people do. to the extent that you might have challenges greater than many others is a just a greater challenge for you. God has done this for a reason and I know that you can rise up through it all if you choose.

Ira

Edy found the following for you in the newspaper:
"Metaphysical Spiritual Science Singles group meets at 1 PM Sundays
at the University church Institute, 953 E Sahara Ave. 369-9776"

I realize that these people might have different views than you
however if you temper your comments and listen to others carefully
you can forge some relationships. My mother says listening is the most
important part of a relationship. So listen and comment sparingly and
you will be attractive to those around you.

Ira
Careless Bliss

Drifting unopposed
down the stream of life
please tell me
do I need a wife?

No opposing forces
tuggin' on my barge
into my existance
just like Homer's Marge?

Who will steer me
away from dangerous waters
will someone power
me away from the poor otters.

Splashin' in the shallows
barely one responsibility
little ever done
little demand on ability.

Where's the achievement
with not one stress
but I cannot stomach
ulcers from a "dress".

I intended to say the otters wasted potential, playing in the shallows and I didn't want
to go there. Ironically, I probably play in the deep, for what's it's worth.
On restrooms, ladies wear a dress, so I figured I could refer to by that word.

Since, I've started publishing this email regularly, you've become my responsibility. I
must focus on what you require and stop being so self centered. My

wisdom/experience might be useful in your kids lives. On the other hand, I hope this poetry is a little amusing/entertaining if nothing else.

O.E.M. of the brave

This is a little P.O.E.M.
'bout a land of the free
where we can R.O.E.M.
and do as we please.

God created the D.O.E.M.
of heaven across the sky.
Let's create a fantastic O.E.M.
For the likes of you and I.

I say freedom for the P.O.O.R.
who live in simple homes
for the rich, let's lock the D.O.O.R.
until they turn to bones.

This is a a satire based on Ira's idea of gate controllers for rich communities. (I'm bored and full of poetic energy. I wrote this to get a laugh.)

I just realized there was an unintended parallel in that poem between the dome of heaven which separates God from man and the gate of communities which separates rich from poor. (Anyone with sense should find that a disconcerting analogy.) Anyway, I didn't plan that when I wrote the p.o.e.m so I must give credit to God. (You can credit chance if you prefer.)

I think greed and envy are forces God created to keep balance in society. When one group collects more than another, they face resistance. What better way to encourage charity than to force the rich to face the poor and look them squarely in the face. In my opinion, the appropriate level of wealth differential is determined by whatever you can hold-on to without force. If you convince the poor you deserve it or are making good use of it, that's fair. (Maybe) I'm not certain this idea is the Godly law for wealth distribution, but I challenge you to find another.

I just reflected on what Jesus had to say and he said, "If someone wants your coat, give him your shirt as well." or something to that effect. He said "cloak" and "tunic" so I tried to translate, taking liberties. Therefore, we should not build walls between rich and poor, if we are Christian. I'm certain Christ would be against them. (Note: my pervious objections to gate controllers were because of fear of strong government. Not sure how that aspect rates from a Christian standpoint.)

I just watched TV and got a request for one more stanza. (The TV evangelist said "one more stanza" as he was leading the choir stanza by stanza through a hymn.)

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I say freedom for the P.O.O.R.
who live in simple homes
for the rich, let's lock the D.O.O.R.
until they turn to bones.

Remember we all D.I.E.
and stand before the LORD
Don't think we can L.I.E.
when asked, "Did you hoard?"

Ira may be exempt, cause he's Jewish, but he might want to consider it anyway. Our Bible uses "LORD" to refer to God or to Jesus. There's a commandment in the Old Testament against coveting goods and stealing... Jesus said, we should make an effort not to lead our brothers into sin. Even Jews might feel a little moved by that argument. (I've never heard the Jewish law pertaining to leading others astray or not, but I'd guess they'd say everyone had somewhat of an obligation not to lead brothers astray?)

