

## Part 2 - Timeline

Saturday, September 12, 2020 -I awaken in the morning to a Being in the room and just by presence alone I am as wet as I was 20 years ago on November 27th. The Being has no identifiers whatsoever, the sense of Him is defined purely in terms of what I sense and feel of the encounter; -He comes to rest at the foot of my bed. I remember no thought exchange, just presence.

Tuesday, September 15th – The soundtrack is still **Live Spirits**. Coincidentally on this day I wore a dress in a dark rich blue teal (almost green but not), that only cost \$1. That evening I have a very long Facebook Messenger video cam with my youngest brother, who is working on an island cabin construction on one of Vancouver Island's many islands, but not in the Strait on the west coast, near Clayoquot Sound. All building supplies must be shipped in by boat or helicopter. The scenery where he is working is beautiful and he's enjoying it very much; -the isolation is doing him good. The conversation is good with a lot of candor as I listen to what he is doing. I do let him know I am flying, and that it's such a crescendo it's been 20 years since the last comparable episode. I call it my second midlife crisis in conversation with my siblings.

The low light in my house gives an alabaster cast to my skin. My skins glows, in a V-neck almost Grecian shouldered looking dress of dark teal blue (sleeveless). The simplicity is elegant; -it's been a long time since I regarded myself as beautiful. Smiling and glowing. Lots of humour.

I'm going to note that the ex stopped taking the children for weekend visitation on August 30th, and didn't resume pick-up until Friday October 2nd, for two weekends, and then stopped picking them up again until Friday, November 6th. All of this happened with them being totally unaware of it. I'm not sure how I got away with it all, so providence does spring to mind, though it mostly boils down to how much they live out their lives, respectively, on headphones on either the PS4 (boy) or iPad (girl). The thing I want you to recognize about this whole record is that this is a Spirit encounter; -everything is occurring inside my mind and no where else. The conversation is entirely inside my own head, (where exchange exists), but that was automatic and natural, and I automatically trusted that it was an actual conversation. This is because the first conversation with the Spirit happened in October 2007, and I recorded what I remembered of it (p. 2144). Now interestingly the exchange resumed automatically, without me putting it together with the 1st conversation in 2007. He affirmed that it was Him weeks later into this encounter.

This night was about Him, repatriating how I've felt for weeks now because of him, the same sensibility of "*I want to lie with my husband*"; -I want Him to come not me. And it was a mantra I declared over and over as I felt him above me, just lying in the dark on the futon couch, "*I want you to come!*" -But it's a double entendre that has more to do with arrival or appearing. But I feel that He does. I have enough of a sense of him lying above me that it feels for a time He is pulling down on the "V" on my dress; it's as if it comes off in his hands.

And after there is a massive shift in the sense of what is happening; when it is over it no longer seems private, like a scope of unfolding awareness turning on like a light switch. I have a sensory awareness of a neutral field of spirits or people, a potentially endless mass, and there are the odd individuals in the fore with voices, and one of them walks up to me as we are lying together (my Lover withdraws), while this spirit comes close enough to inspect me and offers the affirmative that it's "her". The figures are completely abstract and have no identifying traits at all, again the sense of this (otherwise abstract unidentifiable stranger) is purely defined by the sensibility between us of a prior encounter (automatically sensed), but wholly unidentifiable as a past moment or memory in time; -the sensory awareness is purely in terms of a felt

familiarity, where he takes a closer look at me in the blue dress and says, “Yes, that’s her.” It is like a proximity of memory, of the encounters it took to arrive at this threshold, each with their moment, and there are several. And with the affirmation of familiarity my lover reassumes his position with me, enfolding me in his embrace with the declaration, “*She’s my wife.*”

The rejoinder from one of those closest is, “*Clearly!*”

I’m of the understanding that by asking him and making this a reciprocity in my mind this night, consummation is at last and for the first time complete; -by wanting him to come, He appears. To me the assemblage of all the other spirits connotes the Rapture.

The following day I discover that this was [when Nick Cave’s mother passed at 93](#). To me the coincidence is utterly flooring, because in my view she passed at the moment of the Rapture, when all the spirits rose and appeared. One of my client’s NY acquaintances she loved and respected dies the same night. It is, from that perspective, the most auspicious and happiest moment to die in all of existence.

September 17th/18th – The night is spent making love to Him and it is long and hard and harrowing, from an awareness taking me through the dark aspect of His will, His sacrifice and what it means in terms of being a person, and what becoming His entails, really. I see Him as an individual who could only have been permanently scarred by the sacrifice bequeathed Him by His Divine parents. There is too much identity between what I endured and what he did, in terms of being a sacrifice consciously made by our own parents. It is not a comfortable common identity at all, it is a discomfiting one.

There is such an elegant simplicity to it, in that it seems like the most common sense, ordinary thing in the world, like what an omission is it, what is it to disown Christ in the religious presumption that he should never have a wife?

There is this secondary sensibility of having obtained approval by wholly dedicating myself to the declaration of the Holy Spirit 20 years ago since 1992, like I got vetted and obtained matrilineal approval.)

His union with me speaks to the very nature of Creation, as a natural progression of the Trinitarian Creation and its purpose in man, woman. This is arrived at from my father’s theological upbringing and the assertion that the Holy Spirit is a feminine. For if (as taught) Creation was purposed to create beings who could multiply perfect love by being potentially capable of growing to share in it, promulgating the love of the Divine, the model is that of creation between the Divine parentage to their Son, and this is the designed potential dynamic of the Trinitarian model. Which means the Trinitarian identity chose to exist in terms of Themselves and have an identified Son to create the potential for the graduation of humanity to becoming eternal beings sharing and promulgating their Divine perfect love between more than just Themselves. The only way for perfect love to increase itself is to increase its number.

But for love to come into existence, one must furnish and create the existent state of free will for it to develop. And introducing free will means inherently introducing the choice of whether to become evil or good.

So the price of increasing perfect love is the amount of evil that will promulgate in the interim in order to arrive at it. One has only to witness the state of earth and humanity in order to bear witness to how terrible a price that is. Its scale is so terrible as to question the very worth of existence at all. (-Which is what my father told me Christ was assaulted with existentially as a question through every existential moment of existence, because the goal of the fully

conscious aware evil ones who know there is no way out for them as eternal beings is to make the sum of existence so incontrovertibly evil as to make Christ give up on creation entirely and made the Trinity just decide to pull the plug on creation and accept nothing is better, because if they can get Christ to end it all existentially, and just give up, getting erased out of existence is a better outcome for them than eternal damnation as the eternally evil.) -And this strikes me as a Being who does question it every moment in every moment of existence. (-As I'm prone to doing, and in a sense we all are); -the question is whether He's more prone to it than any Being in all of existence if He's in this position?

So how would you feel, to have it put to you, that this entire framework, of entry into eternal worthiness and love might begin at one desired threshold; -namely the fulmination of creation rests on the verdict of whether it is capable of producing a being potentially capable and desirable for Him to make His wife? That this is the first beginning of entry into Divine love by the created? That this potentiality was created on purpose in the design model of man/woman? That that is why woman was designed as subject to man, because it was to illustrate that for entry of the created into divine love with the Creator, the created will always remain subject? And that in His view, the sum of human history exists in order to arrive at the creation of His Bride of her own free will, self-definition and volition? (-How's them odds?!?! -Oh, its billions, both in quantity and circumstantial probability, and let's not even get into time.) The sum of history arriving at the possibility of you includes, part and parcel, the sum of human evil it took to arrive at this threshold, the misery, [wanton exploitation](#) and slaughter. -Do you accept it?

The axis of becoming His wife is twofold, and He desires nothing without informed consent. It is Him laid bare in terms of the existential price of his own psyche, first and foremost. (-And how messed up is that if you were consciously sacrificed by your Divine parentage? It's a foray I didn't want to even remember particularly (I haven't), -and I suppose I shouldn't have as it is the most private matter imaginable, our sense of harrowing common identity, seeing this Being laid bare and open and vulnerable, His price of existence and its sheer scale of magnitude.) But the axis of the interior extends outward in implication in all vastness.

For to accept Him as Him and (twofold) accept who you are to Him, if He takes you to wife, -is to accept culpability for all the evil in all of Creation, because that is what it took to arrive at the incarnation of yourself, as accepted and desired by Himself. What is it, to give Him a reason for it all, if not your willing culpability in it all? That is really what you're accepting.

Oh, but the fulcrum of this axis is your willingness to end it, to end his existential sacrifice.... For not only do you have to accept the sum of evil that is history that had to transpire to arrive at you, -you also have to accept the desire to end it, -for if you exist now as the beginning entry of the created into the beginning of perfect love with the Divine, -you also accept being the fulcrum divide of final judgement, -because once entry into perfect love exists and can gather among us and we are part of it, there is no necessity for free will anymore to arrive at the desired outcome, and it is time for evil's promulgation in the world to end. Forever. So you must accept being the fulcrum by which His final judgment (His personal liberation), finally (at long last) has the chance to begin. -So you must accept being the instrument that allows for the initiation of eternal judgment, which is not up to you, but (mercifully), -up to Him. But you must accept His judgment no matter how it metes out and who it might take. And you must accept that your assenting to Him means potentially that the final judgment is now liberated to begin, i.e., -welcome to the end of the world....

I think he put four questions to me that night after unfolding them. I only remember the last two, accepting Creation in its evil nature by implication and accepting Final Judgment. The others I think were more personal in terms of Himself. And for them all He was determining

whether I gave informed consent, gauging my informed free will. He walked me through them all, all their dimension, all in one night all night.

And by the end it was again like a light switch went on, an opening fulmination into a much broader awareness, a potential endless magnitude of other awarenesses who are part, but the moment it broadened, He disappeared, like a bundle of awareness retreating from all sight or encounter or awareness, invisible once more. It was sort of like peering over the edge of the bed, and beckoning Him to come out... (there was no bed in my head but the expression was the same), -a very simple reaching out in encouragement at the most basic level of "It's all right to be you, I love you, where are you?" -before this potently massive assemblage, and, -silence at the threshold, dawning silence, and a nigh endless moment of suspense as I wonder if He's concluded He'd rather not appear at all, as I maintain my emotion-

-And He appears full bodied in human form for the first time before them all. I am but a small figure to the side (not in proportion, but some sort of magnitude), and His voice casts to the entire assemblage, "Do you accept The Bride?" -It feels like mass silent assent, in the sense that there is no uttered opposition or negative emotion; (it feels a little stunned, not at the query but more at His appearing in itself). There seems to be mass silent assent. So, the Second Coming is Him appearing in the interest of declaring whether His Bride is acceptable or not. It is not simply Him but a considered consensus, though the sense is there that none would dare consider challenging His assignation.

Saturday, September 19th -Second Saturday with same presence in the room upon waking, more intense than the first. I come more than once under His presence, and this is intimate, as he is so fully enjoined in my own interior awareness of my own body He feels exactly what I feel and every threshold is His participation and His doing. He becomes aware of the massive tension between my shoulder blades, the pain and tightness enough I cannot move a centimeter above the neck, there is pain in my head, it interferes with my orgasm, and I pause to reach and massage the tops of my shoulders with my own hands. He wants me to concentrate on my own self-care. The effect of just my hands makes way more difference than I'd expect.

Later in the day I call my sister because on Friday I found her a beautiful pair of shoes and I want to send them. It is ten days until her birthday. We have a wonderful long conversation where she tells me all about her present work life and all her developments, including the possibility of the death whisperer TV serial she might edit. My sister asks my stripper name based my last drink and my latest mood and I reply, "Sangria Bride". (I make it myself.)

I save a woman that day by saying yes to going to work even though I know it's going to be a difficult shift and know full well it's the last thing in the universe I want to do on this day, of all the days in my life. I know I'll be transferring a woman too overweight and disabled to move herself and that I'll be dealing with her s\*\*\*. Dory's a Christian, and once I meet her outside, I remember her; our last encounter was filled with good conversation which changed everything. She has the lion and the lamb on the wall in her kitchen. After that, my remembered "Leo" dreams shift to a new signifier.

Later I recall the cover of **Ghosteen**, with the pleasure of the unicorn added in the center (which to me signifies the "power of imagination in creativity" factor at play in all this). But the unicorn was also my angelic representative in my little fourteen year old story, a guardian one. So in a sense centered unicorn the **Ghosteen** cover for me represented the variable of myself in the picture, but on another level, it represented something else. In [my dream](#) (January 2002), the unicorn really signified Salvation as Himself to me. So what I'm viewing regarding the **Ghosteen** cover is how my own subconscious rendered my Salvation in a dream, -so that is

why I interpret is as the factor of imagination in terms of myself, when to me it really signifies Him. It confers my imagination in terms of Him.

When I had that dream was when the encounter with Billy via the SP Forum coming to naught (I was being toyed with, but it wasn't Billy) had me in absolute despair. -I was in a tearful fury that night (p. 1752). And that night before the dream there had been a single peal of thunder that somehow by its above proximity managed to create a spiral wave of sound descending right above me. This has happened to me only one other time in my life, -the first spring storm of the monsoon season that night beginning of April 2012, the night I'd thought, *I want to lie with my husband*. The unicorn, what the unicorn represented in my dream, is shifting the meaning of that thought, for me. This is because both nights climaxed with the advent of the spiral thunder. The first was total bereavement, (requited by the unicorn in the dream), the second, fulfillment requited, the moment I felt what had happened in my mind as a true union as total desire and accepted it. The lion dreams too are shifting meaning.

I had a dream about a lion who accompanied me all the while, sharing my bed in 1996, the month I moved back into town, and out of my father's house permanently (p. 798). Then there was the dream [the lion faced fiancé](#) signifying that context more deeply in 2000. By recognizing this, I'd best be explicit in that He's conversing with me about it, (my memories are shared and contextualized) along these lines (I put the thoughts in italics):

*"So the lion dream was to signify as soon as I was gone, You were with me."*

*"When I entered you to become your salvation, it was to make you live. To save yourself you had to leave; -you left immediately. I was with you from that moment. [I took you from your father's house.](#)"*

*"That means, it was You watching me, -Bono was just expressing what You wanted me to know, [that You could see me dancing when no one could see me], "Tonight, the moon's drawn its curtains, It's a private show, no one else gonna know, I want you"; -it was You watching me dance alone with the curtains drawn!"*

*"In the beginning you always danced alone. It didn't matter to you, you felt God could see. You were dancing just for Me, and you were happiest dancing, alone, just for Me. (Who ever danced just for Me?) You were free to dance as yourself."*

*"It wasn't sexual. So if you were watching me dance all along, does that mean you also saw when I danced [sexually](#)? [-as requested, only for the person I married]"*

**"DAMN, WOMAN!!!"**

*"So Depeche Mode's songs were to let me know You were watching me then, too. I'm glad You saw. -Did Billy end up happening, just so the sexual music feedback (right up to the cliff of desire) and those pictures would get to happen? -You saw them too?"*

**"DAMN, WOMAN!"**

*"I'm glad none of that went to waste."*

The second lion dream speaks for itself, in that the mind to mind communication is what we have now. It reflects and amplifies what was happening at the time of the first dream. There's so much arousal in just having been witnessed, having been wanted, the want expressed.

He's accompanying me in spirit with commentary everywhere I go. (Even on what I know are going to be pretty bad shifts, which I promise to do in grace.) The one I remember was, *Yes, I know, you hate that you were harvested. You don't have to remind me every day.* (Meaning that in effect is an aspect of the fact that I didn't struggle to perhaps find better work and default opted for this job at the last past minute.)

