

The  
END  
of  
The Dream

**(Sifting Through the Debris)**

**JAY**

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To Kim...who helped make all this possible!

*Other books by JAY:*

BANISHED from the Sandbox (Rev. Ed.)

The UPHILL Trilogy (*poetry*)

1. Broken Cookies and Other Tragedies
2. If You Weren't Immortal, I'd Kill You!
3. It's Too Bad You're "Not" Special

The DOWNHILL Trilogy (*poetry*)

1. I Want To Go Someplace...  
But, I Don't Know "Where" It Is
2. What You Are...I Am, Too!
3. Beyond...the Garden of Eden




Rapid-FIRE

Call In the Angels

DON'T THINK...Listen!

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## *AUTHOR'S NOTE*

Everyone thinks that just because you are part of a couple that you live and share everything together from a *common* perspective...particularly, your mutual journey home to Your Reality. The fact of the matter is that we are all on our own *individual* journey regardless of what our living arrangements are and in spite of what we think we know about The Truth—singularly and collectively.

Jay and Kim married in 1995 knowing that their Essence was beyond this world. Yet, as you will see, they still had a long road ahead to plough through their own as well as each other's ego. Realizing that this is just a dream-world and putting that understanding into practice in one's daily living by learning to override the demands, insecurities, fears and habits of the individual ego can be another thing, again!

Come with us, as we learn to grow up...in this tale of the final evolution to Spirit...while we sift through the emotional and mental debris created by our egos.

[NOTE: Should you lose track of who is who, the cast of characters is listed on the very last page of text (223), at the end of this book.]

# ***Learning to Grow Up***

## **JAY & KIM'S FIRST CHRISTMAS LETTER**

Well...1995 turned out to be quite a surprise for us. (To say the least!)

Jay was involved in an accident with a motorcyclist (who took off the front end of Jay's Fiero) in mid-August. After spending four months in Salt Lake City (where he had lived for 10 years, 10 years prior), he decided to return to Florida (where he lived for the previous 10 years) since he had just terminated his assignment as a management consultant and the cold weather would be coming on. But, he had to wait about four weeks before they could begin to fix his car (which was supposed to take a week... and ended up taking three).

Meanwhile, Kim had attended a church-sponsored volleyball game on the first Sunday in September where she broke her finger while playing and could not return to her job as a flight attendant for a major airline for two

weeks. Before leaving town, Jay thought he'd check out the "A Course in Miracles" (ACIM) class at the Unity Church he (and she) attended and went to the Wednesday night meeting on September 6 (which he discovered later was his 13th anniversary of being an ACIM student). Kim was also an ACIM student so she decided to go to class since she couldn't go to work on that night. (Prior to this, Jay had been flying constantly with his job and could not attend the group meeting. Kim was also doing the same and had not been able to go during the summer.)

After the class, Jay went up to the drinking fountain. When he finished taking his drink, he whirled around on his heels and right in front of him was Kim. He said "My name is Jay," and she replied, with a very nice smile, "My name is Kim...I am very pleased to meet you!" They chatted as they walked up the stairs from the church basement where the meeting was held to the steps outside leading down to the parking lot (where their Christmas card was photographed, by the way). There, he asked her "Want to go do something?" To which, she answered, in her shy manner, "Sure."

Off they went; dropped her car off at her home; and went for a bite to eat. (At that time, Jay asked her his favorite question, "If you were God, would you create a world like this?" She answered, correctly for *him*, "NO WAY!" with a laugh.) Then they returned to her place—and upon entering, she apologized for her disorganization, which Jay said he could help her with, and she replied in the affirmative—where they talked until 6 A.M. the next morning when Jay left.

Later the next afternoon, they got together again. This time they got into Kim's primary life issue of feeling abandoned (she was adopted, her adopted-mother died when she was nine, her first stepmother died when she was 12, her adopted-father died when she was 19 and she was divorced by her husband after a five year live-in relationship and a one year marriage). Emotionally exhausted, they fell asleep that evening and didn't wake until the next morning.

Jay offered to take her to the airport for her previously scheduled weekend trip to the California wine country with her friend, Kelly. But, she drove herself because he had to take his car in for repairs early Monday morning, before she returned. While she was gone, he had a lot of time to internally listen to what Kim meant to Him...in Reality.

When she returned Monday afternoon, Kim tried several times to call Jay, but he was not home. Later that afternoon, he called her and they decided to get together and do her errands. Afterwards, she took him to dinner at a nice, private club in the city. (They had a wonderful dinner outside, at which time it was becoming obvious to both of them that They had Something special between Them.)

After dinner, Jay asked Kim if she would like a roommate (thinking that he was only going to be there for one week while his car was fixed) and she said yes; whereupon, they drove in her car to his brother, Mickey's house where he was living and picked up his few possessions

(mostly clothing) and returned to her townhouse condominium...where they remained ever since.

The next night (Tuesday), he asked her to marry him. (Something made Him want to do it—even though he felt she would live with him forever whether or not they were married—which he alluded to the night before as well as the first night they met.) BUT...Kim just looked at him. So then, Jay said “The next one’s on you,” and that ended the discussion and the decision. Two nights later, on Thursday night, over a tunafish sandwich dinner at home, Kim haltingly (and somewhat choked-up) asked Jay “Will...you...marry...me?” (“I didn’t want you to leave town without having the opportunity to experience life with you,” she told him later.) To which, he undauntedly replied “Yes.”

They were married the following Sunday, September 17 (yes...11 days after they first met!) in Elko, Nevada. Two weeks later (when Kim had a previously scheduled vacation), they took a three-week honeymoon that went from Los Angeles (the Palos Verdes peninsula) to Hawaii (Kauai and the Big Island) to San Jacinto (near Palm Springs) and to the southeast coast of Florida (West Palm Beach area, Key West and the Epcot Center in Orlando)... in short, the ultimate dream vacation!

And the rest...is history. Jay and Kim are always together—when she isn’t flying (which is usually two days on and three to four days off). This month is Kim’s 10th anniversary with her company so they can fly free wherever they want...almost. (Extend them an invitation and they just

might come and visit you someday when it is convenient for all of you.)

Merry Christmas...God bless...and we appreciate You and Your Presence in Our lives!

Love, peace and blessings,

Jay & Kim

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## ***A Letter to My Partner***

*March 17, 1996*

*On this our sixth-month anniversary, I wanted to take this opportunity to tell you that I am very grateful and thankful to have you as my life-partner. You have been the epitome of sweetness and innocence in my life as well as the demonstration of givingness, generosity and lovingness. You are more calm and happy. I consider my self very blessed by Your Presence!*

*We began our journey with the mutual acknowledgment that we are partners . . . not just husband and wife. However, we have spent these past six months focused on the latter. It has been very valuable for us to uncover and expose all of our earthly ego fears, anger, hatreds, fantasies, dreams and unresolved, personal issues of our past. (Our egos can not survive under this scrutiny and acknowledgment. And consequently, our real Selves will rise to the surface as we continue to do so . . . without taking our ego-selves seriously or defending them, in any way.)*

*I would like us to commit to getting back on the path of being Partners, with The Truth (that this world is nothing more than a fantasy of our own making) as our only focus to live in peace and contentment that is unknown in the dream-world and surpasses all pleasures and accomplishments of it. No real relationship can survive without this understanding and commitment . . . on a constant and continuing basis. Are you willing to have this as your only goal . . . while taking my hand and walking Home with Me?!*

*I love you, My Brother!*



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Tuesday, September 23, 1997

Dear Bobby,

I debated awhile whether or not to respond to your reply-memo from last Thursday, 9/18, when I had tried to spare you from future frustration and heartache in your relationship with Kathy (having been in a similar one myself) as well as coming to a mutual understanding with you regarding Mom's estate rather than waiting until the very end.

At first, I said "Nah...if my brother can *totally* miss my meaning when I try to offer friendly advice and share my

relationship experiences and reinterpret them all negatively and get bent-out-of-shape, then he will certainly go ballistic if I deliberately point out where he is incorrect or misinformed!" Then, after I was sure my ego was out of the way and that no anger was influencing my judgment, this Voice said *"If you won't speak up to your brother, who will...who else would care as much as you? After all, you have to love someone to hate them! And if the tone of his memo is anger, then it is caused by fear...and maybe, you can help him look at it so that he can let it go."*

Your ego has always been emotionally reactive and dramatic and has *never* been "open" to listening to, or remotely accepting of, anyone's point of view. I have told you before that people, myself included, can be afraid to approach you if you present a hostile, unfriendly or unsociable demeanor as you have. You freely express *your* opinions, but no one else can without feeling your wrath. Plus, you have had such rigid, inflexible, old fashioned values, attitudes, opinions and pre-judgments that it's *impossible* to talk with you or express a point of view that's different than yours. So, I hope you will reign it in long enough to "hear" me this time. (You know, it is a real shame when people, such as yourself, *intellectually* know that this is just a dream, yet continue to respond to everything and everyone as if they are nothing more than a human ego. Spirit/Love does not have consciousness...let alone a human persona or mask!)

Since this is the end of the dream, I love you, Bobby, too much to let you waste our relationship, anymore, in

utter foolishness and trite, old grudges that you may still hold against me because I didn't take you with me during our early childhood years when I went to play with my friends. (You have shared this with me if you have forgotten.) We were children, and what do children know? So, from now on I am going to be in your EGO's face, figuratively speaking, every time *you* let it get out of hand in any unloving way...since apparently no one can stand up to you.

We can't vindicate a fantasy. Nor can we "improve" it through psychic games and so-called knowledge about it as so many try to do. (They're just *adding* to it by doing so because true knowledge can never be expressed—only known internally and expressed outwardly by peace and contentment with a loving and kindly demeanor.) If we don't remember What we are, then we are just part of "the" problem! I don't want to be anymore. How about you? Isn't it time we let it all go?

Now, I would like to review the key points of your reply to my previous memo.

First of all, although I didn't say I'd "welcome" a relocation within my current company that coincided with our permanent move to Hawaii (at the first of next year), my comment that "a bird-in-hand was worth more than one-in-the-bush" clearly meant that I'd rather *stay* with my current employer because I mentioned that I'd be willing to give up my "golden parachute" of six-months severance pay. To most anyone, I would think, that

would easily be interpreted that I preferred to remain with them. You split hairs in a memo, just prior to your last — and I understand the syndrome because I am very anal-retentive, also (and it always “takes one to know one” and “to know others, one must know themselves, *first*”) —and defended your *ego* by pointing out that because I didn’t use that *exact* reference *you* did not misunderstand my previous mentioning of that desire.

Speaking of my employer, you seem enamored with the current CEO of our company to the degree that, as an investor in it, you are *unwilling* to see them do any wrong. Even though I am an insider who works there and is very savvy about corporate structure and politics, you continue to tout him and his staff —after I have cited specific instances where they are clearly cost-cutting mercenaries with a limited vision of the retail marketplace. Also, I have worked in that environment for my entire 25+ years in business with *several* companies; and you worked for two, for maybe five plus years total, and the rest with the federal government. This is a good example of your inflexibility and unwillingness to accept another point of view, particularly mine, that I mentioned above. Unbelievable! It appears that you are *always* afraid to ever acknowledge that I might know something that you don’t because whenever I bring *anything* to your attention or express an opinion, you always have a contrary one or express a very condescending attitude. (My ego also has a tendency to be very condescending!) It’s like being in a classic, out-of-the-book, competitive sibling rivalry with you, *all the time*! I have never had a pleasant conversation with you in your 48 years on earth where I

*dared* to express a feeling, thought or viewpoint for fear of incurring your condescending attitude. You are my brother, Bobby, and you know lots of stuff I will never have a clue about, and vice versa. Even though I am four years older than you, I have never thought of myself as your superior. I am much less risk-adverse than you, however, and have taken many chances in life than I believe you ever would. But, that's merely a difference in our personalities. Couldn't we just converse *once* in our lives instead of competing or having you judge, in words or attitude, what I am saying or trying to share with you?

Next, since I am aware of our similarities, and particularly, our inherent "parental" natures, I thought it very appropriate to *share* with you my similar relationship with my dear friend, Lindsay, who exhibited many of the same indecisive, fearful or irresponsible tendencies that your close friend, Kathy has—based upon your revelation to me of her inability to get divorced, or even legally separated, from her husband, in spite of the fact that he is taking advantage of her financially. Don't forget...I clearly spelled out for you that I was *not* making a negative judgment of Kathy or your relationship with her! I merely wanted to spare *you* the frustration and heartache of entering into a live-in or extremely intimate relationship with someone who could not control their own life because you're my brother, I love you and I want you to have a peaceful and content life, forever and ever. Our natures are such, that WE are very willing to help nice people (women, in particular) who appear to want and *need* our help. They appeal to our egos' need to play the "father-protector." The unfortunate reality of a long-

term or live-in relationship with someone incapable or unwilling to take responsibility is that, after awhile (months or years), we will realize that we don't *always* want to "have to" be emotionally shoring up and taking care of these people. (The thing that attracts also repels!) At some point, we will want them to be able to stand *beside* us as emotional and spiritual partners...and equals. (On the other hand, maybe I should just let you *experience* this!) A "whole" relationship requires that both parties are whole unto themselves, first. Indecisive, fearful people will never be able to do that until they have sustained a life-altering, traumatic experience that snaps them awake and causes them to ask "What am I, really?" and to say to themselves "I am sick and tired of being sick and tired (i.e., being treated like a doormat, being depressed or irresponsible for my life or being abused or taken advantage of in any way)."

It's interesting that your ego took the opportunity to point out to mine that because of my many numerous, intimate, boy-girl relationships (to include three marriages) that "my track record....is nothing to brag about." Funny you should mention that, because...it is just those *numerous* intimate encounters that have helped me grow into the kind of person that I like...and actually love! Quality is certainly more valid than quantity when it comes to relationships. But, quite frankly, Bobby, I don't think you have had either, except for your first marriage. I think I have heard of two significant women/girlfriends in your life in the last 20 years. Remember the old adage: "It is better to have loved and lost, than to never have loved at all"? Well, I took the plunge head-

long for 20 years into love (with two years between each significant relationship), and risked getting a broken heart, many, many times. When I learned The Truth about THE *dream* we live in, called “life on Earth,” I stood back and closely examined *my* egoself rather than blaming them for our failed relationships instead of doing what most people do which is failing to learn from them. All you have to do is pick up a copy of my first book, *BANISHED...from the Sandbox*, to experience that process and know what we should all do. As a matter of fact, that’s why I, unknowingly at the time, put that learning experience down in writing so you and everyone could learn *how* it’s done. No...I did not do it for personal glory or gratification. I truly want to help you and everyone else. Also, I selfishly want more spiritual company.

Finally, I will address your comments concerning Bobbie’s home in Florida and vacation home in Maine. You stated in your September 18<sup>th</sup> email that you “have never said [you] wanted anything of Mom’s. Not the house in Jupiter or anything.” Well, Bobby, shortly after Howie died on July 4, 1990, I mentioned to you, in person, in her den, that I had an “interest” in owning Mom and Dad’s house when the inevitable occurred for Bobbie because I had written so many of my books there, in the loft. You quickly, in your typical acquiring, assumptive, parental and condescending tone, informed me that you “wanted” the house in Jupiter. I let it go at the time rather than getting into an argument with my emotionally explosive brother to keep peace in the house considering Bobbie’s emotional condition at the time. And yes,

I was afraid of your temperamental nature, my entire life, as well! As a matter of fact, it intimidated everyone in the family.

That's why, if you think back upon it, Mom and Dad (as tough as they were) never gave you a hard time because they were afraid of it, too! People are always chagrined to tangle with anyone who is emotionally expressive. In many ways, I admired you for having the courage to speak and show your feelings because I was a wimp. (But, I wouldn't try it now, though, because you'd probably find me right in your face. My ego likes testing out my fearlessness. Remember, I am not risk-adverse.) Also, one other time between then and now (probably just before I came back to Salt Lake City, two and half years ago), I stated to you over the phone that I no longer had any interest in Mom's home in Florida and stated that you could have it if you wanted it. You said nothing but *never denied* having any interest in her property!!

I don't much care about these things. As I have told Bobbie, many times, I hope she spends all our inheritance! Plus, she *knows* I have no interest in material things *per se*. However, when Kim and I were in Maine on September 6, Mom mentioned "out of the blue," without any statement or provocation on my part, that she was going to have Lisa act as the Administrator of her estate. I had told her many years ago shortly after your and my discussion about our individual desires to have the house in Jupiter that you and I seemed to have differing opinions on how her estate should be distributed. (There's another confirmation that you and I

discussed ownership of her house in Florida before!) She then stated she was going to get a third party to administer her estate so you and I could not bicker over it.

Anyway, remembering your previous desire to have the house in Jupiter and at Bobbie's mentioning her desire to have Lisa be her administrator (I am dead-set against it and have told them both!), I asked Kim aside if she would like to have the house in Maine. Kim said yes...but *not* emphatically as if she really *wanted* it, because she *knew* what I was doing when I then *briefly mentioned* to Mom, in an off-handed manner, that I would like the place in Maine. She did not respond to my comment, but I am sure she heard me. (After all these years and after reading my book, I think you would know me a lot better than you do, particularly since I held nothing back about my egoself in it!) My thought was: If you wanted the house in Jupiter, I could take the house in Maine and that would make Bobbie's estate a lot easier for her and us to handle. That's all there is and was to it.

(Remember: Selfish is as selfish sees!) Nothing cold about it.

By the way, where did you ever come up with the idea that "Mom bought the [place in Maine] for [you] since Ogunquit is the first place where [you] worked"? Great imagination, Bobby! It's almost as good as my ex-wife, Donna's...and she was a compulsive liar (i.e., a person who exaggerated the truth) as testified to by her friends! Bobbie didn't buy it *for you*! She bought it for herself because she and Dad had been vacationing there for years,

and she had also been going there for years on her own. Plus, her *good* friend, Paula, who is very much like Bobbie, lives nearby at York Beach! If you want the place in Maine so much, how come you've never been there in two summers and you already have someone else who wants to buy it? Wouldn't you say that's being pretty matter-of-factish or cool (if not cold) about the place?

Bobbie and I have discussed her possible situation if she has to have assisted-living in the future. She also knows that I would never try to cheat you out of your fair share of her estate (if there's anything left). We discuss "everything" and are friends—the way it should be! I have also told her she can come and live with Kim and me as I never want her to be concerned about having a place to stay. And, I have taken care of her, twice before. I don't think you would, at this juncture in your life, be able to volunteer to take care of her as I have asked you about *committing* to do so, not long ago. Lisa is willing and happy to take care of Mom if we are not around, but she has done a lot for her already! She's been very good to and with her and cares for her a lot. But, Bobbie wants to stay on her own as long as possible, and I concur. I do hope that you and she spend some considerable time together before too long. You both need it!

I wish you well, Bobby! I hope you will grow from this. I know I have. Thank you for everything. God bless you!

Love, peace and blessings,

JAY

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Christmas 1997

Since Jay's employer planned to lay him off by the end of this coming January and Kim has agreed that it would be okay to commute to her base on the mainland, we have decided to go live in our retirement home, earlier than planned, on February 1st. Since some people need a special invite, please consider this your:

### GOLDEN INVITATION

...to come and visit us for a week in Hawaii (on the island of Oahu west of Pearl Harbor). We would be happy to feed you (breakfast and dinner) for three days while you're there. (We assume that you will have your own personal plans for the remainder but will be happy to have you stay with us if you so chose.)

Aloha...and Merry Christmas

Jay & Kim

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From: henry

To: Jay

Sent: November 19, 1998

what happened in June that made a dramatic change? is it a unique event that never took place in 10 yrs?

kim did not ask me to resend those addresses. i just thought that when your computer was restored it suffered amnesia and lost a lot of the prior information.

i also thought that the rxlist.com would be a good reference to check out medications being taken or future prescriptions that will be filled.

i just discovered the hospital that i am now going to has a website: <http://www.hss.edu>. i have not gone thru it yet, maybe there is something on it that you might find of value. you've been dealing with your back pain problem much longer and probably know everything there is to know and then some, but sometimes something new might pop up.

From: Jay  
To: Henry  
Sent: November 22, 1998

Hi Henry!

Thanks for the site info on the RX stuff and the orthopedic hospital. I added it to our Favorites list in my browser. I usually make a copy of my Favorites list onto a floppy in case my computer craps out.

Now...on to answer your question about what happened 10 years ago. To accept this you are going to have to turn off your "logical" mind (i.e., your ego—since it is the only thing that "thinks") and use your

“intuition” which comes from your spiritual, real essence that exists beyond your body.

Over 10 years ago, I was attempting to dig up some tree roots in my mother’s garden, which was symbolic for me at that time because I had diligently been reviewing all the unknown hatreds and ill-feelings that I had toward her for the previous couple of years. [In other words, I knew I had a love-hate relationship with my mother and wanted to expose all of my deep-seated anger towards her so that it could be released by “acknowledging” it...because that is all that it takes to release it, plus, the desire to do so.] In the process, I strained the muscles on the left side of my lower back and down into the muscle/nerve of my left cheek of my butt. Not too much problem then, only slight back-pain for several days.

But then, the following Christmas (a few months later) at my mother’s house, I got into a verbal altercation with my brother (who started the whole thing by angrily raising his voice to me and accusing me of being “hostile” because I didn’t accept his opinion about something [i.e., his projection] when I wasn’t. I raised my voice “without any anger” above my mother’s loud voice who was insisting that “I” stop the discussion, rather than him, (I had never stood up to my overly emotional, temperamental, bitchy younger brother, before!) and she ended up pouring a cup of hot coffee on my head. She then stormed out of the room and went to her bedroom and closed the door [all day], in shame [because she had “lost it” ...but could never admit it],

and told me to leave the house. I told her I would leave the following day as I needed to make arrangements.

The next day as I was loading my stuff into my car, I had the most devastating muscle spasms in my lower back which dropped me to my knees. I hoisted my self, up by my arms, with my back in wrenching pain and scooted my self along my car and crawled into the front seat and drove off. I went to stay with a friend that night at his mother's (who was out of town). When I went to get off his couch where I was lying down that evening, I couldn't get up. So I rolled to the ground and crawled to bed. The next morning when my friend had to leave town (so he arranged for neighbors and a housekeeper to look after and feed me for the next three days), I couldn't lift my body up at all as I had no strength in my arms or body or to even get out of bed to pee. So I had to roll over to my side to eat and to pee into a carafe my friend left and wait for the "total" strangers to come with food and to empty my piss-bottle. I was too weak to be humiliated as I would have ordinarily been!

After three days of that, I decided to get out of there. So, I rolled onto the floor; crawled into the bathroom and into the shower; inched my self up the shower walls; somehow took a shower; then crawled on all fours to the sink to brush my teeth and shave while on my knees and holding onto the sink with my upper arms inside it (remember, I had no strength in my body, let alone my legs); next, I laid on the floor and got dressed; and finally, somehow, got out the front door and down

some stairs (I was in a condo on the second-story) and into my car and drove to another friend's house where I stayed and wrote and worked for the next five years.

The first three months there, I couldn't walk more than 50-100 feet and my lower back was "always" very painful and there were NO drugs that worked "at all." Slowly, through using electrical-mechanical stimulation (EMS) daily at a chiropractor (since conventional medicine didn't work, and my female doctor, who also was the medical specialist on TV for the West Palm Beach area, referred me to him!), I regained the use of my legs. For two years following that, I had ice packs tucked inside my pants waist all day long to numb the ache and laid on them in bed at night, too.

Somehow, over time, I healed to the point where I didn't have to use my own personal, portable TENS unit (the size of a large pager and worn like one, which I highly recommend to manage that kind of pain!) and ice packs every day—only periodically. While I was in Florida, and after the first three months when I forced myself to walk again, I continued to have contact with my mother and took her out to eat once a month. The relationship was decent and pleasant and she was respectful of me...probably for the first time in her life! (Keep in mind, I was then 44-45.)

Time progressed; I got better but never free of occasional spasms—some severe and totally crippling for two to three days at a time. I moved back to Utah three years ago, met Kim three months after arriving there,

got married to her and two years later ended up here in Hawaii thanks to her and my former job. Kim has only experienced one of my back spasms, but she has witnessed that drugs like Ultram (which tends to make me short-tempered and has made it difficult for me to urinate when taken more than once a day, occasionally) and Lortab/Vicodin (which is a narcotic that doctors don't like to prescribe), that I only found a year ago, alleviate the pain-*tension* so that I can live with the muscle ache.

Also, meditation—first thing in the morning and as appropriate during the day (i.e., whenever you feel the need, particularly, when any muscle spasm strikes)—helps to get through the pain. (You may have to seek out help how to do it...but please, don't ignore this suggestion! It has saved my ass when I have been in situations where there were no tools, drugs or ice to help my back pain...like on a 3-hour plane ride!)

When we got to Hawaii in February, this year, I was awoken every morning with a lower backache and could only lie in bed for “up to 5 hours”—otherwise, the pain got worse! It stayed that way up until last June when we went on vacation at my mother's in Maine. While there, I “never felt even the slightest bit of resentment or had a negative attitude/judgment” toward my mother's personality or quirks (i.e., she used to be a very loud, verbal, negative, controlling bitch...but, has come 180 degrees of that, now...she slips every once in a while, though!) that used to *unknowingly* irritate me, and I was sleeping 12 hours a day and waking without

“any” trace of backache for the first time in 10 years!!!

This is the point: My back pain was tied to my unknown resentment toward my mother (i.e., a child isn't supposed to resent their parents—let alone speak up to them, regardless if the child was correct or the comment warranted...respect your parents, at all costs, regardless of their behavior!?). The way it was released was for me to finally reach the point of “total, unconditional acceptance” of my mother (i.e., anyone close to you that you look up to or depend on [unbeknownst to you] for any reason), regardless of her (their) personality. [Note the phrases with the quotation marks, in this and the above paragraph! They are the keys to your internal, emotional health, which in turn affects your physical health. Yes...that's hard to accept...but it's the absolute Truth. And yes...I used to be a non-believer/ultra-skeptic, too!]

If this strikes a cord in your heart (i.e., intuitive-mind ...not your brain), you might want to pick up a copy of my hardcover book, *BANISHED...from the Sandbox*, (can be ordered through any bookstore or direct from BookMasters at 800-247-6553 for \$19.95) or, if truly inspired, go buy *A Course in Miracles* (\$25 – 40, softcover – hardcover) from any bookstore or Unity Church or any “new thought” church. It saved my life!

Hope this helps, Henry...or at least, inspires you to look beyond the normal ways of solving your problem. Unfortunately or fortunately, depending upon your

perception, this back-pain situation for you is causing you to rethink your life and what it really is (i.e., "What," not who, you are...in Reality). That's the point! (Kim understands most of what I talk about... but putting it into action requires true inspiration, self-introspection and determination to accomplish!)

Bless you, Henry! I wish you all the best and hope that, if you need me, I can help.

Aloha,

Jay

From: henry

To: Jay

Sent: December 4, 1998

hi jay,

i'm kind of glad that you were in phx for a week. it gave me some time to respond to your email re: pain and the incident at your mother's house.

first, i misunderstood your comment, i thought i read that something happened to you recently which was revelatory to your back problem. i did not realize this happened 10+ years ago.

someone sent me a new yorker magazine in their medical dispatch article dated 9/21/98 about the psychology

of pain when there is no physical reason for it. i had read a few other articles prior to reading this particular one and had kept a positive attitude about my whole condition and healing until 2 months after the accident, when i took a turn for the worse. it was the day i was [awakened] by shooting pains in my right leg. i was not taking any sleeping medicine, until that week. i was having a lot of problems for 2 months due to the relentless, intense pain. later that week, i lost the mental aspect of bearing the pain.

i have been on vicodin es (extra strength) for several months. i was initially on tylenol 3 but stopped after several weeks because it did not help me. the vic. es [vicodin extra-strength] doesn't either. luckily for you it works, unfortunately you only discovered it last year. i have not asked my md about switching to a stronger painkiller in fear that i will be sedated and become bed-ridden. this is the way most painkillers work, by keeping you asleep.

as of wed. b4 thanksgiving, these are my injuries: 1 herniated disc, 2 slightly bulging discs, torn tendons in my right ankle and torn cartilage in both my knees. the pain from the herniated disc was hiding the intensity of all the other injuries and effected my flexibility, posture and gait. i also have sciatica.

after much contemplation, believe me i've had a lot of time for that, i have discovered aspects of me that i had not been in touch with, a better understanding of humanity and whom i can rely on and [whom] i can't.

most saddening to me are those who have not come through or been there for me. at the same time, i continued to be the pillar of other people's support for their problems and tragedies.

kim, on the other hand, has repeatedly been there for me despite the distance. i have learned a lot about kim in the past 5 1/2 months and can only implore that you have tolerance for her, treat her properly and take good care of her. you owe that to her. it is not my intention to meddle in your marriage, but she is someone who needs a lot of tlc and whose profession is extremely physically demanding on her body due to her continous travel through times zones and air travel and it's harsh environment. not to mention the danger of air travel, despite it being the safest mode of travel, and the length of her commute.

thanks for your insights and sharing your experiences on how you overcame your back pains and how you are dealing with it now. i also appreciate you're willingness to help me.

henry

From: Jay  
To: Henry  
Sent: December 13, 1998

Hi Henry!

Survived another week of classes every night, 2 certification exams, a company Christmas party on Friday evening plus frustrating customer assignments during the day.

Kim came home on layover late Friday night but got sick yesterday (and today) so she couldn't complete her trip. She's lying on the couch now (5 p.m.) watching TV. The first time she's been up since noon yesterday. This is the second or third time in the last month or so that she's been ill or in pain and had to drop her trip. She will contact her supervisor tomorrow to let her know that she cherishes her job. (My idea!)