When electrical charge builds-up, you get a jolt of static electricity when it discharges. Historically, the same thing happens with regard to wealth.

Terry, taking note of what I may have, at least what YOU perceive I may have is a form of 'coveting'. Where you grossly err is that it is my method of building a financial level that allows me to make charitable contributions, and be certain that I will not need charity or to take from others when I grow old. As an example, at this point with my mother and the care that she requires, is very costly unless she gets charity. Thus the 'hoarding' of my parents who were my teachers should be called 'planning', and is something that so many fail to do. My parents always said they would rather give charity and not receive it. My father, the immigrant, worked in a grocery store and sold insurance part time to raise four children and be prepared for their later years.

And finally, I had lost most of my 'wealth' years ago and did not feel a jolt, although I was humbled, and ultimately had a desire to rebuild it for the reasons listed above.

I believe it is you that covets what others have that you do not. I enjoy seeing others with some form of wealth or achievement of their plans and am happy for them if that is their goal.

Terry, you have missed 'one more stanza' for all of your life. I am happy that you finally noticed the words. However, you missed the true meaning.

Ira

Terry, my idea was for an I proved gate controller that are also used in poor communities. You fail to see that there are some similarities between rich and poor. They all probably dream about getting ahead and some just never do it.

didn't mean to single you out and imply you hoarded stuff. I was expressing a general guideline I'm fairly willing to stand by. It's not good to let resources go to waste--they have a time-valued aspect. Your couch is not going to waste :-)

I tend to think the guideline for deciding if you are giving enough to charity is how you would feel if you were poor. That is, if you honestly don't bear envy and can be content with less, you're probably safer than someone who's very focused on what others have that they don't. I think that's the Christian line. Christianity is very much about being judged by the same standards we'd use to judge others. Therefore, I must ask myself, how would I hypothetically feel toward myself if I were standing in the poorest mans shoes on Earth. Would I bear hatred and contempt or would I be content, assuming that it was all working-out for the benefit of mankind.

You have successfully freaked me out a bit on "one more stanza" I see something there but don't understand. I hope it's not something scary. "One more stands?" Perhaps, grows-up? Perhaps, one more cripple is healed? (Described with a southern evangelical preacher accent.)

----- Original Message -----

From: lseaver@aol.com

To: tdavis@hare.com

Sent: Monday, September 02, 2002 8:27 AM

Subject: Re: Request for one more stanza

Terry, taking note of what I may have, at least what YOU perceive I may have is a form of 'coveting'. Where you grossly err is that it is my method of building a financial level that allows me to make charitable contributions, and be certain that I will not need charity or to take from others when I grow old. As an example, at this point with my mother and the care that she requires, is very costly unless she gets charity. Thus the 'hoarding' of my parents who were my teachers should be called 'planning', and is something that so many fail to do. My parents always said they would rather give charity and not receive it. My father, the immigrant, worked in a grocery store and sold insurance part time to raise four children and be prepared for their later years.

And finally, I had lost most of my 'wealth' years ago and did not feel a jolt, although I was humbled, and ultimately had a desire to rebuild it for the reasons listed above.

I believe it is you that covets what others have that you do not. I enjoy seeing others with some form of wealth or achievement of their plans and am happy for them if that is their goal.

Terry, you have missed 'one more stanza' for all of your life. I am happy that you finally noticed the words. However, you missed the true meaning.

Ira

By the way, my parents own a cabin that gets used for about a month and a half out of the year. They might have to answer for that. (I could help their case before God by movin' in :-). To their credit, they let a former neighbor use it. The neighbor's very good about adding value/fixing-up. (He bought cable TV for the place and I forget what else.) It's comparable to my apartment in size and amenities, except more rustic.

you are putting your values onto me and others. My mother taught me not to in general forms.

In a message dated 09/02/2002 8:31:27 PM Pacific Daylight Time, tdavis@hare.com writes:

| I was expressing a general guideline I'm fairly willing to stand by.