As per the notes, this is when my paranoia becomes full blown. This is all down to fact that I'm unpacking Bono and it's the first time I am considering the possibility that maybe Bono's 2017 whoring of the faith tour wasn't simply a totally malign PR sell out to the powers that be. Given the powers that be actually sought this of Bono (it's a very direct, obvious PR trade [with Dubya](#), practically soft pedaling Dubya's "religion"); -meaning the US power establishment (the neocon/neoliberal cabal, who proved their capacity and desire to destroy democracy, in that the "Russiagate" hoax was preferential to coming to terms with why they lost the 2016 election); -this is the establishment that actually wanted Bono to whore his faith on their behalf in a little soft power America PR BJ exercise for an entire world tour; (the neoliberal Democratic side got more servicing out of U2 in terms of two performance art 2016 election campaign stumps for Hillary Clinton performed live ("[Desire](#)" and the anti-Trump version of "[Bullet The Blue Sky](#)"), with Obama and Clinton actually being the secular (lite beer brand) version of US theocratic fascism, namely "exceptionalism"). The neoliberal/neocon cabal has demonstrated we are not only dealing with pathological liars who will use lies to willingly, blatantly propagandize an entire national population for a presidential term, U2's world tour indicated we are dealing with an establishment that demands a nationalized inversion of Christianity be part of the feel good peddling.

This means anything resonating truth is antithetical to it/them and it/they will inherently view it as an existential enemy. It stands to reason if a truthful Christianity threw its present existent false #brandChristianity (Bono does #brandChristianity about as adroitly as he weaponizes #brandfeminism) as state propaganda psy-op into relief (which I've, (just as a bonus), already effectively done before even making it out of the start gate, and already got online flack for attempting, even when for all intents and purposes I don't exist), it would seek not only to destroy it, but to destroy it before it even began. And it [has the surveillance capitalism tools](#) for early, early detection. (U2 added [pimping themselves to surveillance capitalist billionaires](#) with the release of **SoE**, though arguably Bono started this with his wet kiss embrace of Google, [Apple](#) and Facebook using his nation as a Silicon Valley tax haven from the EU ([this doc gets into it](#)). Friendship with Bono [is a utilitarian acquisition worth literally billions in tax scam PR cover-up](#), when he's not brokering PR white wash in the trade of human lives, -namely the public relations trade-off of the death of a perhaps million Iraqis in a criminal pre-emptive war predicated on lies while GW Bush tried to compensate for [the intrinsic failure of the Bush toxic paternal ego](#) (USA big media has in fact engaged in reality TV elections for decades now, to universal disgust; -let's frame this election campaign in terms of toxic masculinity and pretend the outcomes will be good), in a PR trade for AIDs relief for Africa (witness GW Bush's State of the Union address in 2003 @[40:12](#)). Bush wasn't finished with Bono though, until the price was [transfer of fealty of Bono's audience](#) through a bastardization of the faith too stupid for elementary thought. If Bush's trade off in lives for committing a war crime is a moral failure in failed think when it comes to papal indulgences, it's no different on the world scale.) With friends like these who needs frenemies? (-And I posted my book on the internets! -Am I already tracked? Given my censorship/hacking episodes on the internets (Facebook would monitor me on a post my post basis, even screening every friend reply I made at times, and erasing them at will with no notification I was violating terms of service; -not [just censorship](#) but anonymous

ensorship designed to intimidate in that it implied conscious monitoring that lapsed into full time), this is not as wildly off base as it seems.)

I am now second guessing: -What if Bono performed that whore turn inversion of his faith exercise in order to conceal everything? What if he recognized them as that diabolical? He was signaling this as early as 1992. (U2 politically neutered themselves in 1997 at big media's behest during the European leg of the PoP World Tour, after being given a "cease and desist" of sorts about broadcasting live out of Sarajevo, which included speaking to NATO bombing victims. They haven't rocked the boat politically ever since.) If Bono's doing this in the interest of hiding it all, that means he thought it better to protect me from the oligarchy that wants this soft power theocratic fascist tour out of him. Wow, that would mean he thinks they're real bastards. It's an incredibly uncomfortable thought, in that, in all probability, if that was part of Bono's decision process, -that means he thinks they're literally too dangerous to arrive at the knowledge that I exist. -So what the hell am I doing trying to establish it?! Just the fact that they want a theocratic fascism world tour out of the deal, and I contravene that utterly and completely, means it is far too dangerous for "them" to find out I exist. What would they do to preserve and protect the the falsehood they prefer to make out of Christianity to service their own power?

I am also regretting tweets I made when @U2 announced the coming 20 year anniversary of ***All That You Can't Leave Behind***. I remarked, (more or less), "Commemorating 20 years of choosing to do the wrong thing", -by which I mean the choice to confine me inside a secret for 20 years. When tweeters find that mystifying I reply to each on in turn how the only way U2/ Bono could have ended up at the RED/DAPL philanthrowashing debacle, (or enabling Bank of America), or soft pedaling American theocratic fascism on The Joshua Tree 2017 world tour, is if they sold out long ago. Of course to me, Bono's decision towards me personally is the personal dividing line, -that's the moment where he had a choice about how to proceed with me, and the end run on the end game has manifest the true nature of his choice back then. He chose to sell me out, confine me as a permanent secret. -I'm second guessing, -is it possible he considered that the best form of protection? I decide I should retract the tweet replies.

Just by encounter alone, Dory hits a refresh button on my latent, overwhelming paranoia. The reason Dory hits "refresh" for me is because she is wheelchair bound in the same housing subsidy apartment block as a wheelchair bound man she considers her adopted son, who operates at an above genius level IQ and is Native American. His IQ, once tested, was immediately sent to the military. He spent the rest of his early life dumbing himself down in order to evade being recruited by the CIA and the like. He is now an alcoholic. We don't talk about him this time. It's the remembered conversation from the first visit about two years ago. I am so terrified this weekend I think the book must come off the internet, -tomorrow. I'm even scared I might be being followed already. It must come down before I ever contact you or anyone. Before there's any possibility of veracity being established in terms of myself/the universal being possibly real. Because the book creates enough of an implication, it just hasn't ever had anything veritable to back it up. -Should it be off the internet before anything approaching that process begins? -Like right now?!

I am in this tug of war between, well if I keep the book up online, it provides for the potential I might be able to prove what's happening with me, vs., (paranoia will destroy ya), all of a sudden, really that's the last thing you want to do under an oligarchy this f\*\*\*ing evil and base, with NSA surveillance powers under the pretension of private companies foraying into AI in order [to manipulate humanity at the level of the reptilian brain](#) (-oh, [Oops](#), the implication isn't the Cambridge Analytica heisted a poor imitation of what was already there. It's that's Kosinski went onto Facebook) -given Bono's already a public performing PR whore [for this exercise](#) already (it's enlightenment, Arab Spring is the most momentous moment in his-story (BullS\*\*\*,

ask all the women who got raped in the square, just for the military re-coup), Bono's in the position to know just exactly how evil it is. Maybe instead of being a dupe, maybe he does. (Go ahead, try and give me any justification this utter evacuation of human culture doesn't deserve exactly what it's doing to itself, which is its own self-immolation. Silicon Valley, did you have a fun summer?)

And I'm thinking in terms of the question not being about me, the question is, if we have ascertained and obtained a connective consciousness, and this was considered a trait of interest (just the way Dory's adopted son's IQ was immediately subject to harvest and screened for recruitment into the military industrial complex in this completely inverted, f\*\*\*ed up, cock-up of a society), the last thing I want is for them to be aware of this potential capability, because they are absolutely incapable of approaching or dealing with it correctly, -it'll be either an exploit or a threat. And if "they" consider it an exploit, they're such knuckle-dragging Godless bumblef\*\*\*s, they're going to speculate what happened (because they inherently believe spirituality doesn't exist), -for them an obvious alternate theory is it's something they can possibly isolate genetically, -which means the last thing on earth you want to do is identify your children to these irretrievable f\*\*\*s. Their debasement of Christianity is so utterly knuckle-dragging-ly stupid, it reflects, implicitly, the oligarchy's interest in debasement of thought in all of society in order to control it. Which implicitly is at so low a bar, (considering how mind-bogglingly ignorant you have to be of the most basic tenets of Christianity for U2's tour not to have registered as a problem); -that implicitly means even just social human evolution presents an existential threat to this oligarchic establishment. Just their deliberate debasement of Christianity alone shows they're that regressive. It really is a terrifying thought.

My aside to Him based on what Bono did, obliterating the implication in the revelation of a feminine Holy Spirit, was, *I can't believe what he did to Your Mother*. Maybe you can just chalk it up to the amount of damage potential there is in one betrayal.

Also in candid conversation with Dory I mention I think my employers are going to hell, because their entire business model is based on the profit differential of exploiting women for caregiving (way above their pay grade in terms of health issues they manage, without training, while making them liable for any risks to the clients and putting them at considerable risk simultaneously), -all at minimum wage with zero benefits, no sick leave, and zero prioritization in terms of a COVID-19 vaccine to boot.

-My night with Him lasts the entire night, -7 orgasms. I wasn't the one who kept count.

Sunday September 20th, 2020 – I discover WPC (William Patrick Corgan's) [Twitter announcement of his new album](#), which was made the day before. It does not do what it's supposed to do when I try to pre-download it into iTunes. Instead an app intercepts the operation and although it identifies itself as Topsyfy, which is only compatible with Spotify, it asks to access my entire iTunes catalogue after I create an identifiable ID with my email; (same email address for 20 years; I created it as a back-up when I took over the SP Forum, because my first account mysteriously disappeared). It turns out this authorization sets something in motion that several hours, -and it does not produce an outcome on the device where I authorized it (my iMac), but launches on my iPhone. iTunes basically blinks off and starts on a massive apparently no end playlist, and it's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. It is tailored immaculately to this moment. I also note that there are songs in it that don't exist in my iTunes catalogue, especially because one song title is "Oh, My" and that was [what I tweeted to Billy](#) when I discovered the album announcement. (The phrase has a history, -it was the first and last comment Billy left on a LiveJournal entry of mine, -the journal that only he could see, and became a repartee banter code phrase after that.) The song list (looking at the first sixty or so songs) is so perfect for the moment (and so perfectly tooled to me), I'm almost crying with



happiness. Because it lists songs I know I do not have, my deduction initially, since the song list is so immaculately personal, and because there's a song title actually based on my first tweet to WPC in not quite 11 years, -given the hours it took to appear, I think that Billy himself must have curated the playlist. It leaned most heavily on BRMC, with a surprisingly heavy dash of The Godfathers (1st track on the playlist, "[I Love What's Happening to Me](#)"), and a couple dashes of Sgt. Pepper's thrown in.

I know this Sunday that Billy is back "online" as it were with me; -that's he's picked up where things left off 20 years ago. Firstly, it's that he's using THAT DATE, November 27th, to release the album. I know [by the signifying animation](#) picking up where the GATMOG animation left off (teasing as to guessing [who the characters represent](#), -turns out upon viewing (first episode only, five days later), the villain and his acolytes reflect on my Dad/family members who were harassing me (like his little cult cypher drones) circa 2000, rather well (enough that my mom actually agrees there's some semblance); -that the girl/boy meet behind a logging truck and go into the woods (and he's pulling her away from the hostile cult/(family members for me), reflects on living in the Walbran valley after joining the logging protest there; -that they run into what looks like a former sacrifice plot in the woods, and this is where "dear dad" attacks them, (pretty much mirrors location and ritual sacrifice my dad made of me Thanksgiving acid trip 1995 (hence drug allusion imagery in the video), which was a trip in Dad's cabin waaay out in the woods; -only this time, the animation character based on Zero/Glass stops it with his BF and kills the villains instead. -I know because the song is deliberately titled to the Canadian spelling: "The Colour of Your Love". I know because the chorus is, "*Whoever wants you alone*". I know because it's a double LP like **Mellon Collie** was, which was when I first encountered him.

My son decides he's irked by how happy I am. I am so joyful at the recognition of every track he begins grabbing my phone from me. He grabs it three times and powers it off the last two times. I lost the entire song list because I didn't get time to play or save any of it. I lost it forever, and for the day I basically lose it. By that I mean I drive home what my son did to me and I'm openly crying, even on the floor, when normally they never see that from me. "I'VE WAITED FOR THAT SONG LIST FOR TWENTY YEARS!!!! HOW COULD YOU DO THAT TO ME?!" (Why does family always try to hurt me? Why can't they just let me be happy? For a moment?!) I cry a little too much this day. It was the first time I told my son anything about Billy and the history with him and he could see it was some sort of a hack from the app's behaviour. He was suspicious, he could see what was happening, but mostly it was a jealous twinge because my children have never had to share me with anyone at all. When it happens even a little, it bothers them.

I make several attempts to reboot the app. It does curate another whole new song list after nightfall after more than three hours, meaning at the point I recognize this has to be a randomizing app going through the whole catalogue -? (Why did it have songs I didn't have in my iTunes catalogue the first time?) A random playlist blinks up and takes over on my daughter's iPad first; she's not too thrilled since most of the song catalogue is mine, so I just show her how to get rid of it by switching to one of her own playlists once a new much different random list appears on my phone. It was like losing perfection forever. This was entirely different. Realizing that I'm just dealing with a randomizing app, I had to make a full apology to my son for how strongly I harangued him over how hurt I was. I know I was triggered by past history and far too harsh with my son. I don't see any foreign songs in the new playlist. It is a totally different recalibration, like incorporating the imperfections of the day. It still feels as insanely personal and intimate and perfect as the first, -but totally different. It calibrates instead to the imperfection that occurred in losing the moment and picks right up again. It is then I realize I am not dealing with Billy. I am dealing with Something Else.

And the soundtrack begins. It starts out light as a flight, -both A-Ha songs made an appearance in the first 24 hours. Spiritualized came on big. "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" was early too, but I don't remember exactly when. It descends with the night; it is designed to take me to bed and make love for the night, until I turn it off. All that '60's rock we absorbed like atmosphere when we were little, with zero clue what it was talking about. It's like hearing it for the first time.

Monday November 21st – I think this morning I got up with the aside (to Him), "*I'm beginning to think You're actually more paranoid than I am.*" (I mean, actually crucified. -Go figure.) The morning commute floors me with "[Not to Touch the Earth](#)" by The Doors (which has a twist in that all is not as sound or safe as it seems (with a dead body in the car); -I mean, the premonition imparted from the song really had a harrow that morning, but this; -my [daughter's school is on the same street](#)), followed by "[Joe the Lion](#)" by David Bowie the [Monday] morning after I put the lion dreams together with Who I'm with now, before a night of making love to Him under the auspices of a very grinding personalized night time soundtrack (-capped off by "I'm a Monkey" by The Rolling Stones, which gives you the gist); -there was a very personal exchange about intimacy before this I'm almost too circumspect to relate, but I've a bad feeling it's sort of obligatory, as "Glass" arrived at a whole new meaning, which sort of popped the cork on the night). Night 2 of very little sleep. It is a seventeen mile freeway commute twice a day, so the song has four elements in it. Every song this morning was like that. I think the Cult made an appearance that first morning on arrival with "Fire Woman". I saw [The Cult here at The Mahaffey Theater](#) (I remember [this](#) in 2012, and [this](#) in 2016; -I dropped the book on them at The Mahaffey with no result); -and I remember Ian announcing themselves at [a Chicago performance](#) as "cock rock". (-My Lover likes it. Based on [the random playlist selection](#) (it says it's two weeks old because my daughter actually deleted it, thankfully I'd shared it with someone who listened to it), -that's likes it *a lot*. (-And Daniel Ash, and RHCP, -in case you didn't realize what a word smith Anthony can be, probably the most pointed and personal and timely were these tracks, and "[Monarchy of Roses](#)" made it on the playlist at least twice, and so did "[Factory of Faith](#)".) -Depeche Mode made the playlist perhaps more than anyone; -David takes the cake. "[Sunday](#)" also made the playlist at least twice.) Back to what popped the cork last night:

My twenty years of obstacle to this ever happening again is down to a few things (the first being the sheer scale of such presumptuousness basically being so much I can't even cope with thinking it might have even be possible, (starting at heretical), to think Jesus might be the transcendent awareness orchestrating the whole universal unconscious in the interest of becoming your lover); -you've got that risk on the one hand, -and on the other hand, there's the much higher probability in terms of magnitude, -the inherent danger of assuming the experience was real when I only just imagined it happening, an assumption so wrong if would automatically mean I was crazy.