Thought I would get back to addressing your email from last week. Well, if the super drugs (Vicodin is a narcotic and doctors don't like to prescribe it) don't work, morphine is next, if you can find a doctor to prescribe it. BUT, if nothing works, how about learning meditation to relax the body?! I had to learn a yoga deep-breathing technique (where you can "hear" your self breathing, like a hollow sound inside your self, and focus only on that) to literally "rise above" the pain that you described.

Once you get that in control, the next step is to go within your self and "ask" whatever you believe to be your Higher Self/Power (such as God, Buddha or Whatever "you" believe to be able to assist you when you get to the end of the road and there is no way up [i.e., rock bottom, as if you were going to die]) and try to

reach out to Something to help save you—it will take that kind of resolve!

I wish you well, Henry. Your help and answer are within You. This is the chance of your lifetime to find your Self...What you really are. Good luck. I hope you find It. (Sorry...it may not alleviate all your physical pain, but you will be able to live with it when you understand the lesson behind it that you always wanted to know...unbeknownst to your ego!) I am rooting for You. I want Your company...as well as Kim's.

Aloha,

Jay

P.S. I don't mind your concern for Kim, regardless of our marriage...I understand your relationship/kinship (i.e., ego similarities) with her more than either of you realizes. This is the reason why: "When you understand your (ego) self, you can know others." (An incredible lesson! And, one you have begun recently as a result of your accident.)

I love and appreciate Kim very much. But, there may be times that she has to work her way through some tough, emotional, personal ego lessons that may involve me as well as others. Everyone has to learn the lessons that their "ego" drags them through until they find their True, peaceful and content Self. (You'll have to read my book or the *Course*, if this doesn't make sense to you, right now.)

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### **Mele Kalikimaka! (Merry Christmas) 1998**

This has been a very busy and exciting year for the two of us. We moved into our new home here in Hawaii and left Salt Lake City, which had been home for both of us for several years. Jay wasted no time getting all our belongings put away that we had shipped over here courtesy of my airline. He also put in a sprinkler system in our backyard with the help of our neighbor. We both planted the garden, but Jay did most of the work. I transferred bases so I am now commuting to LA to go to work. By March, the yard was in and Jay had started the MCSE (Microsoft Certified Systems Engineer) course. March was also quite monumental for me, too. I was contacted by a sister I did not know I had. It was quite a wonderful surprise. We were both adopted, and she is 13 months younger than I am. Her name is Kathy, and she lives in southern California with her husband and three children.

We were able to get a respite in June when we went to visit Jay's mother in Ogunquit, Maine. She has a beautiful summer home there in the middle of the woods, that are quite relaxing. We also felt compelled to consume mass quantities of lobster. Well, at least, I did (Jay never touches them). We also enjoyed our daily walk and ice cream cone.

Jay had six exams to pass in order to become an MCSE. He completed this process by August. He took a month off to get caught up on the things he wasn't able to do for the previous six months. In October, he started a new job with a company called Vanstar, which announced their merger with a company called Inacom (that will be their new name someday) by the end of his first week.

In November, we went to Hong Kong, where I have longed to go for sometime now. We had a wonderful time! We then went to southern Florida to visit friends and family for a few days.

We love our new home! We have wonderful neighbors and have made quite a few new and wonderful friends. They have all made us feel very at home here. Believe it or not, there are over 100 commuters from my company going from Honolulu to LA, and I have met quite a few of them; they have all been wonderful to me. They actually make commuting 5 hours to work enjoyable.

We wish you all the best this holiday season!

Love,

Kim and Jay

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From: Jay  
To: Henry  
Sent: January 29, 1999

Hi Crip!

Saw this in another email and thought of you:

“Learn to get in touch with silence within yourself and know that everything in this life has a purpose. There are no mistakes, no coincidences, all events are blessings given to us to learn from.”

—Elizabeth Kubler-Ross

Aloha,

Crip2

From: Jay  
To: Henry  
Sent: January 30, 1999

Hi Crip!

Well, it's 6:10 a.m. and it seems that I have been awake all night thanks to my back's continuing spasms. However...it's interesting, for the first time in 9 years, that I can: watch them coming on; feel the pain during them, without tensing up (i.e., emotionally adding to it by being terrified of the ensuing, wrenching agony) and thus increasing its affect; and watch it go, long enough to catch my breath and relax for a few "seconds" before the next wave comes on. Also, after finding two drugs (Ultram and Vicodin) 8 years later, now, that worked, nothing seems to even just take the "edge" (tension) off my pain!

I think this has occurred so that I can talk to you, Henry, from a similar, continual level of pain (which gets worse when I lay down to rest!) that you're at so that maybe you will "hear" Me. Unbeknownst to me while I wrote *BANISHED from the Sandbox* [by Jay], I did not internally understand, until years after it was given to me, that it was for people, such as your human-ego self [*human* and *ego* are synonymous, by the way, from a Real perspective], in hopes that it would help guide those at the spiritual evolution embarkation point of their life where they are in sufficient mental and/or physical pain to *truly* want a meaningful way of understanding their dilemma (and

the biggest lie we've all been told!) on earth and finding a way out **through** it. In other words, it's an experiential "how-to-do-it" book on changing your attitude, which is the ONLY thing *anyone* can change, in order to live peacefully and contentedly in the world and not be "of" it...in spite of whatever physical pain our egos may have inflicted upon *our* selves. (Yes, that's right...we are doing this to our human, ego-selves, right now...even me, knowing what I know [perhaps, to show you that you can live through and with pain, of any sort].) If you graduate beyond that book, you can move on to *A Course in Miracles* and learn to speak and listen "directly" to your internal, higher Self, which is the Real You. (No, Henry, I am not wiggling out...I really do think and talk this way when people such as your self enter my life, at the juncture you are at!)

The catch: **You must want "to live peacefully and contentedly in the world (i.e., Love, rather than fear)," *above all else*** [ergo: "when you're sick and tired of being sick and tired"].

I think it's interesting that even Kim recently experienced (upper) back pain in her rhomboid muscles that run up and down along the inside edges of the shoulder blades so she can now understand what it's like to have long-term physical pain that no (or hardly any) normal drugs (prescription and otherwise) can alleviate (i.e., the kind you *have to* endure because there is nothing that will work). Remember though, regardless how similar other people's pain is to ours and no matter how much they love us: NO ONE can experience or know what

we individually know or feel! Also, the sad realization for our egos (when We are willing to *listen* rather than *think* the way they do) is that no one can ever truly understand our human selves because that aspect of our Real self is desperate to be loved on one hand; and yet, “it” (not Us) is desperate to maintain its individuality, secrecy about its internal misgivings, separation and independence from others.

The Second Catch: If you are “thinking” your way logically through any problem (using your brain, you *think!*), you are guaranteed NOT to find the correct solution because the answer is the Process itself and arriving at the internal *willingness* to surrender your ego’s foolish attempts to solve anything of “real” consequence, which neither you or anyone else has ever done because all answers of any consequence are *given* to Us. (When you understand this, then you will internally understand [i.e., will be told...verbally or otherwise] the solution to *all* problems and will be eternally endowed with the ability to resolve them mentally/spiritually.)

Time to go move around so that I can stand (which is my most comfortable position) for hours, maybe.

Aloha,

Crip2

From: Bobbie  
To: Jay

Sent: January 31, 1999

Jay,

Just read your email and assume you have tried magnets on your back—I know Michael has them and has used them with apparent success; but don't know the condition of his back. Still think you should let Ariel have a look when you're next in Maine

[Mom...aka: Bobbie,to me]

From: Jay

To: Bobbie

Sent: January 31, 1999

Hi Bobbie!

Yes, I have tried magnets (in a car seat, in my shoes and in a bed underlayment) without any noticeable results. Different things work for different people...that's why there are so many approaches to everything. We're all so damn unique...physically.

I am willing to have Ariel work on me, as I know that whenever two people come together, any degree of healing is possible. As you may remember, I tried everything from acupuncture to chiropractic to ease my back situation. Yet, the thing that really did the trick was our vacation with you in Maine last summer. Since then I was able to sleep more than 5 hours a night and wake

up without “any” back pain. (I think it has a lot to do with our improved relationship...as it all began 9 years ago when we got into that tussle around Christmas when Bobby was down.)

This recent attack last Thursday (and lasting still) I have a feeling has occurred to enable me to reach Kim’s friend, Henry, who is suffering from real severe lower back problems “seemingly” resulting from an auto accident. It has become clear to me, and Kim, that it is his opportunity to come to grips with all his personal and family issues (i.e., he hasn’t told his parents yet, for instance) and to spiritually evolve to a higher level. (Kim is also experiencing some lower back pain right now, too. And, she knows it is because we are mentally joined and is her opportunity to share/learn with me how to rise above it.) I have shared my past trauma with my back situation and the unconventional lessons I learned as a result of it. But, I know he hasn’t taken it to heart yet and asked, internally, for spiritual guidance from his Higher Self. However, if I am going through the same thing at the same time as him, he is more apt to listen. That’s what AA and other related organizations do...provide a forum for people at the crossroads of their life to really work out their issues in a friendly, supportive environment. Henry is a loner, like Kim and my family and me, so he has no one except Kim (and me through Her).

It’ll be interesting to see what happens. I am not concerned about my current condition as it miraculously ended for no “obvious” reason last summer. But, I

KNOW that the healing of our relationship and the love that exists between us now has a direct bearing upon it!

The only thing that's a little disconcerting is that I can not install any computer equipment in this condition, and I do have a job next Thursday on Kona requiring me to do so. Maybe, I'll call them up and see if the Interim Healthcare's Branch Manager's husband is available to do it while I guide him. She has already asked me questions "for him" about the functionality of their new computer equipment, which is sitting in boxes waiting for me to show up and their digital data line to be installed (without it the equipment can't do anything), and what equipment he should buy?

"Ciao for now." (It's a cruise ship sign-off, after the daily social director's messages)

Aloha,

Jay

From: henry  
To: Kim  
Sent: February 26, 1999

i'd thought [jay would] not be [comfortable] or think that it would be a "wise" decision on your part if i stayed in your [hotel] room [in L.A.], which as u know i asked that i stay in a separate room.

i think that he knows that if u and i [had] not talked, that the telephone conversation with you and jay would most likely have been VERY different. i, earlier in the day, had [been] in the middle of both of you and believed that your marriage was pretty much over, especially since the discussion that you and jay had earlier that morning. that is the reason that i asked if you [needed] support toward the end of the flight. for i too was very apprehensive about staying the day in [L.A.] since my original plan was to return to nyc the same day. i felt that if you wanted to accept my offer for support that the risk of an “unwise” decision (of accepting my help) by you outweighed the benefit of saving your marriage to jay. since i knew b4 hand that i had NO intention of taking advantage of you or the dismal condition that was created after you and jay talked earlier in the morning.

i hope that jay will see my true motive and reason for offering to stay the day in [L.A.]. my one and only motive was to help the two of you and not to make him feel further distrustful or to dislike me.

hopefully he will believe [nothing of an inappropriate nature] happened between you and me in [L.A.]. nothing can change his mind about what he believes [is] the truth even if we’ve told him the complete truth .

From: Jay  
To: Henry  
Copy: Kim

Sent: February 27, 1999  
Subject: The Chance of a Lifetime

Dear Henry,

Where to begin...

The Spirit of Me misses my spiritual partner, Kim, very much and as a result my ego feels desperately lonely without Her. We met on a very high level and have sunk to the depths of most human-ego relationships, which grieves me to no end. We can not serve two masters. We either come from the Spirit of Us (which has no detailed focus on this earth) or our human egos (which are ensconced in the details of the world). A conscious choice must be made.

I was not pleased that you and Kim shared a room in Los Angeles. I asked her, "How would you feel if I had done something similar with a female friend of mine?" She said she knew how I felt. (According to your email to Kim, you knew, too! But her *ego* overrode good common sense...as it so often has done. *You* could have taken a separate room and gone to her room to talk... even when you knew in your Heart [i.e., from the internal knowing of the Spirit of You]! And, I was not pleased, later when I found out, that you were there in her room when she spoke to me on the phone.) However, I do not believe anything happened between you two of an inappropriate nature. I trust Kim more than she realizes. Bottom line: it wasn't a cool thing for Kim

to do in view of the situation between us (or anytime for that matter).

She gives you great credit for trying to save our marriage...and therein lies the rub. Because you have no idea how much effort I have put in trying to save it myself. You have replaced me as her most trusted friend. For instance, I heard last night, and once while you were here, "Henry said...." When that happens (i.e., when the parties in a marriage have to go outside themselves to others on the ego/worldly level) rather than learning to turn within spiritually, together (using the intuitive mind of the Spirit of them), it becomes just another worldly relationship based upon ego gratification and neediness. I have been trying very hard for the last three and half years to "start" to get back to that point when we first met and our relationship had a more spiritual base and we felt very free with each other to share our deepest and darkest secrets. If you see the movie, *Meet Joe Black*, you will see how our relationship began, at the tail end of it. Kim is very intuitive/spiritual but loses all traces of it when she engages in anal retentive (AR) behavior and becomes a screaming ego by focusing too much on details rather than the substantive content/intent of subject matter that she is chatting about with someone else. I am AR, too (it always "takes one to know one"), but try to use it appropriately, such as when working with computer systems and around the house to keep it beautiful and safe.

Kim has a very youthful ego. As she aptly put it very early in our relationship, “I stopped growing emotionally at age nine.” (How’s that for spiritual honesty...no *ego* would! By the way, you, and most people, would be shocked at the depth of ego exposure we have shared with each other. Our human egos may not be friends, now, [particularly, when it has your ego to get lost with] but we have definitely been *confidants* of the highest order for each other). Because of that, there have been many instances where I attempted to guide her by making “comments” in the form of questions about things that she does. For instance, Kim knows she has difficulty letting go of “stuff” (even trash) and tends to accumulate a lot of paper materials in her closet, in her travel bag and on her nightstand. Whenever I suggest going through her piles of papers, she procrastinates and tries to avoid doing it...big time! However, she finally acknowledged, recently, that she doesn’t know why she has trouble letting go of paper trash (or anything she has not used or looked through for a long time) and sincerely thanked me for keeping her feet to the fire, as it were, and making her clean up before we went out to go play!

This demonstrates the irony of our relationship. On one hand, I have to parent her to help her do what her human *ego* needs to do. (You would be surprised at the depth I have gone to in trying to cover ground that her parents should have. For example, no one ever told Kim which direction she should wipe her butt so she didn’t get a urinary infection. But, it was perhaps caused by her chaotic upbringing with so many departures by

loved ones.) On the other, when Kim quiets her ego (i.e., knocks off the idle child-like chatter and her focus on inconsequential details about the physical world, we *think* we live in) and *listens*, she has a spiritual intuition that is incredible! It is that that I fell in Love with...from the first few hours I was with her! She is my spiritual partner, but not necessarily my ego partner when “it,” not her, gets uppity about some truly meaningless matter about the physical world or when I try to get her to summarize the important points when she is trying to “tell” me a rather enormous amount of detail, like a nine year old would, rather than getting to the point. However, our lifestyles are very similar, and we have similar tastes in many things. For instance, we are TV couch-potatoes who like to go exploring and for walks; have friends over for dinner; spend quiet time together meditating; work in the yard together; do things for each other, like washing the other’s car or massaging the other’s neck to relieve tension; travel around the world; have cleanliness, neatness and organization in our home and stuff (although, I sometimes have to lead the way here since she told me the first night we met that she needs help *organizing* [and cleaning up]); and others (even stupid little things, such as liking the same color combinations, i.e., dark blue, purple and teal).

Kim brought home a greeting card for me about three weeks ago when I was having a really tough emotional time at work, feeling mentally abused by constantly being challenged by my boss and coworker every time I asked a technical question...no matter how small.

I was emotionally drained after over three months of always having them answer my questions with more questions rather than just giving me an answer. Plus, there were always extremely condescending overtones emanating from them whenever I had to ask anything of them. I lived in fear. I never felt any respect from them and wondered why I should continue working in an environment where I was really not happy. If I am not happy, I certainly can't make Kim or anyone else happy. I also didn't want it to affect my attitude at home...and it was! I was very discouraged. The printed message on the card was extremely appropriate (again, an example of how tuned-in Kim can be), but the message she hand wrote on the inside brought tears to my eyes because I was so touched by it. It said:

Dear Jay,

I do believe that good things are in store for you...just hang on a little longer. Believe in your self, and everything else will follow naturally. It will not take as long as our relationship has.

*I love you dearly!* [an expression I used to use a lot!]

K – your partner

It's hard to believe that two weeks later (i.e., one week ago) I asked her why she loved me while we were going for a walk. Kim could not even give me *one* reason!? (I can give, and could have given, her *many* reasons why I love her: she is very spiritually intuitive; intellectually

she knows the Truth that this world is merely a figment of our collective imaginations [i.e., an illusion] rather than a creation of God; she is the *only* person in my life that could or would answer the only truly meaningful question on earth [If you were God, would you create a world like this? Her answer: “No way!” ... with a laugh, indicating a true sense of humor.]; she is extremely kind, generous, affectionate and loving; her cat, Sylvester, and I had a spiritual bond immediately, which emulated the bond that Kim and I have felt toward each other [meaning we just both intuitively knew we had to be together]; we met in an *A Course in Miracles* class which meant we were going in the same direction; we also had a background in yoga and meditation; we love doing things for each other, like cooking a meal...provided we are not too caught up in the trials and tribulations of the world; she is the epitome of sweetness and innocence, which I told her in a letter exactly on our sixth month anniversary [if there is such a thing]; and Kim, surprisingly, is the most secure woman in her relationship with me...doesn't have an ounce of distrust or jealousy if I visit with other women or ex-girl friends by myself. OH!...she's very attractive, too, which is far more important to the eye of the beholder than one's prettiness, since many of them who are so are spiritually unattractive and shallow!

On the negative side, Kim can easily be taken advantage of as she tends to have a “doormat” personality because of her *need* “to make *someone else* happy” rather than her self, first. She is also prone to mood swings and was unhappy without knowing why for

the first year of our marriage, after which she made a *conscious* decision to change her disposition, and she has been very pleasant to come home to ever since! (It was a real miracle!) I think Kim has a lot of anger stemming from her past and the lack of continuity and consistency of familial love and protection since her adopted, first mother died when she was nine, then her first stepmother died when she was 12 and finally her adopted father died when she was 19. Being raised in primarily a masculine environment with her older brother and her father (she had a younger brother, too, but he was quite a bit younger and not a authority figure for her), Kim responds to situations in a angry, temperamental, masculine fashion using foul, and definitely unlady-like, language. For instance, when we took you out to dinner your last night here, Kim very inappropriately told me during dinner “You’re an asshole” with full disgust and full-fledged anger written on her face and in a tone loud enough for you or anyone else sitting close to us to hear.

Now, I am not perfect, by a long stretch, and have occasionally called her the same thing at home, with no one around so as not to embarrass her, to get her attention to stop aggravating me when she continues to go over and over and over something she is having an issue about and *won’t* stop talking. She can harp on an issue for hours, and sometimes days. When she tells me to “Stop” when I am saying something that irritates her, I *listen* and stop. I think it is a result of her lack of good common sense, which is learned when one stops talking and starts *listening*, which unfortunately is Kim’s

number one deficiency. She is not a good listener around or with me, every day. There have only been a handful of times when she has looked me in the eye while I am talking to her, which is the only sign that someone really cares and is paying attention. She will *not* stop talking sometimes when I try to bring up something important to discuss and “listen” to me. We just talk “at” each other because I have *never* been able to get her to sit down and *discuss* an issue or problem with me, without her *constantly* interrupting me rather than letting me make, what I think is, a worthwhile point about our selves or our relationship so we can come to resolution on some matter between us.

When Kim asked me to marry her, about a week after we first met and two days after I had asked her the same question, to which she gave no reply, I said “Yes” immediately, rather than cause her any anxiety or doubt by hesitating. Afterward, I asked her why she asked me. She said “I knew I could *learn* from you, and I was afraid that you were going to leave at the end of the week [i.e., our first week together] when your car was fixed [and out of the shop] and go back to Florida.” She has recently told me that she really appreciated my *gentleness* then, which seems to have disappeared lately, unfortunately...no thanks to my *ego*, getting caught up in all the stuff of the world and having to deal with other nice people in our close proximity who are highly opinionated and/or negative who are similarly ensnared.

If I have not done so already, I need to mention that I am not threatened by your presence in our lives. No, I had no concern about trusting you and Kim staying together in a hotel room and acting inappropriately... even though it was out of line. And, yes, I believe that you have good intentions for both Kim and me. I think you are a very good person, Henry. Since I now consider you “family,” I am going to “step over the bar,” so to speak, and tell you how I really see you and your ego and what characteristics of your ego can be detrimental to Kim’s spiritual growth, particularly since her innocent, childlike ego can be so malleable and unconsciously swayed into following and mimicking others’ (who she trusts, like you, Henry) *ego* routines, which are not particularly beneficial...as I have seen Kim do because of you. Case in point, while we were having dinner your last night here, Kim swirled her red wine around in the stemware and held up a white napkin behind it in order to see something about the quality of the wine. As she leaned over to you to discuss it, the waiter jumped in and commented about the “legs” [drips of wine going down the inside of the glass]. She really tries to impress you and to be cool in the wine connoisseur-circuit, as it were. (Kim doesn’t like me to tell our friends that she is a wine connoisseur even though she is very knowledgeable, but it’s okay for her to introduce you as a wine connoisseur?!) I wanted to say to her “Stop being so pretentious and pompous ...just drink what you like, now that you’ve had an opportunity to try many varieties, but cut the bullshit ‘I know stuff (so I can have some value because I have no self-esteem without it)’ ego games.” But, I let it slide,

until last night, when my *ego* became irritated with her temperament and I blurted it out.

Another aspect that you share with Kim is an inordinate focusing on incredible worldly details. Specifically, I heard you two go on for what seemed like hours in the kitchen talking “at” each other in a rapid-fire manner (because you kept interrupting each other when the other would say something that would trigger a response about something else) about Mormons—when neither of you know very much about them. I have seen or heard you two talking about *incredibly minute* details about the world including the airline industry and, of course, wine. And, I know you both because I know *my* ego-self in all its miserable glory from studying it for many years and writing about it to expose it to the world in as much gut-wrenching honesty as I could muster. Knowing your self, first, is the *only* way you can know others! If you don’t, or can’t be open about it, then you don’t know jack-shit, because looking at, acknowledging and forgiving your *ego* is the only truly meaningful function on earth. By the way, Kim and I were very pleased to see you become much more open and emotionally expressive after your recent car accident. Now...neither of you is really doing any harm by focusing on details; but Kim started down this spiritual path with me that requires one to lose their *attachment* to things and to details about this dream-world we live in. (That doesn’t mean you have to give up all pleasures and comforts of the world. Unless you have an internal understanding and

acceptance of what I am talking about, this will all seem like trite garbage to you.)

When I listen to you talk, you always speak about every subject, no matter what it is, with great authority or superiority. I used to do this, also, and when I discussed it with Kim, she said I still do. Well, I listen to my self, very carefully when I talk to others in order to make sure that I not just talking about ego-babble to hear my self talk because I am insecure and need attention, as many people do. You and Kim seem to fall into that category because you two are the only ones I have seen that can talk for hours about useless trivia. In the past, I have also seen Kim talk very loudly and interrupt continually, as if vying and competing for attention, when trying to join in a conversation of other flight attendants, onboard a plane prior to boarding of passengers, talking about nothing substantive. And, yes, I know it's relatively harmless to do so...BUT, if you want to learn and practice the Truth, you learn to stop focusing on any details about this earth (other than necessary ones to live here). Kim, at some point in the beginning of our relationship, expressed a desire to learn to accept and live as if she understood the Truth as presented in *A Course in Miracles*. My concern for Kim is that, particularly around you and also because she is a people-pleaser, her ego can get swept up in mundane conversation. Kim's ego can be too easily distracted by worldly ego-types and may continue with bad habits, like talking about drivel. Mindless chatter and having any opinions about anything or anyone, good or bad, is an utter waste of time! If you haven't noticed, I don't sit

around and just chat with anyone, including Kim. I try to limit conversation to things that are truly meaningful, significant to helping one get free of their ego and relevant to performing my job.

This may seem awfully trite, but you are a very lazy writer, Henry, in your emails by using code-like abbreviations (i.e., b4 for before and airline abbreviations) and little punctuation and no capitalization. (Maybe, E. E. Cummings was your idol?) When Kim sends mail to you, she falls into your same pattern because her ego so much wants to be loved and accepted by you. (And, that's her way of joining with you and giving you love.) I am going to sound old fashioned here but it has come to my attention that people who are lazy in any way don't love them selves. Consequently, and partly because I have been in the publishing industry where I really solidified my command of the written word, I always use good English, capitalization, spelling, paragraphing and punctuation. *Everything* I do says I love my self because everything I (and you) do and say is for my self, first and foremost; and it includes how I keep my body, my home, my place at work and everything I own. Since Kim loves you, Henry, and wants to be accepted by you on an ego level (because unbeknownst to her, you are already joined, as all of us are, on a spiritual level that is unknown to you both) it would be in her best interest if you would clean up your act where she has learned bad habits such as this. I want everything about her to say "I love my Self and I am not dependent on anyone or anything for my self worth." She deserves it, but she won't learn it from

your current example. And, I know you are capable, Henry, of being a better one. I just hope your desire will be there to help Kim not follow less favorable habits.

As a suggestion, the next time you are a guest in someone else's home, it would be appropriate, rather than assumptive and overbearing, to ask *both* parties if they mind if you adjust the lighting in their living room where they *are* as well. I don't like to watch TV in the dark, for instance. Kim told me you asked her if there was anything she wanted to watch on TV, but you never asked me. Personally, I find channel surfing on TV or on the radio very irritating. Because I didn't want to irritate Kim, I let it slide while you were here. Kim is afraid to speak up to loved ones, let alone strangers, and tell them what pleases or irritates her because of her doormat personality (i.e., people-pleaser) and her need to be harmonious and non-confrontational... even though it can be done in a tactful manner, such as "Would you mind if we turned up the lights a bit and select something on TV that we could all enjoy watching?"

Also, Henry, don't take any of this as a personal slam to your ego. As I said before, I know you are a good person with good intentions for Kim, and hopefully, for me and us. And you are welcome to come visit us (if there still is an "us"), again.

Kim recently said to me this past week "You'll lose a good thing if you lose me." And, I told her that I know all her good qualities and appreciate them...so I do

know! Well, you know the same applies about me for her, too. I doubt that she will ever find another man that will ever work as hard to release her from the insecurity and stranglehold of her own ego. But then, she doesn't even know why she loves me!? Oh well...what can I say and do. I will miss Kim terribly if she decides not to continue on the path that "we" agreed upon, but her ego wants to digress from. If you or Kim cannot tell from the spirit and tone of this letter how I honestly feel and how much I care about you both and how much I love Kim, I will be speechless. And yes, Henry, I would like you to come with us to a place in your mind where there is nothing but peace and contentment.

Love to you, Henry...and Kim, I do truly love you, dearly (and I know why)!

Jay

P.S. If you have never been in a "committed," married relationship, I promise you, you have no idea how to handle one or give appropriate advice to those who may be going through a difficult period...no matter how well you know them. It's very different when you marry someone rather than just live with them because the intentional lifelong commitment is not there unless you do! Just a little, CA (cheap advice).

.... To be continued?

From: Kim  
To: Henry

Sent: February 28, 1999  
Subject: The Current Situation

Dear Henry,

I sure am sorry and embarrassed to have gotten you involved in the situation between Jay and I. It is like a nightmare to me, and I am so sorry. I sure wish things would have gone smoother around here while you were visiting! I also wish I had known that you had been interested in visiting the "Big Island." I know I mentioned it as a possibility to you but didn't know that you wanted to go there. It was such a long way for you to have come and missed it.

I read Jay's email to you (and me). I guess he was really frustrated [with] me using the tablecloth to look at the wine. I don't know where the waiter got the idea that we were checking the legs? I was just playing around. I guess Jay thought I was trying to impress you. I do not like being referred to as a wine connoisseur because I am not and don't pretend to be. I have forgotten more than I have learned about wine. I enjoy drinking it, and that's about it. I do know some things but not enough to feel comfortable to proclaim to be an expert. That's why I introduced you to our neighbor, David, as a wine connoisseur. Jay embarrasses me and puts me on the spot when he tells people that about me. I am also very embarrassed about something he mentioned in the email that I did not think was necessary. You can probably figure what I am referring to. I do not idolize you or take everything you say as gospel. I enjoy your

company and learning from you. He is right about most of the other stuff he said about me. Some of the details are a little skewed but don't make much difference one way or the other.

I was very angry at Jay for not believing you about the name for the noodles. I was the one that asked; and to doubt someone who is Chinese, who does a lot of cooking (and has taken many courses), and whose father worked in and owned a Chinese restaurant, I found incredulous. You had mentioned that day that Jay seems to have a need to be right [i.e., interfering in our relationship]...so I was very embarrassed when he was right there seeming to prove what you said.

I sometimes get caught up and forget about my surroundings, which is inappropriate. I also did that to you once before but much worse. I created a scene that particular time, but I was very hurt and frustrated and got caught up in my emotions. That is no excuse, but I believe that is what happened. I should not have called him an "asshole" but meant that he was acting like one. He thought since I did not say that he was *being* one, that I inferred that he was one all the time. I do realize that I need to cleanup my language. I did not get that at home; I got it mostly since I began this job and from Chris [her former husband]. I used to do it to shock people. Many people were so surprised to hear some things come out of my mouth because they got the impression that I was so sweet and innocent (which I am not). It has become a really bad habit, and I am sorry if I embarrass people by using that kind of

language. It is something that I am working on not doing.

There are so many things going on in my life right now, that there is a lot of emotional turmoil. It is really hard to keep it together at work. It has really affected my ability to stay focused and to concentrate. I also have to put on an act as if everything is okay.