Terry, please notice that this is your guideline, and not mine. I am content with my guidelines and am not interested in discussing them.

Terry,

It has extremely frustrating for me to have you tell me that you would do something and then just do not do what you said you would. Since I do not want to get further frustrated I will limit what I ask to something that you can do in relatively short order, such as fix a production related problem and methodically turn over the technology to another person so that we can be covered.

I am uncertain that you are able to understand my level of frustration. I have tried to work through this with you. This has failed miserably. I believe that I have been extremely tolerant and can no longer look and feel like an idiot for trying to work through these issues with you.

I propose that we offer you \$350 weekly for a period of 16 weeks. During that time you will be expected to do what I outlined above regarding help with problems and the turn over of the information on the projects you have worked on. I do not expect that this will ever take more than 10 hours per week of your time and if so we can discuss that situation if it occurs.

After the 16 week period has been completed, if you have demonstrated that you are able to work on projects in a professional manner we can then look at some form of continuing, however if you are not then we will not continue the business agreement beyond that time.

I agree it's time to commit to moving on. I just spoke with a woman from Ticketmaster and had her pass-on my contact info to my old boss. They're in the process of creating new Linux software and are very interested in me because I have some linux experience from Xytec (the company I worked for after Ticketmaster) and 6 years of knowledge of Ticketmaster operations.

One consideration is that I would be the norm, instead of the exception at Ticketmaster. Historically, they employ sharp single computer people and there's a team socializing that's done constantly. I used to go to movies, play racketball and basketball with employees including various bosses (they were single). We'd all work odd hours and it was common to go to dinner or whatever meal might fit the hour.

God saw fit that Unix, (the father of linux) should be popular. Perhaps, God endorses the eunich lifestyle that has developed centered around computers.

I asked about various people I knew and where they were and they said one guy was allowed to work out of the Seattle office because he was tired of the desert. Ticketmaster was in antiTrust court, so you can imagine they have offices in many cities throughout the world. Seattle would give me a chance to be a good influence on my 2 single brothers, my married brother nearby and my divorced sister in Oregon. All have moved away from the faith and they'd be a piece of cake to convert compared to you (who I'm not supposed to convert). The Ticketmaster Guy in Seattle is from Japan (a very enticing prospect to convert, but I'd risk job troubles doing that too vigourously.) I'd be torn between Phoenix and Seattle, if it's a choice.

What I find very amusing is in my manic state in the weeks before leaving Ticketmaster, I came-up with many revolutionary ideas and nobody praised me. People resist change. I heard today that the primary focus of Ticketmaster today is on one of those ideas. (I'm not sure they remember who thought of it and I'm not about to remind them because that could hurt feelings and would place me at risk if it fails!)

Basically, I need more of a social life. I'm not good at meeting new people. Ticketmaster's a big company so it makes socializing easier. My single brothers would be better socializing potential than my married siblings.

Anyway, if you presented to me an inspired strategic outline for your company-- where you plan to go when chips cannot be pursued, I'd be far more interested in dealing with you long term. If you wish, I'll present you with bunches of products we could pursue and you could decide if you liked any and perhaps, your company would have a future.

The work on the table adds no skills to my resume or new leadership experience. I'm not particularly motivated by money. If you grew the company by adding more people like me, you'd increase my interest. Somebody with more experience would provide me a person to learn from. Someone with less would give me the satisfaction of teaching.

I enjoy Mike Bennet and would like to have more contact with him, but I don't get the sense that's what he wants. He is a little too formal for my liking, but perhaps he'd be different as an employee instead of a consultant.

You need to try harder to motivate--I'm not on the phone getting the satisfaction of helping-out a bunch of small-time people with their problems. I guess I get satisfaction out of seeing the production operation.