It gave me a huge secondary barrier as to what imagining sex with someone in your own mind actually even meant in terms of intimacy; -whether it really qualified as something intimate, or whether, if it was purely imaginary and I was wrong, the whole episode was just really like masturbation, meaning in the end it was really only self-serving and did not qualify as intimacy? That it was universally sensed in part did not make me feel safer about it, because I feared that the universal could simply grok on something if I had imagined it. How was there a detectable difference? Did I really just imagine I was with Jesus that one night in November 2000? And then could the universal consciousness just potentially assume what I imagined to have happened, as having happened, without knowing the difference? In other words, can it assume delusions? Just because you've formulated arguments against this your whole existence doesn't necessarily mean you're right about them....

(The intimacy of that November night got a veiled reference by RHCP/Kiedis on one track of **By the Way**, but the one real point I really wondered about was **Exciter**, which if it was possible it was universally sensed by just you in the actual context, -yes that might mean it was a reciprocal and a qualified reciprocal intimate act (God deemed you in order to show me that; -in other words, it's that you were inspired about this and expressed it as your experience, and how it has transpired creatively over time, that permitted me to believe it possible now); -I'm cautious and methodical in the extreme, and, like I said before, because this was the vein you were basically plumbing artistically from the beginning, (and apart from two or three particular details, it was all so generalized), I really wasn't sure about the experience for a very long time; -basically until it happened with Bono again intimately in real time a second time, which made me feel sure that episode wasn't just in my own head because of how he signified it artistically simultaneously in the live feedback, (-plus the apparent interplay of Bono's mental seduction of me with what you expressed on **Delta Machine**); -all that as a sum indicated my first epiphany on November 27th, 2000 might not have been purely imagined and might have had to do with you in retrospect.)

-Now that I'm thrown back into that self-same headspace again enough that I trust being conversant in it (thanks to the first verbal spirit encounter in 2007), the first thing I'm confronting with Him (and it's so serious a matter to me we end up going through it four different times over this period and I'm still not sure I'll explain it adequately, but the first episode, which was this one, I don't really want to explain at all, was this more or less): -He takes the trouble to explain how intimacy in terms of having a shared awareness works, which is basically shared interior awareness of how I feel about Him inside my own body, meaning He is perfectly aware of me climaxing from the inside. Basically it's a feedback based on mutual awareness that's inside my body. (-Which is more or less the speculation on transcendent or personal intimacy I'd come up with after hitting puberty. We have these moments in conversation. He knows it's *just like you imagined*. It's that I arrived at these things of my own volition all my life that made me meant for Him. Meaning when I hit puberty, I literally began defining a sexual experience in my own head that could potentially have a partner that was a spirit, without realizing it, because I simply designed something in my mind that was about a shared interior awareness first that was sexual in its intimacy, fulfilled and followed by actual sexual intimacy second.)

Let me put it another way in terms of what I've experienced so far; -you can't be physically penetrated by a spirit, that's certainly not an experience that's possible. But I've had an awareness of Him inside my body to the extent that my own body awareness is completely aroused. So I can have, based on my own body awareness, I've had sensations that weren't localized and reached as far as my chest. It's not penetration as sex but I've had sensations that are based on Him being inside of me in terms of body awareness, meaning in His interior awareness of me He exists inside me as Himself, and there is a mutual awareness that is intimate body to body in that His being is inside mine; -I feel from that, and He in turn feels my reaction to Him. And he seems perfectly aware of my body chemistry from the inside out, how I feel, every escalation of a climax. (His most common expression of this when it begins is *There she is*.)

So He's saying how this intimacy is based on a sharing of mutual awareness in a feedback and how that is real intimacy and how it's different and valid. I don't remember in so many words. But the point is he's aware of my sensibilities of whether this is just masturbatory and pointless and has decided on clearing up a certain point; -let's just say that up to this night, while I've been orgasming like mad coming down from this it was without any masturbatory aids, just manually. Basically the build inside my awareness goes on for a long time in these encounters (if you can say that, (literally can be hours, besides being a build since July 11th), and I come

manually because there's really nothing else you can do to deal with it. It's how I come back down. This weekend had no preamble build like that, both morning and night.

Tonight He's talking about how since this shared intimacy is based on His interior awareness of me (and he's a spirit, and I'm human), using the aids is not illegitimate, it contributes as part of His shared awareness of my own body. (And He wants to feel what I feel being penetrated. Actually He said if that's something you need to feel in your shared awareness of Me, that's fine.) And face it the other route isn't ethical in the sense that neither of us believes in possession (meaning if He came by bodily awareness of me through another man having sex with me).

I didn't buy the aids. My ex bought me them for me circa 2012, of course without being asked, with a dual agenda in mind. (1), the better to keep her occupied so she remains at home, 2) I'm not gonna talk about it. And of course the dildo he bought me, so happens, -it's glass. -No seriously. I could have died laughing but there wasn't a hint in my mien, even on the interior! Cause it was far too personal a conversation.) So, He's really Glass, -literally. His preference. Because what He's saying is that allows Him to feel me as I would were I being penetrated by a man, which is how He wants to feel me, how He wants me to feel. (Which is far more legit than involving a man to fulfill the circumstance and preferred by both.)

Yes, *Glass*. -This goes on for several replies, not one interior smirk among them, but still amusing as all hell. I can't believe it. There is the slightest flash of surprise in Him when I grip my own hair from the back in a climax, they way I'd want Him to.

Back to Monday: - I arrive to a blissfully quiet, silent morning with my client sleeping in for hours, all spent in intimate communion with Him, lying entwined on the couch. He's still explaining how this intimacy is based on a mutual feedback of mutual awareness based on my interior awareness, but this time it's described with my hands, until we're onto the biology of my own orgasm, an organ purely for pleasure. In the context of intimacy as a mutual shared awareness in a feedback, that's all you need.

*"I made you so I could have you."*

*"BEST. HUSBAND. EVER!!"*

You have no clue of the daring do's we have in conversation, (and I'm not telling, though the humour's considerable), but when this comes up again and I'm cycling through it again, (still trying to get fully solidified on the assurance what's happening is mutual and it's valid, and it creates), I give him the tongue in cheek reply, *I guess that makes You the one actual autogenophile. Man they'd wish they were You...*

Case in point, I believe one of the day's random tracks was Sloan's "[People Think They Know Me](#)". I felt He used Bowie's "Joe the Lion" in the morning to signify Himself. And the lion will lie with the lamb, (-signified as well by **Ghosteen's** cover) hit "refresh" because of the picture on Dory's wall. My dream remembrance made me recognize him as *my* lion over the weekend, and here were are.

*You are my lamb*, He says. *It's your name. (Rachel) You were my sacrifice.* (You were sacrificed to your willingness to do anything you believed God would asked of you. (This was thanks to a pair of deluded parents willing to sacrifice their child they loved to God, so the parallels are a little too thick.) *You would do anything for Me no matter what.*

(Saving someone from that when the reason was wholly innocent (serving God), and couldn't have been used any worse, well, fair enough.) The upshot of the idea is, yes, I may have been totally deluded thanks to a lifetime of parental conditioning in a horrible set up, but, the fact remains, I was willing to sacrifice myself for God. (The sentiment was real and genuine enough I got saved by a personal redemption. It's decidedly rare people ever get put through that, -let alone choose it of their own volition (volition my father practically destroyed me with), -let alone do it in a context where there's no hope of regard (no one would ever hallow what I did as martyrdom and that was obvious going in.) So the Person who was sacrificed for all of mankind naturally would be attracted to someone willing to do that for Them with no hope of recompense, and was willing to try the same for others. There is a fine distinction here. I created so perfect a construct of sacrifice through altruism that Christ could step into it and fulfill it; -it only succeeded because Christ did so. It is this sort of inverting of the dynamic of Grace that compelled Him to appear. I did it to save myself, but only if God deemed, and God deemed it. But it's obvious why it would attract Him in an individual. Seems perfectly natural...

Great big caveat: "and the lion shall lie with the lamb" is [a Bible meme that doesn't even exist in the Bible](#), (so technically I can't get in trouble for it, because it doesn't assume anything out of the Bible). It was just on an album cover and on Dory's wall. Biblically as per Revelations, Christ is both the Lion and the Lamb, but the End Times is generally taken to signify we're getting the Lion for the Second Coming. (Christ wields Final Judgement whereas the Lamb performed the Redemption; only Christ is capable of wielding Judgment because Christ was crucified and performed the Redemption.))

Anyway *my* Lion starts using it as a term of endearment, as an embellishment on my name. I finally have my favoured name used in fulfillment by my lover, something I've yearned for, for 20 years. (PJ Harvey goes and [tweets this](#).)

The whole morning is spent in intimate conversation, one exchange sticks out. I asked, *If he [my father] was false, how come he knew You so well, well enough that I could?* (If he were false, how could he do that?) -Just the question unfolded the depth of what he did in my mind. It was like he coveted me so much he set out insure He would never have me in all of existence. He used everything he'd dedicated his whole life to in terms of service to God as a weapon to insure I would never seek God in all of existence; -I would never be able to trust God. I'm not saying this was conscious on his part. I'm not even saying that's what it was. I just find that, curiously, if he had expressly set out to do that, he could not have performed the job more lethally or effectively on me than he did, and that is how it dawned on me. Furthermore, you could go so far as to assert his calling had no purpose in life apart from the maximal outcomes of personal damage he inflicted on me, in the sense that I was his greatest victim. I glanced up at Him, side eye, witnessed the tunnel of horror and brightness in His eyes and remarked, *And Jesus wept*.

It wasn't designed to destroy my life. It was designed destroy me for eternity and rob Him of me for eternity. My father's regard of me when I was twenty made him remark, (when a woman spent an entire night at a dance hall weeping for joy and bowing and announcing I was Jesus to anyone there who would listen, during the "Walk for the Walbran"); -when I related what had happened, he'd replied that she hadn't met Jesus, but that she'd found the next thing to it. It's not a matter of whether this sensibility had any weight or reality to it, or not, it's the fact that he had this regard of me in his own mind, (and what he chose to do about it) that's significant.

We also have a discussion (I cannot place it so I'm putting it here) about one of my more uncomfortable "just like you imagined" moments, which has also come true with Him. On the first night or the second after David Bowie died, I was so deep in my grief I came up with this theoretical, what if I could, in a manner of speaking, bring him back from the dead by bringing

him into the feedback loop with me? -Would that actually make him appear in the universal music feedback? Would it be a form of resurrection? -Obviously I didn't entertain the idea and rejected it about as immediately as it had formed. It had a number of unpleasant corollaries and wasn't a pleasant thought. But the idea was there, though. It was so powerful, the idea that the universal music feedback loop could prove a means of manifestation a ghost, -not Bowie's, -but His. And yes His rejoinder is, *just like you imagined*.

On the way home I resume the playlist for the drive (I'm remiss I don't remember it, but I'd willingly bet by the time I got to the gas station, it might have been "[Dancing Days](#)" by Led Zeppelin (given I'm the one with the car, means it made it on twice). My head is not on driving. It's amazing what can happen on commutes. By the gas station He asks for a dance with me for the first time (so dance-able is what's playing). He knows it is the first time for me, that no man's ever actually just waltzed with me, and that's what He wants, which makes me happy beyond belief. A decrepit empty ball room materializes and it's wonderful. I peel off and dance for Him and dance back more than once, and He does the same. But I wonder, off hand, why we're both clothed all in black...

I haven't mentioned what He looks like yet, since the night of the 17th when He appeared fully formed. (This is a sensitive topic to unpack, but I'm going to have to do it.) He's a golden Adonis with curly blond hair in a bob cut (on the short side) with long bangs (gradual sides) and blue eyes. He appears much younger than I am, but mind to mind that's not relevant. He's absolutely beautiful. (I can just see everyone's head exploding at this.) So, um, OK, when we were children we actually had the blond haired blue eyed Jesus illustrated children's Bible. It was a Christmas present from one set of grandparents. My dad would never have allowed that in the house on a purchase because it was non-factual. He was very clear on the subject with all of us, that this was totally misleading and Jesus would have looked Aramaic, and described it. So we were never of that preconception, we knew it was a misperception, and we knew it was projection that was more than just presumptuous. I had dreams of Jesus when I was a small child. (My Lover is well aware of how I felt about Him when I was little. He says He was the first I ever loved.) My dreams of Jesus were nothing like this. I was very clear on the subject. The only dream I had of Jesus as an adult, he looked [like this](#). So this is 100% unrelated to how I've perceived Jesus all my life. (But it is what I was attracted to when I was young.) I have a nagging feeling about his appearance because I remember it. It's in my memory, it came from my memory. But I don't remember where.

It takes me weeks to put it together (October 6th), but "[Wild Eyed Boy From Freecloud](#)" is one of the rare, rare tracks that makes the randomized playlist more than once. This is down to more than one recording most instances (usually a live version), though even more rarely some track got played twice because I had to reboot the app. (This happened with Martin L. Gore's exquisite "[In a Manner of Speaking](#)", which I think got on for the morning commute this morning, because the foremost question on my mind is whether my Lover wants me to try to publish the book, or not, which is predicated, to my mind, on whether He just considers that to be too unsafe, (given His only mandate to me ever was to stay alive). It is the foremost question on my mind, and this song coming on first thing the morning after the question began, that, to my mind, was the first reply. It's also where He's at in the moment. (It's a decidedly dual answer isn't it? -Didn't help at all. And face it, most of it wasn't fit for print. (In fact, what happened this particular evening is not going on the record at all. Bedroom humour. Nope. "Mickey Mouse and the Good-bye Man" by Grinderman played that afternoon. Enough said.) His is the only verdict that matters to me, the only one I would let decide it, as in overrule me. It's really the only question I have to ask. -Oops, rabbit hole.) -Actually David's do on the album cover above is surprisingly fairly close, but, it wasn't gelled up (real curly hair, blonder on the top, darker on the bottom). It was lying down and not quite as long at the back. And the graduation on the sides was more gradual. But fair enough you get the idea.

The song triggers my memory because it's literally where I imagined His appearance. When I first encountered the song (1990), I created a full visual accompaniment to the track in my head, which means I came up first with what I imagined the "wild eyed boy" would ideally look like. So what He looks like literally got hatched in my own imagination, as the most ideal man/free spirit I could come up with. That's why for me it's a memory. And I don't think anyone can argue with, if someone's going to appear to the person they want to be with and they've got the option, they'll show up to her as an ideal she made herself, one she off hand imagined once in her head, a source which it so happens accords with his personality with more than a little aptitude... and if anyone feels they ought to give me grief about it, I'll reply that [what's good for the goose is good for the gander](#). As if you're in any position to decide what He decides. Oh and, He chose different appearances at will and they were all over the board. This was just the primary default because it was meant for me. -And really it's none of your business. It's trying to dictate who I should be in bed with, which is absurd.