Well, I guess you now know way more about me than you ever wanted to know. So much for deep dark secrets. There are lots more but I will not get into that. I have never claimed to be perfect, but I feel that I have been very strong and have overcome a lot. I do treasure my friends and really appreciate acts of kindness. Everything I have I have gotten on my own. Nothing has ever been handed to me. I have not had parents to help me along getting started out and was on my own at 19 with no support from anyone but myself. I have had a string of very unsuccessful long-term relationships, which shows my inability to get rid of things (even if they are detrimental to my happiness) and my neediness to hang onto things. I can't imagine how this might have happened. Let me see: given up for adoption shortly after birth; adoptive mother dies when I am 9; father remarries less than a year later (to someone he had been having an affair with, but I did not find that out until I was 19...and I really liked her), then she dies 3 years later. (I couldn't believe it was happening all over again and did not know how God could be so cruel to my family and me.)

The irony is that Jay thinks I am a child stuck at age 9, which, in many ways, emotionally I am. But this event forced me to become an adult at age 12, and I lost all my childhood interests and innocence. I was forced to grow up too quickly. Instead of playing hide 'n seek with my friends I was cleaning house and making dinner for my father and 2 brothers. I was responsible to watch them not my older brother, Kevin. I felt a heavy burden of responsibility.

Then my dad marries Pat, the biggest “bitch” in the world who just so happened to be best friends with my previous stepmother, Alice. She was very much the opposite of Alice, who always tried to be positive and not talk badly of others outside of the house because she realized they might be wondering what she was saying about them when they were not around. I learned to look beyond the obvious and look for the positive in people. I am afraid that much of Pat’s negativity has worn off on me, coupled with other things that have happened, and I am not nearly as nice and generous as I used to be. Alice was a very warm and thoughtful person. Pat, on the other hand, is a very negative person, and seems to enjoy being unhappy and making others unhappy as well. When my father married her I ended up with a stepbrother, Steve, and her parents moving in on us every winter for several months. That meant I had 8 people to clean up after when they were around.

I had an inordinate amount of chores to do around the house in relationship to the other kids. I never thought

of myself as a “Cinderella-type,” but I did think it was very unfair. When I spoke up, I was never heard...my messages never got through. (Shades of the past: seems that is still happening, now.) My favorite was when I needed clothes for school she’d say I had way too many and didn’t need any. My father thought some of the things I wore looked too old for me. Many of my clothes were hand-me-downs from our next-door neighbor that I used to baby sit for and from Pat. My father said I did not need to ask for shoes or clothes for Christmas or my birthday. One year Pat took my younger brother, Robert, and I shopping for school clothes at the beginning of the school year. She got all kinds of clothes for him and bought me a sweater. She said I had plenty of clothes and that I had just gotten a new outfit for my birthday (in March, and it was September, then). I have never had luxuries.

Not to get bogged down in details, but then my father passed away when I was 19...so in 10 years, 3 parental figures had died that I loved very much. I basically have had 4 mothers, one of which I did not know but would love to have met and known about. Pat made a big deal that I went out and bought a new dress when my father died. I was working part-time then, and it was my own money! I did not feel that I had anything appropriate to wear to his funeral. I did not want to wear black so I bought a light-colored dress with purple flowers on it, I wanted something more cheerful. Of course, even though making a big scene about this in front of my relatives from Canada, she bought her son, Steve, and my younger brother, Robert (then called Bobby), a new

suit for the occasion. My oldest brother, Kevin, was married and not at home. I didn't say anything about it and was just trying to quietly come into the house to put it away when she commented about it. I should not have been made to feel guilty about buying a dress for my father's funeral.

I have not learned or seen continuity in relationships. My adoptive-mother, Joyce, and adoptive-father, Don, fought bitterly, and it was very scary to me. I remember lying on the floor of my room one day, crying and wondering who I would live with. I did not know how to choose, and I didn't want to. Apparently, my father cheated on my mother a lot with so-called friends of hers. I truly feel that she died of a broken heart. She loved my father very dearly, I believe, and he broke her heart. He would only give her \$40 a week for groceries; and because she had no other money for things around the house, she took in several kids at our home as a "day-care" while their parents worked. She at some point became an alcoholic, and that seemed to be what a lot of their fights were about. My father would pour out her bottles and threaten her. She would hide the empty bottles from him. I remember one time driving in the hills with her by our house so she could throw one of her empty bottles in the weeds. (I don't know why she didn't just find a trash dumpster, somewhere.) One time driving with her to the grocery store I was very scared because she kept bumping into the curb. I thought we were going to get into an accident.

Six months before my mother died she joined AA and stopped drinking. I was so proud of her. I used to have to watch my brothers at night while she was at her meetings because my dad was supposedly working late. When he'd call I'd have to cover up for her, because he did not like her leaving us by ourselves. He should have been supporting her, not getting mad at her for helping herself. The Christmas of 1970 was the best Christmas I ever remember because I felt that I had my family back, intact. I was relaxed and didn't have to be scared anymore. I even got the clock radio that I wanted for Christmas. She died 3 weeks later on January 13, 1971. My mother also took in foster children. There was one who's name was Kimberly, also. She was really very temperamental and hard to handle. When Bobby (AKA: Robert, now; before we adopted him, he was called Marty) came into our house, Joyce just fell in love with him and asked my father if we/they could adopt him. To me, it seemed like such a family experience because we all got to go to court and talk to the judge, and I was really hoping he'd let us keep him. Of course he did, unfortunately my mother died 3 years later. She loved him very much, and I don't know if he even remembers her. It breaks my heart.

Alice, my first stepmother, and my dad seemed to have a very good relationship, unfortunately they were only married for 3 years before she died.

I'm not real sure, but I think that Pat and my dad fought a lot. I somehow don't remember. She complained a lot about him to me, which really bothered

me. She complained about the mess he would make doing this or that project for her. I told her she should see the positive side and appreciate the things he was building and putting in for her such as: the laundry room, a sun deck, fluorescent lights in the kitchen, and a Jacuzzi. She would just complain about cleaning up after him. He never had the means to do this for my mother or Alice. I was not allowed to walk through their bedroom and bathroom to get to the Jacuzzi just outside the door, even though Steve and Bobby were. I had to walk around and consequently only went in it about 3 times since I would freeze getting into the house at night.

Dave, my boyfriend at the time, could not stand the way my parents treated me. Whenever they were watching TV or playing a game together, they acted as if I did not exist. I had to wait for the commercials to come on to talk to them. (He and I dated for about 4 years, off and on, as we would break up and get back together, frequently. He broke up with me for the last time when I needed him the most, the summer my father died.) My father was in the middle and would get in trouble with Pat if he stuck up for me. I have a real thing, now, about not being *heard* [i.e., listened to]. I had to *raise* my voice to get my families attention at the dinner table. I could not finish what I was saying or make my point. I was cut off and told that's the way it was. My father said I always had to have the last word. He did sign a picture of himself in a company magazine that said "To Kimberly, my favorite daughter". I told him "Dad I am your only daughter"! And he said, "But you are still my favorite."

I moved out of the house shortly after my father died. This was a very difficult decision for me to make. I felt like I was abandoning ship. It was just Bobby, Pat and I at home, at that time. Steve was in the Air Force. I did lot of things around the house that I was unsure that the two of them could handle. After that, I had to call first and get permission to come over as she had taken away my key when I moved. Our home was no longer *my* home. I had lived there longer than her, and now, I was no longer welcome to “pop-in,” unannounced.

My grades really suffered while my father was sick battling cancer. He found out around Christmas time in 1979. The doctors gave him 8 months to live, and that’s all he lived! Pat complained the day my father died (in front of my brothers while we were all seated around a table) that I did not visit my father enough while he was in the hospital and that when I was there I would just look up at the ceiling.

I visited him more than Pat knew as I did not feel the need to make a “big-to-do” about it. When she was around I just couldn’t seem to find the appropriate thing to talk to him about. She did not want me bringing up problems or anything negative. My father was hallucinating and barely seemed to know what was going on. That’s why I did not say much when she was there. Pat got mad at one of my aunts for sticking up for me, who told her that one particular day she could tell I had been there by the flowers that I brought him. It was for the 4th of July, and I put a Canadian flag in with the US flag as kind of a joke since he was Canadian. The

summer he died I was in school at the junior college I attended. (Jay makes fun of me that I did not go to a 4-year school. I don't know where I was supposed to get the money for that. I am the only one in my family that went beyond high school. My stepbrother, who was supposed to become a lawyer, was in the Air Force and became a major drug addict.)

Anyway, Pat decided to volunteer me to baby-sit for one of the nurses who took care of my dad and worked the night shift because she lived nearby the hospital... and Pat thought I would visit my father more. I had started a weekend demonstration job that paid more in one weekend than I made all summer baby-sitting and would have given me far more time to visit my father. The woman really took advantage of me. She stayed out late and wouldn't tell me when she was coming home, and I had to be at school in the morning. Instead of paying me every week like we had agreed, she paid me twice. The last time was when she came to pick up her playpen at our house after my father died. She said "I guess this means you won't be baby-sitting any-more." I barely had enough time to sleep, go to school and then to rush off to her apartment to watch her baby. She was very irresponsible and often would not have milk or food for her baby girl so I would have to drive 10 miles to our house just to get her baby some milk. I had no time to visit my father at that point.

After my father died, I ended up with 3 jobs, none of which I applied for, plus I was taking 19 credits in school. I was making dried flower arrangements in glass

with my friend Lisa. Then, her mother opened a Japanese restaurant and needed a dishwasher for one night, but lasted for 8 months. I was taking typing in school, and one of the instructors asked me to work in the typing lab so I worked there in between classes. On Fridays, I had the dubious task of cleaning the typing lab with Yolanda, who also worked there. She was going through a divorce at the time. She would buy each of us a huge coke at the snack bar before we started to clean. I think that is how I got hooked on Coke. We were never allowed to have sodas at home, except on special occasions (usually when company was over).

Yolanda and I became friends. She needed roommates to help pay her house payment since her husband, Dennis, had moved out. Pat was sending me to a male psychologist at Mt. Sac because she thought I had problems thinking that everybody I loved was going to die on me [i.e., an issue with abandonment, which was true]. I did not know what to talk about when I went there. I mostly ended up talking about her and our dysfunctional relationship. The school allowed up to six visits. She kept calling him to find out what we were talking about, which, of course, he was not supposed to tell her. The thing it did was convince me I needed to move out and that she was my problem. So, I moved in with Yolanda and two other students who were living with her. One (Maria) was pretty strange.

Dennis ended up moving back in. But, he and Yolanda fought all the time. I ended up making friends with one

of his associates who stayed there when he came in town. His name was Mike. I was 20, and he was 33 and married with 2 children. The first time, he came out with his wife, and it was obvious they did not get along either. I really liked Mike, and we began to talk a lot and do things together. I could feel that I was becoming very attracted to him. By the end of the week, when he and his partner missed their “red-eye” night-flight to the east coast, we ended up sleeping together. I was attracted to him like a magnet. I never felt anything that strongly before. Everyone from our house went out to eat at a restaurant by L.A. Airport, and Mike and I had driven in my car. We raced home and beat everyone else there. Sheila, the other roommate, liked him, too, and was very mad at me for what I had done. Yolanda was very upset with me, also. It was my *first* sexual experience...I was 20 years old, and he was married. But, I guess I thought it was okay at the time because I knew he and his wife did not get along.

I ended up moving out the next fall. Yolanda was mad at me for not giving Dennis and her more notice since I told them when they had just gotten back from a trip to Europe, which was mostly a business trip for him. I moved closer to work. The finance manager, through whom I bought my car, had just bought a house. Being the early 80's with exorbitant interest rates, he and his wife needed a roommate. When I was moving from the house, Dennis had asked me if I wanted to fly to Seattle with him. I was so enamored with the thought of travel I ended up saying yes. Then he visited me at the hardware store where I was a cashier, and asked if I

wanted to go to Phoenix with him. I was so naive or stupid as to what his intentions were. I thought he was my friend. Not that it was okay to be traveling with my friend's husband. But, once again, I knew they were basically together for financial reasons and that they did not get along. I thought there would be 2 rooms or, at least, 2 beds. There weren't. So I made a deal with him that first night that he take the couch and the next night I would. Of course, the first night he tried to come on to me; however, I was successful in staving off his advances. Then I went to Seattle with him, and nothing happened. However, by the time I went to San Francisco with him, I finally gave in. He and I snuck around and dated for 4 1/2 years. In the meantime, I saw Mike a few times, too. Dennis and I traveled a lot together. I would go with him on business trips and ate in a lot of nice restaurants. I enjoyed being wined and dined and the excitement of traveling. I met his daughters and friends in Portland, and they all seemed to take our relationship in stride. I finally got fed up with having to lie to my friends and not having someone I could call or be with during holidays.

I met my first husband, Chris, in Salt Lake City at the apartment complex where I and a lot of my airline friends from training were living at that time. Chris and I became friends and did things together. (I still had my apartment in Phoenix as well as one in SLC.) He was over one day when I had gotten a notice that my landlord was raising my rent in SLC, and I was upset about the \$60 increase. He said that I could move in with him and his roommate, John. There was another female

flight attendant who was supposed to move in, but she ended up moving in with her boyfriend. Chris and John had gotten a sleep-sofa for their apartment even though they were furnished apartments. Chris and I ended up driving down to Phoenix to get some of my stuff; and while we were there, the first night, we got a hotel room since it was so late and I did not want to disturb my two roommates. I originally lived in Phoenix by myself, and then I got one roommate (Eric) so I could keep the apartment for a while to get out of the cold of SLC when I could. Then, he met a girl named Joy that ended up being our other roommate. I had been working for the airline for about 5 months by this point, and I was still on probation.

I ended up getting pregnant by Chris and having to get an abortion even though I have always been adamantly against them. I was so scared and did not know what to do. (I felt thankful that my mother had me although I realize now she really did not have that option back in 1961.) I felt very guilty that I was taking the easy way out. (Afterwards, I made an appointment with a doctor so I could get a prescription for birth control pills since Chris did not like using condoms. I did not have to worry about this with Dennis since he had had a vasectomy.) I also knew that as far as work went that it would not look good passing my six month probation and becoming pregnant as well as being unmarried. Chris and I flew out to California and stayed with his half brother. His wife took us to the clinic. Had I not done that back in May of '86 I'd have a 12 year old now. I always wondered if it was a boy or a girl, I didn't have

the courage to ask, and I don't know if they would have told me anyway. In my heart, I feel it was a girl because I got sick very early on. It was like killing a part of me. I was 5 weeks pregnant when I had the abortion. When I thought I was pregnant after I met you (because I was no longer taking birth control pills), I couldn't believe I had gotten myself into that predicament, again. I know, though, had I been pregnant I would have kept the baby. I could not give another one up. I always felt grateful to you for saying that it was okay and that you didn't seem worried about it.

I often wonder if I got involved with Chris to end my relationship with Dennis? My introduction to intimate relationships were with two married men. Chris and I lived together for 5 1/2 years before we got married, and we were married for a year before he left. I tried to leave many times, but he begged me to stay. He lied to me a lot. He even visited a few prostitutes. I don't know why I did not leave as I find that to be very unacceptable behavior. He did not seem to be too interested in me, the person lying beside him. He was more *into* the fantasy of magazines and videos (extremely raunchy ones). I thought it was my fault that he was not interested in me because I had great difficulty having orgasms and figured that I was too much trouble for him. I even left him before we were supposed to get married because *his mother* was trying to plan *our* wedding for us, and he would not stand up for me. I didn't like the ideas she was suggesting. Kelly was also pretty overbearing about planning my wedding and offended my aunt and uncle and cousin. She caused a lot of friction that I am sure

she doesn't even know about. I drove to California and did not tell anyone where I was going or that I was coming. I did not want anyone to talk me out of it. I took my uniforms and lots of clothes with me as I was planning on staying. Kelly did call before I left, and I ended up telling her. Even though I asked her not to tell anyone, she told Chris where I was, and then he called looking for me.

My uncle basically convinced me to get married. He said "So what if it doesn't work out and you get divorced." Chris came out and my aunt and uncle drove me down to his parents house to hash things out about the wedding. His parents ended up not showing up for the wedding, which really crushed Chris and upset me. My cousin and her daughter were in a car accident on the way to our wedding. I now refer to it as "the party for my friends" because it was very elegant, and I was still paying for my half after we got divorced. Kelly and Reg and my friend Sabine (Sam) and George were very instrumental in helping me get through my divorce.

Chris left me just before I was scheduled to have foot surgery on both of my feet, and Christmas was in two weeks. I ended up not sending Christmas cards that year or the next...it was just too painful. In December of '94 when you and I were in Macy's in NYC looking at cards, you may remember that I was having a very hard time. Maybe, you'll understand it better, now. I could not stop crying while looking at the cards. They brought back a lot of painful memories. I felt like such a failure. All I wanted was to have a successful, loving

relationship, but by then I seemed to have failed miserably. It kind of scared me when I got blisters on both feet...it reminded me about my foot surgery when Chris left me.

Also, I bought my emerald ring as a gift to myself when I got divorced. It seemed symbolic that when I got it back the other day from the jewelry repair, I was told that it could *not* be repaired, at first. I am wondering if that means the end of another relationship (meaning Jay's and mine). I really don't know what is going to happen, and I thought things were going pretty well the last night between him and me, before I left on my trip. Right before I left, though, it got rocky again, and Jay said "Don't be surprised if I am not here when you get home tomorrow." I guess Jay feels like he is the only one that has been trying for the last 3 1/2 years. He has no idea how hard I have tried and what I go through. I try to tell him, but it is my age-old problem of not being heard or being able to get through to make myself understood. That is one of my biggest frustrations in life.

Well, so much for a quick email and sparing you the deep dark secrets. That's about all of them. There are a few more, but they are not important.

Kim

From: Jay  
To: Kim and Henry  
Sent: February 28, 1999  
Subject: Re: The Current Situation

Dear Kim and Henry,

I cannot believe that I am doing this (i.e., *explaining* anything, and therefore “defending” my ego self) to my beloved wife (who has no clue that she is) and her best friend (who has replaced me in that category because my wife cannot respectfully sit down and discuss *anything* with me without interrupting and cutting me off mid-sentence or ever “listen” to me, as she claims I do not do with her—which is not true, all the time...only when she goes on and on about drivel or ground we have covered before). When Kim shares her *feelings* about many of the things that have occurred in her life, which she has shared in her most recent email to you, I listen and try to encourage her to go deeper.

I feel very, very sad for Kim and me because I have “known” how to save our marriage from the *beginning* (and in her heart, she knows this!)...if she would only *want* to listen, discuss and truly work *with* me to save it as well as be willing to let her ego go without defending it in any way. She doesn’t even have to succeed at stifling her ego. All she has to do is be “willing” to do so, as that is all it takes to achieve it (or anything else, for that matter)—by acknowledging her ego to her true Self, and hopefully me. I have told her this *many* times over the last 3 1/2 years, but she has never *heard* me or responded in the affirmative...probably because her ego is a terrible listener since it’s too busy trying to be heard instead. (The frustration of dealing only with her ego has probably caused my ego to have stepped in and caused me to have lost my true gentleness...particularly

after our first six months together.) Or her ego, which is the consciousness that she comes from most of the time, refuses to allow her the opportunity. Are you really interested in saving our marriage, Kim? And have you figured why you ever loved me? And do you love me, now? Can you tell me why?

I would like to address a few items in Kim's most recent email, "The Current Situation." I honestly ask my Higher Self that I not come from my ego in doing so.

"Jay embarrasses me and puts me on the spot when he tells people [that I am a wine connoisseur]."

Kim, your ego gives you so little credit for things that you do and know. I am pleased with your knowledge in this area and often listen and follow it when we are selecting wine at a restaurant...if you have forgotten! You are very knowledgeable about wine and should not be embarrassed about it. For instance, I am not an expert about computers and have a tremendous amount to learn, *but* that doesn't prevent me from truly accepting my self as a computer systems engineer ...particularly since I have invested so much time (as you have with wine) to at least *begin* to become one. And you know I abhor people who think that a title is their sole source of being here on earth! Your honest sincerity would prevent you, as well as my reminding you, from becoming a title. Your formal classroom learning, your informal learning through reading material at home and just your desire to be knowledgeable without ego gratification (i.e., by thinking of your

self as a title, such as Connoisseur, as an ego would) qualifies you as one.

“I was very angry at Jay for not believing you about the [lomein] noodles. I was the one that asked, and to doubt someone who is Chinese and does a lot of cooking and has taken many courses, and who’s father worked in and owned a Chinese restaurant I found incredulous.”

Sorry...I haven’t done my homework on this one, yet! But, I still believe that lomein is a “type” of noodle, like ramen or spaghetti, that most people identify as such, like in a restaurant or a grocery store. I accept what you said about them being an egg noodle, as so many noodles and pastas are. My point was only that most people identify the words “lomein” noodle, as a type. I have no idea what the Chinese culture regards them as. I am only concerned with what the vast, non-ethnically focused, population regards them as. If I find my self to be wrong on this, I will be happy to apologize to you, Henry (and Kim knows I have no pride when it comes to such trivial as well as major ego things).

“I do not idolize you [Henry], or take everything you say as gospel. I enjoy your company and learning from you.”

I wish the first sentence were true. And I wished, *once* in our life together, that Kim said she enjoyed my company and appreciated learning from (I prefer “with”) me! But, when Kim starts a sentence with “Henry said...” as she did twice last week while you were here,

Henry, and on other occasions in the past, she is in denial. Have you ever heard Kim say anything positive and substantive about me, Henry, or things that I have said or taught her to make her life easier? (There are a ton of things...but not from an ego standpoint!) Kim obviously ***listens*** to you, which is something she has not done with me in an awfully long time (like two summers ago when our marriage was on the skids and I had spent a week evaluating our relationship and each other as honestly and openly as I could. I saved the papers that I used to do that on the wall in the extra bedroom since then, but Kim probably has never looked at it again.) And, I wish she continued to be interested in learning *with* me as she did in the very beginning and as she does with you now, Henry. If I was only an ego, I would be jealous of you, Henry? But, I am not...I am just sad for Kim and us because I have known all along that it didn't have to become like this. I can't help Kim to see ego things about her self so what good am I for her? It's that continual frustration in my desire to help her get past her ego that allowed my ego to rise back up in our relationship. Mine wasn't there in the beginning for several months! Like I said previously, listening is Kim's ego's greatest deficiency. For me personally, now, it's her lack of trust of me.

"He [Jay] has no idea how hard I have tried and what I go through. I try to tell him, but it is my age-old problem of not being heard or able to get through to make myself understood. That is one of my biggest frustrations in life."

Okay, Kim, tell me how you've tried in the past to save our marriage. What things have you done? Name two. Have you ever asked me to sit down and calmly and open-mindedly discuss ways for us to improve our marriage? Have you ever sat down with paper and pen and reviewed the pros and cons of your ego-self, first, and us, secondly? And then asked to sit down and discuss it with me, like I did with you two summers ago when I spent a week (every day when I wasn't working) doing so and refusing to let my ego engage your ego until I could calmly and lovingly approach you with my findings.

Kim, if you want to save our marriage and are *willing*, you can do the following:

- 1) Begin to accept your Self as a *spiritual entity* rather than an earthly ego...and only be willing to live your life as such. (That includes letting go of the need to know insignificant details about anything of the physical world.)
- 2) Really want us, not our marriage, to succeed *more than anything* because you now realize What you are, or are at least *willing* [there's that word, again] to accept it.
- 3) Work *only* with me and God through the Holy Spirit of each other, internally, in trying to save Us and the true spirit of our relationship, meaning: no outside interference or consultation with others, to include you, Henry, about me or our relationship. (Also, how

others see you, Kim, should not be taken as *the* truth because everyone sees everyone else differently. Individual *perception* is nothing more than prejudiced ego-judgment of others, things and one's self *until* one learns to look at *all* of their own ego stuff and become emotionally open rather than locked up, as Henry has recently begun to do. I should have mentioned to Kim at the beginning of our relationship that *only* she and I can ever resolve any issue between us this way, without any intervention from others—particularly, those who have not selected the same spiritual learning path that we have!)

ARE YOU READY, KIM...to find your Self and let your ego go—and consequently, save our marriage as well? (I am...if you will be serious this time about *starting* the job of letting your ego go as that is all that it takes—plus, the intense desire to work only with *me* and your *Real Self* on this. You know in your heart that my only desire in life is to set you free of it!) I anxiously and patiently...and confidently...await your decision. Take as much time as you need.

If you are not willing or caring to do so, then let us separate and leave the door open between us. So, if you ever get inspired to learn the Truth again, your ego won't get in the way as it has during our entire marriage, and you can begin to learn about your Self, again! God bless, You!

With a great Love for my spiritual partner and with Love for my friend, Henry, who probably has no idea

about things that I have said concerning spirituality or the human ego and who innocently intended to help Kim and us,

Jay

From: henry

To: Jay

Sent: February 28, 1999

Subject: Re: A Chance of a Lifetime

thanks for your letter. i reply respectfully and hope that you can put your “ego” on the shelf for a little while as you read this. i am not [tense] or angry about your letter. i actually am glad that you wrote since i was going to call you last night but my sleeping medicine kicked in after 2 hours.

you’re right about my shortness in my emails and [that they are] sometimes code-like but email is that sort of medium. nobody expects emails to be works of literary art but a means to get points and ideas conveyed quickly including the delivery of it. if an idea cannot be conveyed in a few sentences, its’ a letter not [an] email. however, sometimes emails can develop into letter-length. spelling, grammar, capitalization and punctuation is usually forsaken for speed. codes and abbreviations are perfectly acceptable as long as the other reader can understand it.

ee cummings has no caps as you know. email was not around when [shakespeare] and other great writers [were] alive; there4 sorry for my laziness.

it appears that a conscious choice has been made by you concerning your marriage to kim. you both had a lengthy discussion the night b4 i left. when [you and i] were talking in the kitchen in the [a.m.] while kim was [out] getting your rx filled, you did not mention to me that you had asked [her] for a divorce. you gathered up your breakfast as soon as you heard kim close the garage door. you said that we could continue to talk outside on the front porch if i wanted. i did and was going to. immediately after you left the kitchen, kim walked into the house and asked me where you were. i said you were outside and that i was on my way out to the porch. she then said you had asked for a divorce and i almost dropped my breakfast on the floor. i did not know that your marriage had hit rock bottom.

if you follow through with your human ego and conscious choice, you will physicallly lose kim, your wife and spiritual partner. she did not marry a parent, but for some reason, you admit that you need to fill that role. you can never be her parent since you did not bring her into this world. that's the reality of the matter. ego or not. it appears to me that you've already made your decision since you've already asked kim for a divorce. and despite that kim is displeased about your request, she is willing to acquiesce since that is what you want and desire. she wants to make you happy yet kill herself spiritually and emotionally for you. that i

don't see as childish behavior but an adult decision and mature outlook on a marriage that has succumbed to the lowest depths. ego or not?

marriage is a commitment filled with a lifetime of compromise, give and take, talk, listening, respect, honesty, nurturing, etc.. when senseless bickering over easily-solved, minor problems permeate any relationship, such activities will erode and destroy the relationship over time. the lack of willingness to accept each other's short comings and faults and trying to mold and conform the other person to one's expectations through tactics that are either manipulative [or domineering] are unforgivable. it comes through clearly in the human ego, a concept which you both are aware of. the tighter you grip the relationship the faster it suffocates.

acceptance of [a] proposal of marriage is not merely for quickly exterminating anxiety, doubt by hesitation or because your car is fixed. you have both been married b4 and probably know those are rather unusual reasons for getting married. you both are probably making the same mistakes as in your previous marriages. learn from former mistakes and reduce the probability and chances of them recurring.

yesterday i received and replied to an email from a friend who just accepted a proposal of marriage. she said she has not found many faults with this guy except that he squeezes the toothpaste from the middle. i told her [to] give him his own tube.

rationally, you serve more than 1 master in life. your parents, spouse, children, spiritual master, ego, boss, friends, co workers, prospective clients, etc.. you have to eat crow more often than you realize. humility and humbleness are what situations [often lead to]. being oblivious to these human frailties makes one appear arrogant and pompous and frankly, the bad one.

kim and i do not have a spiritual “us.” you and she do. what kim and i have is a mutual respect for each other. we enjoy each other for what we bring into our friendship, good or poor habits. our friendship does not encourage the continuance of good or poor habits. if anything, if there were many [irritating] aspects of our personalities, we more likely than not would not have stayed in touch. i don’t have much tolerance for immaturity but can accept the level (higher or lower) of those whom i know. so, buy her an ice cream cone every now and then. i’m sure you could use one too.

i accept kim for whom she is. none of this ego stuff that you talk about. somehow this ego stuff is affecting your relationship and your view of kim. maybe it’s time to give it a rest briefly and see where your marriage went awry. you seem more bent on this spiritual [ideology] that it is destroying your marriage, and you don’t care anymore but to satisfy your soul. kim is part of your soul and you’ve shut her out.

life is full of decisions. good and bad ones. experience and luck help determine the good ones. that is right. i knew that my staying in kim’s room could be perceived

as [a] “bad” one. i offered to take a [separate] room. i didn’t want the appearance of any [improprieties]. kim [who flew to Los Angeles to go to work on the same plane as me suggested] that we could get a room with [separate] beds as a viable alternative. i made sure that she was comfortable with that idea. she was. the ability to make one’s decision and follow through safely is important for one’s continued development, maturity and self-esteem.