I think I go nuts for a reason. God doesn't want talent to go to waste and when it is going to waste, resistance is encountered. Why else would leaders have to try to provide morale? It's a wonderful fact that leaders must earn the right to lead by

presenting motivation for those that follow, or human activity would be far less sensible.

Respond real soon, because the last time I contacted Ticketmaster he offered me a job, essentially, and I turned him down for your sake (you offered the opportunity to act independently and that intrigued for a while).

Anyway, If I go to Phoenix, I be glad to make 3 day weekend trips to Vegas at my expense because my parents live here and could provided more limited support for your operations.

----- Original Message -----

From: lseaver@aol.com

To: tdavis@Hare.com

Sent: Tuesday, September 03, 2002 8:34 PM

Subject: Agreement

Terry,

It has extremely frustrating for me to have you tell me that you would do something and then just do not do what you said you would. Since I do not want to get further frustrated I will limit what I ask to something that you can do in relatively short order, such as fix a production related problem and methodically turn over the technology to another person so that we can be covered.

I am uncertain that you are able to understand my level of frustration. I have tried to work through this with you. This has failed miserably. I believe that I have been extremely tolerant and can no longer look and feel like an idiot for trying to work through these issues with you.

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After the 16 week period has been completed, if you have

demonstrated that you are able to work on projects in a professional manner we can then look at some form of continuing, however if you are not then we will not continue the business agreement beyond that time.

If you are agreeable to this please let me know. It disappoints me that we have had to go this direction, however I feel like you have left no other choice.

Ira

I want to assure you I'm not pulling your leg about Ticketmaster and the things I said.

In the days before leaving Ticketmaster, the head of R & D gave a novel assignment. Basically, he said examine the company, find where more money can be made or saved and do it. He got involved himself in that way while running things--he set-out to convert the mailing operation to use bulk mail and had calculated how much could be saved. He also worked on a credit-card fraud reduction system.

Anyway, they used to have PC's with highly specialized software which would interface to the mainframe. They were a tremendous burden to maintain because a large part of the software was running on the PC's with lots of data that had to be constantly updated. Those PC's went in a phone room where calls came in for ticket sales. Meanwhile, in record stores, were dumb terminals tied to the mainframe with nonTicketmaster employees using them. In 1995, I proposed converting to a system similar to web pages based on my knowledge of a unix feature called X-windows which lets a mainframe present text and graphics on a terminal. I said the improvement over the dumb-terminal in the "outlets" (record stores, etc.) would reduce training required for nonTicketmaster employees. The phonerom PC's could be replaced by the same system by scaling back and letting the mainframe update the screen with slick text and graphics.

I was aware that they need to convert all the mainframe software over to Linux. I just learned that as a first step, they are creating linux software for the "outlets" (record stores). I smiled when I learned that they were doing an idea I had 7 years ago (replacing dumb terminals with PCs). (Perhaps, it was before it's time, but nothing like having time to prepare!)

Terry,

I believe that I have told you previously that I do not want to hold you back. What you are telling me is that if you do not agree with a project that you just seem to not do it.

Regarding your comment about the future, I am in the midst of hiring an industry specialist to draft a plan for the company that guide it into

the future. In the mean time Static Control thought that chips were good enough that they have cleaned our whistle of late. We have now almost become the 'has beens' due to a lack of key new products.

I have been attempting to get you to complete the project that you started as it seemed to me that you had already invested time into those projects. The short story is that few of things have worked into completion of late. The tragedy is that you can do it.

Regarding Mike Bennett, he works differently than you do. He has spent most of his time researching and is now only beginning to do some actual snooping. He built some boards (had them built) that are more specific to each printer for snooping and, long term, perhaps the solution to the replacement board. Since is somewhat different from how you work and how I have now grown accustomed to things being done, it seems that until he has something specific it is difficult to determine whether it will be successful without a tremendous amount of additional time or not. I only gave him the projects that you somewhat indicated that you did not want to do.