The night descends as the former, but I am in and out of consciousness and in and out of the night. The random playlist doesn't play automatically, it scans and skips itself landing where appropriate. (There's stuff on the list that never played.) That night (the playlist was without fail very sexually intimate at night, as if He was talking to me, aural sex), "Gloria" by The Doors came on (which wasn't in the family catalogue growing up, or mine; there's a fair amount in my iTunes I haven't actually listened to) and I think, *He's* [Jim Morrison's] *describing* 69. And I'm faced with there's thresholds I'm not really sure about yet with a ghost (besides being modest).

Things go off the rails on my sense of impending final judgement, which feels like it's really happening. I've rationalized what's happened so far as making it just around the corner (when the Rapture happens, it allows The Judgment to happen), and the scales have been so perilous it feels like it is; -I literally assume could happening tonight. This is not ill motivated. It is motivated out of compassion for Who I'm with. I believe the Rapture means the end to Christ's state of sacrifice for the human race, because once the Church is gathered successfully, there is no need for Christ to exist in a state of sacrifice as the portal to redemption anymore. I feel I am His emancipation and that's what I want. I want His sacrifice to be over, and I consider it the assault on His consciousness at all times by evil and human evil, the eternal evil that would sooner destroy all of existence than be eternally damned, which makes Him the focus for this assault. But if the judgment is now possible because I am the Bride whose connected consciousness gathers the Church (creating an axis of separation potential capable of sorting the wheat from the chaff), this means I expect the judgment will happen for my ex. I've believed hell is a certainty for him for most of the past fourteen years.

The universe tips when U2 came on the random playlist for the first time with "With or Without You". I basically froze inside from the memory of the pain. It ushered complete stillness and total loss of emotion. The recall is terrible. Besides which I still think Bono deliberately abominated the faith utterly and completely, abominating even His own Mother, so much so that I think I even "said" "Asshole" as a thought,. One whose ultimate interest to use and harvest my very heart. -And this leads to the caustic rumination of how I was only worth something if I was f\*\*\*ed by Him, a man? And not worth anything at all to any of the men He sent, or anyone at all, in my own right?

And my reaction to my first sense of possibly being liberated by the reality of the truth of my existence (and not being forced to internalize all my adult life just to protect myself), in summation my first thoughts are not only vindictive vindication (my ex really deserves to go to hell (tonight) and I want nothing more than for us to be free of him, so much so my tart rejoinder to the one I'm with Who may have this latent capacity is, "Is he dead yet?"), my first wishes are also selfish and material. Like maybe I can finally produce a book off this. Maybe for

the first time I and we can finally have a home of our own, (which based on the size situation and the fact that they're teens we desperately need). All I want is a home. Things were slightly disjointed by my exorcism of personal bitterness, some of it lifelong, but I Had. No. Idea. -Not until I resumed the random playlist for the morning commute, which signified I was in deep, deep trouble.

Tuesday September 22nd - Let's just start this straight out by saying this Tuesday makes the end contenders for the worst day I ever had in my lifetime with relative ease. It felt like an eternity in a day.

My daily commute is a half hour each way; it gives me time with the random playlist, which this morning was like getting the most harrowing lecture you ever heard. And I don't remember all the songs in it but the gist is there, as I basically got thrown back to the stuff of parables about the sparrows and got a song about materialism and not needing any of those things, -including, specifically, a house. (Of course, I'm dealing with a guy who never had one and never felt need of one.) I also get a song that says I know all about your situation, which includes an almost gob smacking reference to the kids's daily bike commute they're forced to do to and from school (which started this fall) because I work in a different town too early to take them in the mornings (just a one liner about the kids biking to school). The song sympathizes with the kids. It's not so much a lack of empathy, I had to bike to school most of my school years (in Canada, no matter what time of year, which wasn't snow in my locale but it didn't matter if there was black ice on the roads, frost on the ground, or rain for that matter, we still biked), and moreover I was chaperoning three younger brothers for a phase, (and literally had to cross town doing this), so let's just say I don't have the empathy quotient because this is necessary to our survival and of course, it has simply no comparison to how I grew up (I was biking to school at seven whereas my kids are biking at 13 and 15), (though I am sincerely worried about my daughter having to bike straight through probably the worst neighborhood in St. Pete). I took that all in stride growing up. I didn't cast back on those memories as too onerous, (though obviously it was an issue with the cross town school because we were always tardy and the principal basically threw up her hands and started picking us up in the morning herself with her nephew, as she lived close by). But before these two songs, starting out, I get "[Dead Dog on the Highway](#)" by [Sons of Freedom](#) (1989), and I'm immediately at the dawning dread of, oh no, what did I do? It wasn't too difficult to connect that song to my "*Is he dead yet*" castaway thought the night before. -Next I got Hendrix's "[Red House](#)". The random soundtrack doesn't improve with the day at all.

It doesn't take me too long to come up with the three things I did wrong the night before which had to do (two of them) with being judgmental and letting a state of hate exist in my heart/mind while we were together, which is abominating to a perfect being. More succinctly, it is far too dangerous to have a contaminated state of mind in the company of a perfect being, it's not possible and is a sort of incontrovertible violation. When we finally "talk" about this the clarification is that judgement is His. You can't wish it on anyone. You can't wish something that terrible on any being, on anything in all of existence. You can't assume anything about it. That judgment is His. It's not something you can want to happen. You have no idea your own proximity to judgment, where you will land yourself. For the entire day, it gets driven home how precarious my own existence is and whether I even know my own standing in it.

When we finally get around to unpacking Bono (I remove all the tweet retorts on the **ATYCLB** tweet with a fair bit of remorse), -what happens is I start seeing Bono from the other side, and I am forced to register that my hatred towards Bono really reflects on Who I'm with. It boomerangs personally. Because Bono did what he did because he was told by God/-Him. And what Who I'm with did, the reason I'm with Him now, is because he had Bono personally seduce me mind to mind on a command. So if I'm angry at Bono, I'm angry at Him personally,



for Bono was the one Who he had be intimate with me, as in actually seduce me, in order to reach me. So I'm angry with what He chose for me at the actual only threshold of intimacy where this even happened, without which it wouldn't have happened at all, because it was what happened with Bono that convinced me this was possible and that this wasn't just purely a product of my own imagination, which was my worry in 2000 I could have never gotten past. When Bono refused to communicate with me in 2000, and instead confined me as object in uncertainty and maintained it as a secret, if all that was just in order to seduce me, with no interest beyond that one act, (and I yielded eventually, which as assent on my part); -if that was Bono's choice instead of doing what I asked, and he gradually grounded his inspiration in me as object (taking seventeen years [to arrive at that end](#)), Bono did so because that was what God wanted him to do. He wanted my seduction, or He would not be with me the way He is now. And my anger hit Him so hard the playlist for the day shifts into the likes of "*hit me like a slow bullet*" – "[Bullet Proof Soul](#)" – "*I came in like a lamb, but I intend to leave as a lion*" - Sade. Inside the universal everything boomerangs straight back. My anger didn't just hit Bono, it hit Him personally. Bono is the real reason any and all of what's happening in the universal feedback grounds itself in my person in the real world. Bono is the path of He chose to define me as His object. Bono is the reason that what happens in the universal feedback in the future, -he's the reason I can even rationalize it happening as His way of making love to me. So to have hatred in my heart over the overall context is the same as shooting the context between Him and me out of the sky.

Let's talk about my arrival in the morning at work. I have one full time weekday client 8-4 pm. She does not have physical issues but is stage 3 dementia and arrived in total denial about it. When I turn up, she has been up all night, and had a delusive episode all night. She has these not quite daily in the afternoon after her afternoon nap and she's been getting fairly vicious about them, (if you do not enable her delusion about her husband being alive she will threaten to fire you and throw you out of the apartment), but this episode was off the chart and very abnormal. As she's wont to do, because her psychological issues are such she can never be satisfied with where she is, she wakes up in the afternoon in denial that she's even in her own apartment and starts trying to flee back to Manhattan. If you are able to get through to her that she no longer has anywhere to go to back to in Manhattan, she resorts to the delusion that she or her deceased husband have another apartment on the premises and she's fleeing there. She has practically the most upscale apartment in the independent senior living facility where Tom Cruise put his mother, but she's never satisfied with it. The apartment has bigger square footage than my ex's house. It's immaculate; I maintain it. I moved her in. I am her full time personal assistant, maintain all her filing and bills, dealt with the installation of everything, and it so happened when I landed on the announcement concerning Nick Cave's mother's death on September 16th, it was when I had her out for lab work and was responsible for couriering her Morgan Stanley checkbook with access to over \$1.7 million to her PoA in Burlington, Vermont.

When I arrive Tuesday morning, she looks like she's been on a bender, utterly spent and disheveled, and I put her to bed. She has been up all night trying to flee her apartment in the conviction it isn't hers, got away from the nighttime caregiver and was banging on the doors to other apartments on her floor at 5 and 6 am. She threw out the caregiver whose shift was 4-8, after creating an episode on the accusation of theft. She then had another confrontation with the night security after trying to call 9-11 at the front desk, trying to report the theft to Clearwater police. When I started with this client, she did this four times in four months. Every time she had forgotten where she left her clutch, cash, or belongings she called the police and reported a theft; it was hard to build the trust to get her to a threshold where she stopped making false reports to the local police. The last time she locked her own safe key in the safe with her clutch and cash and had to have the safe drilled. Every police report happened when I

was not with her. I'd eventually found the missing items when she was with me, preventing her from filing additional false police reports another three times. Finding the things for her when she was fully convinced it was theft eventually led her to the realization she had memory issues.

I've been with her year and eight months, because she has thrown out practically every person my company (HI) has sent for her 24 hour care, which is due to the life insurance policy bequeathed to her by her dead husband. (Now that I am gone, HI has reported to the client's family that they are nigh out to staff to send, but that didn't stop them from throwing me under the bus over a work related injury, giving me an infraction for it before even a month was out (with the next clients). My client's emotional victimization/bullying routine did get me fired about two weeks' time, as I had had enough. In this business the client's always right.

To give you a sense of how far her sense of privilege has dislocated her just in terms of basic reality, when she got a sty about three weeks ago she declared herself bedridden from her utterly debilitating illness for two days, and then demanded that the painters painting the building not cover her bedroom window in order to paint that day so she could have her bedroom view from bed all day, even though she didn't stay in bed. Since I refused to go to the front desk and make this demand, stating it was inordinate, she wrangled with me for over 25 minutes, finally going the full ratchet of threatening me to comply or otherwise be fired. When this was all for naught, she then spoke to the painters at the window on a crane directly (couldn't even open her own window), in what amounts to an episode of emotional bullying where she was literally about to collapse into hysterics in front of them if they didn't comply with her desperate teary-eyed pleadings not to cover her window, while she gesticulated wildly at her eye like it was a matter of life risk healthcare. That they complied she attributed to their being nice, mannered men (unlike me). (She couldn't see their faces of utter disbelief as they lowered the crane.)

I get the story from the night shift Tuesday morning and then again over the phone from the HI nurse, Dorothy, who wishes we could get client "H" up to 12 hour daytime care, (meaning it wouldn't accommodate my needs for my kids), but I would readily give the shift up for the sake of the client's wellbeing. (Dorothy's rejoinder was along the lines of, "too late now!") The problem is I'm practically the only person from HI that "H" is compatible with.

But I'm remiss right now because I was finally given referrals for local psychiatrists but have yet to set an appointment. ("H" stonewalls constantly on health matters, refuses to exercise even though not exercising leaves her with chronic pain that makes her bedridden, and continually cancels routine and essential health care appointments at the last, past minute because she decides she isn't up to going (to the point of bequeathing herself with an oral abscess); -she also, thanks to a lifetime habit of maintaining a trophy wife figure, (since her whole destiny was determined by her sexual attractiveness), doesn't eat to the point of literally starving herself to death; -you are there to make her eat). In short this is an individual who, since her bereavement, really doesn't want to live, but makes the caregiver pay the mental toll for it, and hasn't come to terms with herself to the extent she can't abide being alone at all. She literally subsists on the presence of others, which amounts to having to pay people to be in her company because it's that intolerable. I'm remiss about the psychiatric appointment because she was finally at the threshold (after months of bedridden depression where I couldn't leave the apartment because she wouldn't); -her delusions are so out of control she's finally arrived at the threshold (this is the fourth time for this); -she's finally realized that she needs help. I was finally able to get a referral list from her new doctor.

This morning the stone cold shower I'm getting from the nurse, Dorothy, is that the operative goal now is to keep her from actually getting institutionalized or thrown out of the independent living facility; (-the best prospect is she might be shunted into assisted living, which she will

loathe and they will loathe her; -being already apprised of her dreadful personality making her a total handful, they'll probably be inclined to throw her out). "H" was nearly Baker Acted last night (second time she's been threatened with this, but she literally has no clue as to her danger due to her sense of privilege), and the independent living facility can justifiably evict her after last night. Between the HI nurse, the family and myself, we scramble for a same day Doctor's appointment (with the worst clinic for scheduling such you can imagine), in order to get her anti-psychotic medication doubled the same day (this seems to work). Dorothy says "H" cannot deal with different staff in the 4-8 pm window. Upshot, within 12 hours my job went from secure to precarious, with my client's mental health being the determiner, as within 12 hours she went completely off the chain.

The phone list for local psychiatrists from same said Dr.'s office (which helped bring all this on by cutting her memory medication, but which "H" will never switch from because said Doctor accommodated her valium addiction), is fruitless, it turns out. Her niece in law says she has a contact for one who specializes in dementia and will set it up (I am so grateful), but the family has never helped with "H" on anything I've ever brought up as an issue (even when they say they will), and this part of the family is generally only there to ask "H" for money; (-"S" backs out on the assurance of getting a psychiatrist within a week or two.)

When she gets up, "H" begins to relate what she went through the night before. It is not anything like her usual episodes, in that what she described wasn't simply based on her dementia, -with her filling in the blanks with what's not real (because she can't cope with the reality of being widowed from the man she was mistress to and worked for from the age of sixteen, who was very rich and left her with no inheritance apart from maintenance, -not that she isn't a millionaire, of course). This time she really had a full-on delusive episode. One which from the standpoint of my own personal episode the night prior (thinking that the Judgment might actually be happening because on September 15th, when a potential host of spirits seemed to arrive and be present, I thought this was the beginning of the Rapture for real; -the Rapture is the final precedent in the Bible to The Last Judgment); -from that perspective, "H"'s episode is frightening indeed. She recounts two well attired strangers coming to the door of her apartment and greeting her, a man and a woman, who then invited her and then led her down the hall to a far better replica of her own apartment (what she's been contriving a delusion about for two months or so since she refuses to be satisfied with where she lives the entire time, and getting transferred has proven fruitless); except that this new apartment was even richer, with far more things and valuables. And they were trying to lure her into the new apartment with the appeal of all the new things they were showing her each in turn, including a new wardrobe. Once "H" was successfully lured inside, the night turned so indescribably bad she couldn't even bring herself to relate what happened next, except to say it was utterly horrible, eliciting a shudder.