your focus on my being in the room [outweighs] the benefit that i was trying to achieve in helping give the support that is desperately needed to save your marriage to kim. i have entered this situation at the last minute when your decision [was] made up and kim is willing to acquiesce. perhaps i was wrong about [your] wanting to save your marriage. it can be salvaged only if you both feel it’s worth it. that is the point we were [on] b4 u went to work. it seemed that you wanted to. that is why i decided toward the end of my flight to los angeles to offer to talk to kim about your marriage. i was scheduled and planning to return to nyc that night. if kim didn’t tell me upon her return from the pharmacy about your request for a divorce and our discussion on the porch, i would have continued onto nyc. if i didn’t feel that this marriage was worth salvaging, i would have just minded my own business and offered my condolences and “made my move” on kim. prey is easiest when wounded. [wink]

your comment “out of line” is correct if i’m trying to help your marriage and you don’t want to be in it any

more since i am extending something you don't want to be in. show some backbone. kim wants to stay married to you.

by the way, she was calling all over [the night before leaving for L.A.] to find a pharmacy [that] accepted the insurance plan that you have, that might be opened late at night to get your rx filled. she learned that most close around 9-10 pm. yep, you're right about kim wanting to please others.

you wrote that kim has not one ounce of jealousy when you visit other women or ex-girlfriends, yet this room incident was "bad" common sense on her part? how many of your women friends or ex-girlfriends have tried to salvage your marriage recently or cared about it? you have focused clearly on the "bad form" but not the intention or the benefit for you and kim. appears like you're the one stuck on the detail over substance, especially since you have been appraised [about it] several times and you are still [bringing] it up. since i am only one of her few male friends and you sound like you have the ability to visit your many women friends, its seems you have the better arrangement.

i feel that the call you received from kim took a different turn after my talk with kim. we talked extensively about whether there were enough good things and the willingness to work out the edges in your marriage. she felt strongly that there were and felt confident about it. the good aspects actually overshadow the bad ones despite the fact that you told us that you were not in

love with her and that you had already asked for a divorce. yet you can write the ways you love her. i think you are making a mistake by telling me; you need to tell her not me. after our discussion, kim took a deep breath and called you. i “tuned out” of the room because [that] was an intimate conversation [and] i did not need to be a fly on the wall. i asked kim, after the phone call, how it went. she said it went ok and that you guys would discuss the matter when she returned home.

your [inability] or unwillingness to accept that sometimes it takes a fresh pair of eyes to help solve a problem is part of your extreme a.r.-ness. it is not embarrassing to accept or ask for help. if i was able to help in a few hours what you have been working on for 3 1/2 years, then maybe you were dwelling on the [minutia] and missing a few vital pieces. the key question is would your feeling be different if one of your close friends or neighbors did what i did or was trying to do? do you regard it [to be] threatening and mingling in other people’s private matters? would they have behaved in the manner as i did or our president clinton?

i have not replaced you as kim’s closest friend. we have become close friends that respect each other and that can accept and rely on each other. she turns to me to for an ear which she lacks at home, but never talks about your marriage. it’s because i listen to the things you won’t. it is this activity that threatens you and your insecurity about our relationship and my encouragement of [behavior] that you promulgate as abhorrent.

i am sorry for not living up to your expectations. i am merely a diversion that allows kim to express herself in a manner that you [do not] condone and belittle her [about]. an in-your-face approach that can be irritating.

i am surprised that since kim has told you everything about [herself] that you can't [unconditionally] accept her and her history. history can't be altered, however it can be suppressed and denied and used to manipulate. apologies and [acknowledgments] are acceptable. maybe that is partially why you are not "in love" with her now. your declaration of this took me by complete surprise and i had to pause for a moment that seemed like a lifetime and then [swallow] the food in my mouth with extreme difficulty. needless to say, i was taken aback by your response. reconciling her history, disapproval of her friends (and their idiosyncrasies or child-likeness) and important people in her life, [then] not meeting your internalized timeline of her "maturity," and your frustration that people will retrograde every now and then has had a detrimental effect on your marriage. when the genie is out of the bottle, there is nothing more to [imagine] or explore inside the canister.

i hate to bring this up but i would like to refer to your comment about: "kim is intuitive/spiritual...i am a.r., but i try to use it appropriately"...this is exactly you. but somehow you can justify your behavior but not accept kim's. also you write about making "comments" in the form of questions about things she does. don't you hate that when it happens at work? as you said, "just give me the fucking answer when i ask a

question.” are your co-workers doing [to you] what you might be doing to them but you don’t realize it?

there is nothing unusual about spouses being at the highest level of confidants; neither is that unusual for close friends. close friends are those whom you can bounce ideas off of and tell things you can’t tell your spouse without fear of betrayal. what’s important to her is not important enough for you to listen to since you consider the details as unnecessary focus on this world. well hop onto haley’s comet. [wink]

if you knew that kim was mentally a nine yr old, why did you marry her? it obviously wasn’t an issue b4 since you knew that early on. is there some other reason that only you know of?

you can’t get people to listen to you unless you listen to them. if you know that kim has an affinity to please others and can sometimes be a “doormat” as you put it, don’t use this knowledge to your advantage.

i think you do harbor some fear of me because previously you write about kim’s desire to learn from you. she learns from everyone she comes in contact with on a daily basis. however those encounters don’t have any longevity. i offer viewpoints and facts that you do not have or give. being able to see situations in various [ways] enable one to make good decisions. this enables her to see things and incorporate all factors into a decision. when she makes a good decision on her own, she learns and matures. knowledge is power and the

suppression of knowledge is control. you have to nurture kim not beat her emotionally. ask her or watch sometimes the results of your actions on her feelings. sometimes, you might learn something about yourself, instead of your self-image of yourself and what you think is good for her. smoking is cutting your life short [and there4 your time] with kim.

by the way, the legs thing about the wine was not my doing. it was taught in the wine course she took. i have never encouraged her to be pompous about wines. she was doing it quietly until you provoked her by demanding an answer and reason why she was doing it, in front of the waiter who then explained why she was doing it. he, too, did not let kim explain the reason. if anything, ask her how often i remind her that most people take the beverage way too seriously.

you are also right about my not knowing mormans very well. i did not live in salt lake for a long time but i do have a close friend who is mormon. we developed a tremendous respect for each other and have accepted our religious differences only upon long and extensive discussions over 3 years. i have been thinking of going to seattle, where she lives, now that i know that i can sit upright long enough in an airplane seat. she lost a baby at birth last feb and i did not find out until sept. i know how the mormon church can be anti-women and insensitive when babies are lost because you “can always have another” especially if you are a young woman. i have talked to her extensively [and] can tell she is not over it and never will be. i’m sure her

husband will understand my motives because he values her more than the church and also i've been to their home b4. i learn about mormonism everytime i talk to her.

if you have not hyperventilated yet and your ego is still on the shelf, i am glad that you stepped over the bar. i didn't know that i too had to live up to your expectations. sorry that my bad habits and my materialism in this world are unacceptable behavior and i am having a bad influence on kim. but somehow i don't remember buying a house [in] an expensive state, selling a house with low monthly carrying charges, planning to accelerate prepayment on a mortgage (while contemplating accepting [disability] or unemployment payments) or buying a bmw 528. and you are not the one focusing on details and attachment to things (your words) in this dream-world? how is this going to be achieved without some thought [about] the detail of execution of these plans? this plan is not going to happen without kim's financial assistance. also you write about giving up hawaii, labeled the "paradise" on earth. i now understand why.

i actually have simplified my life. i too was looking to buy a bmw 735i until i saw that the insurance was way too expensive. so i gave it up. insurance on the honda was not cheap either, but i bought it because i [needed] a car. my monthly car expenses were more than rent for my apartment until the car was paid up. but i do allow for some treats every now and then. i was also told by other people i would be miserable if i bought the bmw

because i would worry too much about keeping it clean and mine. thieves like to steal it and break into it. bmw, aka: break my window. somehow you have forgotten who is in the acquisition mode.

i am kind of done waxing about kim's attributes which you are fully aware of as well as her suffering from depression and other medical ailments she might have. i am not perfect and know where my shortcomings are. i do not pretend to have all the answers, (ask kim how often i say i don't know) nor will i allow intangible ideas [to] destroy a real relationship. being opinionated is natural as long as it doesn't become violently confrontational ([and are] guaranteed by [the] 1st amendment of the constitution). being intensely a.r. is a mental disorder, and obsessive behavior (moving something 1/4 inch after someone has set something on the table) is destructive and humorous to those around you. there is nothing wrong in taking pride in what you do but not at the expense of condescension or being harshly judgmental.

as you continue as a computer consultant, if you do, you will find that there are lots of very [technically] oriented people in the field. it is also filled with [acronyms] and the shortening of phrases. detail orientation is not their forte since there are so many programs with bugs. patches (job security) have to be made constantly. software doesn't develop in quantum leaps; [it] just evolves from patches and fixes. code for programs grows; it doesn't shrink. technical people need to show their expertise, by questioning your questions with

questions. in effect they are feeling out your competence. [at] this juncture of time when there are many "paper" mcse's, there is skepticism in another's ability and rate of compensation. too many mcse's think they know everything about ms. now that you've completed all exams, you can reflect back and say the exam was based on knowing details not problem solving. unfortunately that is how standardized competency exams are testing especially multiple choice ones.

thanks for allowing me to respond to your letter. i hope that you will save it for a couple of days after the tension has eased a bit and you will read it again. often it's best to put something down when it's too hot and check it later. i know that you have your pc delete emails when you turn [it] off, but consider this a keeper for a few days. we both expended a lot of time on it and i'm sure it will be helpful to look back on it. show it to kim. the burden of saving your marriage is not all on you. maybe even print it. reading a piece of paper is sometimes easier than a pc monitor.

love you both,

henry

p.s. let me know if i can be of further assistance or tell me to butt out.

From: henry

To: Kim

Sent: February 28, 1999

Subject: Re: The Current Situation

i quickly read your email and decided not to retain or address most of it, except for the following.

i do remember macys and you telling me why you were upset and did understand then. there is no shame in having had an abortion. although i do not sanction them, i do believe that men do not have the right to legislate women's access to them. it's a tough enough decision to make to have one; don't need the law to have a say in it. pro-choice is pro-life. often that concept is blurred by emotions and religion. your thoughts [about] what your baby was (boy or girl) is something that will be with you forever. that is why i am thinking of going to visit my mormon friend. she has not been getting the proper counseling from the church. i'm not going to try to have her drop [mormonism], just help her reconcile losing her baby. religion can be harsh on people unnecessarily. she didn't do anything wrong by losing her baby.

i assume that jay knows all this, or he will. i hope this isn't the rest of the genie and he has nothing else to explore.

i hope that everything works out between you and jay. have a good flight later.

love to you both,

henry [ :) ] <—sorry jay, couldn't resist [ :) ] lighten up.

From: henry  
To: Jay  
Sent: March 3, 1999

jay, is your back pain continuing?

henry

From: Jay  
To: Henry  
C: Kim  
Sent: March 4, 1999

Hi Henry!

Yes, the pain is still here, but it is primarily in my legs...shooting pains all over as well as spasms. I seem to be able to sleep, though. Sometimes, my legs just throb when I climb into bed. Such is life.

I believe the pain has a psychosomatic origin, meaning my difficulty in getting across anything to Kim these days (like my coworker, Lester). Neither one listens... they usually interrupt before I have finished stating my point or making my request. Kim thinks I don't listen to her, but she fails to realize that it only occurs when she covers ground that we have gone over and over before (in other words, she never does anything to actively resolve a problem, like forgiving the people involved) or she goes into incredible detail...even when I ask her what her point is. I wish it weren't that way—desperately—and have told her so!

I was going to reply to your response to my email, “A Chance of a Lifetime,” but then I remembered that everyone perceives things differently so why bother. I still can’t reach Kim on most issues. By the way, that memo was written primarily for Kim (and sent to her), and I have told her those things [about why I love her] many, many times and have put them in writing (they have been hanging on the corkboard or the wall...for years) so she wouldn’t forget why and how much I love her.

Thanks for suggesting that we watch the show on pain management on *48 Hours* tonight! It was very informative, but unfortunately, I have seen ones like it before and am still suffering. But, like I said before, I am causing it—emotionally—on the human-ego level.

I think it all stems from “my” unhappiness (that I am responsible for!) that I can’t make our relationship work in a peaceful and content manner. I have to surrender and go within. Also, I have told Kim that this is NOT her fault.

Kim finally *told* me a few days ago why she loves me, but I couldn’t remember them so “I” *wrote* them down even though I asked her to do that for me, over a week ago (as I have for her, a number of times—without her requesting it). They are: *gentleness* (the way I “used” to be, truly) and *willingness*—to help her through whatever (and this is and always has been there, constantly, for 3 1/2 years). I don’t think she realizes it, but these are qualities that she wants from me “for” her, rather than those “about” me! She couldn’t tell me any more.

My ego is feeling very, very sad for me (and Kim), now. After watching that TV show, I remembered how much Kim expressed concern and worry for you because of your back condition. In my case, she only shows anger. (That's probably because she has been frustrated by her inability to help me. No one really can except those who can physically relieve the pain so we can heal.) And tonight, we got into an argument about my controlling her life (which has been partly because she has *asked me* to help her get organized when we first met and because I forced her to clean up her huge mess of papers by refusing to go "play" with her until she did). And then, my legs really began to spasm badly, to the point that I almost could not talk...and she showed absolutely *no concern* whatsoever! I forgive her because I know her Spirit (remember: that's what I Love) beyond her ego. BUT, I absolutely don't know what to do about our physical, ego relationship.

Please, don't take this memo as a request for advice. I prefer to turn within for that. The Spirit of Us, in us, is the only thing that works! In her Heart, Kim "knows" this, and her intuitive/spiritual abilities drew me to Her...not her ego. Kim and I have to have the willingness to solve this and to look at our egos that are causing it. Kim and I have a lot of issues that you can't now possibly understand, truly. Our problems lay on a much higher level, ultimately, than you...and unfortunately, now, Kim realize.

Aloha, (meaning the spirit of giving Love)

Jay

P.S. This email is to honestly thank you and request that you refrain from commenting to Kim on anything about *me* (which you have done, inappropriately and presumably, innocently), *Kim* (as regards our marriage) and *Kim's and my relationship*...but, it's secondary focus is to let Kim know what's going on with me as it pertains to our marriage. I can't explain it in person because her ego is so defensive—which is the one thing I have been trying to help her with most since our marriage began in 1995.

From: Jay

To: Kim

Sent: Saturday, March 6, 1999—5:48 a.m.

Dear Kim,

I have been sleeping upstairs because you *complained* (as you so frequently do, like yesterday morning when I invited you to lunch but you complained that there was too much directional information to write down on the map that I left you to find my new work location) that you have been unable to get any sleep because of my screams during the night from my back and leg spasms. (As a matter of fact, that is the only thing you have ever said to me about my back and leg condition—*never* a kind word or an expression of compassion!)

It is so unfortunate that while I was sitting outside on the front porch earlier in the evening (around 1 a.m.), you opened the front window and chatted nicely with me for awhile about your desire to be my friend and to work with me to make our marriage better—even when

I mentioned that outsiders should not give advice to people in a relationship about their partners (unless their partners are doing physical or *intentional* mental harm to them and they *can't acknowledge* it—as in an intervention). But, as soon as I said something, that was not unkind or inaccurate, about *Henry's* (or *any* friend of yours, for that matter) *interfering* in our relationship (because he gave you his opinion—without your requesting it—about my habit of “commenting” and conveyed negative information *about* me to you, rather than, more appropriately, *to* me since he was a guest in my house, too), you instantly got mad, raised your voice while I gently asked you to whisper so as not to wake our neighbors, and then walked away and ended the congenial conversation we were having.

When I came inside a short while later and was meditating in the dark on one of the living room couches, you came out of the bedroom and announced in an unfriendly voice that you wanted to discuss things with me. I told you that if you could “discuss” with me the resolution of our friendship and relationship in a *calm* and *peaceful* tone (something we have never done because we are only able to talk “at” each other, principally because you get angry whenever we do or you acquiesce to my opinion out of submissiveness or guilt—which is even worse because I don't want you to be a “doormat” for me or anyone else), I would be *happy* to do it! I also stated, once again, that if you would learn to approach me in a *conciliatory* tone and manner (such as: “Jay, I would like to discuss something with you?” as I demonstrated for you), there is nothing you

could not talk to me about...including negative things about my self.

It didn't take more than a few minutes, and you had raised your voice to me, again, without my provoking you! And, as usual, whenever we *need* to discuss something, you were the first to get mad. You even stood up at one point, got very close to me, sounded intensely angry (like you were frothing at the mouth because I would not accept your point of view during your *multiple* attempts to make it—even though I told you I understood the first time you mentioned it) and felt like you were about to hit (not slap) me across the face. As much as I tried to prevent my getting angry, too, I became such, intermittently...and I really “hate” getting that way because I *truly* and *dearly* want a peaceful, friendly and content relationship with you!

We had that during the first few weeks of our marriage. But since our honeymoon—when you were emotionally detached with a miserable and unhappy expression on your face every day (my mother thought you were tired or not well!), in spite of my *numerous* attempts to cheer you up, I told you that “you were the most unhappy person in the world that I had ever met” and that I wanted you to be happy and would work *with* you to do so. You had no idea why you were and consequently we never resolved it then, or now.

I would dearly love to be able to discuss “anything” with you—without *your* getting angry, first! I would *treasure* the opportunity to assist you in becoming

happy all the time and getting to the bottom of all your unhappiness and to have a conversation with mutual tenderness. As it stands, I only have to disagree with a point your trying to make or express anything that's not positive about another of your friend's "actions" (particularly, Henry!)—even if I am correct!—and you get *very* defensive and protective of them and angry at me for even doing so. I want to live in peace...preferably with you. May God help us...because no one else can!

I love You, dearly!

Jay

P.S. This is the last written communication in my attempt to resolve our relationship with you. You are too angry, extremely defensive of your ego and everyone else's that you know and too incredibly stubborn to seemingly get beyond this point of impasse—where we have been many times before in our 3 1/2 years of marriage (as of March 17). (And no, it would not surprise me if you projected that image on to me, too.) I am deeply saddened by this situation as I have been to that Place with you that We need to get back to in order for Us to survive together.

Also, I find it ironic that I recently suggested putting up three copies around the house of the saying I wrote many years ago and that you carried with you in your wallet: *"Only the daily re-commitment of both parties in the relationship to living the Truth can keep it, physically, together."* It is appropriate, since this is the

end of the dream, that I have come full circle back to the beginning of our relationship. What a wonderful one it was when we both came from our Hearts, where We have this incredible Love for each other...as well as everyone else!

God, bless us...all.

From: Jay  
To: Kim  
Sent: March 8, 1999

Hello Kim,

So much for my ego's desire to never write to you again.

I was going to try to write to you about how bad I feel for us. (I am truly heartsick and am having great difficulty functioning...I am now afraid to look people in the eye for fear that I will start sobbing.) But even the tone and the heartfelt meaning behind my words escape you. If this anger of yours is primarily based upon the idea that I have *deliberately* tried to control you and separate you from the rest of the world, you are very wrong. Yes...to your ego and the rest of the world, I have done many things that can be interpreted as "controlling" you (plus, I have also given you examples of how, below, and in some instances, you requested it).

1) I have cut your hair short (to about 2 1/2" long all over) to prevent it from snarling badly as it used to do

when it was any longer than it is now. I think your haircut is very becoming on you...and not just because I created it! From what you have told me, others thought so, too. Also, I thought it would be very easy for you to maintain. And, I do like making your life easier.

2) I have selected clothes for you, particularly since practically all of your casual clothes were very unbecoming on you. They were mostly drab or motley colors and some, like your stirrup pants, were extremely unflattering to your figure. (However, your dress clothes were perfectly fine!)

3) I have cautioned you about getting caught up in other people's ego games and have tried to point how people are merely "play acting," as well as our selves. I, perhaps, erroneously misunderstood that you wanted to understand the Truth vis-a-vis *A Course in Miracles*. You have expressed the desire to learn its message. I forgive people for what they do as best I can (otherwise, I would have been rip-roaring mad at Henry for interfering in our marriage...but I haven't been. And I would allow him to come into our home, again...but I would ask again that he, and others, do not interfere. (I do not permit other people to comment about you or our marriage because no one but God and us have a "true" understanding of it.)

I don't understand your statement: "Everytime I try to get strong, you make me feel that it is wrong. That I am not capable of making my own decisions. That I do not know who to trust. That I can trust only you and must distrust others." If getting angry and coming solely

from your human-ego is strength to you, I can not help you. Only an ego would make that assumption. (I miss the Spirit of You and have told your ego so many times, but “it” won’t, and can’t, listen! My emails to you have been pleas for us to return to that Place where We first met and to stay there for eternity.) Everything you have said or written directly to me, since Henry was here, has been disdainful, contemptful, disrespectful and unloving. (Yes, you have gotten me icepacks a few times...but I have never denigrated your ego in front of others like you have mine and would never want to because I could never forgive my ego-self for doing so.)

I have a very different belief system than almost everyone I know. I make no apologies for it and will continue to believe that this is nothing more than a bad dream, which seems really hellish for me, now that I seem to have lost You, my spiritual partner. At one point, you seemed to want to learn the Truth, even if you couldn’t fully accept it.

I love you dearly, Kim, but my heart is in my throat, now, whenever I look at you or talk to you. I feel like I am going to just sob. You say “If I didn’t love you, I wouldn’t be here.” BUT...You are not here—just your ego is. I miss You so. I’ll have to close my eyes in hopes that You will return. I can’t tell you how much I felt my heart has been breaking all afternoon and tonight. But, I don’t honestly believe that you care...and that hurts my ego, which right now is all that I seem to be, too. Why else would I feel this much sorrow and pain, mentally?

Jay

From: Jay  
To: Kim  
Sent: Saturday, March 13, 1999—6 p.m.

Dear Kim,

I have felt so troubled for the last 24 hours...and scared and lonely. I don't know how to tell you this, except that I hope the Spirit of You can rise above your ego to help us. (Please, I beg You!) I remember your letter to me (that I taped to the mirror to give me strength) promising to put my needs first in order to maintain Our relationship, and I pray that the Strength in You will rise to this occasion. I wish for It like I have never wanted anything in my life. Our True Partnership means everything to me, and everything else is superfluous.

My ego is suffering tremendously, and I have been praying for the last 24 hours that "it" would let up. But, "it" is terribly, terribly afraid that if you won't hear my pain and help Us that Our relationship will die and me with it. (Sorry...I honestly don't mean to be so melodramatic ...I am just so caught in my ego and I don't know how to get out from under it!) I am so desperate! You have no idea how I have looked for a way "out" to spare you from this...mostly because I am afraid of how your ego will react—and just that "it" will react at all, actually!

It began last night on my ride home from work. I got so *furiously* angry inside—like I never have before—when I realized that "none" of the emotional difficulty that

we experienced while Henry was here “had to happen!” If *Henry* had not “commented” to you about the way “we” seemed to be in the morning and in the evening and minded his own business, NONE of this would ever have happened! Then...I got so mad that a 40 year old, emotional cripple (i.e., Henry) who, until he had his accident is still far from emotionally open, was *totally unemotionally available* to you when you were in an intimate relationship with him and who has *never been involved in a committed relationship* (apparently in his life) should even be giving you (or anyone else) advice, or I should say, throwing “concern and dissent” into our relationship.

When I read an overlooked email from Henry today and he reiterated in his usual but subtle arrogance “that we should be trying to salvage our marriage” even though he had thought “neither of us wanted to,” my heart rose to my throat. And, if I were not already so distressed about the fact that the *one* friend that my wife and partner listens to and falsely treasures (probably above me, now...or, at least, that’s how my ego feels), I would be furious beyond belief! How can someone, who has never had a relationship like you and I, EVEN think to interfere (and that’s all it is!) by expressing his *opinion* about our relationship?!

Then...I would get angry with You for letting your ego even put *any* faith in his opinion about anyone’s relationship, let alone yours and ours—particularly, in view of the fact that he was never there emotionally for you in the past when he should have been. Why have you

given Henry so much credit for your friendship (by telling him “You are an angel”) to begin with when it is “you” who have been there for him...NOT vice versa?! It is *you* who were there for him in his hour of need expressing so much concern for him! The one time he had a chance to do something for you, which was to not involve himself in an intimate relationship he knows nothing about (except his “opinion” which is unfounded and has NO knowledge or experience of what one is), he blew it—big time—to the point that just the mere thought of his name drives me wild! And...as long as your ego gives him any credence, whatsoever, and does not tell him that he made a *bad* mistake (and what it was, and can never be again), our relationship will be in serious jeopardy as my ego will always be jealous of your relationship with him and wondering what he might be saying to cause your ego to question me and us, again. Also, I am upset that You let your ego let him do it...in spite of all you have read to the contrary.

I can remember that when I was a teenager I thought I was really cool giving “advice” to other girls about their relationships with other guys. Well, I am an adult, now, and I wouldn’t even *think* of doing so, while they are in one.

Also, Henry spends an *inordinate* amount of time with you telephonically and through email, as you have noticed before but do nothing to discourage. How would you feel if you were in my shoes? It has to end. No man (or woman) can serve two masters, meaning

the ego or the Spirit. The latter has been suffering at the expense of the former in our relationship of late, and your relationship with Henry has driven that home to me.

I know your ego treasures Henry's ego...they are very similar in their childlike focus on worldly details. I know your ego would not want to give Henry up. But, I don't know how We can survive your dependence on him and his opinions. And, my ego is very threatened by his superior attitude about how our relationship should be when he could never have withstood an ounce of the emotional upheaval that we have been through or even put up with it based upon how he has reacted to you in the past.

Reluctantly and in desperation, I bring this to your attention. I hope Our Love can overcome our egos and cement our relationship into a spiritual bond that no "man" can put asunder!

I want to be happy and not fearful. I want to bring peace and joy into your and our lives, forever!

I remain forever Yours...in Love and Brotherhood.

I love you, dearly, Kim (even though I am admittedly very frightened and scared, right now),

Jay

P.S. If We don't make it, Henry's ego has preordained it!

From: Kim  
To: Jay  
Sent: March 29, 1999

Dear Jay,

I am sorry that you were so upset last night after Henry called. He was calling to see if we had looked at his email because he wanted a reply so he could wrap up our taxes. He has spent a lot of time on them, and he wanted to get them to us so we can get them sent in.

I am sorry that you do not feel that you can trust him, or me (as you said last night). You may recall while he was here you made numerous comments on how I should be with him and that I was more suited to him (you seemed to be trying to push me on to him). Even telling me to sit with him on the love seat.

Henry and I are not in a romantic relationship for a reason. We came together initially that way, but I do not think that was how our relationship was intended to be. I think we were supposed to be friends. I think of him more as a brother. He has been a very loyal and good friend to me. What I mean is that he has not been a flake like so many of my friends and family have been (and I have been that way in the past with many people, also). When he says he is going to meet me or do something, he does it. Besides, if things had worked out with Henry (as a boyfriend), then I may not have met you or been in a relationship with you, now...and that would have been a real tragedy.

If you and I were not together, I would not want anything more than a friendship with Henry. He would drive me crazy. I don't think that he would be interested in that type of relationship with me, and I don't think it would last very long anyway. I just want him to remain my friend, and I do not want it to interfere with our relationship. The intimate part of his and my relationship was very short-lived and was over almost before it started. Even though I am the one that started it, apparently he wasn't interested in me that way, in the first place. It just happened.

I love you very much, Jay, and it hurts me when you are upset and that you feel that you can not trust either of us. I do not have many friends, anymore. It seems most of the friends that do stay in touch with me now are male friends (i.e., Tom, Marc and Henry). I never really had many male friends. Henry seems to have a lot of female friends (Marcie, his friend in Seattle, and several in NYC and surrounding areas). He also has a lot of other friends that he keeps in touch with on a regular basis. Since it is 5 hours later here and he has been having a hard time sleeping, he has someone to call or email that is still awake.

Please, do not ask me to give up my friendship with Henry; please, don't put me in that position. It would make me very sad, unhappy, and probably very bitter. I have lost enough female friends, lately, and one male friend died. I have friends who are flight attendants, but it is so hard to keep in touch with everyone because they have different schedules and I commute. Henry is

also not working very much so he has way too much free time on his hands (which I think is driving him crazy). That's why he seems to be spending so much time emailing me. Henry is used to being busy, as I am sure you can relate.

I love you! That is why I am with you and not Henry, or anyone else for that matter. I now believe in myself (thanks in large part to you) and realize that others may be attracted to me, but I am not interested. I am married to you, and I want to stay that way (as long as it is a healthy and viable option for both of us). I have grown tremendously and in many ways since we have been in each other's lives. I know I still have a long way to go, but I wouldn't be here either if I were perfect. And yes, I do usually come from the heart and not the intellect. When I do come from the intellect, it gets me into trouble, and that is when I seem cold and removed. The heart is wiser than the intellect so please try to trust me. I do not like seeing you the way you were last night.

You are very important to me; and if I knew how to take away all your pain, I would. I have been trying for a long time and, so far, have not been successful. I hope that eventually the love that is behind the things I do for you will have an impact on you and take away your pain. You do not have to be in pain for me to care for you and do for you. I enjoy caring for you. I like touching and massaging your body because I know it makes you feel good...so it makes me feel good.

I feel very lucky to be able to be so open and honest about everything with you. You make me feel very free and that I can soar (fly, finally...as I have been trying all my life to do in my sleeping dreams). Please trust. I think we have a remarkable opportunity ahead together with our relationship. It has already started, and I think it can only get better! You just watch. Our relationship has already transformed so much in just 3 1/2 years. We are very powerful together. Do not forget that! We were meant to meet and be together. We both know that, and let us not forget it!

Thank you for taking me to the waterfall...our life is waterfalls and rainbows. For some reason, these things are very important to me. Maybe because I enjoy color so much. It really does something for me...and waterfalls flow so freely. That's what I want for us...to flow freely and be all the colors of the rainbow.

I love you...and will always be with you, even when I appear to be out of town (it is only an illusion)! Trust me, and trust us! Know that I love you truly, and know that your love is enough for me. It is very important to me; you are very important to me!