Regarding antitrust court, this means that either a competitor or the Federal government has sued them for their monopolistic practices. Microsoft has been facing this and in the past the phone companies and at least a few other companies.

I am perplexed as to why you think that you can immediately pull together your job at Ticketmaster and perform after telling me that you have been unable to perform here for weeks due to distractions relating to sensations from God. What is the truth?

I am sorry that the picture at Graphic Technologies did not seem to interest you long term. We were and are the little guy (David) fighting against the big bad guys at Static (Goliath). It doesn't get any better than that in terms of a cause. I had great fun each and every time we got a new product. And I did the right thing by sharing it with our competitors that sharing by many would be viewed as a bad business plan however I did not want to reshape the industry as there is room for many companies to be of service.

Is what you are telling me is that you want to leave immediately, or alternatively do you want to stay and continue working on projects while we wait for a different project to come along?

Ira

Terry, I reread this email from you of several days ago. What continued to jump out at me was your comment about not being praised at Ticketmaster at one point and I

realize that the same occurred with us.

I know when it happened. I was preoccupied with other issues. I was not sensitive to you at that time. However you were possibly not sensitive to me as well. then I went off for the summer. Please see my side on this issue.

I praised you more than any one on our staff and I realize that ti had the potential to cause conflicts. Please see my side on this issue.

I ahve never stopped telling others how proud I am of the work that you ahve done. I have told that to Mike Bennett continuously and even had asked him to incorporate his work to interface with the resetter that you developed and that I am so proud of. I would define that resetter as the best product our company has ever produced. We ahve made more profit on some toners that I developed however I am far more proud of the resetter. No one in our industry has yet to come close to anything like it.

I am imperfect and you will encounter periods of any supervisor being imperfect with regard to that special need that you have. However I never stopped trying to be there for you in other ways. And what you maybe do not realize is that I am still doing that even though it might seem that I am being tough. I believe that you want to get back into working, as evidenced by your desire to go back to Ticketmaster, and all I want to do is to support you in going in what I view as a positive direction.

I disagree with you regarding the future of our industry. This is an industry that has had twists and turns since min initial involvement in 1973. The distinction is that we are more poised to be able to do something positive then the next company. Keep in mind that industry giants (not rechargers only but makers of copiers and printers and related equipment) have come and gone and we are still here. I am still trying to find that product that will be a fit for our company and that we can ahve fun with and that is within our bounds of ability regarding production and distribution.

It deeply distresses me that we are losing you. And I still wish it were not so, however going to Ticketmaster feels better to me than does nothing or MacDonalds.

I have never stopped caring about your well being.

Ira

----- Start of forwarded message -----

Subject: About your email

From: "Terry Davis" <tdavis@hare.com>

Date: Thu, 27 Jun 2002 00:06:37 -0700

To: "Ira Seaver" <Iseaver@aol.com>

<!DOCTYPE HTML PUBLIC "-//W3C//DTD HTML 4.0
Transitional//EN">
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8859-1">
<META content="MSHTML 6.00.2716.2200" name=GENERATOR>

<STYLE></STYLE>
</HEAD>
<BODY bgColor=#ffffff>
<DIV>I won't leave you in a bind, unless I have an episode or something out of my control which I'm pretty sure won't happen--I've generally gotten better adapted to my new reality and cope with it. One thing that probably contributed to my leaving Ticketmaster and Xytec was being at transitional points where they, in my mind, could afford to lose me with little difficulty.</DIV>
<DIV> </DIV>
<DIV>As for what I should be working on, adding the new sensations, in the scheme of things--seems like a high priority since God appears to be hinting at it. It's a complex linguistic challenge. I don't thing God'd go for putting an alphabet on my fingers--not His style, from my experience. I'm trying to pick multiple words that would be distinguished by context and easy to remember and useful. I could use <C: laugh> outside assistance, but I don't expect to get it.</DIV>
<DIV> </DIV>
<DIV>I forgot to mention in that SimStructure program I wrote, I included a scenario with a pair of buildings like those towers in Malasia (they have a bridge part way up). A guy from Malasia contacted me in a chat room, but he said he was Indian living in Malasia. He wanted to help work on my program. I sent him the computer source code. He seemed hopelessly lost, so I forgot about him. Malasia has a large Muslim population... Perhaps, I pissed them-off with my Scenario where an earthquake brings down the towers. Those towers are a source of pride.</DIV> <DIV> </DIV>
<DIV>Finally, I got to thinking about