She did recall the abusive security guard though who brought her back to her apartment, and again she's saying that all her cash is now missing. The security guard was inside the apartment (a first), and she says poured her wine (her alcoholism is also shooting up, but it's shocking in terms of just protocol to think this was what the security might have done to settle her, though a natural outcome of her throwing her caregiver out), but she asserts he was also extremely rude and impertinent with her. I'm checking the situation cautiously and circumspectly on the possibility of sexual assault, because I have had this crop up before where it turned out she was very poor on reporting an actual sexual assault, and I brought the police back and insured she filed a proper police report. (It wouldn't be the first time "very rude" turned out to mean a lot more.) I'm worried about one security guard who has been inappropriate in the past with both "H" and myself (very with me, lying to my ex who called my workplace inappropriately in a way that totally set him off, alleging I was drinking at the onsite tavern on the job with "H"). I shudder to think he could have been alone in the apartment with her without witnesses getting her alcohol. And she's destroyed her credibility to such an extent

that a security guard could rob her with impunity after she falsely reported a theft (the money is found within a couple days and I found out it was another security guard who'd been in her apartment that night, but in the moment I've got all these variables to consider (including that if an actual security guard (a former police officer, and my experience of the local police is that they lie with utter impunity) could have stolen from her afterwards, then deflecting blame would inevitably involve her full time care aka, me, so now I'm not only potentially worried about my job here, but my job integrity anywhere if this turns out the worst it could possibly get; -"H" shows her good side here, saying she would back me no matter what if something like that happened). Considering I'm actually speculating if she might have actually been visited by demons in the night, who used her personality flaws I've observed all along, in combination with her cardinal sin (greed) to furnish an inter-dimensional gateway to Hell (she was vulnerable enough to take), I'm feeling guilty as all hell. I ask her at the end of the discussion if she wants a hug, -to the ultimate takedown rejoinder, "You keep your germs to yourself and I'll keep mine."

How bad can things turn in twelve hours? This particular Tuesday replied, "Hold my beer." Now onto the not work related.

Upon arrival in the morning I notice that there is a new file folder in my iPhone photo folder I never created. It is titled "Dead Dog & Cat Skins", and the file folder is notably, to my relief, empty. The onset of "Dead Dog on the Highway" first thing in the morning on the randomized invading playlist (which I'm regarding as a deliberately orchestrated real time conversant lover's conversation with a transcendent consciousness in real time, -for me the song's appearance juxtaposes with the fact that I'd wished my ex dead the night prior in the eternal sense (my query actually was as to whether he'd been judged and consigned to hell yet, or not, not out of a desire that he actually be murdered by my Lover; -I was thinking along the lines of, *has he totally he lost his mind yet, thanks to having to confront the reality of the total irretrievable rottenness of his own soul?*, -which in my line of thinking is how you *really* end up dead, so yes in fact what I'm thinking my Lover is capable of is, -my heartfelt desire was that something decidedly more steep than murder in the night might have occurred. Rough way to want your freedom, but what he's done to me is literally so entrapping from a legal standpoint, and so utterly diabolical, and has been so utterly diabolically conducted for the last 15 years, there are actually very few prospects of possible release from the trap he's created apart from his death, and he's tortured all of us psychologically and emotionally in this trap for most of its duration). Anyways, I wished it on him the night before and, Holy Hell, it appears my client had a brush with her own soul very same night in the very same vein she's too terrified to even describe. I'm getting a strange vibe off the conversation because one of the strange asides she muttered when shriveling away from the horror of her experience was, "Of all people, what did I do to deserve to end up with you?", meaning somehow in her mind, the experience is related to her proximity to me....

I can't even relate how relieved I am that the picture count inside that folder that morning was zero, and remains zero, from that day going forward ("H" came out OK, whereas I'm thinking if she hadn't, the count in the "Dead Dog & Cat Skins" photo album would have been "1"). I don't delete the file folder because I want to document the remembrance that it happened as a lesson. It's still in my phone. But that wasn't all that happened on my phone that day. Before this day, even though I've had the phone since the turn of 2017 (and my daughter's had her second iPad about that long), -although the iTunes catalogue and message history is shared between the two devices, there had been zero photo sharing between her device and mine before this early afternoon. And what suddenly pops up on my phone (as I check to see if the dread apparition folder hasn't changed, as I'm now paranoid enough to check if a hacker is downloading such images onto my phone or something, and I'm way more worried something not explainable by a hack might be happening), is a choice eight or so screenshots my

daughter took of stickers browsing on Red Bubble appear at the front of my photo stream. Not her entire photo catalogue, no, just these eight specific screenshots appear on my phone (this is even though she actually screenshot them weeks earlier).

Now the stickers had been a bone of contention (I bought her eight stickers to adorn and personalize her new laptop (furnished by the COVID-19 relief funds in her name)), which obviously was plenty, and yet she was still insistent she wanted more. What she showed me when she was advocating for an increase were a couple with serpents, each with a witch's hat and a wand. She got a "no", and I was astonished how intransigent she was on accepting it, she made it into a prolonged argument. -Turns out that wasn't all of what she screen shot that day. Presto, it takes about eight specifically involuntarily shared sticker selections to find out my daughter's identifying as a lesbian.

-Uncannily (-not anymore) not long before this we got into the trans debate, as we were ambushed mutually by the discovery we were on opposite sides of the fence on whether JK Rowling was a transphobe. This happened the day I called my sister, because I ended up unpacking that debate with my sister over the phone, and we were both on the same side of it, which means I ended up giving her a dissertation on how Harry Potter was actually modeled as a Christ arch-type in terms of sacrificial altruism, one for them all, which was the real reason the series would have hit such a massive resonance, as it was effectively marrying Christianity with magic, with the audience being none the wiser (unless they were sufficiently Christian). You couldn't create a better broader target demographic if you tried. I had read the series cover to cover because we ended up with a mint hardcover edition for next to nothing and I tend to screen reading material, (at least with Harry Potter I was going to because there's a possibility it would give me things to unpack), and I was pleasantly surprised.

My overheard discussion with my sister leads, in the evening, to my daughter picking up the conversation because she was listening to my conversation with my sister and is somewhat surprised to discover we both support JK Rowling. She's getting the complete opposite message at school, and I get the impression she presumed my sister would have at least disagreed with me once she found out my position, especially since she's ten years younger than I am and it's enough for a generation gap.

(This is of course the school that performed a cover up for the sake of a trans declared MtF 14 year old bipolar nascent online sexual predator with hacking capabilities who'd been Baker Acted in the past year for cutting and a suicide attempt, by forcing a couple 13 year olds (including the nascent predator's actual victim), to sign non-disclosure agreements without informing their parents, under the penalty of being expelled if they violated it by opening their mouths in reference to the bullying issues to anyone at the school, or even speaking to the trans individual. The non-disclosure agreements implicated them in mutual bullying of the predator.) -So basically we know the verdict on JK Rowling at said school will be universal.

This trans debate with my daughter entailed unpacking a lot of information for her digestion and considered consumption. It was one of the most strident debates I've ever had with her, which surprised me at the time. (-Not anymore.) -But what I find a little mind boggling about it is that she didn't glean enough of the harrowing implications of trans Self-ID from the school cover-up, and the fact that the victimization of her brother's best friend by a fourteen year old with massive sexual issues (including predatory ones), getting to masquerade with impunity as a trans individual, had put her brother's best friend at risk of killing himself. The trans announcement allowed the MtF to get away with sexually accosting and abusing "her" former male best friends online, generally along the lines of fantasizing sodomized child rape. (Females love fantasizing about this.) But that was practically the least of it. (Sending unsolicited links to bestiality videos, joking about sexual torture and promoting Hentai porn to children; -animation is unlimited so [this article](#) describes the least of it.) How could my

daughter be this oblivious to direct experience? Especially in terms of how the school threw the actual victim of reverse bullying they wouldn't acknowledge existed under the bus? -When the MtF's online conduct towards the victim involved an actual federal crime? -Not to mention online hacking attacks of more than one computer, and messing with the browse histories of individual students at the school using porn urls? Not to mention a CPS investigation into the trans minor? (Conclusion: I kept this far more under wraps to not expose her to adult issues than I'd realized.)

The reason this all unpacks in my face in a millisecond because of two of the stickers she liked were in reference to trans ideology and queer theory. (Given she'd shown me the serpent stickers before, no wonder this debate blew up in our faces.) The implications of the two stickers are disturbing, and mainlined directly into queer theory. The first was, "be gay, do crime". The other showed an impish, evil expression little green grinch face with the declaration "identified mischievous at birth". The underlying concept between both statements is that queer theory is fundamentally based on the abrogation and deliberate concerted violation of all sexual mores. But this was broadening into morals in general, and aimed at children. The whole milieu of what she'd liked made it casually absorbable by being cheery and cute. She liked a sticker declaring she was a lesbian, the lesbian flag, a teen girl in lesbian flag colors splay riding a broom in less than a miniskirt. She'd also liked a smiley rainbow with the declaration underneath, "I hate you all". So basically I now know the trans debate is actually rooted in her identity and not going away any time soon, and unpacking the implications of where this cheery garden path is leading is not going to be small. Nor is it pleasant to have it occur involuntarily. The serpents appearing in the milieu time dates when she would have taken the screenshots for me.

David Bowie's "[Hallo Spaceboy](#)" promptly makes its appearance in the random playlist for the day. "Bye-Bye, love"

I text the sticker images to my mother and my oldest brother, the stoic of the lot, the rational one. He texts [this meme](#) back with zero comment; -and then in short order my entire message history with my brother up to the point, meme included, disappears off my phone. By then I'm even beginning to question whether a hack's involved in delivering the meme (this is, after all, after a spontaneously appearing folder and an eight sticker selection out of my daughter's photo file spontaneously appearing at the front of the photo stream of my phone, not to mention the very odd appearance of the random playlist in the first place), but I later confirm that yes, my brother literally slammed me with something far worse than, "*the apple doesn't fall far from the tree*", within mere minutes of getting the stickers. The offhand cruelty is worse than a kick in the gut, more like a stab to the core.

It's like the very first opportunity he gets in my life: -the very first vulnerability, he's inveighing I'm responsible for sum total consequences of my sexual history, which is no different than inveighing I'm the one guilty for what my father did to me. My family was so cult programmed by him I was treated as the evil one for leaving his sexual abuse. I was also never regarded as a victim, but as an equally culpable party. (My mother has never registered this any other way, and I know in her own self-regard considers herself the victim. (True enough, but...)) My mother's identity is so invested in self-sacrifice she might not even have an identity outside of sublimating herself to others. With my father, her whole existence was that of enabler.) My brother's literally throwing the entire legacy of my father (who threatened my life and eternal soul) back at me in the context of the legacies it's given me in choosing a mate, the potential for intergenerational damage my abuse created that was so latent I didn't realize the danger I was in. Literally the very moment it becomes clear my daughter is paying the price intergeneration-ally, my brother doesn't even waste seconds in blaming me. I gather myself and calmly reply how this is a trauma based identity reaction to things that happened to her in

infancy and how I'm going to have to look into getting her counseling for that now, to no response.

The trauma it's actually rooted in is that this was a breastfeeding baby who was forced into weekend visitation without her mother with an abusive man who proved such a danger, there was a real risk he might just kill her mother. The first visit was pure terror for her; her eyes were red from crying non-stop; she was forcibly thrown in with utter strangers with no comprehension of why when she was ten months old. (They were too stupid to even recognize when they were traumatizing an infant by forcibly picking them up. -That was the paternal grandfather.) In a behavioural reaction to control at least one aspect of her environment in terms of interaction, she delayed her speech for an inordinately long time. It was not due to any learning disability. She clung to breastfeeding the moment she was returned from every forced visit to the man who might kill her mother like it was her lifeline and only sustaining connection to love. She clung to it for two and a half years. I felt there was something slightly off happening around it then, but as breastfeeding is perfectly normal, I had no clue why I felt intuitive discomfort around how she clung to it every return.

When we end up discussing the stickers (turns out her brother knew), she declares she finds breasts erotically attractive and this is why she wants to be a lesbian, in combination with, *it's safer than men*. (Under the formative circumstances for me this is like, *well go figure*.) Her own father imprinted on her that males were the opposite of love starting at ten months old. Her only impression of love was coming from her mother. Now she's attracted to women. It's not rocket science.

But my brother puts all this on me in a meme it takes him seconds to find and send, because mating with my ex was my fault 100% (as if what my father set me up in terms of a "relationship" template with has zero to do with it). This is when my brother knows exactly what my father did to me and knows how much I was condemned and threatened for leaving. (When I went to Ireland in 1999 and my father was threatening me with eternal damnation for even going, he was too afraid to say anything or take any sort of a stand out of the fear (no matter how small), that father might really be who he says he is. And he couldn't dare take any risks against that, namely he wouldn't dare risk exactly what I was standing up to.) When my daughter's father eventually finds out, he'll hit the ceiling and blame it on her mother being a "liberal feminist". Of course, he's been in denial her entire life she ever needed counseling, -and that's even with a rape under her belt before she was five (October 2010). (Men not coming to terms with reality are too stupid to pass as monkeys. My rational stoic brother will never give up his porn. -Whatever [happened to imagination](#)-?)

Without going into these happenings that afternoon, I think this is still the same day my daughter announced I was an "off-brand therapist" as in, "quit being an off-brand therapist". This was in relation to "H", because "H" is such a handful psychologically I spend an inordinate amount of time being one with her. But when I get home we do start with, these stickers showed up on my phone today and I want to have a talk about two of them. And this is when son starts confirming what he already knew, which makes daughter angry, so she puts being outed involuntarily on him for a while, even though that's obviously not true.

I do unpack the spiritual implication of the innocuous seeming phrase "identified mischievous at birth", and "be gay, do crime". (Do you understand where self defining your own identity of your own volition in the negative can get you? -Well, that's *exactly* where it gets you!)

I try to explain the meaning between man/woman to my daughter from a spiritual level (Christian, -at my level), but she doesn't absorb it.

We do have the talk, but this is not the big talk. It is the small one. The small one is “it’s safer” (which is her strongest position point) is a trauma based reaction to the danger she perceives men to be, and I’m in a position to know she got inflicted with that as an infant. *I don’t have a problem with your identity, but if your identity is a reaction to something trauma based, then that identity is not you. It’s a reaction to something that was done to you, and that’s not you.*

The running commentary on my life thinks my performance is stellar, but we are getting ahead ourselves. This is but one thread of the day.

Before I gather myself and reply to the meme from my brother, the meme gets to hit me exactly the way it’s designed to, telling me the past is all my fault and I’m an evil person. (You deserve to be judged like this.) And so the day carries on.

In addition to scrambling to save my client/job, and in addition to the involuntary outing of my daughter, I’m also unpacking my three existential sins of the (second might as well have been sleepless) night before with my invisible man with the running commentary, -and what He’s warning me is to come is not comfortable at all. He’s afraid of something and concealing his fear. And what He tells me is, *You are going to get the incubus again.* I register He’s telling me the closest term to something I will understand and identify in terms of the danger. The reason for the incubus is that you cannot have sin in your heart in the company of a perfect being. You will have created a vulnerability, a crack that will attract they can attack. And there is no individual better they would like to attack more than the One in my company. I made myself a sort of interstellar target.

So now we’re into the queries and dilemmas of how to identify invisible spirits potentially masquerading as other spirits, as in, how easily distinguishable was the first one? What if it tries to trick me by pretending to be Him? How can one protect their self at the level of thought? And how permanent would have that first 2007 encounter proven? -Irreversible...