I love you truly,

Kim (your partner)

From: henry  
To: Jay  
Sent: April 7, 1999

how are you? how did your experience with the  
physiatrist go?

where is kim? what is she doing?

did you know that you have until the 20<sup>th</sup> [to file  
Hawaii state taxes]?

From: Jay  
To: Henry  
Sent: April 7, 1999

Hi Henry!

I am feeling much better thanks. Still have occasional pain around my left knee each day, but it is more manageable and getting better. It will just take time, a continued morning exercise routine (still can't jog on the trampoline...hurts too much) and resolution on our part as to what our personal "boundaries" are and how to enforce them with others, and to some degree, with each other. (Kim will talk with you sometime about this, when it is convenient, as it is a really important issue...for all people—when they understand it!)

Kim is on her way to L.A. tonight (working) and will come home tomorrow midday for only a day and a half

before going back (on a commute) on Saturday morning. If you don't hear much from her, don't take it personal...she really doesn't have much time these days, and we don't have much time together, either. (She comes downtown for lunch so we can spend *some* time together!) She is working far too much and needs to pare it back in the future! She has no time for anything...if you haven't noticed from her lack of email responsiveness

Thanks for the speedy and great job on the taxes. Yes, we understand about the 20th for Hawaii filing and will probably send it in around then.

Aloha,

Jay

From: Jay  
To: Henry  
Sent: April 7, 1999

Hello again, Henry!

Forgot to answer your question about the physiatrist. I saw one twice and wasn't impressed. He recommended certain exercises...many of which I already do (or a form of them). I have toned down a couple of my exercises as a result of our discussions, though, as I may be putting too much stress on my back according to him. At this point, I'll go along with him as his heart is in the right

place. He wanted to “try” some bone exploratory testing; but I was skeptical as to its purpose, and he picked up on it and dropped it. I don’t take wild-shots in the dark...I always turn within (peacefully, without any attempt at logic) and follow my own internal guidance. IT has never let me down!

I “know” that all pain has a psychosomatic origin (regardless of how it came about!); and if you can get at the unhappiness/fear at the root of it and come to a state of mental resolution and forgiveness about it, the pain/problem can be done away with. Mostly, this takes time and patience to affect. I know this is probably very hard for you and many others to understand and accept, but I have proved it many times...and to Kim, too, as well as to doctors.

Most people want logical, concrete, scientific proof and resolution for any and all problems, but it’s all bullshit. When people come together for healing, to include doctors and patients, it is the “call-for-Love” between them and the *mutual desire* for healing that really causes the true healing on the level of the Heart-Mind (i.e., Spirit). I know this is really hard to understand if you have no *internal* knowledge of it!

Sorry, if this is a little heavy-duty for you. I’ll try to avoid the discussion in the future, but it is important that you understand that it involves the very foundation of my relationship with Kim—so it is very key and important to us! And no...I did not force it upon her.

If you are truly interested in learning more, Kim can fill you in.

Aloha,

Jay

From: Kim

To: Jay

Sent: April 8, 1999

Dear Pokey,

I really do want to be able to communicate with you the way you have mentioned. Please help me! It would be so much better that way. I have to learn to not react and get into old habits. It makes so much more sense and is a much more loving way to relate to each other. We/I should only relate with love—not hate and anger. You are my best friend. Nobody should ever be treated the way I treat you sometimes—not even someone's worst enemy. I sure was spewing a lot of venom last Sunday morning (Easter). I do need to find out what was behind that. I really did want you to enjoy yourself, and I really ruined it. It was your weekend, and I got selfish! I hope you will forgive me (if you haven't already). I feel that you already have. I am working on forgiving myself. I almost lost the most precious thing to me.

What a very foolish thing to do. From now on, I want you to know how important *you* are to me and how

important we are to me. I am so lucky to have you in my life and that you are still here. I not only almost lost you, but a lot of other people who care about you almost lost you as well. That certainly would have been a tragedy. It was all over something insanely stupid. I hope you know that I realize I made a *big* mistake and am trying very hard to not ever repeat it. I do need your help and guidance to learn how to relate better. I know I am very blessed to have you in my life. I have never felt more love for someone, and I have love for a lot of people!

You are so important to me!

I need to forgive myself for the part that I played. I hope it will be soon!

With sincere love,

Kimberly

From: Kim

To: Jay

Sent: April 8, 1999

Jay,

I hope beyond all hope that “You” and “I” both make it! I am truly sorry for the part that I played this weekend. I think that you may benefit from short-term antidepressant medication to help with the way you are

feeling. I wish I would have seen your email before you went to the doctor today. I had been thinking about suggesting this to you but didn't know how you would take it.

With what you have said, though, about not being able to do anything to relieve your depression but exhale very heavily, I think it would be very beneficial.

I really do love you! I am very lucky that you are still here!!!

I love you,

Kim

From: Jay  
To: Kim  
Sent: April 8, 1999

Hi Kim!

Thanks. I really don't think that drugs would help. As you noted today, I am a lot better than yesterday. It will merely take a *clear* understanding between us as to what needs to be done and what our focus has to be and to listen to each other as to what the other needs and perceives from the other and come to a mutual understanding...and adhere to it! We need to talk about this more and come to a resolution so what happened last weekend never occurs again.

Love you,

Jay

From: Kim

To: Jay

Sent: April 8, 1999

Dear Jay,

We started to discuss this at lunch. I am sure there is more to be said...but I just want to make it clear that I want to work on this with you. I want us to succeed more than you probably are aware of! Let's work on this together. It is very important for both of us.

Love,

Kim

\* \* \*

Friday night, 11 PM, April 9, 1999

Jay sat upstairs and pondered the situation that just occurred in hopes of piecing together all the events that led up to the realization of what was at the heart of all their troubles and the discontent in Kim's mind. Oh, how he wished that there had been a tape recorder going during their previous conversation at the end of the movie—while walking out of the theater and in the car

on the way home. If he had that, then he could playback for her everything that just transpired, and then, hopefully, “show” her what he was talking about. Oh, if he could just recall all the *details* in hopes that *they* could reach and enlighten her with the truth about the world and all the people in it! In his desire to finally reach her and come to resolution of what was at the core of all their difficulties during the last three and half years of their marriage, he tried to remember every little detail of their discord. It follows.

They had just sat through the movie, *True Crime*. Jay and Kim enjoyed it very much. He was particularly impressed with the true-life, emotional portrayal of the black woman who played the wife of the innocently condemned-to-die black man so they sat through the credits at the end. He discovered it was an actress named Lisa Gay Hamilton. Then as the song credits were rolling, Kim interestingly noticed and pointed out to him that the producer, director and lead actor, Clint Eastwood, also wrote the song playing during the final credits. Jay noticed it as well but also excitedly pointed out that it was also written by Carol Bayer Sager and Linda Thompson, who he thought was Linda *Bloodworth-Thomason*, the TV producer. (Much later, in the car, Kim pointed out to him that it was *not* her because she recalled her real name while he was struggling to recall it...and, he thanked her for correcting him and stated that he was *wrong*.)

Kim, obviously thought he didn't *listen* to her (which was reminiscent of her childhood when according to her, no one ever listened to what she had to say and spawned her belief that she had no value because no

one cared about what she thought or said), and her ego continued to point out to him repeatedly that *Clint* wrote the song...forgetting to mention the other two women did as well. Jay excitedly and somewhat frustratedly, because he thought she wasn't listening to him, either (his parents also never seemed to listen to him while he was growing up!), said he "*knew* that...*but*, that two other people did, too!"

Well, their repetition of these two facts continued during their walk out of the theater, to the car and on the way home. Also, Jay got a real inspiration in the theater while they were discussing these useless details and told her that he "finally got it...and realized what was at the *ROOT* of her [and consequently *their*] marital and personal difficulties (**meaning her—and later he understood that it was *their*—lifelong, childhood ego desire to be heard and respected for their thoughts and opinions**)."

Realizing this, he began talking to her in a stream-of-conscious barrage about his realization of what was at the "root" of all her and their personal difficulties. She, probably not realizing his excitement at this revelation, continued to point out to him that Clint had written the song. After getting into the car, he, in frustration with her repetitiveness, continued with his dialog to point out the fact that **the most incredible defense of the ego was the belief that it had been "unfairly treated" and was the *number one* problem that plagued the world!** It was insidious... and he was *really* aware of that, now!

Then, while driving down the highway during the 10 minute ride to their home, in the beautiful hills overlooking the mountains and the ocean on the island of Oahu in Hawaii, he explained how his brother, Bobby,

was angrily defensive and temperamental with him and other members of his family *from childhood to this day* (and he was almost 51!), which she witnessed the previous summer at his mother's summerhouse in Maine, because he *also* believed that Jay and his parents did not realize or care how he felt about things while growing up. Jay pointed this out to Kim stating that **the defensiveness of her "ego" was at the very center of the problems** that they had just experienced the previous (Easter) weekend during a trip she planned to celebrate his birthday in Dana Point, California—where he said he *felt* like he was going to jump off a cliff (and she believed him). This resulted from his "despondency" with her anger about the way *he responded* in their hotel room earlier that morning to her offer of *bottled* water—when he wanted water from a *glass* to take some pills (and she subsequently walked-off outside for awhile). And then, she got mad at him, again, a short while later, when they were on a walk around the marina. Jay got so irritated with her for doing so that he slammed the rental car keys into her hand in a rage, told her to "have a nice life" and walked up the hill toward the cliffs.

Kim, apparently caught up in her own **ego's defensiveness** (i.e., *insanity*)—which was perhaps brought on by Jay's attempt to bring out **the exposure of the very root of it**—began to get angry with him...*even after promising* the previous, extremely perilous weekend to not do that, again, and probably, presuming that he was angry, too (when he was just being *emphatic* and *firm* in wanting to share this extremely important finding!), and told him to "Stop" [talking and pursuing the discussion because her ego had had enough and could not face being

fully uncovered, exposed and let go of...he presumed]. He suddenly realized when they were rounding the final bend to their home that she was *so caught up in her ego's defense* that when he stopped the car at the street corner she got out and walked the rest of the way home while he continued along the remaining, extremely short distance and parked the car in the garage. She came through the garage and into the house before he could even get out of the car. Then inside, he poured himself a drink, got a cigarette and went out on the front porch to calmly think about what had just transpired between them. When finished, about 10 minutes later, he came upstairs, turned on the laptop computer, sat down at the sofa table where it lay and began to recount this story in hopes of being able to draw her a picture of her own, as well as everyone's, ego and how insane and stupid it is that, in spite of recent danger, ***it will pursue a path of denial and avoidance (to the point of risking one's life and happiness!)*—rather than allowing itself to be exposed, and therefore, be rid of!**

The bottom line of all this led to one conclusion: **No one could truly expose another's ego to its root core without experiencing its extreme defensiveness.** In other words, it could not be done! Jay sat and pondered this and then decided to go to bed. He had already fallen asleep once while writing this, and it was 3:45 A.M.. Off he went to bed. Sleepily, Kim rolled over and kissed him goodnight on the lips when he lay down. They said nothing to each other.

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Later that morning (Saturday), the alarm went off at 6 A.M. when Kim had wanted to get up to prepare for her, and possibly their, commuting trip to Los Angeles. She had to go to work there the next day, and Jay had previously suggested going with her since he had nothing else to do. Then they could fly back together on Sunday evening while she worked the flight as a flight attendant. (Because of her job, they had unlimited flying privileges, ...provided they went “standby.”) Since he had had hardly any sleep by then and felt that they needed to resolve their emotional difficulty from the previous night, *beforehand*, he told her he was not going with her when she made a statement about his needing to get ready since they had to leave shortly. When he told her he wasn’t going, she was visibly upset with his decision.

Shortly, he got out of bed and while in the bathroom was talking to her about the night before. She obviously was *unwilling to discuss it* and began saying a lot of things that he could not remember, but wanted to, so he grabbed a pad of paper and tried to write them down...but he had to keep asking her to speak slowly. (She, and then he, had said just prior that they wished they had a tape recorder going last night [and he, now!] to catch what had transpired!) He wrote down the following fragments of what she was saying in anguish and fear and with tears in her voice and in a terribly self-pitying, self-indulgent, childlike tone with her ego feeling sorry for itself.

“When you [Jay] raise your voice, it makes me feel like I’ve done something wrong...and *I feel like I am a kid, again!*” (While I was writing this down, she started to make the bed, even though I asked her not to, because she was afraid that she would have angrily exploded with

me and alluded to that as she continued making it while I was trying to get her undivided attention and to stop... but she *wouldn't*.) A moment later, she said "You always pick at and pester me." **I assumed her ego was fearful of being exposed and wanted me to stop pursuing my quest of getting to the bottom of her and our problems by taking note of everything she was about to say!** I came back with "I am going to ride this [situation of exposing your ego] to the ground!" But, then I thought "*Or...I could just get off!*"...remembering an instance many years ago when I rode a falling horse to the ground—assuming that he was sure footed and trusting and having faith in him to correct his fall, rather than just saving my self and jumping free. I realized then that it just wasn't in my nature to walk off or run away from an animal or person in trouble. But, I thought "*How...can I get you to talk to me and get past your ego AND get to the root of it?*"

"I feel like you're punishing me by withdrawing your love and not coming with me [on my commuting trip to Los Angeles]" Kim said. Then a moment later, she said, "It's *emotional terrorism* [you are wreaking upon me]...always one threat or another...[your saying that you're] jumping off a cliff or not going with me! We can't have more than 24 hours peace between us!" (In fact, we had had several days of such, but I knew she was prone to blow things out of proportion when her ego-consciousness had taken over and say hurtful and spiteful things as she has in the past. Plus, as she reminded me, she was having her period and was therefore being hormonal, which for some women is like built-in, instant insanity.)

I was once again rebuked by her ego and frustrated that, like the previous evening, I was unable to come to

resolution about the “insidiousness” of her and my egos. She left with tears streaming down her eyes and slamming her travel bags around and into the car, all the while making statements of self-pity about her condition that I and the world *caused* her. She closed the garage door remotely from the car and drove off in a loud roar because my white sportscar, that she was driving, was very noisy when the engine was revved up.

I called her cellphone, which was probably turned off, before she left the airport in Honolulu and just prior to airplane boarding; and then later, I called her at the hotel she had a reservation to stay at, without any luck.

From: Kim  
To: Jay  
Sent: April 11, 1999

Hi Honey!

Hope you are having a good day! Hope you will be awake when I get home so we can calmly and lovingly discuss things. I love you and really want to get past this and move on with our relationship. I want more than anything for things to work out for us and to have a peaceful, happy and loving relationship together. I know that is what you want, too. I believe that if that is what we both want, and want it badly enough, that it can and will be done. I want to learn how to *calmly* discuss things with you without overreacting and becoming emotional and angry.

Love you,

Kim

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Christmas 1999

Dear Friends and Family,

This truly has been an extraordinary year for us! We are so thankful to have all of you in our lives. You enrich our lives in so many ways and make us realize how blessed we are.

There have been many new additions to our family this year. Since my sister, Kathleen, found me in March of '98, I have continued with my family search. I was able to confirm that my birth parents were both deceased and buried together in a cemetery in Riverside, California. The confirmation of who they were and where they were has been very fulfilling to Kathy and myself. Some truly magical things have happened since our first meeting with them on July 20<sup>th</sup> of this year. Prior to finding our parents, I stopped by the cemetery where the mother who raised me and my first stepmother are buried. Before I left, I asked *internally* for help finding my parents. I found them that day!

Since finding the name of my birth-father, many doors have opened up. I have met many family members from my dad's side of the family. They are very wonderful

and loving people. They have welcomed me with open arms and are looking forward to meeting my sister, Kathy, (even though my father's family always thought he had *no* children). I first met my second cousin, Zeb O., who lives in Oakland, California. He has provided me with the first picture I had ever seen of my father, Emanuel Dominic O.. He led me to Lou L. in West Hollywood, California (another second cousin). Lou and his father, Eddie, arranged for me to meet my father's brother, Al O., and his wife, Toni. As an added bonus their son, Dan, was visiting them at the time. Dan has provided me with another picture of my father. The family has been wonderful by telling me what my father was like. He sounds like he was a wonderful and loving person.

As for my mother's side of the family (Dolores Ferne O.), they have been a little more challenging. They don't believe us and seem to think we want something, which couldn't be further from the truth. All we want is to know about our mother. I hope that eventually they will come around. Along with the help of others, I have been able to trace my family back to 1826 on my father's side, and back to the late 1700's on my maternal grandfather's side. I just got in touch with someone that has information on my mother's side of the family. One of the many interesting things I have found out is that my maternal, great-great grandfather was from West Virginia and fought in the Civil War on the Union's side.

Recently my brother, Kevin, and his wife, Yvonne, met my sister, Kathy, and her husband, Ethan, and their son,

Michael. This was a very important moment for me! I feel so fortunate to have two families! Family has always been very important to me.

Jay's two daughters both had daughters of their own. Erika's first child and daughter, Sage Alexandra, was born on 11/8, and Lisa's third daughter, Olivia Faith, was born on 11/11. They both live close by each other and their mother, Donna, who I know is very busy now with the addition of two new granddaughters. Jordan will be turning 6 on 3/31, and Madeline will be 3 on 12/21. (They are Lisa's other two daughters.) They are all very precious! We recently got to visit with all of them and had a wonderful time.

I know we have a lot to be thankful for this year and always, but the thing I am most grateful for is my family and our friends! They all mean the most to me and to us...much more than any monetary object ever could.

Best Wishes,

Kim & Jay

[NOTE: In rereading this, it came to me that *compromise* is a very valid way of dealing with issues among couples, friends and peoples of the world. I believe there are at least two sides to everything and somewhere in between lies the truth. Maybe *that* compromise is the truth as we perceive it. —Kim]

# ***Reunion***

From: Kim  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: December 23, 1999  
Subject: Re: Ralston Purina and...Merry Christmas!

Dear Bobbie,

Sorry to hear that you will be spending Christmas alone; that is no fun. At least, I know I would not relish that idea. Please know that we will be with you in spirit! Hope that doesn't come across as too hokey; I do mean it, though.

It does not matter to me what the [stock] market does; although, for all concerned, I hope it does well. Your even considering giving me such a generous gift [i.e., \$10K in stock] means a lot to me! As I said, I never received such a large gift from anyone—no where near. I don't come from a lot of money, and that is all right by me. I do not expect anything from anyone.

When my father passed away I did not understand all the bickering. (I was 19.) I remember telling people I did

not want to gain from anyone's misery. I don't know where that came from. That is just how I felt. I felt they were missing the point. Someone that we loved very dearly had just died and [family members] were arguing about his things. I would have much rather had him back. I remember my dad telling me when he was in the hospital that he had left me some money, and I did not want to talk about it. I couldn't face the fact that he was dying; I was in denial. I thought he would get better. He told me that he wanted me to invest it and not spend it foolishly on a car (like he feared my brother, Kevin, would do because my dad was influenced too much by the opinions of my stepmother). I actually would have been better off buying a car!

I first opened a CD; I got \$6,666—it was my share of his insurance money from his company. Then I withdrew \$5,000 of it to invest in Orange Pacific Escrow. They were paying around 25% interest, and I constantly heard about it on the radio. The radio announcers made the commercials sound like they were recommending it. I got monthly interest checks for a while, but I ended up losing the money when the company went into receivership. They were supposedly investing in second trust deeds. We even got copies of the property maps and lot numbers. It was a hard lesson. I felt terrible that I lost the money my father had given me. Plus I had paid a substantial penalty for withdrawing the CD early.

Around that same time I had to buy a new car (in 1981—my father died August 3, 1980). My older brother, Kevin, was going to cosign for me, but he couldn't because of his former wife's [poor] credit. My

second and last stepmother offered to cosign for me (one of the [few] nice things she has done for me). But, she didn't qualify because she wasn't working (even though she had lots of money in the bank—she also ended up inheriting a lot of money when her father passed away). I ended up asking an instructor from the junior college that I attended to cosign for me. I bought a used car and ended up paying 20.99% interest. I realize, now, that they were using this bank because they considered it a high-risk loan with my brother's credit rating. (Ironically, his first wife was a loan officer at First Interstate Bank where I was trying to get the loan). The instructor had impeccable credit; however, I should have used another bank with a lower interest rate, but I did not figure that out until later.

I was only 20 and not very wise. I just did not feel that I had anyone to turn to at the time for advice on where to invest my money. I now realize that I should have asked my Uncle Doug. He was the Executor for my dad's will. (Doug was my dad's brother-in-law as he is married to my adoptive mother Joyce's sister, Marllyn, and he was also a friend of my father from back when they both lived in Canada.) Doug did not get along with my stepmother, Pat, so there was a lot of animosity going on at the time, and I wanted to stay out of it. I moved out at 19, about 2 months after my father died. Since my father was in charge of several thrift and loan offices, it was too bad I was so naive about money.

Anyway, I did not mean to get so carried away. The way I feel is that I really appreciate you giving this to me! I do not and did not expect anything from you. If you

need the money back at any time, I would be more than happy to give it to you. I want you to be comfortable and to make sure that you have enough to live on. If it ever becomes necessary and you are agreeable to it, you are welcome to come and live with us (wherever we are living). You do have a place [with us] although you may prefer a place of your own. I just want you to know that you have that option available as well and nothing is expected in return.

My initial reason for emailing you was to tell you Jay found out this morning that he *does* have 50 shares of Ralston Purina. He spoke to Alison [Bobbie's stock broker] and found it on the back of the [last] page of the monthly investment report.

In case I didn't let you know this before, I just wanted you to know that we really enjoyed our visit with you! I am sorry for the misunderstanding we had about the banana tree. I felt very badly about that. [She mistakenly uprooted it while we were cleaning out Bobbie's backyard.] I love to do yard work, and I did not mind doing it. Jay did help me. I just worry about his back. When we are there and you need things done, I want to be able to help. I am the type of person that likes to smooth things over and to help clean up loose ends. I like doing things for people.

Anyway, thank you for everything! It is all very much appreciated. We have been good and have not opened up the gifts [you sent]. We are saving them for Christmas day.

Fortunately, I will be home on a layover (as I am now).

I also realized that we were supposed to let you know that we got home okay, and I don't think either one of us called or emailed when we got in to our respective destinations. I just remembered that the other day. Sorry that we, or I, forgot. Maybe Jay did let you know?

Have a wonderful Christmas! I am sure you will be watching skating shows. I hope you won't be alone for New Year's. This is a big one, a new century and all. I will be getting in around 11:30 P.M. on New Year's eve on another layover. Just in time. We are invited to a party. Hope we make it there by midnight.

Know that Jay and I both love you very much! We are very thankful for our family!

Love,

Kim

From: Erika  
To: Jay  
Sent: December 26, 1999  
Subject: Re: Merry Christmas!!

Thank you and Merry Christmas to you, too! [She is responding to an email that I sent earlier.] This truly is a Christmas we won't forget; Sage smiled at us Christmas morning, and it was so cute. Tim got it on the

video camera. I am almost done taking pictures and will try and get them to you so you can see how she has changed. She looks twice as big as Olivia, now; they have completely different features, but Olivia is definitely lighter than Sage. Last week, she weighed 11lbs. 3 oz., not that between Tim and I we would have a little, petite baby...she is definitely enjoying her food. (She is on her third formula, it is the filet mignon of formula's, so Tim and I are on the peanut butter and jelly diet...just kidding. So far she is doing well on it, thank goodness. It is the top of the line, so I am not sure what the next step would be.)

Tim and I would love to see Hawaii, someday. [She is again responding to my offer in the previous email inviting them to come here.] He is so anxious to go on a vacation, but I will have to get back to work before I can think of that. I told him that maybe towards the end of the summer I could take some time off; so maybe, we will try something, then, if it works out with your schedule. We'll talk more later...as soon as I get back to the grind!

Talk to you soon,

Tim, Erika and Sage

From: Jay  
To: Lisa & Erika  
Sent: January 22, 2000  
Subject: What you mean to me...

Hello Lisa & Erika!

I just wanted to take a few moments of your time to tell you, both, that I am very proud of you. You are exceptional people in many ways. Maybe I should enumerate them, but all I truly want you to know is that I am very lucky to have been blessed with two *really nice* people—who just happen to be my children! (Not everyone will say that about or to their own, unfortunately.)

Very recently, at age 55, my mother told me that she was “proud” of me. (The first time in my life that I can recall. Although, when I was 41, she wrote me a letter in which she said that she and my father had been talking about me one evening [when I was living in Utah] and they came to the conclusion that I had more raw talent than anyone they knew. [That was a very nice compliment...particularly, coming from my parents!]) Eleven years ago, when I was 44, my dad, out of the blue, told me that he was proud of me. What made that so unusual was my dad was not a good communicator (particularly, about feelings) nor very conversant—period.

I knew I was very lucky to have heard those words from *his* lips, in particular, before he died two years later. [I don't think my brother was so fortunate...but I had spent a lot of time with my father before he left and was perhaps in the right place at the right time. Unfortunately, for him, Bob has never spent any time with either of them since graduating from college.] My mother's acknowledgement was *very special*, too, and it

also came out of the blue! [Quite frankly, I never—in my wildest dreams—would have suspected that either of my parents were proud of me. As a matter of fact, I never felt they thought anything much about me until they had said those words.] Plus, since children *ultimately* seek their parents' approval, from birth, it is very important to receive it from them...more than anyone else! I have been *very lucky* to have received this level of approval from them. Again, not everyone is or has been as blessed as me in this respect (and I know it, and knew it at the time each of them said it)!

So...again: You are each very special and very nice people and “I am **very proud** to have been your father,” on Earth. I wish everyone felt so lucky!

I love you very much!

Jay / Dad

(First time I have written that in an awfully long time! But, I hope you *know* that I have never felt less than that—in spite of what you may have heard, from my lips, or I thought I said or meant in the past! )

P.S. I hope you won't think less of this statement because it was sent to both of you—rather than individually. But, I think not...because, beyond your frailties and humanness, lies a deep understanding that will carry you and your loved ones to a greater place than you may currently experience. It may not present Itself in You until a particular trial arises in your life and you go in search of your Self. But, I *promise* you

this: It will be there *in* you when you *need* and *want* It, as You...and You will be forever free of all fear from that point on and have an *internal* Strength that will be a constant comfort and guide that you can *always* depend on!

From: Lisa  
To: Jay  
Sent: January 24, 2000  
Subject: Re: Thank you

Dad,

Thank you for your message. I just received it as I prepared to get online to register my new business as a corporation with the state. As I struggle to overcome and move beyond the fear, it was a comfort to know you are proud of me. You may not recall this, but I did ask you that several years back on a visit to Vero when Jordan was just a baby. She fell asleep on your shoulders as we walked the beach. It is silly, but acknowledgement and praise from your parents is important. I remember leaving that trip feeling complete and satisfied with my place in the world. Thank you for saying it again. You can never be "over-loved." We are making a conscious effort to marinate our girls in it. Our time here on earth is so limited. I hope the girls will grow up to be self-confident and dare to live all their dreams knowing that both their parents and grandparents are proud of them.

Also, I am glad to know that Gram [your mother, Bobbie] shared that with you. She is working hard to

move beyond what she was taught by her mother. Mimi [my great grandmother and your maternal grandmother] didn't demonstrate lovingness and an openly-giving behavior so she has had to learn it on her own. You can often see it best when she is with her great-grandchildren. She is so openly affectionate and giving ...she has come a long way in expressing what she feels.

I hope you have a great day. [Your brother,] Bob shared with me the change in your professional life [that you had been laid-off]. I know you will land on your feet. You always do! Keep your spirits up and let life lead you on the journey. You were obviously meant to do something else. Don't you just wish we were born with a manual on our lives? One big secret.

Happy Monday. Love,

Lisa

From: Jay  
To: Lisa  
Sent: January 24, 2000  
Subject: Your new business

Hi Lisa!

You're welcome. I had forgotten about telling you, before, in Vero that I was proud of you. (If I remember, you "asked" me if I was proud of you. It is much better, when someone special or a parent tells us that on their

own.) My mother's letter just prompted me to not forget to tell you two before it was too late.

My telling you that stirred up a lot of jealousy for Kim... probably because she was never told that by her parents ...nor by me, at this point.

What kind of business are you starting and how much cash do you need to begin it? (Just curious.)

Love,

Jay

From: Erika

To: Jay

Sent: January 24, 2000

Subject: Re: What you mean to me...

Thank you for your note. I am sorry it took so long [for you] to hear those words. I don't think a day has gone by that my mom hasn't told us how proud she is of us and our accomplishments, as I am sure you would expect from her...she is very emotional. Lisa is very similar to mom in that trait and the non-stop energy part too. I don't think I feel like I am lacking or missing anything in my life as of yet; I just went about my life as it was given to me, and I have always felt blessed with everything I have. Tim, on the other hand, is longing for his father's love and acceptance, but he has never reached out to Tim or been any support...even

with the new baby. Although Tim is close [to his step-father] and out of respect and love has taken [his surname], he knows that the emotional attachments are still there with his father; and he never really bonded deeply with Dick (his stepfather). They are definitely not the same genetically!

Anyway, we will get through this and hopefully his dad will wake up some day and realize how short life is and reach out to Tim. He has such a deep emptiness and sadness that his dad has basically closed the door on him. I still send them letters; and I asked his dad to come visit and see our home, baby and the landscaping Tim has done, but he never responds. It is all very sad. [NOTE: Emotionally, this was exactly how it was between Jay and Erika for 24 years...except that it was reversed, and sadly, *he* was the one calling and writing to her to try to get together—but, she never wanted to.]

Well, we are truly enjoying our little blessing. She is so sweet and big now, weighing 14lbs and 25 inches long at her 11-week checkup. I have attached some photos from the digital camera. They actually come out much better than my regular camera photos. I am going to see if Lisa will let me borrow her printer to print them out. Enjoy...she is so cute and lots of fun, now! Her daddy is the apple of her eye.