Sampson again
and the two towers sound suspiciously like two
pillars?</DIV>
<DIV> </DIV>
<DIV><F: 1/3 that's the
point(1/3=.333=holy number
as opposed to 2/3=.666=unholy number)>I had nothing against
world trade
or the stock market, yet, did I do something indirectly by
accident?</DIV> <DIV> </DIV>
<DIV><FONT face=Arial
size=2> </DIV></BODY></HTML>

----- End of forwarded message -----

Movin'

Exileration rolls
Crusin' down life's byways
New bell tolls
Free, I take the high ways.

Angels dance along
Glad t' see me progressing
Help me do no wrong
Beggin' for a blessing.

Circles rise, circles fall
Aquantances come and go
LORD, I heed your call.
From Sin City I must go!

Reborn! I Phoenix!
Deja Vu once more.
Land of the Unix,
I knock on your door.
Today I was engrossed in thought and I'll share with you the
important things
I accomplished today.

You've expressed hostility toward Arabs and it's natural to assume it
might
have something to be with being Jewish. Peoples hating other peoples
seems
to be hard to resist. As you may or may not know, the English are the

ancestral enemies of the Irish. Christians are supposed to resist the temptation to hold grudges. An Englishman with an attitude is hard to resist.

I confess I caved into the temptation to use "Master" "Slave" and "Parasite" in a 2 minute speech on the Dallas protocol. I thought of avoiding the words out of political correctness, but experienced guilty pleasure using them. That Englishman probably isn't clever enough to have detected my insult, so I didn't sin?

Since English are into blood lines. I further thought of insulting him with "I come from good stock--I'm a third generation Engineer". Ironically, that would reveal that I was in fact the one guilty of stodgy thinking.

I wanted to explain the reason I was pessemistic about chips. Then got to thinking about Murphy's Law and as Joe likes to joke, "Murphy is my cousin."
(Murphy=Irish name)

Being known as a pessimistic people says something--you've experienced much disappointment. The potato famine was similar to the titanic disaster in some ways--farmers thought they had the perfect crop and everybody grew them. They paid a price when things went wrong badly. A history teacher of mine told me the English landlords exported food during the famine. The English generally liked Ireland except for the Irish, so you have to wonder if they tried to kill them off. The English maintain Belfast as a beachhead into Ireland so they could easily conquer it again.

Murphy was an Engineer. I'd like to think it was in the space program, but I

think it was something else. Murphy was popularized by somebody and I wonder why. I took some comfort in the fact that pessimism is sometimes good for engineers and that we might not have gotten to the moon without it. I

reflected on the fact my Dad was a test engineer converting Titan nuclear missiles to be safe enough for the Gemini space program. (They used converted nuclear missiles for Gemini.) I got to thinking about my record on failures and the fact that I use unsophisticated techniques, but seem to have been lucky so far. I could slow down and apply more thoughtful analysis, but I'm intrigued by the engineering challenge of not overdesigning in the sense of wasting engineering effort. It certainly is 100 times easier when you don't have to live with "failure is not an option".