I reply, *I’m only wet when You appear.*

He replies, dryly, *Hold that thought...*

“H”’s niece in law, “S” takes her to her doctor’s appointment for the first time, leaving me to my own devices. I take the opportunity to lie down, but that’s not what my head is doing. In fact, there seems to be an assemblage. Some part of me is feeling like I must justify my devastation, and my mind’s outburst is something along these lines: *All my life, it has never been safe for me to speak. Not once. Ever since this began, my life was a prison inside my own mind to keep me safe. It’s like....* And I scramble for an analogy. And up pops this image because it’s the best in a pinch:





DM video Delta Machine Premiere

It's in [this video](#) at 40 minutes in, -as a titillation (for people who don't know what pain is). Picture it with a gag instead of blindfolded. For clarification, the victim is tied to the cross. (Imagine the fury of being left in that state by someone who knew and was capable of proving the situation but preferred to maintain it as a secret for twenty years. Every choice presented, every choice was to maintain the trap and my pain, a life sentence. I couldn't disclose anything without proof and was granted none. Everyone God appeared to send, chose for me to remain invisible, left the stricture in place to maintain my pain.)

And suddenly with a simple visual it seems understood. I nod at the originator of the image, "Thank you!", and he nods back.

*My daughter wasn't consensual.* [I wasn't given a choice about whether she'd be too at risk for trauma. Her conception was forced by an abuser male. It had graduated to rape (intercourse enforced by the threat of violence otherwise) and sexual degradation before then.] *This is trauma.*

*Why does no one get this?!*

And the assembled, one of them says, *We're getting you down.* And when they do, I am prostrate on the ground, lying on my left side not in a fetal position but a little curled up. And He comes and kneels by my side.

*That's why you're afraid of Me.*

*Yep.*

Let's just clear up what He's responding to, because the passage doesn't, but He and I know. I'm terrified that when He said, *You were my sacrifice*, it is on the level of, *What if God really told him [my dad] to do it?* Then this God required me as a sacrifice through abrogation of ethics instead of for the sake of ethics. Why did no one He appeared to send choose to alter the trap it made of my life? Why did they enable my continued sacrifice to the damages my father committed against me by maintaining the secret? So the trap of being a victim got to maintain its default conclusions as to my sanity, thanks to the total absence of any contravening evidence from the "other side" that I wasn't crazy? I still have a lingering fear that the original command might have come from God, because if it had not happened, none of the rest would have happened; -I would not be here now. Did He set up the whole course of it for this to happen? If that is God, I want nothing to do with Them. It is the greatest barrier, the deadliest trap humanly possible my father (or anyone) could have come up with (but it would take a parent), insuring almost absolute distrust in God. You could not devise anything else mentally that would succeed in making someone more unreachable. I would sooner disappear forever. That's what happened, more or less, in 1995. I would sooner commit existential suicide than assent that what happened came from God and so proclaim such a God. I'm scared the present might mean that this was something that was done to me so that we would have sufficient common identity in how w/We were both sacrificed by our parents, which provides my strongest trauma based point of identity with Him.

He lifts my left hand and puts a ring on my ring finger. It is a cluster of pearls shaped loosely like a pyramid, if it was diamond shaped, with tendrils of silver behind. Not all the pearls are white and they're differently sized, but none are black. It covers the entire joint and even goes a little past it. [For the record, His silence here doesn't have the sense of avoiding my fear. Everything was imparted more by sense emotionally than by articulate thought. To me His putting the ring on signified His total accord with my being, rejection of what I too rejected. My choices had at long last elevated me to a place where this could happen.)

The rest of the day, if I am looking at my left hand in my mind, every thought I cast its direction, it is there. He garners a little amusement from it; beginning to say, each time I check, *Still there...*

There is only one small concrete action I can take in terms of my remorse at my self-centeredness while being higher than a kite. I felt dreadful when I realized I'd sent Nick Cave a small text a couple days after the passing of his mother, that had nothing to do with his mother. What I said was along the lines of, *It's probably clear that I've figured out what was going on between you album and my book now...* When Nick acknowledges the many condolences he received; -why on earth had I not thought to send one? No volume of justification in upbringing really means anything, like the fact that I will feel very little upon the passing of my own parents, -all the years I felt my mother would have been better off dead. How I was inculcated with an eternal framework all my life and we put not much weight on either birthdays or death. Why I didn't say anything was rooted in my own trip, which was egotistical in its own right. I really thought there would not have been a better moment for her to have died. Therefore she needed no condolences. Which didn't mean Cave didn't.... So I send an obviously belated one that was certainly meaningless after acknowledgment, accompanied by an apology and a brief line trying to explain why I didn't say anything.

When I get home from this sonic lecture, I get David Bowie's "[The Letter](#)" while I'm watering the garden. Poignant.

That night I call the neighbour Bill down the alley on the truly bizarre impulse of whether he's willing to rent his house (he said so a long time ago, but I don't expect it to materialize, though he even went so far as to offer us a rent rate), and he says, "I was just about to call you about

that.” -He’s in Colorado. He’s hoping to close a house deal in Colorado next to his grandchildren and move there. But when it becomes clear he’s offering a time share and doesn’t actually want to move out (still wants the master bedroom), and wants to come back seasonally (I’ll be saddled with his fish pond and pump system), I begin to think *this is awkward*; -I don’t see how it’s going to work. We’d need to convert the garage for my son’s room, for one, and Bill still wants it to store his vehicles. The other problem is that my air condition went out in July and the only place I could go overnight was Bill’s. -Let’s just say he was inappropriate. (He’s my mother’s age.) So that’s not going to work... and the more I dwell on the notion, even though we really need it, the worse the notion gets. Bill says come by tomorrow and we’ll talk about it. (I never do. Bill backs out of this proposition by week’s end; he’s too attached to the place and the house doesn’t close in Colorado.) In the meantime, I get to feel that God is listening to my deepest, most impossible need and granting it. Makes a point, lets it slide.

-I’m worried about sleep by now (obviously, 2007 recollection is night three is never good), and when I go to bed, I tell Him that’s all I’m going to try and do, Sorry, not sorry. -Good night. Eerily like night three 2007 nothing seems to work; I am in and out of sleep and in and out of situations I don’t know whether are dreaming or waking. (But my test is not going to help me at all.) At one of these spells (I don’t know which it is) I walk up to him and remove the ring, putting it in His hands. It is dark now, many pearls darkened, it appears to have shrunk and looks so brittle it might disintegrate. I tell him to take it back, I am not worthy of it now. He takes it in silence and is gone. Every bit of sleep is snatched like a lapse into unconsciousness. I startle awake (again), with the thought, *Why did I wake up inside a fire?* [The last time.] The smoke was incredibly toxic and the inhalation palpable. I could see practically nothing in the fire, it was ablaze and all there was to see was smoke. This time I am woken by sirens on at least five different first responder vehicles to the northeast. They are more than five miles away. There is a big fire, and there is a fire spirit too. And the spirit from the middle of the fire is now coming for me. And I have to seal my mind from miles away. It is too dangerous to have it come any closer.

*I only love the Lord Jesus* is my mental mantra non-stop, over and over, to seal my mind. I feel this spirit come and pass at hundreds of yards, making it immense compared to the one in 2007, which was felt outside the door. I do not end the mantra until I sleep again.

[Another note: For people who might arrive at the considered question of, well, wouldn’t leaving her to face such a demon alone instead of defending her somehow constitute abandonment at the height of danger? Why’d He just disappear when she gave Him back the ring? -It is not simply that He assented to what I asked. Holiness is an arena where battles are meaningless. He cannot save me from any damnation I have brought upon myself. Nor can he claim someone as a Bride who brings such a state on herself; -it’s wrought its own conclusion that that’s impossible. That’s why I was attacked as a life long agenda to damn and alter me on the level of these realms, to rob Him of me forever. That’s what was in the balance of my life here. In matters of holiness, you’re on your own. He cannot confer it, nor can He contaminate Himself. I was right to give him back the ring in terms of how I judged myself in that moment. I was right about the moment. And just loving Him provided salvation, but it had to come from me. Otherwise it’s not love. To save me, the mantra had to be total and perfect.]

September 23rd – I [have survived](#); we are still alive and we are still one; -He is back with me. The ring is back on and I have a wedding dress of white with a gaudy white tulle head piece. He is all in white too, casual suit, sweater, no tie. I feel we are at the head of an immense following of people in procession in the morning. For me surviving re-contextualizes the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice. It is no longer about the context between Bono and myself when I severed the connection in 1995 and was lost to the underworld metaphorically. It’s graduated

to a passage between Him and me, because He nearly lost me permanently last night. My Lover's random soundtrack performs the same trick by playing me "[Awful Sound \(Oh Eurydice\)](#)" by Arcade Fire, resulting in [this song request](#).

That morning I have a conversation with "H" I'm sort of relying on her dementia to make her forget. This is an individual who I've had to say I'm divorced and haven't lived with my ex for 13 years, over and over again up to the present. But here I'm confessing a little awkwardly to having met someone; that I have a husband. (She clearly takes this as having reconciled with my ex, but He is standing behind the chair, as if he is holding my right hand, the entire time, and the ring and the dress are there. He does more than that when I'm sitting in the chair at times.) "H" is delighted, wants to know how it was and gets the response "7 times".

"Oh! You didn't sleep at all!

"No." It's amusing knowing she's only thinking about the male orgasm and I wasn't even the one who kept count. (He told me later in conversation.) It's incredibly liberating, even if I'm only saying what I feel because I'm certain she will forget it (it's been handy knowing nothing I say will be remembered), just to be able to say the truth about what I feel is incredible, because I've been forced to conceal everything about myself and my emotions that was essential and important to me since I was sixteen years old. There's nothing I can say about this either, but, this moment grants me a moment to acknowledge what's happening. "H" is exceedingly happy for me, until we find out details like he can't work and there's no assets, no home. Not even a car! He can't even stave off my ex, but that doesn't get unpacked obviously. Though I'm clear it's not my ex, she promptly forgets.

In the afternoon I google the fire, which based on the sheer number of sirens involved I presumed to have been massive. Instead I find the murder that took place in the wee hours of Monday morning. I find nothing about what appeared to have been a massive fire. It horrifies me to think I might have been with a Being who was potentially not only aware of the murder taking place 60 blocks away on the same street my daughter goes to school on; He probably knew the victim's name. I feel the demon from the fire would feed on a fire to conceal a murder such as this, where the victim is so immolated not even dental or bone DNA can be extracted anymore.

I take "H" out to lunch at a place called "BJ's" for the first time. (No really. In house brewery.) Here I get to notice it's not just my random soundtrack that seems to be playing to the moment every moment, it's every soundtrack. This plays out anywhere we go for the rest of the week). And this is not easy to take, because the gist of the song list playing is that He has to leave me and is going to let me go. I take this in stride with the understanding that loving Divinity is probably un-survivable for a mere mortal like myself, (given I didn't even last one week, I remember a tart lyric about, she was good at getting there but couldn't manage staying), and conclude He's leaving me to keep me safe and that we've consummated an eternal union not an earthly one. It sounds like He's leaving for good if the soundtrack is anything to go by, and deliberately letting me go. He's decided to emancipate me by letting me go because I nearly didn't survive.

"H" has noticed an attractive forty-something at the bar and is so interested she decides to go over and size him up. (-Except he's got way too many tattoos, including a Koi.) I've never done this, so on impulse I give him my card. (I know he won't call.)

This is not so bizarre as it might seem if you've been caught in the dilemma of what's been going on between the universal music feedback loop and yourself for 27 years, and when you believed it was real it effectively stopped you from seeking any relationships. Moreover I know I'm high as a kite and what's happening will not last. I'm going to come down. It makes sense

that a considerate being, having consummated something that took 27 years from beginning to end, would willingly release you from it.

The soundtrack the moment I resume the random playlist is immediately another lecture. I'm dealing with Someone who will test to see how I'll bounce.... I turn the tables, though that's not so easy to do with Someone who knows what you were writing last and quotes it back to you in terms of wanting your freedom. *You want your emancipation...* (This is not untrue as per the above (and that I bounced where it told me to), but it has never held the hope of ever being loved in an integrated relationship that actually accepted me, only a truncated one, and to me is a form of abandonment if it proceeds (because what I have to relate about myself will never be believable and if it is, it will prove a barrier); -what I have really always wanted, was what I thought a potentiality with Billy in 2000, to be integrated with the one who was on the other side that God deemed, the two God was in between, which would answer for the whole thing including the universal/God, to my mind. That was all I ever wanted.

*I want the freedom to be able to tell the truth! That's all I want! How good did just to tell one person the truth today?! This began 27 years ago in that stadium. You made love to me then. It wasn't a child it engendered, it was connected consciousness, and You were on the other side of that. I've been carrying this consciousness for you, because of you, for 27 years! By emancipation I mean emancipation to tell the truth about You!!! Do you know what I planned to tell him? That he'd only been there in order to lead me to You. I don't want You to leave. I thought You were leaving me because I'd proven unworthy and this is a transcendent union not an earthly one, and now that it was done You would see me after I die. But it's not what I want. I want to be with You. The book gives me the freedom to tell about You. So at least I can be understood for what I am to You. That's the only chance at emancipation I have. And the only thing I'd consider or want is if You deemed someone to be with me who was aware of You first of all, which made him aware of what I am to You, and existed in that understanding with me, -that You deemed him for me. That was why I was wondering about [\_\_\_].*

He says, *I know what to do.*

We have a discussion about this the day following, the sort of boundary discussion. This is someone I've contacted before from a publishing standpoint a year ago April. Nothing came of it. He agrees I can try again. The deal is, you can submit for publishing. *You can't hit on him.* Yes because, the agreement is the motivation has to come from the inside of himself. *Only if You deem it.*

I have a beautiful photoshoot in the late afternoon on the garden deck with my daughter. She is herself. She had to dress as a teacher (male) for a presentation assignment for Spanish. It feels like God is in the sky. Alpha and Omega almost seem like they're in the sky. Son Niko and I changed the Apple ID because we were both suspicious of the app. In the rush I change the Apple ID (because obviously the iPhone's doing some strange things), I changed it to "take-a-wild-guess". The iPhone won't stop prompting me to type it in as I look at the sky and I do so, over and over again (it should have only asked for the validation once). But then that night when it is already done and redundant, the prompts start over and over again at night on my son's iPad, when He is close to me in bed. I have to validate the ID again on my iPhone. It says what we are together.

That evening going to bed I am in the blue dress again, and He begins by telling me to take the shoulders down on it. *I want to see the breasts that made a lesbian*, He says with some amusement. That night it is (again) hard to distinguish between awake and asleep, and He appears to me fully formed in the same blond, blue eyed appearance He's had since he

appeared to all assembled and asked “*Do you accept the bride?*” He tells me that now that this is consummated it is done. Now I cannot have a sexual thought about it anymore as it is now transitioned to the plane of the eternal where it is supposed to exist, where no one is married neither are they given in marriage. This means my thoughts about it can no longer be sexual. It is all about co-joined awareness. At least I think this conversation takes place.

This makes for a pretty frigid following day, where hilariously I am plagued with more involuntary sexual thoughts than I feel I’ve had in a lifetime, and unpleasant involuntary ones on top of that. I mostly see Him staring out the apartment window. It makes me think of WPC’s interview with Zane Lowe, and what he said about abuse history always making you fear what the whole world might be, like constant vigilance looking out the window. It reminds me of Him. Before we carried on unending conversations in every moment. Finally in the afternoon when I am heading on an errand the random iTunes playlist vanishes; -at the top of my iTunes the search window with “Tony lanez” typed inside appears, a God believing rapper from Toronto. I did not type it, nor initiate the search, so I conclude it’s some sort of an intervention. I dutifully go listen to Tony on the errand drive. I figure the point is for me to listening to the track “Woman”, which is more or less about a woman going frigid on a love situation. And so I explain what I thought had transpired the whole night in a conversation cycle the night before, with a being I thought was Him. His rejoinder, “*ARE YOU CRAZY?!?!?*” The Siri prompt appears on the phone with the title to my own note from September 19th, ‘This is going to be the worst honeymoon ever’. (This is going to be our first weekend together. Are you crazy?!?) -Point taken. Whomever had appeared in His guise had imparted the threat that my thoughts on conjoined awareness were contaminated, I could get the incubus again, -which was scary as all hell. He’s definitely not like that. (-Are you crazy!?) But I’m also a little queasy that not only are spirits maybe impersonating Him just to put flies in the ointment (my focus on Him in my mind is a little shot after this, and I keep getting involuntary apparitions I’m not going to relate but that anyone would identify as a demon (face only), -closest creation in real life would be the Mutts in **Mockingjay**. I’ve also had the most massive demonic encounter I’ve ever had in all my life, all in less than four days. Loving Divinity I conclude is not for the faint of heart.