I go back to work next week and unlike my career-driven sister, I am dreading every second of it and get sick to my stomach when I think about it, but for now, this is the way it has to be.

From: Jay  
To: Erika  
Sent: January 24, 2000  
Subject: Re: What you mean to me...

Hi Erika!

You're welcome. And no, it doesn't surprise me that Donna told (or tells) you that she is proud of you, several times. (She and Tim are "very" open about their feelings.) That is very good that she has! My mother's note to me just reminded me not to forget to tell you because it is one of those things that people (i.e., parents) "oftentimes" forget to tell their kids, who need it the most (at least once in their lifetime). Thank you, Erika, for allowing me back into your life so that I had the opportunity!

I am very surprised about the situation with Tim's father as I was under the impression from what Tim had told me, just after your wedding, that he "walked away" from his real father, forever, (because he was a self-obsessed, loud-mouth) and decided to take his stepfather's name because of it. Also, the fact that Tim is not "whole-heartedly" accepted by (i.e., bonded with) Dick, his stepfather, threw me, too. Again, I had assumed from how Tim has talked about Dick that there was a great "mutual" love and admiration there... and that was why he "told me" that he decided to take Dick's surname, plus the fact that he had been raised by him most of his life.

I can certainly understand how that situation eats away at Tim's heart (...as our previous situation did mine, for many years). Thank you very much for letting me know about it as it helps me to understand Tim and your situations, individually and collectively. Maybe, I can help Tim (or you)...after all, I know what it's like to be in the same situation as Tim—but as a parent. PLEASE, let Tim know that I am willing to help—if you can approach him diplomatically about it!

(NOTE: I am sure there were other circumstances involved in our situation, so PLEASE, don't feel bad or any need to defend your self, or anyone else, concerning it. We can talk about it, preferably face-to-face, someday, IF you'd like...and when you're ready. I know you'd find it very helpful, releasing and freeing to do so because I have gone through those kinds of situations, many times, my self. I think you will find that I am extremely open-hearted and open-minded as well. There isn't much in life that I have not experienced.)

Sorry about your dreading to go back to work! I can understand that as I have been there, too. Is it just because you dislike your job or is it the people you dislike? And, by the way, I am glad you are not career-driven! (As much as I love Lisa and have bonded with her on the only level that's truly important, I have never understood her worldly need to excel and charge-forth. But, I do know that it is good that she is getting it all out of her system. And, I think it's your mother's high-energy that she inherited. I started out being somewhat career-minded but quickly changed to be more like

you, perhaps, about six years after I got divorced from Donna. I had burned-out on all the “games people play” on earth; and my divorce from my fairytale-princess and second wife, Susan, [after a three-year relationship and a two-month marriage] tore me up, emotionally, by that point, and it was time to mellow out.) Maybe, you can search your heart for something really worthwhile that you’d “love” to do—regardless of the money involved?! Doesn’t even have to be meaningful in other’s eyes...just yours...or it could be just something (or *several* things) “fun” to do that you have always wanted to do! (I have given myself permission to do anything that I could think of that I ever wanted to do! Why shouldn’t you? Nothing worse than living a life of quiet-desperation or with a sense of unfulfillment!)

Thanks for sharing your situations with me. I hope I have not been too parental in my suggestions, but I do really love you, dearly, and just want to help...if I can...and if, you want me to. If you would prefer me to keep quiet, you can tell me so. (The vast majority of my “closest” and longest friends, for several years, are Leos [like you]; and they all like to “drive” [really control] their own lives without anyone else’s intercession, but they will often include me in very personal elements of it. You all have an excellent “sense of self”...and exude an inner self-confidence that is unmatched by others. I hope you will also feel so free as I would like to be your friend, and vice versa, too!)

Love,

Jay

P.S. Thanks for the pictures. It is very nice of you to keep us up to date with you. You do a really good job. And, I am glad that the digital camera seems to be working out so well for you. (I thought it was really neat, too, as I would have bought one for us if we really had a use for one. I was sorry that Lisa had bought one for Michael; otherwise, I would have bought one like yours for them, too.)

P.P.S. You (or is it Tim?) do a really terrific job with the captions on the photos, and your picture-taking ability is really good. (I used to do a lot of portrait shots myself.) Your captions demonstrate a great sense of humor! I'm impressed—even if I wasn't your father. How about doing greeting cards (your own or for others)? You have a definite talent here! If you haven't done so already, please send the captioned photos (plus the best one of you and Sage) to my mother and to Lisa. Be sure to ask her what she thinks about my suggestion that you get into the greeting card business (yours or someone else's) or perhaps the [baby] photography field (and don't forget those captions!) or photography books or on the Internet. If you really like doing it, there's got to be a way to do it for a living. Lisa's setting up her own business through the Internet so maybe she could help you...if you would like her help, of course. If you didn't know it, there is a lady who does photographs (i.e., cards and books) of babies dressed like vegetation and bugs that are as adorable and creative as your shots! (Sorry, I don't know her name, but you can probably see her works in any reputable bookstore. She's that popular.)

From: Bobby  
To: Jay & Kim  
Sent: January 25, 2000  
Subject: Re: What you mean to me...

Hi Jay & Kim,

Loved the pictures of Sage & Erika!

Thanks for sharing with her distant Uncle & God-father! Not that I've been much of either!

Hs&Ks, [hugs & kisses]

Bobby & Sophie [his new dog]

From: Erika  
To: Jay  
Sent: January 25, 2000  
Subject: Re: What you mean to me...

Thanks for the note. Yes, Tim does love and admire his stepfather, Dick, but he is just realizing—especially after the baby arrived—that something is missing inside him. Dick has never had children and he is not an emotional person at all, where Tim is extremely emotional. (Dick is very quiet, conservative and very calm...you don't ever hear him complain or control any situation. He works hard every day of his life and then just takes things day-by-day.) This makes things difficult for Tim sometimes, due to his very obvious compassionate and

emotional traits. Anyway, the things he told you about his real dad were and are true; but it is still his dad, and he just wishes he was there for him.

As far as my job goes, I like the people and the job is fine, but it is not my life. I would much rather be a mom fulltime, but it just isn't in the cards for us right now. There really isn't anything that I have found that I love to do; sounds sad, huh? I thought I liked computers at one point, and I went down that road only to discover that it is somewhat lonely and there wasn't enough contact with people for me. I even thought about looking into training with a company, but it was much too much traveling. I will someday take photography classes as I have always talked about, but I really thought I was in a career that I loved so I haven't pursued it, yet. I am not very computer-literate, and I have never done all the fancy cards and stuff that I have seen people do; but it is something I hope to be able to do for myself, if not for a side job someday. It just seems like the market is flooded. The photographer you are talking about is Anne Geddes; she is extremely popular everywhere. I got my birth announcements on the Internet from a lady who uses real babies, also. We'll see; I guess you could say I usually need a little push to get things going, and I always get things done, just not as quickly as others (i.e., Lisa).

Well, I am going to Lisa's to print out some photos from the digital camera. I will forward the photos to Bobbie.

Talk to you later...E

From: Kim  
To: Erika  
Sent: January 25, 2000  
Subject: Re: What you mean to me...

Dear Erika,

I am so happy for you and your father, and ultimately, for me and all of your family! I know how much he has longed for a relationship with you. Much like Tim and his father and me wanting to know about my birth parents. I don't think, at first, your father understood my intense longing and desire to know about them. I think maybe he can understand it better, now. We went to see the movie, "Stuart Little" not long ago. I was touched by the movie. Stuart was adopted and loved his adoptive family, but he had an "empty" space. There is just something about your biological family. There is a connection there, no matter how much you are loved by others.

While reading your emails I noticed that you are very insightful, especially for your "chronological" age. When I brought this up to your father, he mentioned that many people don't get to that place until they are old, or on their deathbed, if at all. You have a wonderful outlook on life. Your father is very pleased that you feel blessed.

Your daughter always looks so peaceful, content, and truly happy in the photos I have seen of her. I love the one you sent of her with your birth announcement. She

looks posed, but I know she is not. You really seem to have a natural ability to take pictures. I am glad that your father picked up on this. I don't think he realized that photography is something that you really considered pursuing. I am sure it must be very difficult for you to go back to work when you long to be at home with Sage. It would be really great if you could do something at home that would facilitate you spending more time with her. You really should look into those photography classes.

I truly can relate to Tim's desire for love and acceptance from his father. To some people (like me), it is very important. I did not get along with my second stepmother, and my (adoptive) father died when I was 19. I never got to hear him tell me that he was proud of me. Although, I am sure if he were around to see how far I have come on my own that he would be truly proud of me. My adoptive mother died when I was 9, and my first stepmother died when I was 12. My dad's sister (in Toronto) told me about 8 years ago that my father would have been proud of me. I was so touched when she told me that. She and my uncle were dropping me off at the airport for my return flight home after my visit with them. It brought tears to my eyes. I told her that I had always wondered that and was so thankful that she had told me.

I have had the opportunity to meet many family members from my birth father's side. From them, I have been able to gain a sense of who my father was and learn about my mother as well. I have seen pictures

and videos of them. I got my wish fulfilled to see a picture of my birth mother by the end of *last year* on 12/26/99. I saw a video of her on 12/31. I just made it. I feel truly blessed, too. My mother's side of the family had been more "stand-offish." I wrote to all of them at Christmas to assure them that Kathy (my sister) and I did not want anything of a monetary nature. That we just wanted to see pictures and find out about our mother. I had not had any contact with them previous to this. My sister was the one that had been in contact with some of them. She had a very negative experience with them. I did not wish to intrude, nor did I want to lose the chance to make contact with them. I had been waiting for the right time. I have been blessed with a niece named Breane (pronounced: Bre-in), who seems to be as insightful as you are. She asked her father (Chris, my mother's youngest son, who is 51) for permission to get in touch with me. She has been emailing me since 1/13. She is giving me the opportunity to find out about her grandmother, my mother. I asked what her favorite color was, to confirm what I felt it was, and it was purple as I had thought. It may sound silly, but it is just a feeling that I got about her.

I have had so many amazing experiences happen with my family search. It has been a truly wonderful and most-satisfying experience for me. I truly feel that this was meant to happen; there have been far too many "coincidences" to believe differently. I feel that the "empty" space I had is gone and is now overflowing with love. My dad's family is so happy to know about us! I feel that we have been able to bring him back to

them in some way. They loved my father very much.  
He was a very gentle soul.

Love,

Kim

From: Jay  
To: Erika  
Sent: January 25, 2000  
Subject: Photography classes

Hello again, Erika!

I appreciated Kim's expressing her, and my, sentiments about your innate abilities and your naturally-loving nature.

I just wanted to add one thing. You don't have to take classes in photography if you have natural talent, as you do! You can always go to the library or the Internet (since you seem well-tuned to using it) and find articles and books on it that will tell you everything you need to know. You've either "got it" or you don't...and you've got it! Keep playing with it.

Love you,

Jay

P.S. I *really* like quiet, peaceful people, similar to how Tim's stepfather, Dick, sounds. But, I can certainly understand how that might not be sufficient for emotional people, like Tim. Donna used to climb on my case for not being emotionally expressive (like her, I assume) so I can, perhaps, understand Tim's need for that. (Emotional types do.)

From: Erika  
To: Kim  
Sent: January 27, 2000  
Subject: Re: What you mean to me...

Thank you for the complimentary comments. I guess we'll just have to see what the future holds for us. Hopefully, I will be able to be productive at work and not cry too much. My goal is to just take it one day at a time and do the best I can.

I am glad to hear that you are doing so well with your new-found family. That is just great. I don't know if I have ever felt an emptiness; I have always just taken my life for what it is, which is a good and bad way of looking at it, I guess.

Anyway, I 'm going to give Sage her last bottle for the night. She has really turned into a good sleeper....she is such a sweet baby.

With love, E

From: Kim  
To: Erika  
Sent: February 1, 2000  
Subject: Going back to work.

Dear Erika,

I heard that yesterday was your first day back at work. I know that you were having a hard time going back. I hope that you will be able to adjust to it without too much trouble. I think what you are feeling is very natural, and part of your maternal instinct. I think it is wonderful that you love Sage so much that you want to be with her. Not all children are this lucky. Sage is a very lucky girl to have parents like you and Tim. I hope things will work out that you will be able to spend more time with her!

Love,

Kim

From: Lisa  
To: Jay  
Sent: February 1, 2000  
Subject: Re: Internet businesses

Dad,

Thanks for the message. I am definately doing a top-notch website. I will contact some of the people on

your list to see what they offer. And, yes, I am hoping that this will provide a job for Erika. I have already discussed it with her. Unfortunately, I am several months away from that point. However, I can see this growing pretty quickly.

I am helping her out with Sage on Mondays. Mom [Donna] is doing Tuesdays, and Barbara (Tim's mom) is doing the rest of the week. She is very sad to leave her. Today was her first day back to work. I remember that with Jordan.

I want to tell you all about my business, but it is too complicated for an e-mail. I'll call you this week to tell you live.

Love you,

Lisa

From: Jay  
To: All our friends & family  
Sent: May 4, 2000  
Subject: My web page is finally here!

Hi gang!

[NOTE: For my computer-literate friends ignore the verbiage below and just click on the link...if you want! You can read the last two paragraphs, which explain the material at the site, later.]

Well...I have been meaning to do this for a quite a long while, but I've finally buckled down and put a business-oriented website together ([www.aloha.net/~peri4ry](http://www.aloha.net/~peri4ry)) [just single-click on this underlined link to the left and it will take you to the site] and loaded it up with all of the six books that I wrote several years ago.

A few words about the site: it's mostly in black and white (because this is a B&W world!); it has minimal graphics (other than our company logo on each page) to minimize screen redraw; and it's designed to eliminate downward scrolling [which I hate]. So, most everything you will see on each of the five pages will be visible (unless you have a really small screen...and I have a laptop with only a 12" one!). When you select the "MORE" link at the bottom of each page, it will take you to the next page.

The books are Adobe Acrobat [.pdf] versions, and yes... they are "free"! But, you must download the *free* Adobe Acrobat "Reader" in order to *SAVE* [highly recommended for *later* viewing at your leisure, while you're perusing the rest of the web!], view or print them; and there is a website link on the first page to facilitate your obtaining it. The books are anywhere from 50 – 465KB's in size, so be patient if *downloading* them. I estimate that it will take 1 – 4 minutes to download each one...if you are using a regular 28-56K modem to connect rather than a T1 line at work or an ADSL or cable modem at home. (I would **NOT** suggest "viewing" them, first, because it takes *too long* and you typically have no idea what's going on as the data

is being sent to your computer! You at least get a percentage-of-completion status and/or a visual graphic in a Dialog Box, which you can minimize, when you *download* anything and can go someplace else on the web while doing that.)

To some of our friends who are not familiar with my philosophical point of view, you will find most of this material *extremely radical* and *very non-traditional*... although most of it is presented as “children’s stories for adults” (which was my former publisher’s and my original focus when the previous versions of the three sections of *BANISHED...from the Sandbox [Revised Edition]* were published). Most of it is *beyond* metaphysics, slightly fictionalized and autobiographical. You have been **warned** (i.e., don’t read *any* of it...unless you want ALL your belief systems challenged)! Your mother, father and minister or priest will probably really hate this material! Come to think of it, you may never speak to me again, either. Oh well.

This completes the *last* project I had to complete at home before going back to work (since I have been laid-off from the second week in January). So, hopefully, I’ll be doing something *fun* (above all else!), productive and monetarily rewarding by the first of July! [Kim has two weeks vacation the second two weeks of June so I’ll wait until after then to rejoin the working-force.]

Aloha,

Jay

P.S. If you like what you see at the site...or you want to hurl expletives at me [which may be more likely], there is a link at the bottom of each page ["Contact Us!"] that will open your email program with our web email address in the "To" line.

From: Lisa  
To: Jay  
Sent: May 11, 2000  
Subject: Re:My web page is finally here!

OK,

I am a real slug, now. I really must get to my site. I just love yours! Terrific job. Hope you sell lots of books.

Lisa

From: Jay  
To: Kathy (Kim's real sister), Bobbie (Jay's mother), Bobby (Jay's younger brother), Erika & Tim (Jay's younger daughter and her husband), Lisa & Michael (Jay's older daughter and her husband), Robert (Kim's younger adopted brother), Kevin (Kim's older adopted brother)  
Copy: Lindsay  
Sent: May 11, 2000  
Subject: A modification to "the periphery" website

Hi family!

I got a call this morning from my dear friend, Lindsay, who I co-wrote *Rapid-FIRE* with more than 5 years ago, asking me to remove it from our business-related website—because of personal concerns on her part. It was our agreement when we wrote it that *both* of us had to agree to publish it. So, out of fairness to her, I have accommodated her wishes.

Since I believe it is a “very valuable” work showing the workings and the power of the self-destructive tendencies and self-created **fear** of the human ego in *intimate* relations—to students of *A Course in Miracles* (who are the only ones who would locate the site [because it is not advertised anywhere!], except for you folks and *close* friends of ours who understand where I, and we, are coming from—philosophically and spiritually) as well as being *the only one of its kind*, that I am aware of, I have asked her to reconsider and to assist Kim and me with contributions and visitor consultations and assistance to our website. (Lindsay is a very astute and the best student of *ACIM* who I have ever met! She knows and has lived it better than any of my other friends.) So...keep an eye on the site...it may be back—if you know others who would like to download it!

Kim, who read it four years ago, *in an afternoon* because she found it so engrossing, told me she kept rooting for the two principle characters to sustain their relationship (even though she wasn’t one of them—but I was!) through all their individual and combined personal trials and tribulations. [If my own wife, who is obviously very secure in our love and unthreatened by

it, got that much out of the book, I think that says *a lot* for it's validity, universality and purpose in the world! See if you agree.]

In the event that you have not had a chance to read it yet, I have attached a copy to this email which you will have to save (download) to your hard-drive on your computer so you can read it at your leisure. It has 250+ pages. I would suggest printing it out, first, if you don't like reading on a computer. [**Please** do NOT pass it along to anyone else...out of respect for my dear friend...*until* you see it available again on our website ([www.aloha.net/~peri4ry](http://www.aloha.net/~peri4ry))! Thank you...very much!]

See you later....

Love,

Jay (& Kim)

From: Jay  
To: Lindsay  
Sent: May 11, 2000  
Subject: Re: A modification to "the periphery" website

Hello again, Lindsay! [NOTE: Her name is really spelled: Lindsey. You have to read *Rapid-FIRE* to understand why I intentionally misspell it, now.]

I hope that this previous email met your personal desires and gives you peace of mind.

Aloha,

Jay

P.S. Would you print up *Rapid-FIRE* (it has been really cleaned up since you read it last) and have Pete read it to see what he thinks? I would be very interested in his reaction to it!

P.P.S. Come visit...sometime! Just let us know when you and Pete can come. (We have terrible weather, scenery and people here, though, so it might be an effort for you two to endure...particularly, the constant breezes and NO air conditioning!)

May 13, 2000

Dear Jay,

Thank you for removing *Rapid-FIRE* from [your website on] the Internet. Yes – that gives me peace of mind. Pete has read the book – several years ago – with not much comment. Life is wonderful for me! Good luck reaching your goal in September [of returning to the spiritual discipline and peace that you once had].

Love,

Lindsey

From: Jay & Kim  
To: Kevin, Robert, Lisa & Michael, Erika & Tim,  
Bobbie, Bobby, Lindsay, Kathy, Jim & Eleanor [Jay's uncle  
and aunt], Tommy [their son and Jay's cousin], Linda  
[their daughter and Jay's cousin], Breane [Kim's niece]  
Sent: May 10, 2000  
Subject: Jay & Kim (our personal website)

Hi family!

This may be a little *premature*...but I have put the beginnings of our "personal" website together. It may get modified many times as I made it while Kim was busy and unable to contribute, although she has seen it. Just single-click on this link to the right ([www.aloha.net/jk](http://www.aloha.net/jk)), which will open your browser and go right to it, and then save it under "Favorites," (usually, if you're using Microsoft Internet Explorer) for return visits.

Kim is big on genealogy, at this point, having been adopted, so you will see it reflected in our site. It's all family-oriented...period. Strangers, and possibly some friends, would be bored to tears. People who like or watch other people's home movies wouldn't. (I imagine they are pretty A.R. [anal retentive], though.)

If members of my family have a *few* computer-generated pictures (preferably ".jpg" files), I would appreciate your emailing them to me. [Sorry...there's no guarantee I'll use them all...so please just send one or two of the "best" you have! And...thanks in advance for your help!]

Aloha,

Jay

From: Bobbie  
To: Jay & Kim  
Sent: May 20, 2000  
Subject: Maine

I will arrive in Boston the first of June about 3 p.m., will pick up the car and drive to Maine, picking up groceries along the way. I will spare you the bloody details—everything that could go wrong—did! Will decide Monday whether to have a second epidural—some improvement but some residual stiffness, etc.—no pain as such! Will call tomorrow to make sure you got this message.

Love Mom

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: May 22, 2000

Hi Bobbie!

Thanks for the info and for the telephone call the other day bringing us up to date on your plans to leave for Maine.

VERY SORRY...I was not in a better mood when we talked. I apologize for being abrupt! (I worked 11 hours from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. in the yard by myself yesterday [good thing I re-landscaped the yard a little while back or it would have taken another 2 hours!], plus I never like it when people make “comments” about my plans or anything I am doing—unless I ask for them! Also, Kim has been “very chatty” lately (i.e., sometimes she never stops talking) so I am “over-sensitive” to anyone going on and on or asking detailed questions about what I am doing and why I am doing it and have no patience for those kinds of situations! I was pretty tired when you called as well [it was 3 p.m., our time], which only added to my impatience...and I still had [but little did I know!] 7 more hours of work in front of me. (And you know how I love yardwork?! Yuck...I hate everything but pruning...but I wanted Kim to know what it was like to have nice, beautiful, single-family home this lifetime! And owning a home is nothing but continual maintenance, which I have to do the vast majority of because Kim works very hard and doesn’t have time for it!)

When I married Kim, she was very quiet for the most part, which I really enjoy since I relish “peace and quiet” as you may remember. However, I later discovered that she was very unhappy for some reason, which we still don’t understand why, to this day. I told her then that she was the unhappiest person I had ever known. Well, the last year or so, Kim has been quite happy, most of the time! In fact, she has a “childlike” fascination, curiosity and demeanor about *everything* ...particularly, little things—like geckos (nocturnal

salamanders that sometimes hang all over the house eating bugs and mating), chameleons, rainbows, infinite family details about her birth relatives (i.e., excessive preoccupation with her human-ego's past), and anything dealing with the airline industry and planes. It could be that she never had a real childhood before, with her parents (adopted mother and stepmother) dying while she was very young thus preventing her from having a normal one. Thus, she may be reclaiming that time, now, which is understandable. The only downside is that she talks a lot (non-stop), sometimes —unless we are watching TV (which has now become like “meditation time” for me).

I would rather have her happy than the reverse, but I have no patience anymore for *detailed* conversations about anything dealing with the dream we call “life on earth.” [Hence, this is why Kim thinks I am a “curmudgeon” ...but I don't wake up or act like a grump, ordinarily!] Kim and you both know this... however, you both continue to talk to me or ask me stuff I don't care anything about! I love you both, dearly...just, PLEASE, don't drag me into any more “detailed” conversations about this world. Please, do not misconstrue that to mean that I do not love you both or that I don't want to know what, where and when you are doing things. I just don't need to know details or attitudes and opinions, unless I ask for them. THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

Love you, dearly,

Jay

From: Bobbie  
To: Jay  
Sent: May 22, 2000

Amen!

From: Bobbie  
To: Jay  
Sent: May 22, 2000  
Subject: Re: Our "Personal" Website

I have never seen anything like this—sounds a bit egotistical to me—who is interested in your family except other family members? And what happened to your relatives, Jay? You have cousins, and you don't even mention the Bursey clan, which had a great influence in our life—Aunt Ethel and Uncle Wallis. I have pictures of all of them, as well as your grandparents. I have made copies of all of these for Tommy and Linda, but you never expressed any interest in them. Lisa gets all the photographs as she has expressly asked for them. And she should have them to pass on to her children.

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: May 22, 2000  
Subject: Re: Our "Personal" Website

Hi Bobbie!

We only have three pages a piece for family. This is how it breaks down:

1st page of each grouping: us or our parents;

2nd page of each grouping is “father/paternal” side of family which includes children of the parents on the previous page of the grouping and uncles, aunts and cousins on his side; and finally,

3rd page of each grouping is the “mother/maternal” side of the family and includes uncles, aunts and cousins on her side.

There are three *groupings* (on the second page of our personal website): 1) Kim and I, which includes dad and you, 2) Kim’s adopted family and 3) Kim’s birth family.

I didn’t want to carry it any further than that. For instance, the “Bursey’s” would be under the “Boyd” page (i.e., third page of the first grouping).

Kim can get very “compulsive-obsessive” about this genealogy stuff (as well as some other things) so I have asked her to tone it down. [WE BOTH NEED TO CUT OUT THE “A.R.”, DETAILED STUFF THAT CAUSES “ALL” ARGUMENTS FOR US...*now!* I have had it!] Since I developed the pages myself and Kim does not have the time nor the inclination to learn all the ridiculously-detailed, anal-retentive coding to do so, I am going to keep it to a minimum. IF...I get a computer/digitally-generated picture (that has a “.jpg”

extension—and preferably no bitmaps [a large file with a “.bmp” extension]) of a family member of yours, let’s say Nana, for example, I would put it under the “Boyd” page because she was on your side of the family. By the way, I probably wouldn’t go much beyond her (i.e., any further back), time-wise!

I do not have a scanner, nor do I want one! Therefore, I can NOT take pictures and scan them into my computer! Three other things about that: 1) our computer cannot handle any more devices [we are maxed out with a printer and a tape backup device hooked up to the “parallel port”—2 is the maximum number of devices you can run off of that kind of port...I tried hooking up a scanner, and it simply would not work!]; 2) we’d have to buy a “new” computer to use a scanner [because I am not going to relinquish my printer or tape backup unit] in order to get what is known as a “USB port” to run a scanner off of [\$3,000 seems a little excessive just to run a \$100-300 device!]; and 3) we don’t have any place to put a scanner [plus, it would only get “occasional” usage...hardly worth getting another table for—let alone spending money on].

Hope this clarifies what and why our website is the way it is. Also, I don’t have time to learn and generate all the code necessary on each page (and there are 11 pages on our personal website and only five pages on my business site) to make it look pretty with lots of colors and “do-dads” the way most pages are professionally done, which takes “mucho” hours and extremely-detailed knowledge of what is known as HTML language—and

that doesn't even include learning Java to generate what are known as "applets" that are mini-programs that do interesting things on a webpage. All the *major* website pages that you go to have them!

Love,

Jay

P.S. I developed our personal website *for* Kim...I would not have even bothered for me. I am not the slightest bit interested in genealogy or anything dealing with the ego's (i.e., human) "past." That's nothing new...I have been that way since 1982...you know that! And yes, it is an "egotistical" website for just our family and friends who want to see "pictures" of our immediate family and us! If Kim wants to "write" stories about people and their genealogical histories (and you know she can go off the "deep end" and not know when to stop), that's fine—so long as I am not involved. I have done my part...I am through. (I wrote "a" line about my mother, brother, two kids, four grandchildren, Kim's two adopted brothers, Kim's birth sister, Kim's birth parents and Kim's half-brothers and sisters. That's enough!) The rest of the site and maintenance of it is up to her. I'll help her put up the pictures. [We don't need anything more to bicker about! That's why I am bugging out of it.]

From: Bobbie

To: Jay

Sent: May 23, 2000  
Subject: Re: Our "Personal" Website

Amen, again!

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: May 23, 2000  
Subject: Your back, Kim's back & me

Hello again!

I am sorry, but I forgot to ask you about the epidural you mentioned in your previous email. What is going on with your back? (I assume from what you wrote that you have no pain but are just experiencing *stiffness* in your back.) Please give us the highlights (or should I say "lowlights").

Turns out that Kim called me from a local hospital here at 10:30 p.m. last night explaining that she had injured her lower back muscles on a trip two nights prior but was not experiencing severe pain, until then, so she went to an emergency ward for about an hour. The doctor prescribed Vicodin (a good pain killer) for her, which enabled her to sleep last night, and today she went to a local occupational health clinic at her company's claim agency's suggestion. She is allowed to do light-duty work if it doesn't involve doing anything, practically. [That doesn't make sense since she can't even sit on the toilet without severe pain?!] The doctor

at the hospital last night said she shouldn't go back to work for a week. So, she dropped off of a trip "prematurely" last night and will miss two more trips that she had scheduled between now and the 1st of June.

Her *official* vacation period starts June 8 (thru the 21st), but we have to wait and see what the occupational health doctor says next Tuesday, May 30, about whether and when we *can* go on vacation (and if Kim can fly...because it's painful for her to "sit" as well as lie down at this point). We were tentatively planning on leaving for Toronto, Canada earlier on June 2 (since we are both free then) for 2-3 days to visit her relatives; then flying to Albany, NY and picking up a rental car to visit my old friends, Roger and Dee, in Winchester, NH for 2-3 days; and finally, driving to Ogunquit. We are still hoping to hold to that plan, but it depends upon the doctor and Kim's ability to sit comfortably before we can go anywhere. I pray she can sit comfortably by next Monday, May 30th! We'll keep you posted between now and then.

An interesting thing happened this morning that reminded me of a characteristic of my ego that I had forgotten but wrote about in one of my books (I think it's in *Call In the Angels*) from what I learned several years ago from Robert Bly's very popular book, *Iron John*—that you gave me (and is still at your house). I woke up feeling exhausted (much more so than Kim who went to bed in pain) and very groggy, like I had been drugged. (Yet, Kim was the one who took the drugs the night before!) Then it hit me, I remembered

the section that Robert wrote in the book about the type of male known as the “naive man.” This type male “takes on” the *emotional* and *mental* characteristics of the *single*, significant woman in his life, who is usually the one he is physically closest to.