Professionalism has its place but sometime it is nothing but the sin of pride. I'm referring to sophisticated techniques. The AR201 problem is an interesting one--how to solve the problem to maximize the bottom line. How much effort should be spent on making a slow CPU succeed at the risk of spending time and money on R&D. In better learning my profession so to advance in the future into a managerial or entrepreneurial roll, it might be nice to practice working the math of the whole problem. That's what a professional engineering manager might do. Estimate the market in total units, the difference between CPU prices, the engineering expense of more coding and the opportunity cost of delayed time to market. Business math is really simple compared to engineering math and business math problems are really simple compared to engineering math problems. What I need to focus on is predicting engineering effort accurately. I think that might be a

highly profitable skill as I continue in my career, not to mention a fun new challenge. Actually, it's nicer never to worry about deadlines, but that's not how reality works and I need to be able to predict engineering time. One factor I left out! Management expense--fancy analysis is painful and costly and sometimes nothing but pride. In many cases, it's impossible to estimate the market or unforeseen delays in project development and the analysis is completely worthless or more expensive than proceeding in a "unprofessional" way that is not based on pride.

I'm not intending this as a comment on you. It's only the things I have learned and thought about today. I had a pleasant today today because I had interesting stuff to think about.

If you wished, you could invent a saying similar to Murphy and his saying (about something completely different maybe) and have some long-lasting impact on your people.

Murphy is the closest thing the Irish have to Solomon, unless Murphy is a mythical figure created by someone intent on blaming, mocking or manipulating the Irish in some way. Irish are suspicious by nature.

Hey!!! Perhaps, I could think of a way to get Irish less suspicious and pessimistic? Maybe, I could ask that Englishman to help solve the problem. It might smooth bad blood if the English did penance for the state of the Irish psyche. Psychology is certainly satisfying to weild--the Irish might decide to terrorize the English psychologically in the future if they get really angry.

Perhaps, the fact that Kennedy started the space program and with

some roumer
spreading misinformation that Murphy was an engineer in the space
program and
the fact that pessimism in the space program seemed to have paid off,
the
Irish might thank the English for their pessimism and comfort
themselves in
the fact that it is good for something. The question is should we
reinforce
the Irish pesimism... or would the fact that the space program
succeeded on
time remove pessimism?

I'm convinced I'm powerless and I don't really want to imply making
the Irish
a prouder people would be a good thing. There's plenty of Irish pride.

My other thought was about the neck tie. One boss at Ticketmaster
used to
joke he saw no point starting the day tying a noose around his neck.
Was
there some shrewd psychology involved in the invention of the tie?
What
subconscious message is passed when a professional presents himself
to a
nonprofessional? If a tie resembles a noose... is it a promise on the
part
of the professional that he is willing to pledge his life by his work? Or,

would a nonprofessional be motivated to fight or submit if he sized-up
a
professional bodily for vulnerabilities to exploit in a physical conflict?

Should an engineer make a similar pledge--put a big button on his
shoulder
wired to his heart saying press to deliver a lethal shock to my heart.
(If
you can!)

Knights used to wear shields. A tie represents an anti-shield. The
notion of
letting your guard down is a Christian notion... should I think of ways
to
spread symbolic psychological notions of letting guards down all over
in
society?

The problem is

That same history teacher also explained the Irish in America we're partly responsible for America not entering World War I sooner to aid the British.

(I felt it necessary to not give the impression my teacher was presenting a reason to hold a grudge without an offsetting comment.)

I'll have to keep this in mind "Fee Fi Fo Fumb... I smell the blood of an Englishmun" in case I ever need to finish something with a touch of class.

Interesting stuff today Terry!
President Bush is related to Winston Churchill and Princess Dianna from a 1500's Englishman. We are all related.
Arab

Arabs that are bad are bad Arabs. I often have problems with the manner in which Israel deals with the problems. However that is an area of the world that has been mired in war almost forever.

The 201 stuff was profoundly interesting and my look at it was whether we could beat it or not. It was the challenge mostly and egged on due to the fact that we had an Atmel board almost ready. But in my soul the challenge came up as I watched you manipulate the code on the 320. very powerful stuff.
I sat and wondered whether another person would be as good at doing it as you when you are tuned into it.

Ira