When I’m wheelchair walking my client I feel his hand reaching for my liquid sway (dancing acquirement). He loves my walk when it’s there unconsciously, and this is the second time He’s done this.

BTW because of brief switch to Tony, that meant I had to relaunch the randomizing app.

September 25th – That morning shopping errand He takes me in the car parked in a shopping center. How He wants it to be. Tracking back to the beginning when I was sixteen. Tracking back as if we’re starting as two teenagers in a car. In doing this He is capturing what Bono declared in 1987, *I love you cause I understand, that God has given me your hand*, and everything attached to that, which happened when I was sixteen. Every signifier of this pattern in my book is a tracery of memory for me, and they are all part of this moment. He’s articulating He commanded Bono in 1987 in order to save me from what my father did in 1987, preparing the ground for the encounter in 1992. All of that was to bring me out of my father’s house and save me from him, not by Bono but all orchestrated by Himself. Bono had no conscious understanding of it, but He knows every moment. Everything lost to me, He retraces and recaptures. And this moment is about realizing that recapture as an actual moment, something stolen given back. (-Actually robbed twice over.) What desire orchestrated desire will have. Time is irrelevant. We make love morning, noon and night.

I get in trouble today too and again the random playlist takes a dark turn in the afternoon, -going so far as to play “Ugly” by Love & Rockets. This is when I get in trouble about [\_\_\_\_], as a couple of his tracks make the random list in quick succession in the early afternoon. Because

of what they are, I'm triggered that maybe this indeed will possibly happen and was what He meant by the comment, *I know what to do*. I go through an entire encounter between the three of us where I'm given away by Him to an earthly context because the context I'm in is not and cannot be. Only time will tell if I was right about any of this possibly transpiring, but the initiative was His as much as mine. For Him as well as me it is also driven by a need for just basic protection. The worry of whether I do take up my neighbor's timeshare rental arrangement next door, which would be a real improvement in terms of living space, reared its head in terms of a genuine fear that if I do, my ex might really decide to kill me, because under his delusion that I was prostituting myself to this neighbour, -Bill, my ex has made our lives hell for the duration of 2020. I mean it's a real exchange in terms of, *He could kill her just for moving. I need for her to be protected*. It was Him talking to [\_\_\_\_]. It would also provide veracity, which provides for the hope of a chance of being published.

It is after this, based on the randomized playlist during the home commute, I realize my perception of implication hurt Him a lot, even if He'd willingly provide for it, give it every emphasis and sense of ceremony, and give me away hand to hand. It's just about the worst petition you could come up with Day 10 of being married, and I feel worse than terribly selfish. I'm such a failure at this I've blown it three days in succession. Again the random soundtrack appears to have tested to see where and how I would bounce, and I regret it, but in the nature of forgiveness, once examined and accepted, the moment passes with the soundtrack shifting of its own accord. "Ghost" by Depeche Mode comes on during the afternoon drive errands, and my heart is almost stopped on the question of what version it will be. But the remix shifts nothing into the past tense with the "ghost" being lost to her. My relief is incomprehensible. It's the "Le Weekend Remix" and delightedly so. The lyrics are largely absent, and the "ghost" remains present tense. (This makes it on the randomized playlist twice.) I make the internal promise I don't want to dwell on this, just be in the present with Him, it's the present that matters and the last thing I want is to lose it. Please, just let's have the present. ("Personal Jesus" makes it on the random playlist more than any other track, probably four times.)

I also want to mention that Depeche Mode's "Eternal" also made the random playlist twice, first during one of the first nights; my gratitude could not have been more.

-This day after work on Twitter I find out WPC has a daughter, because [he posts himself with her](#) on his Twitter. I'm happy for them. I find out her name is Philomena Clementine.

I wonder if WPC's hoodie was designed as part of his wife Chloe's fashion line? -Note the symbolism of the astronaut: the helmet almost reflects an eclipse (I revealed this to him back in 2000), the cross hangs from a circle round the neck (where the helmet would clip) made to look similar to a clerical collar, and below that we have Coco Chanel's logo, -which is actually a rip off of [the vesica pisces](#). The reason I know about the vesica pisces is because I had a vision of two entwined gold rings in that formation in my mind the night after the 1992 U2 concert (p. 407), which alternated and became a single gold ring. You can't see it properly, but [in this image](#) I was wearing the vesica pisces symbol on my forehead as part of one of my dance costumes. The symbolism behind the Coco Chanel logo made it into [a book footnote](#), which is more than explanation for its choice on the astronaut. Coco Chanel clipped the vesica pisces, turning it into her initials. (The Christian ichthys (the fish) is also considered to be a derivation of the vesica pisces.)

September 26th – I google both names. [I read all about Philomena](#). It is like being made love to the entire read. Capping our days long wrangle as I ask Him whether I should write the book or not, or whether that violates my first imperative to Him, (which was to stay alive); -if it will put me in danger, His dry remark on her martyrdom was, "*It doesn't end well.*" (On the other hand, PJ Harvey's "The Letter" makes the playlist, and I think at least these communiques are

sanctioned. I'm of course viewing it a little differently than the context of the song itself. In my view, the blue eyes are reading from behind me while I write. As our debate takes its course, Depeche Mode's "Sacred" gets played (what are the odds), and with that I feel pretty confident.)

I find out Philomena's date of martyrdom is her celebration date, and falls on August 10th. I look it up on my calendar. It's the only date in August I wrote down how this was sexually climaxing in my mind (August 10th/11th); the end of the cycle of listening through Depeche Mode's/Martin Gore's catalogue. It is her date. The date she died to be with her Spouse, who she said was Jesus. At thirteen. I have, ever since 1998, tracked this back to age thirteen (p. 1486). It was my age when Bono produced [the first song](#) I thought appeared to be a linking one, and signified the entire course of what was to happen. It expressed taking "her" virginity. I didn't know why thirteen seemed to be the signifying age. I google [sangria history](#) too and discover it traces as far back in history and is also Greek. (I [tweet my sandals](#) to signify, the only way I can. (-Voila, [-Cave goes Greek](#). Which was not as odd as [this flute post](#) closely following a text I made to a friend to compliment her flute playing I could hear through my son's gaming headphones.)) I discover Billy Corgan also tailored his own song list, so I end up with a WPC playlist after all, if not directly. I listen [to the interview with Zane Lowe](#) that has it. I feel Billy knows.

This was the night I made two apple pies until about 4:30 am. Domestic life has taken a beating during this stretch and pies are no small prospect, making them last past the list in terms of a frivolous time intensive pursuit. But on the other hand, I've got past the fresh date bags of organic granny smiths, and there's no way I'm wasting those. Pie it is. So I consciously, intentionally blow one night of our first weekend together on making apple pie. I get no end of commentary on this; -we turn it into a running joke, *Pie waits for no man*. The situation being ripe for pie jokes is just too obvious.

Another run I had initially was that I began a series of jibes asking what was really going on with all those "Brides of Christ" for hundreds years? Surely You must have found the odd one? I mean if I'm the outcome, there must have been some looking going on for all those years and where else would it be? That's an immense field to play. Anyway, the discovery of Philomena stops that line of interrogation dead in its tracks.

Sunday September 27th – In the morning He guides me through what He views as the birth of what he conceived in me that one night beginning in 1992. (-What He meant by, *I know what to do*.) It really does feel like having been pregnant for 27 years. It is my own birth as myself as the Bride, which is the same as the birth of the Church, and His as well as the Second Coming, -a triumvirate birth, and it is finally finished. He is handling my spirit awareness with the utmost care and gentleness as if we are at the stage of afterbirth He is clearing painlessly out of my body. Completion is in the expression of the course, beginning and end. We both view what happened at the concert in 1992 now as His fertilization of conception in me. Not of a child, but the engendering of the universal awareness, the beginning of the Rapture/gathering Church, and in that metaphor, a sexual act (which Bono signified by mounting a woman from the audience at center stage and singing "Hallelujah" at the climax of the concert, but again, it wasn't really him). *I waited until your age of majority to take you*. And again, it is a private matter until finished, which then opens up onto an assemblage, and the witness comes to the fore and we converse with him together, because it is finished. By witness, I mean Billy Corgan. We start the conversation lightly, with an aside from me about "*lots of pie jokes*" last night. It is He who tells the witness what my father did to me, after I tell the witness that I thought it was worse for Him to observe it all. I have no presumption whatsoever that there was a Philomena or that I am her. (That doesn't stop speculations though. If Philomena was real, given she died at thirteen and said she went to be with her spouse, Jesus, then, was it this long (until this life



of mine on earth), could it have been this long until consummation happened in terms of me being in a human body -?)

My presentiment is that what happened in the telling was martyrdom of her body and the test of her soul. My incarnation was designed to destroy my soul for eternity and rob Him of me forever. It was therefore far worse. It is He who tells the witness how my father deliberately orchestrated a logical impasse to destroy me: *"It was either become the religious inversion [he designed her to be from birth], or he would declare it was anti-Christ. There was no way out."* [If I rejected my father, or he rejected me (far more likely), he would have concluded I was anti-Christ. If he made that conclusion, he would have likely concluded that he had to kill me. I was raised my entire life to offer myself up as a martyr/personal sacrifice and willingly assume he was right.] The witness responds with his own song phrase, *"love is suicide"*. The horror and brightness return to His eyes as He cradles my head and looks past me.

Interestingly with Billy's release of **CYR** November 27th, the song "[Telegenix](#)" has the question, *"If they say it's not suicide, then what is?"*

Well the answer is, it was, on the level above. And Christ only appeared as grace and entered my being because I would sooner disappear forever than become either.

(Nick Cave's "[John Finn's Wife](#)" makes the random playlist twice, including one of the first nights in bed. Since my father believed he was John the Baptist, I take it as signifying my Groom's sentiments, -a very gratifying feeling.)

We shift onto the one who could have been a witness but chose not to be, but who was essential to what happened in duty to God (Bono). It is my moment of reconciliation to him. What I say to him in my mind is along the lines of, *There is no way to have abnegated what lay between us [and so made way for Him] without having been scarred by it.* [You can apportion blame on certain aspects of what happened; -the parts that might prove blameworthy wouldn't have changed the outcome, nor did they change the instruction and that he fulfilled it.] *It's a scar we'll each always have. It is the measure of what happened.* [-Which is as it should be, there was no other way.]

Sunday afternoon our manic bipolar neighbour (he's had two house fires in less than two months, so basically chaos unlimited), -takes my daughter and I fishing on the pier at Fort de Soto for the first time. Many Philipinos and Latinos and Blacks and a cacophony of background conversation. The pier is full of people. There's also dolphins robbing the bait and catch.

(-You're married to Me now. Of course your first Sunday you're going fishing.) Only my daughter catches something. I'm still drinking Sangria. -Beautiful languid afternoon. A day off the way it should be. Our neighbour may be chaos personified, but he has some skill as a fisherman.

September 29th – The morning commute begins with "Their Helicopters Sing" by GodSpeed You! Black Emperor. (I still to this day get triggered by helicopters thanks to how the police/RCMP used them for intimidation in the Walbran.) The 2nd track was "Master and Servant" by Depeche Mode" and I knew what the morning topic was going to be, as I've been avoiding it. (And yes this gets hashed out in the car.) It's about reciprocity, and I am like, really, seriously? How do you blow a ghost? Is that even possible? -So of course the random proceeds with "Bangkok Rain" by The Cult on the commute. This actually happened on the drive, but it's the course of the morning, giving back, completing Him. And completing the reciprocal really matters. (Appropriately the random plays "[She Gives Me Love](#)" - The Godfathers) -Again my

client sleeps in for hours this morning, which is how this all happens. I actually have the playlist in order for the period from say, around September 26th until September 30th, but the only morning I marked was September 29th (when I get it together I guess I'll post the links to the main letter page), because I considered it the most important day. This morning was so vivid in my mind, and I was so present, I considered it our first proper full kiss face to face. Then "[Tecló](#)" by PJ Harvey came on, and I thought about the aptitude if you simply changed the name; -if it was "Jesus" instead of Tecló, it fits with an elegant simplicity; -the song all fits. And I said to Him, *I love your women!*

And just introducing this introduces how I've thought of the dynamics all along. And the time to fulfill them is now. ("[Baby Universal](#)" - not on iTunes, it's just become my phrase for a concept, and that is that we exist in a universality.) So I guess we'll do a little traipse through the daisy patch so you understand what I'm thinking and how this in my mind works. I'll introduce you to p. 1006 and p. 1613, as in, I thought the dynamic playing out universally inside the music with women creators was functionally the opposite of what appeared to be generally happening with male composers. Because they are emulating the feminine arch-type from a point within themselves, they were potentially capable of engaging the potential dynamics held there in the exact same way I do. And that includes relating to Him individually, or His arch-type, as I would. That is the tacit understanding in the above statement. -And for us it is the start point for all that followed this day. Everything about this day happened in the universal construct, as it was supposed to, meaning to begin, when He is taking me, it is in the awareness that this accesses all the women, and that's how it begins, it is giving this its moment, giving it to everyone, in the understanding it potentially by design will access individually on their own terms. And we are meant to fulfill that. Starting with the women, He is potentially with them all in being with me, and the reverse is a potential as well. I expect it, because it's happened in the past every time. What is between us accesses the universal. -And you can see how women's songwriting has the potential ability to shift in terms of arch-types in the playlist that follows; -"[Lionsong](#)" (it's a necessary detachment, like resting in the acquiescence, He may appear, or He might not, it's not anything you can decide), by Bjork plays in the afternoon (and perhaps even more uncanny), Florence follows on the 30th with [this chorus](#):

*And with one kiss*

*You inspired a fire of devotion that lasts for twenty years*

*What kind of man loves like this?*

"[21st Century Dreaming](#)" by the Godfathers was when it really exploded in my mind; He was making love to me I felt through my whole body awareness, and that was when it flowed into and formed an infinity symbol below us. And without proper explanation of what was happening, I hope His reply answers itself, in that He said, *Now you know why there are millions*. And I saw potential ignitions like random landing stars, because in the morning I'd tried to complete the reciprocal proper, and 69 happened too. (And again, conception between Him and me is about unifying/raising consciousness, and that is what this is about, -with a potentially of possibly millions.) It almost seemed to shift into both simultaneously and eventually it was a circle complete; His being a complete circle inside mine, with me surrounding Him. And as if to describe what it means and Who I'm with the songs in this interval were religiously tacked, "[In My Time of Dying](#)" by Martin L. Gore and "[I Know That My Redeemer Liveth](#)" - Jane Siberry both played in succession, followed by "[High Hopes](#)". "[Hopelessly Hoping](#)" by The Charlatans affirmed the moment, and I was utterly floored by the appearance after of "[Appalachian Springs](#)", which I'd never heard before. (-Actually that applies to both tracks.) This was followed by "[Come Back Baby](#)" - Jefferson Airplane. Depeche Mode's "Ghost (Le Weekend Remix)" made a reprise that afternoon. And yes it was one of the most beautiful days of my life, if not the most.