Unfortunately, my human-ego has this trait...meaning that I have a “simpatico” relationship with Kim. For instance, five days before Kim’s period (when unbeknownst to her, her hormones change), I usually get “very” temperamental. When I get that way, I remind her that her period is probably starting. It’s uncanny! Well...I think the same thing happened again this morning with the drugs. She took them...and they affected *me*! (Kim slept well but was still in pain the next morning when she awoke and was not noticeably affected by the drugs, in any way!) There are other incidents where her mood has become mine, but Kim’s ego tries to avoid acknowledging and dealing with them! (We are all here to be *each other’s* mirror...how else could we learn to see our ego-selves?!) Just thought you should remember this since you were the vehicle for giving me the book that provided me the insight.

Love,

Jay

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: May 25, 2000

Subject: Confirming your mail address in Maine  
& Vacation Plans (6/2 – 21)

Hi Bobbie!

I would like you to confirm your mail address in Maine for us. We need to forward our bills between June 2 - 15 to your address so that they get paid on time. (After that I am going to have the mail sent home and, by copy of this email, am asking our neighbors, David & Sukie, to pick up our mail from June 16 - 21 (when we get home).

I have your address as:

P.O Box 2000  
Ogunquit, ME 03907

Is that address still valid? Please let us know! Thanks.

As I may have mentioned before, we are planning to leave here on either late Thursday afternoon (around 5 P.M.), **June 1**, or possibly June 2, [...***providing Kim has recovered from her back injury sufficiently to “sit” comfortably...and the doctor gives her a release to travel!*** Otherwise, we may not leave until June 8th, when Kim’s vacation “officially begins.] We will be going to visit Kim’s Canadian relatives in Toronto for a few days (June 2 - 4). Next, we are going to drive east through New York state to approximately Springfield on the Mass Turnpike and then turn north 45 minutes to Winchester, NH (near the three corners of MA, VT and NH) to visit Roger & Dee for a few days (June 5 - 7).

Finally, on **June 7**, we will drive to *Boston* where we *have to* return the rental car from Canada at Logan Airport (between 10 a.m. and 12 noon) and pick up *another* rental car from another company to drive to the airport in Portland, ME (because that's where the car rental agency is). I estimate that we should get there sometime between 3 - 5 *p.m.* that day.

Would you kindly pick us up? We'll call and let you know when we are in Portland, or shortly before it—like 30 minutes before we arrive so you can get there when we do. Just park in the lot, and we will meet you *outside* the “terminal” where you usually drop us off.

Look forward to seeing you!

Love,

Jay & Kim

From: Bobbie

To: Jay & Kim

Sent: May 26, 2000

Subject: Re: Confirming your mail address in Maine  
& Vacation Plans (6/2 – 21)

YES to all!

From: henry  
To: Kim  
Sent: May 27, 2000  
Subject: hey

did u fly yesterday?  
were the loads heavy?  
did u catch iron chef yesterday?  
it's on at 10p est sat.

From: Kim  
To: Henry  
Copy: Jan, Kathy, Kelly, Bobbie, Bobby, Breane, and  
[Kim's Canadian relatives:] Glenda, Faye, Lynn and  
Wanda  
Sent: May 27, 2000  
Subject: Re: hey

I hurt my back on 5/19 on a flt [flight] to HNL  
[Honolulu]. It got progressively worse in the next few  
days. We got stuck in SFO [San Francisco] an extra day  
because of a mechanical [problem with the plane]. We  
went back to the hotel. I was very uncomfortable the  
whole time there. I worked the flight home. After  
getting in, I went to the emergency room [at a local  
hospital] since it was too late to go to the company-  
sponsored Occupational Health Center (Concentra)  
by the airport.

The doctor looked at me and diagnosed [my problem]  
as a lumbar strain and said that it should be better in a

week. He prescribed Vicodin for me. Early the next morning I was contacted by a lady [from our company] in Benefits in ATL [Atlanta], who told me the people I needed to contact. According to my company, I had to go to the Concentra Occupational Health Center doctor for a diagnosis and treatment. They prescribed pt [physical therapy] 3x's [3 times] a week for 4 weeks. I had to get a shot for the pain caused just from having to lie down and get up. They took lots of x-rays. It was a good thing I was given the shot the way the x-ray technician kept moving me around. There is a possibility that I could have a slight disk herniation, but it is probably just a lumbar strain. I was prescribed Daypro (an anti-inflammatory), Vicodin (for pain), Skelaxin (a muscle relaxant), and Therasgesic ointment. I went to PT [physical therapy] Wed-Fri. I have exercises that I am supposed to do 3x's [3 times] a day. I rode an exercise bike for 10 min. yesterday at therapy. I have been nauseous, constipated and in pain. This is the first time I have been able to sit in front of the computer. *Sitting* seems to give me the most problems. I know that what I have is minor compared to yours, Jan's, Kelly's and my sisters injuries [not to mention Jay's!]; but I am still in a great deal of pain. I can not imagine the pain you have all gone through. I am thankful that Jay is here to help me!

We are supposed to be going on vacation soon so I hope the doctor will release me to travel. They *can* reschedule my vacation period, but this is really "the" best time for us to go and visit Jay's mother in Maine and my family in Canada (who has not met Jay, yet).

Speaking of backs, how are you doing? Jay's mother, Bobbie, just had an epidural, which I know you are not fond of. I don't think she got the results she was expecting and was supposed to get another one the other day.

I spend most of my time talking to one person or another on the phone about my injury, [taking] my medication and getting my exercise in. Before I know it, the day is over. I have been doing a little reading but really don't seem to have too much free time. I hurt my wrist earlier in the month but did not lose any time from work for it. I had 10 days off to rest while my niece, Breane, and her friend, Lee (Lisa is her real name), were here. I have spoken to a few of the people who I [talked with before] about my wrist injury, a short while back...which has been kind of embarrassing for me. I don't want them to think that I am always filing "OJI" (On the Job Injury) reports, but everyone has been very nice to me. I hope it remains that way.

With the problems my friend, Jan, (and others have had), I keep waiting for the "other shoe to drop." I have been keeping detailed notes in case they are needed (which I hope they are not). I haven't even written this up in my "FACTS" report as the On-Board Leader because as I said I have not been able to sit at the computer.

Aloha,

Kim

From: Bobbie  
To: Jay  
Sent: May 27, 2000  
Subject: Erika

Just thought I'd let you know [that] I just had a nice conversation with your younger daughter [Erika]. I was fiddling away time on the new computer and sending complaints in to Dell about the lack of printed information, in any of the packed material, that goes over the keyboard and [its] function keys and suddenly realized I hadn't asked for replacements of the pictures that I [had] on the other machine which I sent back. So I phoned [Erika] and asked how she was fixed for baby-sitters. I thought I'd ask them out to dinner, if they drove down here as I was without a car then [as hers had been shipped to Maine].

It seems [Erika's husband,] Tim's parents [who had been staying with them temporarily until they found a new house since selling theirs] moved out today to an apartment somewhere south of here—can't remember where nor does it matter. I think it is a big relief [to Erika and Tim] as relations were becoming very strained! Lisa [Erika's older sister] has found a former teacher of both her daughters, Jordan and Madeline, that wants to stay home and just take care of *two* kids [meaning her new daughter, Olivia, as well as Erika's new daughter, Sage. Jordan and Madeline are in school.] Lisa needs to spend more consistent time in developing her business, and they know and like this woman.

Erika and I discussed the relief for them in a positive manner—that she, Tim and Sage could just be a family again. Tim has just purchased a new truck to expand his landscaping business. She was very relaxed and responsive, I told her I had a binder for her with separators that they could put their monthly investment reports in; but she already had one, and we talked a little about them and the new one coming out and the importance of keeping them and of not selling the Walmart stock because of tax consequences. She's quite savvy and asked smart questions.

I told her that what I really called about was to ask her to send me the pictures that she had sent before which had been in the last laptop [I had turned in]. I also asked her to be sure to send the one both you and I had requested of her holding the baby. Erika said she wasn't sure it would look as good blown up, and I said we wanted it, anyway—I also told her that I had no picture of her except at Lisa's wedding.

All in all, Lisa was right, again; she kept saying you'll be surprised "Did you ever think five years ago that you'd be sitting down having dinner with Erika?," and I had to agree I did not. Erika seems to be really coming into her own and out of her shell or reticence or whatever you want to call it.

Much love—see you when you get there [Maine]. I leave Thursday [June 1]—I thought it was Tuesday!

[NOTE: If you have not read *Call In the Angels*, my reunion with my formerly-estranged daughter, Erika, was my ego's last unfinished business.

It was a long 24 years from age 4 to 28! At a Christmas dinner-party in 1999, hosted by my oldest daughter, Lisa, Erika just *beamed* (like I have never seen her do in her entire life!) when she saw me, shortly after arriving, and *immediately* came over to me, before doing anything else, and gave me a hug. Kim said that I smiled and my eyes lit up as soon as Erika came into the room as well.]

# ***The End***

Oh, were you expecting something more elaborate?

Well...okay. Here's the less abrupt conclusion you expect. Of course, in Reality, no one will actually *know* when and how the dream will come to an end as the ego has no idea how anything happens. And, usually whatever it *thinks* it knows does *not* usually come completely true. If that were the case, then the ego would be in charge of God and our ultimate design...which thankfully it isn't! So, when someone tells you how things happen, to include how the dream-world will end, you can just disregard them. More than likely, it will just end when we (and that means *anyone*!) are least aware of it; and since our mutual ego *consciousness* will no longer exist at that time, no one will ever remember it.

The task at hand, from now on, remains for more and more of us to realize that God did not create this *dream* we humans (i.e., egos) call life. When enough of us do, then magically, as it were, it will disappear (end) and all of us with it! Amen.



# ***Epilogue: Sifting Through the Debris***

From: Bobbie  
To: Jay  
Sent: Saturday, August 26, 2000  
Subject: Bob

Bob called last night and talked for over an hour and I finally [had to] just cut him off—he's in another [one] of those situations again and has himself all tied up in a knot. The 1st one finally sent him to a shrink. He feels he's not part of the family—I said that's the way Linda feels, too, but she's got good reason.

I've been thinking about it all day. He already has another job lined up but it depends on how long it takes for the paper work to go through. It's still not the one [that he *really* wants] in Albuquerque—that one doesn't open until December and he's just making it from job to

job until then. I know how he feels because I'm all alone now, too, and everyone else has someone they can share with—but I can't say you did it to yourself. There's a lot involved here and I just thought there might be something you could suggest that I could help him with. His frustration level is so high right now. I'll call him on Monday night and see how his day went. He was to meet Lisa and Michael somewhere in [Washington,] DC over this weekend but the details got screwed up and that had him all hot and bothered so it won't be a good meeting—or that might just help him. I tried to tell him that she was his angel and to try to make it be good—but he was just so “low” that there was just nothing I could say. So I just said I've got to go and hung up—this was after an hour or an hour and a half.

Any ideas? We all need help now and then, and I've helped Linda but I can't seem to help him!!

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: Saturday, August 26, 2000  
Subject: Re: Bob

Hi Bobbie!

Thanks for the update on Bobby. I appreciate it.

No...I can't think of a thing that could help Bobby—that he would listen to. (I *can*...but he'd have to hit

rock-bottom and be VERY WILLING to “surrender” his ego, totally, and listen—which means there can “no” defensiveness, on his part!

Here’s a little history between Bobby and me. Years ago, when I dropped in on him unannounced (after I “escaped,” literally, from that camp for juvenile delinquents in Pennsylvania where I was going to be a counselor), I brought him *A Course in Miracles* and left it for him in a place where he could easily find it, “without” saying a word about it. (It had an inscription inside that would really be appropriate for this time in his life—IF he is willing to do the work, mellow-out, and begin to let go of all his belief systems.) At that time, I was also willing to *stay* with him—with the intention of helping him “get it” about this world (i.e., understand that it is all an illusion...which he basically does, but only, *intellectually*).

Please understand that, by that time, he had read SEVERAL of Richard Bach’s books—if not all of them. (I had given him his first, *Illusions—Adventures of A Reluctant Messiah*.) So...I figured that he was “intellectually” ready to go further, then...but he *wasn’t*, emotionally. He freaked-out that someone (me) could travel or live in the world with only \$35 in their pocket—and to their name! My “free-spirit” scared the shit out of him, and he promptly put me on a bus, the next day, (insisting that he pay the fare!) to Florida, where you picked me up. I wanted to spend some time with him, then, by “living together” for a short while

and working somewhere in that area—and told him so—BUT, he wouldn't have it, at all.

My freedom and fearlessness frightened him and his old-fashioned, provincial attitude. (He gave me a huge, parental-like lecture on responsibility...and, of course, we can all see where that “sense of responsibility” got him—right in the toilet, emotionally!)

Well...the point is this: I would very much like to help him—if he could, for once, except me as an “older” Brother (or as a friend), who he would be interested in listening to because of His (my) experience and His (my) Love for him (Bobby), so that He (I) can “reach” him at his soul-level! Since I have time available right now because I am not working, I could go and stay with him for a week or so (and maybe have time for as many return trips as he needs!) to just listen and perhaps guide him in understanding what this world is all about until he learns NOT to take it serious and get peaceful and content “with himself, alone.” (For instance, I met Kim when I could have cared less whether I ever met someone or ever got married, again...in other words, when you don't “need” things or people, that's when you get them!). No one can be happy here until they learn that, first!

You can suggest his talking to me and see what develops from there. Or, you can “forward” this email to him. (You might want to edit it or delete certain parts of this before you do so that his “ego” [which is ALL

your dealing with here, by the way—not the *real* Bob!] doesn't feel like it's being "picked on.")

HOWEVER...there's another thing that has "already" transpired (i.e., created by your desire to reach out to me for help with Bobby by sending me your email). The mere fact that you and I have "joined" together in Love, which is nothing more than our *mutual* desire that he be free of his ego-dependency and its self-imposed fearfulness and sense of emptiness, has *already* healed Bobby of his pain and anguish—in Reality! (For instance, I "know" he is perfectly okay, in spite of what pronouncements his ego might otherwise make.)

Hope you *feel* okay, now, too!

Love you,

Jay

P.S. To "live" (or work) with someone else requires a tremendous amount of conviction, willingness, openness and courage to face your "self." Kim and I have really worked hard to maintain our relationship, for instance. Relationships are mostly "work." (And as Oprah put it: "Marriage is a commitment to work on your [ego-]self!" That message is also at the heart of the AA program as well as *A Course in Miracles*.) And I have to tell you, that it's absolutely true! Most people, my self included, try to work on the *other* person. Up to this point, I don't think Bobby has come even remotely close to being able to do that. I do think that he has

definitely tried to *extend* love, though, based upon his involvement with Special Olympics, the multitude of emails he sends out on “love and friendship” and the mere fact that he recently has been willing to care for another (i.e., his new dog, Sophie)!!!

(NOTE: If I ever end up living by my self, again, I know I’ll just get a dog, like before! Great companionship, lots of love and “silent” quality-time [as in meditation], and little or no emotional ego entanglements!)

From: Bobbie  
To: Jay  
Sent: Sunday, August 27, 2000  
Subject: Re: Bob

Thanks for the help and suggestions. I will wait until I talk to him tomorrow night and see how the day went and decide from there what action to take. I KNOW it’s tied to his ego but it’s also tied to fear (even though he KNOWS they cannot fire him—he’s that secure within the government system—he’s locked in).

But he is feeling alone and separate and not PART of the family, that HE has separated himself from. Though I do believe, he cannot see or believe that—that’s what is so frightening to me.

Thanks for listening and your little story was very enlightening. You know he is very [much] like my

father, in some respects—so emotional and flies off the handle over nothing!

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: Thursday, October 05, 2000  
Subject: Fw: Don't know IF this will help ...

Hi Bobbie!

Bobby sent me an email about giving my resume synopsis (that I sent him, recently—but can't remember why, right now) to his boss' boss (the Captain in the Navy JAG), who, in turn, offered to pass it along to his counterpart in Honolulu. I told Bobby that was very nice of him (Bobby)—and a very unexpected thing for him to do—and that I appreciated it.

I thanked him for doing so and asked Bobby a question about getting assistance from the big boss—since he seems to like Bob—in dealing with his immediate supervisor.

I think you might like my reply to him [which follows]. I thought you might appreciate that, inadvertently, I was given the opportunity, through *his* situation, to point out what needs to be done (by him and ALL of us!) in order to happily survive on earth!

I thought you wanted me to talk with him a short while ago about his situation at work and his personal life.

Mission accomplished. I think this is about as far as I can go without further discussion or a request for assistance on his part. (If he understands and practices it, he'll do just fine!)

Love,

Jay

From: Jay  
To: Bobby  
Sent: Thursday, October 05, 2000  
Subject: Re: Don't know IF this will help ...

Hi Bobby!

Thanks for the CA (cheap advice) about getting into the government system. I have and will follow it.

Also, I now have “the picture” about your current job situation in that your “immediate” reporting relationship (the bonehead) is the problem—not the big boss.

Question: Don't you think you could end up working for a “bonehead” anywhere—even if they do not hire you, directly? [For instance, my next to last boss, who hired me and used to laugh with me a lot, lost his job to a much younger, prejudicial guy.] And wouldn't it be better to “learn how to deal with that type of personality” *there* (particularly since you have support *above*

him!)—and get it over and done with—rather than just keep getting the lesson again and again?

The reason I ask this is because I have seen lessons, including living with certain personality types, that I refused to learn to deal with (by “losing my cool” or by holding an *internal* grudge against them), the first time, CONTINUE to *repeatedly* haunt me until I do. By the way, the lesson is ALWAYS the same: “How do I remain peaceful and content in ANY environment and with ANY type of individual?”! Ultimately, when no one or no thing can “rock our boat” or cause us to have an “attitude” or negative opinion about them or it, we have arrived! BUT...it’s a cute trick to overcome our ego. Simply “letting it go” by not responding to our opinions, attitudes and judgments through harboring, or dwelling, on them is ALL that need be done. It can be done. It merely requires *on-going vigilance* on our part by remembering to ask our Self: “What is this [attitude/opinion/judgment] for?” and then LET IT GO [i.e., forgive it]...and MEAN it. (Attitude, toward any one or thing, causes ALL our problems! Admission: It is a *lifelong* process...for me, too!)

Love,

Jay

P.S. Again...thanks for your help with the government/military job market!

P.P.S. You stated “Now, this is going to be hard for you, but you’re going to have to listen to your YOUNGER Brother!” when offering further help, today. I don’t have any problem listening to you...particularly, because you are younger than me. Must be your *projection* from something in the past. By the way, there is a big difference between “listening” and “following.” Just because people may choose not to follow “everything” we tell them, does NOT mean they do NOT listen to us when we give them advice. Kim is helping me to learn this one...all the time! Eventually, we’ll get it...or definitely die in the process. (Joke intended!)

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From: Jay  
To: Vic Zarley  
Sent: Tuesday, October 17, 2000  
Subject: Website address

Hi Vic!

I was wondering if you would allow me to put a link to your wonderful book, *Wizard of the Wires*, which you have on the Internet, on my website?

Aloha,

Jay

From: Vic Zarley  
To: Jay  
Sent: Tuesday, October 17, 2000  
Subject: Re: Website address

Yes. I am glad you are going to put a link there. I like to give people the opportunity to look at the other writings (linked on that same page).

Thanks,

Vic

From: Jay  
To: Vic Zarley  
Sent: Wednesday, October 18, 2000  
Subject: Re: Website address

Hi Vic!

Directly below is a copy of the text that appears at the bottom of the last page of my website describing your webpage link and what the reader will find there. I hope my write-up is acceptable to you?! I think you have filled a *Real* need by creating something that can easily explain The Truth (that God did not create the world) to young people and how to live in it, upon acceptance. It has been my "long-standing wish" (i.e., for 18 years!) to be able to do so. Thank you for being the vehicle of my desire! (I really didn't need to do it myself...my ego doesn't need any stroking!)

Thanks for allowing me to put it there.

Aloha,

Jay

*[NOTE: This is a link to a friend's website to obtain (for free), or view, a wonderful storybook called Wizard of the Wires. FINALLY...there is a relatively short story (126 pages) that describes The Truth, and how to live it, in such simple terms that even someone under age 12 can easily grasp it! Please, share it with your kids. Thanks! You might also want to check out the rest of Vic's site, called Food for Thought (and it is!), by clicking on the site links at the bottom of his page.]*

From: Vic Zarley

To: Jay

Sent: Tuesday, October 19, 2000

Subject: Re: Website address

Jay,

Yes! Thank you for your kind words. And, I understand about not wanting to get caught up in your ego's need for self-glorification.

Vic

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[NOTE: My friend, Roger, originally sent me an email on October 17, 2000 indicating that he had just received a new job offer for the Chief Information Officer (CIO) position with a company in Jacksonville, Florida. To do so, he was going to come out of *his* early retirement in New Hampshire (from a previous CIO/VP position with another company in Rhode Island), where he is keeping a year-round residence for himself as well as his wife, Delta, and temporarily, their daughter, Erin (whose is my Godchild). He also indicated that he was thinking about setting up a second residence in a very nice town called Fernandina Beach on Amelia Island in the Atlantic Ocean, off of the northern Florida coast.

Since my mother, Bobbie, knew Roger and his wife, I copied her in on the original announcement email that he sent me, which set off a whole series of questions, and hence, emails from my mother. One comment I made to Roger at the bottom of one of my replies to her, that I copied him in on, created a potential opportunity for Roger and me to work together, which might be kind of nice since we have been friends for 34 years... and we're both pretty mellow with calm and quiet dispositions!]

From: Bobbie

To: Jay

Sent: Tuesday, October 17, 2000

Subject: Re: Offer accepted for a CIO position...Roger

My question [is]—how did he get that job?

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Copy: Roger  
Sent: Wednesday, October 18, 2000  
Subject: Re: Offer accepted for a CIO position...Roger

Hi Bobbie [Mom]!

I have no idea. I have asked, but Rog is not very good about responding to my emails—even though I think of him as a *true* brother (only one, of two—Mickey in Utah is the other!) and love him, dearly (even if he is a “benevolent” manipulator [BM]!—inside joke between Roger and me).

By copy of this email, I'll tell him that you think Fernandina Beach is wonderful and he is very lucky to be able to live there!

Love,

Jay

P.S. I have re-attached the picture of Roger and me taken this past summer that you said you didn't get (but I definitely sent it as a copy was placed into my “Sent” log of my email program). If you don't receive it *again*, you better call AOL and figure out how to get pictures, etc.. IT'S YOUR AOL “SERVICE” (?)—OR “AOL” COMPUTER SETUP—THAT'S PREVENTING YOU FROM RECEIVING THEM!!! (I found an old “techie” friend that uses AOL, too—blew me away! Why in god's name??? They didn't give a reason.)

P.P.S For Roger: I have attached my resume synopsis if you need an Assistant CIO! (No...I am not joking. People work for [“with”] people...not companies! The St. Augustine area [as well as Vero Beach—way south of Jacksonville] are the only places I’d consider living in Florida, and on the mainland—as well as San Diego! I haven’t seen Fernandina Beach so I have no impression about it.)

From: Roger  
To: Jay  
Sent: Wednesday, October 18, 2000  
Subject: Re: Offer accepted for a CIO position...Roger

Jay,

Are you serious about accepting an assignment—project manager or such?

Roger

From: Jay  
To: Roger  
Sent: Wednesday, October 18, 2000  
Subject: Re: Offer accepted for a CIO position...Roger

Well, hello, Rog!

Yes...I am serious, if you have something worthwhile and Fernandina Beach is everything my mother says it is. If you read my resume synopsis, you know I have a

strong project management background as well as sales and marketing management (people-dealing skills), operations management experience and creative and technical skills. BUT, it would have to be something *very worthwhile*—not a “flunky” management or worker-bee position—to go there temporarily or permanently. (Jacksonville has four seasons, by the way...and it *does* get cold there...but not as bad as where you are.)

I am thinking “upper” management; so if you have something, call me...let’s talk.

Love,

Jay

P.S. Seems like things are about to happen (now that I have the last of my “home” work projects done, which I just finished at 3:30 a.m. this morning). I know of two decent positions that I am in contention for. One might break today; the other one, any moment (or any month)—just so you know. It’s been dead (i.e., *two* interviews, all year), up until now!

From: Roger

To: Jay

Sent: Wednesday, October 18, 2000

Subject: Re: Offer accepted for a CIO position...Roger

Jay,

I will keep you in mind and informed. If this position runs true to form, it will take me 2 - 3 months to set strategy, gain consensus and funding and approval to implement.

Hello to Kim from Delta and me!

Roger

From: Jay

To: Roger

Sent: Wednesday, October 18, 2000

Subject: Re: Offer accepted for a CIO position...Roger

Hello again, Rog!

Thanks for keeping me informed! 2 - 3 months is fine as I am being considered for a 3-month Project Manager assignment, here (for which I prepared the attached letter—at the Branch Manager's request, so he can use it to promote me, for "another" position, to the CEO, who is coming in from San Diego HQ's, next week. Thought you might like to read it for your further understanding of where I have been and what I can really do!) I am not going anywhere. In the meantime, would you send me a small brochure with pictures of homes and the Fernandina Beach area from your local Chamber of Commerce *when* you have a chance so I can get a feel for the area. I'll try to find a website for them as well.

Kim is in L.A., working. She should be home tomorrow,  
and I saved your email for her to read.

WE really enjoyed Delta's and your company last  
summer!

Aloha (i.e., a sneaky way to say Love to guys as well a  
everyone else who can't handle the "L" word!),

Jay

P.S. I assume you *know* that I would like to work  
"with" you...but not "for" you, Mr. BM! (See my  
previous email, if you have forgotten that it does  
NOT mean "bowel movement"—even though we  
can *all* be shits, sometimes!)

\*

\*

\*

From: Jay  
To: jack.moon@its.com  
Sent: Wednesday, October 18, 2000  
Subject: Glad to see you!

Hi Jack!

I was glad to see you today and that we had a chance  
to talk for a while before my interview with Ben, your  
Technical Services Manager, for the temporary Project  
Manager position. Thank you very much for your  
appreciation of my background and your surprise  
consideration of myself for his position, after  
completing the 3-month project assignment for him.

As you requested, I have put together a 3-page letter [immediately below] detailing my background as it relates to your upcoming Technical Services management opportunity.

You seem to have a great sense of direction for yourself and your operation. I'm impressed. It's nice to see someone who knows where they want to go and can make the appropriate effort as you have.

Look forward to "talking story," [Hawaiian for gabbing], again! Enjoyed my time with you.

Aloha,

Jay

October 18, 2000

Jack Moon  
Branch Manager  
Intelligent Technical Services  
711 Kapiolani Blvd, Suite 777  
Honolulu, HI 96813

Dear Jack,

It was certainly a pleasure to visit with you, again, today and to see how well you have done there at Intelligent Technical Services (ITS). I am glad that they have provided you with a proper vehicle for your entrepreneurial spirit, management and marketing capabilities as well as

your personal savvy. Keeping that in mind, I would like to address how I might contribute to your organization.

I began working in project management for RCA Computer Systems for a couple of years (until shortly before they were bought out by—not merged with—Sperry-Rand Corp., who became Unisys Corp.), followed by four years at Xerox in that same capacity, and later...with Eaton-Kenway Corp. building computerized warehouses—after a number of successful years in sales and marketing management. I enjoy having the “big picture,” total involvement in the overall operation of a project (and the company) and daily interaction, integration and coordination with all departmental personnel (i.e., engineering, manufacturing, service and marketing). Also, having the profit and loss responsibility, the ability to make a meaningful contribution and having a positive effect on people’s lives as well as the bottom line, the project and the company, itself, was personally exhilarating, fulfilling and satisfying. It’s the next best thing to being president of a company, in terms of overall task and people involvement (from the top to the bottom) and maximization of my organization and management capabilities. At Xerox, I also learned I had a talent for writing comprehensive, corporate business plans and phase reviews for new product development programs that I was working on, which also included detailed integration and task-planning documentation.

Working in sales and marketing management as well as consulting for about eight years taught me how to work intimately with people in meeting their personal,

professional and financial needs and objectives—selling everything from salt to feed dealers in Colorado and New Mexico, to architectural building products to residential customers in Utah, to telecommunications equipment to small and medium-sized businesses (also in Utah), to high-tech, xerographic, automated duplicators to corporate and city managers in New York City—through a number of small and medium-sized companies as well as Xerox. It also gave me the exposure and opportunity to understand and affect the necessary interaction and coordination between sales and service within an organization. Furthermore, while selling high-end, expensive, technical products to corporations and city and state governments, I perfected my corporate, business and sales proposal writing skills.

While running a temporary labor service branch office for three years in southern Florida, I honed my operational and administrative management skills and learned how to work with community officials and how to make a business a fixture within a locale. And, as in all my experiences in life, I enjoy greeting, talking and working with everyone, from the night cleaning lady to corporate staff. I have no fear of people and speaking privately and publicly to anyone (and on any subject)—for instance, I have given a few speeches for professional business organizations while coordinating an international degree development program for a local community college.

After developing my business, organization and management skills over a number of years (and waiting for

my youthful appearance to subside, sufficiently, for my physical presence to coincide with my normally-relaxed mental and emotional maturity, inner-strength, confidence and self-discipline), I delved into my personal “creative” and “technical” interests. I worked in publishing as a consultant—functioning as a writer, editor, creative director and artwork designer as well as a subcontract administrator managing outside vendor services and contracts and project financing.

Then, I spent a couple of years working in computer technical/customer support for the Megahertz PC Card division of U.S. Robotics (which took me three years to get into, in the first place). This expanded my creative, intellectual and intuitive talents through learning to telephonically advise and assist residential and corporate clients (to include technicians, network/system administrators, IS/IT managers and MIS VP’s), in depth—without escalating problems to a higher technical level. I was even given the responsibility of occasionally handling “difficult-customer” callbacks, which I did, effectively (i.e., no unsatisfied customers). After our company merged with 3Com Corp, our department was dissolved and the company significantly downsized. Consequently, it afforded me the opportunity to pursue my technical certification as an MCSE for six months after being laid off.

Finally, over the next couple of years, here in the Honolulu area, I developed my personal, as well as professional, software and hardware knowledge and systems

engineering abilities while working for Inacom Corp., who went bankrupt in June of this year after having previously merged with my original employer, Vanstar Corp. (five months after I started with them), installing new computer systems and building workstations and servers for local businesses as well as city and state government institutions.

In summation, I had a wonderful opportunity early in my professional career to develop my overall general management, planning and organization capabilities and perspectives as well as my inherent integration and coordination strengths (between technical and non-technical departments, like engineering services and sales) through my project management and consulting experiences. Then, my sales and marketing exposure developed my fearlessness and self-confidence in dealing with all kinds of people, from all walks of life—and in all kinds of environments (i.e., residential, agricultural, commercial/industrial, institutional and corporate). Finally, publishing and computer engineering service work allowed me to stretch my inner creative and intuitive talents while achieving personal as well as professional satisfaction.

Thank you, Jack, for being the vehicle for me to take this time to comprehensively gain perspective on all the great experiences I have had, both personally and professionally. I can not think of anyone else who I would have enjoyed doing it for as much as you. If I can be of service, I hope you will call upon me.

I look forward to hearing from and talking with you,  
again!

Best regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be the name 'Jay' written in a stylized, cursive-like font.

Jay

From: Jay

To: Lisa & Michael, Erika & Tim, Bobby, Bobbie

Sent: Wednesday, October 18, 2000

Subject: Strangest job interview

Hello family!

I had an interesting interview today. I went in for a temporary, 3-month contract, Project Manager position working through a temporary technical-employment agency for a local branch office of a computer technical services company here in Honolulu. Turns out that the Branch Manager is Jack Moon, who I like very much and knew at my last company when he was a salesman—little over a year ago—and who suggested that I put together a letter to him *for him* to use to sell me to the CEO of Intelligent Technical Services (a private, 15 year old, \$250M/year technical services company headquartered in San Diego—one of four places I would live in the world), who is coming to town, next week.

What's strange is that I went there for one job (the Project Manager [PM] position deploying 1500 workstations and four servers for a local hospital) working directly for Ben, the Technical Services Manager (who reports directly to the Branch Manager), as well as directly coordinating with Microsoft Corp., which is performing a significant portion of this contract. BUT... Jack offers me Ben's job, when the 3 months are up on the project, and wants to demote him back to a Project Manager, which he was before! However, Jack *needs* for me to meet Brad, the CEO, when he comes in next week from San Diego headquarters, to get his approval! This took place one half hour before my real interview with Ben. So I interviewed with Ben, who doesn't know about this...all the while knowing that I could end up being his boss in his current position in 3 months! Bizarre!

I don't know if or when this is really going to happen... as it seems almost surreal. The PM job starts Monday, 10/23. (I think I should hear from them no later than tomorrow because they were to make their selection from the three people interviewed, my self included, shortly after I left...but I haven't heard from them, and it's now 10 p.m., which I wouldn't think is a good sign for getting the PM position, at least.) Who knows... maybe if I meet the CEO, he will offer me Jack's Branch Manager job, next!? (Nothing else would surprise me, at this point!)

I have attached the letter I wrote to Jack [above], that he requested, so that you could read it, if you want to. The

reason I have done so is that it turned out to be a wonderful realization of what I have experienced and personally accomplished during the last 30 years of working. (I would have said “during my career” but I don’t have any desire for one, anymore.) I also thought you might like to learn to be aware of YOURS—if you need to do a “forced introspection,” like me, by writing it out. (My *ego* REALLY didn’t want to do it!)

Love,

Jay

From: Bobbie

To: Jay

Sent: Thursday, October 19, 2000

Subject: Re: Strangest job interview

Very interesting!! I’m sure this happens more than any of us are aware of—that’s how Tommy [Jay’s cousin] got his job, only the path wasn’t quite as obscured. The man they had in his position either wasn’t doing the job as they desired or some other damn thing—so out he went, after they were sure they had a replacement for him. Hope this works out for you—what’s the company? I liked San Diego, too. In fact two of your father’s former Navy shipmates live, or lived, there—it too is very expensive—but after Hawaii it may not seem so! Will be anxious to hear the details if there are any.

While I think of it, what kind of milk is it [that] you drink[?]  
—there do not seem to be as many choices here [in Florida] as there were in Maine—think there is a dairy monopoly down here which I never noticed before. Looking forward to seeing you both soon! Finally got your picture with Roger [that you sent twice] but I think I probably did something while trying that [i.e., downloading] [that] screwed things up. Also I just discovered I have no “word” —when I was talking to Michael [my oldest daughter, Lisa’s husband] the other night. He said it was probably in the “office package” that I never installed because I said I’d never use it—oh well—it’s very inconvenient but I’m sure there must be any easy cure when I have time to even worry about it! Love, Mom

[NOTE: First time *in awhile* that Bobbie has bothered to put her name at the bottom, let alone a loving salutation. You can always spot people who are either lazy, too caught up in themselves or too insensitive because they don’t bother to put a greeting or address the person they are writing to, by name, in the beginning...or bother to put a salutation, or at least their own name, at the end of their notes. It’s rarely due to poor grammatical training!]

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: Thursday, October 19, 2000  
Subject: Re: Strangest job interview

Hi Bobbie!

Roger's new employer is Floridian Style Industries (I believe—it was on the original email he sent that I forwarded to you, but I don't have it anymore) and their stock symbol is FSI. So, we could look it up on the web at one of those financial sites and get all the poop on them. (And perhaps, for me!...as Roger finally *responded* to me about the possibility of my working “with” him—after my email to you, and copying him in, telling you that he didn't do so and also stating, in writing, how I view him as only *one of two* “true” [lifetime, but *not* blood] brothers I have on earth, which I probably have never told him before because the human ego is not conditioned to say those kinds of things).

Roger said he will keep me informed of how things are going as he takes over as CIO and that it would be 2 - 3 months before we could do anything together there in Florida, which is perfect for me—if, I get this 3-month Project Manager assignment soon (that I told Rog about, as well)!

Love,

Jay

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: Thursday, October 19, 2000  
Subject: Strangest Job Interview

Hello again, Bobbie!

I am VERY sorry, but I didn't read your email correctly ...nor thoroughly (something which I find that "many" other people—you included, as well as Kim's, and our, friend, Henry—do not do!). I thought you wanted to know who my friend, Roger's company was. After I re-read it, for some unknown reason, after telling you about his company in a previous email, I realized that you asked me for the name of the company I interviewed with yesterday, *here* in Honolulu, with a HQ in San Diego!

(See how important "paragraphing" is when you shift gears between thoughts and subject matter—and using parenthetical expressions [i.e., parentheses and brackets...and double-dashes, that you *do* use—as well as commas—help tremendously, which is why they were invented, in the first place, and why we teach grammar in schools]!?! If you look at your previous email, you'll see that they are missing. [I will explain, further below, why they are important to people who are losing their ability to "process" information as they age, usually beyond 50!] Kim also does not always use them effectively, either—I know...because I just got through doing a major edit of a new book about her and me [largely using emails that she wrote as well as those of others], that's coming out soon on our website. I want to finalize it...*today*, because I am tired of slaving away with rewrites and editing the entire book, for what seems to be, endlessly.)

The company here is a branch of Intelligent Total Services (ITS) out of San Diego. It is a 15 year old technical services company making \$250M a year (and supposedly projected to reach \$1B within five years) and is privately owned by four individuals. They really like entrepreneurial types according to my friend, Jack, the Branch Manager, who is a very sharp salesman and businessman! So, if there is a match, that *may* be very good for me because I have a strong, independent-thinking, free-spirit, in-control disposition that prefers not to “have to” *own* a business to do his own thing. I like to leave it all behind when I go home at night... and business owners are “owned/enslaved” by their ego *need* to be their own boss, doing their own thing. Of course, the same thing is true of corporate types, who become “owned/enslaved” by their *fat-cat* salaries, perks and stock options! That’s why you’ll probably never see me in that category...plus, I don’t know how, or want to learn how, to play golf and wouldn’t fit in with the *boys* (as in “The only difference between boys and men...is the price of their toys!”) that do. Nor do I want to be a member of the “boys *club*”—because that’s all it is, which I have known for many, many years...probably three years after I started working full-time 30 years ago!

Now to answer some of your other, specific questions:

Microsoft’s (MS) MSWord, which is a part of MS Office 2000, *came installed* on your computer...not “word,” as you put it, which took me a few moments to figure out what you were talking about. [I am getting older and

don't *process* information as well as before.] "Specifics" are very important when you are requesting any form of technical assistance, informally or not! [ You do not have to install it *yourself* to make it work on your computer—unless the program either gets corrupted (i.e., doesn't function properly) or deleted.]

I know it *was* there because I saw it last summer and opened it up so I knew, then, that it was working. More than likely, something silly happened, like a "link" to it (i.e., typed address information that *you* can correct)—in the Start Menu listing or the icon on the desktop that you select to open it up—has gotten messed up or deleted. In the *worse* case, you (or through some sort of "magic") have deleted the program from your hard-drive. Since you have the MS Office 2000 CD, just reinstall the program by inserting it and selecting "Reinstall" *after* you look through the general details of what "programs" you want to install (e.g., MSWord, Excel and Publisher—*just* those 3!—you don't need the Power Point presentation program, unless you're a company and need to make transparencies/slides) when the CD program startup screen comes up. "Anybody" who has MS Office should be able to help you with this! If you need MSWord soon and it's the link that is the problem, I can help you over the phone to find it again...and yes, I will gladly help you reinstall MSWord (and MS Office 2000), too! Or...you can wait until I get there with Kim, on our annual, family *holiday-vacation*, in a couple of weeks.

We drink 1% milk...or 2% when the store is out of the other. Regular milk only has 3% butter fat—if you didn't know. Maine is the screwy one—only place on earth you can get 1 1/2% milk! (They are probably trying to please people, like us, who prefer the least amount of fat possible and can't stand tasteless, fat-free milk and those who like a little more taste with the 2% [i.e., make *one* “in between” to avoid having to produce *two* varieties, which costs a lot more for the company—you know how those cheap, cost-cutting Yankees can be!?!].)

Hope I have finally answered all your questions. (I have reread it again to be sure. I hate it when people ask me questions about what I write in an email—when the information was right there, all along...they were just too busy, lazy or impatient to take the time to read it completely, as I did today with yours!!! As you know, it gets more and more difficult to “process” information [i.e., I used to think it was the “inability” to hear, as in Eden's case, or to listen] as we get older. Putting only “one” thought or idea per paragraph, which can be nothing more than one short sentence—separated by a line space by hitting the Enter button on your computer keyboard—helps TREMENDOUSLY with reading and understanding...so, please, do so, since you should understand the need for it! )

Love,

Jay

P.S. While I was writing this, I just found out from Boyd, the recruiter who sent my resume to ITS, that Jack, the Branch Manager, did NOT remember me, *at all*, when he mentioned my name to him, yesterday before I went there for the interview—even after Boyd told him that he *knew* me previously?!? (However, Jack sure “acted” like he knew me, on the phone, when I called him up, a month ago, just to say hello, after I discovered that he was working for ITS...and it turned out to be his first day there!?) Jack is very sharp and likeable, but he may have a salesman’s superficially-sincere EXTERIOR, which is false in reality, without being trustworthy and genuine—a purely, self-serving *ego*, in other words!

Also, many recruiters are notoriously insincere and “famous” for forgetting people and incapable of slowing down long enough to remember who they’re dealing with. People are truly nothing more than a dollar sign to many of them! For instance, one lovely, very cordial and personable, female, technical recruiter chatted with me in person for a fairly long time, after being introduced to me by her boss, in her office. When I called her back one week later, she could NOT remember who I was to save her life—even after I physically described my self, in great detail?!?

Boyd, who sent me on this job at ITS, the other day, asked me for my name and my phone number after he had *called* me and dialed my number?! After talking with him personally, a moment ago, and he explained how he has been in the recruiting business for 10 years and trains people in it—and after asking and getting his

*permission* to be straight with him, I jokingly told him “You fucked up...big time!...and on two BASIC people-dealing skills...and came across as an insincere *shit!*” He laughed but found it hard to believe, until I told him what he did. Then he made some EXCUSE about how incredibly busy he was that day. **(I HATE it [meaning that my “ego” really dislikes *seeing itself* in their ego-act] when people *always* “defend” themselves by making explanations or *any* excuses for themselves, as *both* our two presidential candidates do, or *constantly* “counter-attack” people [and hence, they are *defending* their *own* ego-selves], as “I” do with Kim, when others make errors or act childish...which I JUST found out about *myself while* writing this! And, that’s what all this “expression” was *Really* about—for *me* to see MY human *ego-self* in the MIRROR of someone else whom I *like*, such as Al Gore!)** When Boyd told me he was 46, I told him to “Slow down...*nothing in life* was worth losing one’s sincerity and trustworthiness over.”

I hope he “heard” me because he did *listen*. (Most people don’t know the difference between the two. I am not even sure Kim does—no matter how many times I have explained it to her, much to her childlike ego’s chagrin. That’s my other lesson: **“No one but ‘me’ has to learn anything...at anytime, anywhere.”**)

P.P.S. Kim “just” called from Los Angeles as I was writing the above. While I was explaining to her what I had just learned about *my* self having the “same” traits, which may be disguised as different *means*, that someone else exhibits that I dislike in *any* way—intensity does not matter (ergo: “It takes one to know one’s...

self” —the GREATEST spiritual lesson, in the world, IF one *acknowledges* it...at least, to themselves!), I discovered the other MAJOR deficiency of my ego.

**I have “little or no *patience* to live or deal with children, for any *extended* period of time.” I don’t dislike them, in general, or to be around them for a little while, like a few hours or a day. I just don’t want to *live* with them or “lose *control* of my life” when they are around. The reason is that children (who can be “full-blown controllers” as much as *chronological* adults, who also can be as mentally and emotionally childlike as kids) either “don’t” *understand* the desires of others and/or “won’t” *accept direction* from them unless the children are truly coming, in a *positive*, open-minded and open-hearted fashion, from Love (which is What we all are, *beyond* our ego state-of-mind). Or...they are *negatively* being a defensive or fearful “doormat” type of personality, like Kim’s ego tends to be.**

I think, you *used to* (past tense!) exhibit the same traits as myself about children, which seems to have really changed about you with the advent of your recent involvement in your two grandchildren’s [my daughters, Lisa and Erika] and four great-grandchildren’s [their daughters] lives. Thank you, Mom, for *now* being the demonstration that there is hope for me!

(NOTE: Hopefully, this last realization will finally help to set me free of my ego-conditioning so that I will *finally* “cherish” being around all children [kids...and

adults] ALL the time—which I realized, all along, I have lacked for the last 18 years when I found and became an avid student of *A Course in Miracles*, which has saved my life, literally and figuratively. [“Thanks, Brother... You *are*, and it is, an incredible help...We know Who You are...even if We don’t use your name much, in front of others so as not to ‘turn them off,’ like those who walk around saying ‘Praise Jesus’! You only need to be accepted, *not* idolized!”] Jesus, technically speaking from a biblical perspective, really *isn’t* The Lord, who is only God who is *all* our father. Jesus is *no different* than us—he just was the first to learn The Truth, that “this world is but a dream” that God did not create. And yes, since we humans are all *spiritually* (rather than physically) part of God Who could not exist without us, We *are* The Lord, too, in Reality, as The Essence of Love that we all are. However, if anyone twists my arm, ever so slightly (figuratively speaking, of course), and asks me, I’ll tell them that the information in that three volume set comes *directly* from Jesus. No middleman or interpreter needed...it is to be read and internally understood, strictly between the two of you...*intuitively* from Your Heart-mind or Your spiritual Essence, which We *all* share! There is only *One* of Us, in *Reality*...that includes God.

The message of the movie, “Stigmata,” that I just saw last night on TV, is that, according to the Gospel of Thomas, who was one of the original 12 disciples, “YOU—meaning all of us, individually as well as collectively—ARE THE CHURCH” ...not some building made of wood and stone [and hence, any institution or

organization], is absolutely true. And therefore, we do *not* need to go *through* anyone or religious doctrine to communicate *directly* with God. [Apparently, the Catholic Church *still* does not accept this as true or as part of their doctrine. Maybe, they think that by doing so it would put themselves out of business...as well as all of the other churches, too!?!]

Of course, the “next” trick will be to *remember* my last lesson...ALL THE TIME! Maybe, I will learn to feel *totally* forgiving and patient, constantly. [“Constancy” is my lesson.] But, then, that’s what the dream, we call “life,” is all about—to get it straight, once and for ALL! The goal is now: ***INFINITE patience***. That is what will bring ultimate peace to all of us as well as “the end of *the* dream.”)



## **❧ POST MORTEM ❧**

From: Bobbie  
To: Jay  
Sent: Friday, October 20, 2000  
Subject: Word

Obviously you cannot follow my train of thought. That has been fairly obvious over the years and I forget I have to spell out every minute detail. So I'll be brief and hope that will help. [MS]Office was NEVER installed on this machine. If you saw [MS]Word on this machine, I have never seen it or didn't find it if it is installed. I have had the icon for word [MSWord] always on the desktop so I could grab it. I'll look through everything again and if I find it anywhere I'll let you know. The question I asked was a totally different one but I found out some interesting information anyway so forget it. Hope you and Kim have gotten absentee ballots ready as you will be gone during the election process!

If I were Kim I would not like being referred to as "debris"!

I am busy still catching up with all the paperwork with the bank and my own paper cache here at home. I have been going to buy a [paper] shredder but learned from a friend what I didn't know[....]

From: Bobbie  
To: Jay  
Sent: Friday, October 20, 2000  
Subject: Word

—I think it maybe the heat of my hand over the touchpad that sets off the Send button [and prematurely transmits emails before I have completed them] and [I] try to remember to take the arrow away [from it] but I forget until it's too late too many times. Also doing my homework the neurosurgeon gave me on the spine and also going to see the pain clinic doctor next Monday to find out what else I can do. I have run out of my allotted amount of epidurals. Additionally my arthritic hips are beginning to be heard from again so will ask my GP [General Practitioner] for the Celebrex I returned to him earlier. Can only walk to the beach about every other day or so because I ache so badly (all over) when I do. Go to the pool when I can—always in the morning because it's still hot enough to attract the kids by [the] afternoon. Have been pursuing my other “hobby” of checking out retirement communities. I'd like to take you to visit a couple while you are here—just a quick “look see” I promise! Love Mom

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: Friday, October 20, 2000  
Subject: Creative work results, My opinion of Kim, Your touchpad mouse, Your back, Medications and Retirement communities for You

Hi Bobbie!

I was up for 22 hours, straight, yesterday (beginning at around 8 a.m.) writing emails that were surging through my mind and finishing the new book, *The END of The Dream*—the tailend of which came out of them—and what I was learning from them (because I was taking my time while doing so in order to *process* the “messages” [intuitive, inner insights] as I was “receiving” them rather than just typing them—as I have in the past—and then going back and absorbing the lesson). I only had two hours sleep this morning (i.e., I woke up *on my own* shortly before 8 a.m. after going to bed at 6 a.m.). I feel fine...which is VERY surprising because I have been doing this type and amount of creative work (that you HAVE TO *surrender* control of your life to do—if you WANT the *Real* answers that I do...and I got the ones that I have been waiting *18 years* for when I least expected them—while I was writing an email to you!) for the last eight days, *straight*...since last Thursday afternoon, October 12, when our computer “crapped-out” the day before and I had to begin to rebuild it, completely, and put back data, reinstall programs and reconfigure it (and that’s even with using a backup tape). I finally finished that up in five days, working all day and into the night until 2 A.M. most days. I didn’t have breakfast until 4 P.M., yesterday, for instance...and dinner at 11 P.M., when Kim arrived home sick from L.A. after cancelling a five-day trip!

It’s terrible to be “so dependent” on your computer (and we *only* have 1.5GB’s of data on a 2GB hard-drive

...but, we have a number of programs that are “critical” for both of us—particularly, for Kim’s work and related and necessary information, like flight scheduling, work reports, etc.), but we are! And, fortunately...I am *not* doing commodities, anymore...then “I” (and therefore, we) would really *have to* have 100% computer availability, which would mean buying a backup computer to kick in with the data mirrored on it when the other machine dies.

Just thought you should know...in case I seem a little short-tempered or temperamental in anything I write in this email. But, don’t cloud over anything I say with an attitude of “He’s just exhausted and doesn’t know what he’s saying.” I do...and I am fine. I just thought you should know why my EGO *hopes* I am going to be brief and “to the point” about things, from here on out, that I want to respond to in your most recent email. Plus, I think you should know what’s going on with us, too!

First of all, I think you must have misinterpreted something in my last email to you where I got my “most” important messages. (I am glad you were the vehicle for my doing so, by the way...it was neat that my inspiration came while writing *to you* because I like to share *everything* with you—if you think back to the time I was a teenager when you and I used to sit around the kitchen table and talk, for what seemed like hours!) I do not think of Kim as “debris”! Our *egos’* emotional baggage—by *protecting* themselves and trying to *control* the world to be the way they want—is the debris that we ALL have to sift through...whether we

like it or not. And, I certainly don't...but IF, **I** wont do it, who else will?

Since I recently found out that you are using the mouse-stick “instead” of the touchpad, why don't you just turn off the touchpad mouse in the Control Panel program (through the desktop System Tray icon on the bottom bar or the Start menu Settings listing)? That should eliminate your “premature” email submissions. If you can't figure out how to do it on your own, which you need to be able to do, someday, I will fix it for you, in a couple of weeks when we come to Florida. (By the way, you are right about the heat from your hand setting off the mouse and causing your premature sending of emails, as exhibited below. As I told you last summer, when you got that computer with the touchpad and trackpoint mouse, touchpads work off the “heat,” not so much the touch, of your hand and they are particularly *overly-sensitive* in warm climates, like “Florida”!)

By the way, **ALL problems, technical and human, are extremely easy to solve once you “surrender” and LISTEN to the answer when it comes (by stopping all *thinking!*), “on its own, when you least expect it”...** yes, including your back, too!!! I told you how mine improved, but I don't think you “heard” me (i.e., truly understood the message)—even if you *listened* to my verbal or written words. (Although we all love each other, both you and Kim truly HATE to listen to me and ALMOST NEVER *really hear* what I say—even though I have demonstrated a number of times that I

“know” what I am talking about, for both of you. That’s how insidious both of your, and everyone’s, *egos* are! You used to have the same problem with my father, Howie. [I “love” that name...it brings back fond memories for me of his and my time walking together through the Turkey Creek sanctuary in Palm Bay, Florida, during his last years!] I was there most of the time during the last five years of his life with you so I know because I watched [i.e., listened with my Heart to] both of you.)

I am sorry to *hear* that you are “almost at the end of your rope” (even though you didn’t say that, *per se*) as regards your back pain. I have lived with *excruciating*, lower-back, stabbing and tearing pains (which you have never experienced with me—but Kim has, once, for two days) for up to three *days on end*, non-stop, where I was “so crippled” by the pain I could not even have taken my own life if you had put a loaded gun in my hand! Breathing, alone, could set off intense, shooting pains. The point is: If I could get through *that*, you can, too! Why not **listen** to me (i.e., **remember** what I’ve told you in the past—which is *still there* in your mind, even though you may not be able “think” of what I am talking about BECAUSE...you have to totally surrender you thinking-ego to “receive” it intuitively...yep, that’s the ONLY alternative...otherwise, you will suffer “forever”—even if they drug you up! Are you ready?!? [I think it’s time...don’t You?]

I have taken Celebrex successfully for “minor” back pain or discomfort, but Vicodin and, particularly,

Ultram worked best *for me*, in the past, to take the *edge* off (i.e., the “*tension*” or “*fear*” that comes from the impending pain) of my lower-back. Medications only help us survive—as well as medical procedures and operations, but they will NEVER cure the “underlying cause” of what’s at the root of ANY and ALL pain or illness. (Lisa, Lindsay and Kim, all *know* what I am talking about and have seen proof, but their “egos” CHOOSE to ignore it! **It requires courage and discipline to “remember” how to do it, at *all* times!** And, no... I unfortunately do not always exemplify that, either. *Constancy* is my next, and final, responsibility [i.e., to stop “acting” like a human-ego, in any way].)

I would be happy to travel around with you and look at retirement homes, plus we have nothing else to do but be “with” you, and the kids for some time, while we are there for the first two weeks of November. If you have forgotten, I am VERY good at picking out real estate—remember, I chose the property for your former, lovely summer home on Treasure Island in the lake in Maine? I “think” [ergo: I am coming from my ego] I have an untapped and untested, and therefore untried, talent for selecting *proper* real estate. So, we would LOVE to go retirement community/home shopping with you. We have time to BURN! So...let’s do it!

Love you much,

Jay

P.S. If MS Office 2000 or MSWord were never installed on your new Dell computer, according to you, what did I see on it, then, last summer...was it an illusion?! Seriously (...joke), it could have been! Just for grins, why don't you call Dell Technical Support and ask them if it is "their policy" to install all software that their customers order before the equipment is shipped? Of course, that doesn't mean that it couldn't have just vanished after you got the computer! After all, if you remember, I was *teleported* in 1985 in Palm Bay, Florida, from one street to another, a half mile away—car and all—"without" any awareness on my part of its occurrence, until it happened! So, who is to say that it didn't just disappear! **Anything is possible in a dream!** By the way, the fact that you have an icon on your desktop for MSWord 2000 means that it was installed on that computer, at one point...that's the only way it could get there! Unless, of course, you can accept the *unexplained* and *unexplainable* or believe in "magic," as the universe likes to call it.

P.P.S. So much for a short and to the point email!? Would you believe that I "hate" to write, in any form, in spite of the fact that I have written, edited and put together seven books? It's true...it pains my "ego" to spend even a *modicum* of time doing it! (And that's probably why I have been destined to do so...so that I could learn to *surrender* and go beyond it and to reach out to You, who I dearly love! So there...!)

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From: Bobbie  
To: Bob, Jay, Lisa & Erika  
Sent: Friday, October 20, 2000  
Subject: Stock price-cost basis

Cost basis for Carolina Power and Light [stock], now listed as CPL Energy, is \$34.50 per share as of the date of Grace's death. Keep this with your other papers and records in each file or folder. I don't remember who has what any more. So if there is one you don't have a cost basis on you'll have to let me know. The WalMart [stock] was and is mine [originally] and one or all of you will have to remember to look up the price if and when I die—I may decide not to go!

From: Jay  
To: Bobbie  
Sent: Friday, October 20, 2000  
Subject: Re: Stock price-cost basis

Hi Bobbie!

Thanks for the info.

So...don't die! You won't *Really*...however, you will probably lay your body down at some juncture.

God...let's hope we all do, at some point! Could you imagine doing this forever? Yuck...dumb. I vote for ending the dream, now...for all of us. It's going to be

All or none because that's the way it has to be since it takes two to tango...and **we** MADE *the* dream, together.

Love,

Jay

## ❧ *The Cast* ❧

Alison (Bobbie's stockbroker)  
Ariel (Bobbie's new-age physical therapist)  
Barbara (Tim's mother)  
Bobbie/Mom (Jay's mother)  
Bobby/Bob (Jay's brother)  
Boyd (a technical recruiter)  
Brad (CEO of a \$250M technical services company)  
Breane (Kim's niece)  
Delta/Dee (Roger's wife and a very-longtime friend)  
Dick (Tim's stepfather and voluntary namesake)  
Donna (Jay's first wife and mother of Lisa & Erika)  
Doug & Marllyn (Kim's uncle and aunt)  
ego, the (everyone's belief that they are *human* rather  
than spiritual beings)  
Erika (Jay & Donna's youngest daughter)  
Faye (Kim's Canadian aunt and Lynn's mother)  
Glenda (Kim's Canadian aunt and Wanda's mother)  
Grace/Gracie (Jay's deceased grandmother)  
Henry (Kim's former boyfriend and now good friend)  
Jack Moon (Jay's former fellow employee)  
Jay (our hero)  
Jim & Eleanor (Jay's uncle and aunt)  
Jordan (Lisa & Jeff's [her first husband] oldest daughter)  
Linda (Jay's cousin and Jim & Eleanor's daughter)

Lindsay (Jay's former girlfriend and now True Brother)  
Lisa (Jay & Donna's oldest daughter and True Brother)  
Lynn (Kim's Canadian cousin and Faye's daughter)  
Kathy/Kathleen (Kim's sister)  
Madeline (Lisa & Michael's next older daughter)  
Michael (Lisa's husband)  
Kevin (Kim's adopted, oldest brother)  
Kim (our heroine and Jay's wife)  
Mickey (Jay's longtime friend and True Brother)  
Olivia (Lisa & Michael's youngest daughter)  
Robert (Kim's adopted, youngest brother)  
Roger (Jay's very-longtime friend and a *true* brother)  
Ruth (Jay's good friend and True Brother who he began  
studying *A Course in Miracles* with in 1982)  
Sage (Erika & Tim's daughter)  
Susan (Jay's second wife)  
Tim (Erika's husband)  
Tommy (Jay's cousin and Jim & Eleanors' son)  
Vic Zarley (Jay's friend and Ruth's son)  
Wanda (Kim's Canadian cousin and Glenda's daughter)  
Zeb (Kim's second cousin)