This is the evening I find cigarette ash on one of my deck chairs (right by the deck sliding door), meaning whoever the cigarette stalker is who's periodically left his butts in the yard at night, -he's now graduated to peering in on our deck.

It happens to be my sister's birthday. I have five brothers, one sister. She gets the shoes (eventually) and sends me a motion detection camera for Christmas.

September 30th – The random playlist takes a dark turn in the afternoon. Strikingly (what are the odds), God Speed You! Black Emperor plays with a song with just a date for a title: "[9/15/00](#)". (-What are the odds?!) Again the wrong turn is that I think the judgment hinges on the consummation of the Bride freeing the holy so that the planet can be released and His suffering as sacrifice for the whole of man may finally be at an end and I want it to be, for Him... It's a passing, fleeting sentiment (rooted in what I was taught growing up), but I get hit with "[The Little Things That You Give Away](#)" - U2 and "[You Don't Belong](#)" - Sons of Freedom, followed by "[Night Bird](#)", "[Dollar Dollar](#)", "[Would I Lie to You \(Live\)](#)", and then U2's "[Mofo](#)" plays (followed by B.R.M.C.'s "[Shadow's Keeper](#)" and "[Bus Stop](#)"), and for the first time I see the song in terms of the day before; -the conception between Him and me, and that this is what Bono wanted in terms of what he was seeking all along. It's not with him across from me on the other side the way it seemed to transpire for 27 years. It's the first time I think of it this way, it's what's between Him and me that makes me "mother". We then hit the cliff of the absolute with The Stone Roses' "[Here it Comes](#)". The Stone Roses is followed by Daniel Ash's "[Blue Moon](#)" and "[Hollow](#)" from Bjork's *Biophilia*.

It is like glancing off a paradox you're too afraid to open, but the days of notes before He appeared to me presented the same existential ultimatum as The Stone Roses' song does coming back at me, and it cuts me to the core. It's being so far on the edge of the absolute existentially there is just one being for you perhaps and vice versa. And neither would accept existential solitude. It was the depression when this began, (before I sought personal forgiveness), when I was so devastated and so afraid of even just being put through this emotionally again, I uttered in my mind that I'd sooner existentially just disappear, and then thinking how close that is to the analogy I was presented with as a child of eternal evil existentially wanting the exact same thing, that because of how they'd realized themselves, they'd sooner end the whole universe. It is a true knife's edge, in terms of, how close you've become? And what's saving you? And how does He feel; -how does my despair affect Him in terms of the legacy and cruelty of my life making me wish for nothing at all? -And how wishing for the judgement is the same on a broader scale. So I'm being told when I'm engaged in wrong think, I think. And the message is Bjork's from *Biophilia*, basically, I'm a part of all of humanity and all history, all life. I am ancestral memory, I created it. You don't wish it away.

I have practically no sleep at all this night thanks to my daughter's digital math weekly work, which she left to the last past moment. Furthermore she did not have clarity on how she was to complete the points she needed weekly (300 worth); -it's about two thirds of the way when I realize she's been pulling assignments from last year that are not from Algebra 1, so basically what we've worked on together is worthless. I'm also of the assumption 300 marks means, probably, doing three modules until they each reach 100 marks. Last year the teacher only wanted each module brought up to 90, and it doesn't take long to figure out why. That last 10% the difficulty increases exponentially, each (extremely difficult) question is worth 1 mark, but errors reach a ten mark deduction. You can plunge back into the 70's and basically can loop through that last 10% for an eternity, which is what happens since I am punch drunk tired and just trying to get that last 3% for my daughter (so we at least have 100 marks to submit in Algebra 1 tomorrow); -this is in absolute values and takes me past 4:30 am, with all the impotent frustration and anger at being caught in a loop I can't get out of and feeling trapped in it 'til that last 1%. And what a waste of time - how I'd sooner have given Him a night, how I'd

sooner have done practically anything with that lost time. It's not good what you can access in those spaces in terms of futility; basically I can't manage to sleep anyway after that and head straight into work.

I (rightfully) get asides of, *Bloody minded* but not in a caustic way, as a pointed statement of fact. The stubborn vein to my character is a bit awe inspiring, even if at times it gets trapped in a digital learning loop of futile. Belated clarification on how the modules are supposed to be completed (which of course couldn't be found out in the wee hours), shows the exercise was indeed futile, but at least the 100 was made and the teacher allowed my daughter to submit the two hundred marks in the wrong year, providing it never happened again. As a way of making it water off a duck's back, He refers back to one of [the Machina Mysteries that actually happened in 2000](#), and how it was a math class, meaning it had a place then and perhaps now too. A lesson in absolute values and how their value is such absolutely (and that can be positive or negative) is not so unrelated to the day before.

To give you a sense of how indeed punch drunk tired I am at this point, the Devil seems to walk nonchalantly into my head space, entering the Green Room while I'm in it. *I hear you didn't have such a good night last night*. He sprawls in the bedroom chair. I don't give it the least attention in my thought because I'm not going to acknowledge it at all, whether it's imaginary or not is irrelevant. It is acknowledgment it might be there that will confer it matter of existence. I begin the mantra in my mind, *I only love the Lord Jesus*, and maintain it well after it dissipates away. My client wakes up, and the moment vanishes like it was never there. September 31st was not a great morning.

October 2nd – Full moon sets in the morning sky, -utterly beautiful. This morning I encounter [Billy's interview with Radhanath Swami](#), who lists four essential spiritual practices:

- 1) Keep enlightened company
- 2) Tune in daily in spiritual practice
- 3) Strive to live with character and ethical principles
- 4) Cultivate an awareness of the beauty of serving

The beginning of October marks our 1st weekend alone together! For the evening He announces He is going to dance me into bed, meaning a real mate dance where we enjoy each other and dance together, which again is something He knows I've never done; (there are two qualifiers to this but they weren't lasting, as well as not very good). Granted I danced sexually post maritally, but that was performative, not dancing with someone, so it is very special to me that it's something He wants, -and He wants me to dance for Him too. I never did so in that sense, so in every respect it is a first. So even in a tentative beginning having only danced intermittently in the last 20 years and having missed it for several, it is a very special night. Because no one has expressly danced with me for the express purpose of taking me to bed.

On Saturday October 3rd He again takes me to bed with a (naked) dance together, starting with "Midnight Rambler". (Yes I know. I basically ignored the lyrics. They were not why the track came on.) This is the day the randomizing app finally stops and stops for good. (I miss it.) On twitter I notice U2 have listed a phone number for SMS presumably that (astonishingly), -takes texts. I sent the a cheery salutation noting I'm still high as a kite. I also tell them where to find their missing flash drive, as I sent the finished 1st draft of the book to Bono through a personal friend right before I self published it for David. I tell it like hell I'm sending you the book as a text link when I've no clue who's on the other end. Go find your flash drive please, and btw I seriously want that back, because there's evidence I lost on there when my computer got attacked and wiped clean coinciding with that article I published about you, and I seriously need it right now. (Predictably the second text is not so cheery. I'm still as mad as I've been for

the past seven years about the dreck Bono would sooner perform as PR. Go figure. Post encounter 2000 I was that angry for that long too.)

Sunday October 4th – Good Third Man Records [release](#). Tim Burgess puts out “[yours to be](#)”. I’d say something about the car being a little uncanny, but, Tim wrote it before that day happened with me. -Happen to know because he posted it, just him with a guitar, when he first composed it, on Twitter.

Monday October 5th – Run into Michael Stipe’s “[10 favorite books](#)”. -It feels a bit ironic, endless free mind-sex and all that. It’s a paradox for me; -it’s a little bit awkward. Makes me wonder if I trust this at all.

October 8th - My ex ambushes me over text with the fact that he’s tracked down my Facebook account, which has frankly been all but dormant since FB began censoring me across the board in the final heat of election 2016. I’ve just never got around to terminating it; I should have on principle. He’s in a rage because on Easter I posted some livestream videos of my manic neighbor, Andy, playing guitar (his own songs too), which he set up in the alley late at night behind my house with a full amp, and very little notice, on Easter Sunday, which was not inappropriate but pretty late at night. This is episode three of “you are permitted no interaction with neighbours”. (2/3 he accused me of prostituting myself to.) That afternoon once this happens, I delete the account, because even though it’s mainly news and I wouldn’t post personally, he has no business searching my posts. I created the account after I had left him and filed for divorce; I’ve had it for over ten years. With it gone, I pretty much lose the bulk of my contacts in Canada, and any ability to contact them. But when I registered it was a data mining operation, I’d quit long since. I once had 54 photo albums in it, sharing family with family. I deleted them all probably before 2012. (I also lose the book’s FB page.) He obviously tracked the account down through my family members, because my account was under my pen name in order to get away from him. He ambushes me with the FB account to evade answering the simple question of whether he’s going to resume visitation with his children tomorrow, because he won’t tell me so I can’t schedule anything over weekends. Tactical to stop me from dating. I practically haven’t had a weekend off for a year.

October 9th – First thing in the morning I lose it with my client, because she is demanding I get her an appointment with an internal medicine specialist, -today. This is comical because her GP told her a year ago the reason she had chronic pain in her abdomen was due to a lack of exercise, and eventually by the turn of the year at long last I had her working once a week with a personal trainer and the pain went away. But of course she refused to continue despite due warning, so she inevitably developed the chronic pain again. This morning she wants an internal medicine specialist, right now, for the pain. (This is someone who cancels just about every appointment she gets with a specialist last minute.) I’m so tired of this I tell her “You don’t need a specialist. You just need to listen to your doctor and me, and if you did, you’d be fine, -but you don’t listen, so you’re not fine. You’ve already had an MRI on the area and have been given a conclusion by your doctor. If you won’t listen to your doctor, you are just going to get the same advice repeated to you. The only person who can help you is yourself. Otherwise no one can help you. You treat doctor’s visits like they’re a social, because it lets you be the center of attention. You don’t even address health matters.” -She couldn’t abide an actual lecture. I was too stern. (Yes she has doctor issues because she was, after all, mistress to an orthopedic surgeon, ran his office and all his real estate, and eventually married him.) Basically there’s a limit on how much pretending I’m willing to do for the mental contortions a person makes in her own mind in order to avoid any recognition of their willingness to just self-destruct on personal neglect. I’m done.

She retreated into the bedroom and cried into the phone that I had personally attacked her and demanded to see the HI nurse in person. When Dorothy came I said, "This is all I said to her." -That and that there was literally nothing I could do to help her. In "H"'s usual reverse emotional bullying routine, she played Dorothy for all she was worth in terms of demanding personal time and successfully got me fired. Dorothy did try to patch up things, but I knew the writing was on the wall, just from the vindictive, underhanded look "H" walked out with on her face. I knew she'd finished me and her. She'd conveyed that she had been personally attacked. This is an individual with no tolerance for personal truth and she got way too much of it.

I dutifully fell on my sword with Dorothy, mentioning that I was being forced to consider a protection injunction right now, as my ex had stalked down my Facebook profile, might be stalking my house, and had become so threatening and abusive I was being forced to unplug my phone at night. Furthermore, he was intimidating my second neighbour Bill and was demanding to meet him in person. He was also escalating on forcing me back into mediation and possibly court over the parenting plan, ever since I refused to do a weekend dance date with him. There had been three specific escalations by my ex that week that had made it a bad, stressful week. Sometimes when you've got real drama that's overwhelming, you simply run out of tolerance for other's people's fake drama.

Dorothy replies, "It's a wonder you could manage at all!" -And says that I need a week long leave of absence. I respond that's good, because that will allow me to file the protection injunction if need be.

The running commentary that's always with me responds later in the afternoon, *I get a week alone with my wife*. Maybe all's well that ends well. (On Monday I find out HI has removed me from "H" and given me a new schedule, 12 hours on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, putting 2/3rds of my hours on my ex's time with the children, which logically should mean he lost his foremost complaint for demanding changes to the parenting plan, and removes most of his year long neurosis due to having to work on weekends. This just prolongs him intentionally abandoning his visitation time, in order to present me difficulties with either work schedule or supervision of the children. He considers he could be picking them up Wednesday afternoons (he literally neglected the alternating Tuesday on the parenting plan for the entire time it's been in force because he considers it a waste of gas, -which means that for four years while I was working Tuesday evenings, I was forced to foot the babysitting bill for his visitation time. The first Wednesday he declines to pick them up. He uses the second Wednesday to turn up with no notice and walk into my house without permission, after I'd escorted him out when he did this on Friday, October 9th.)

I take my son's bike into the repair shop after work and "My Blue Heaven" by The Smashing Pumpkins plays on the random playlist on the way home. I felt I could cry. In the last email I'd ever sent Billy in 2004 I'd concluded with this song, because it had been what I wanted. When I resumed contact October 2007, and he released **American Gothic**, he put this into the setlist on the tour he started in January every night. Obviously that was a first; -I had real hope he meant it. So it was one of those very special moments the transpiration robbed from me. Every room in our little carriage house is blue, my dishes are cobalt blue, and so are the ceiling fans. I feel like He's expressing how he loves the simplicity of just being with us in our simple home, that He loves my children.

My ex is more than two hours late picking up the children he demanded be ready on time (on the dot), because he spends it drinking with my neighbour Bill, engaged in prurient conversation about me where he pried into everything he could possibly pry. I feel Bill threw me under the bus, claiming I'd danced for him at his house once (false), and being so forthright he mentioned offering me the house as a shared rental. (After it went nowhere and was turned

down, at least you could have left that part out.) My ex claimed Bill asked whether I was sleeping with Andy. Men are unbelievable! Like if it has two legs I must be f\*\*\*ing it, surely! They are so base. Why do they have no clue this all reflects on themselves?

He walks in the house without knocking and I immediately escort him outside. He then disappears once the children are by the car and I find him peering in the house on the deck. IN the alley My ex threatens me with that he's going to go after back pay from child support from eight years ago (before he managed to foist it all on Social Security with what basically amounts to a fake disability claim, but he had a lawyer and it stuck), says he's ending child support, and demands to reverse the parenting plan so he has the children five days out of seven, -which would give him the money the children receive from Social Security over his claimed disability instead of me. It's a money grab. I don't think either party would last with each other for even two weeks. As a norm, he can't manage to keep the kids for two full weeks. When the summer three week allotment in scheduling happens (for the sake of vacations), -he's never lasted it out. Even this summer I was still taking the kids for extended weekends. So the idea he can do it is absurd.

Then he escalates where the children can't see him, alleging he tracked down the apartment of the guy I had that one date with in March. He says producing photographs of my car and myself, he got confirmation from neighbours that on my date I'd been to his apartment (false). This is where I get really scared because he builds these lies and delusions, and then attacks me on the pretext of his delusions. That's what he did with the aggravated assault January 2015. I yell, "That's *IT!!!* You're getting another protection injunction! This is stalking behaviour!" -That sends him off pretty quick. But I am in so much shock and feel so much trauma from the day and the week, it's hard for me to settle and even think of switching gears to the weekend I've waited for, that will be only our second weekend alone together. But I do. I refuse to not be happy. That evening I start the YouTube algorithm with Underworld's "[Twenty-Three Blue](#)". The whole night is amazing, and I continue it into the next day. I dance for parts of it. "[Scribble](#)" plays and I have tears of happiness just from seeing Karl Hyde's joy and his eyes. I'd never seen it. It is the sense of communion I have with ones I identify as part of the universal being restored to me after years of absence, the joy in perceiving it exists. I decide it's worth a playlist, call it "Underworld is God". (I wrote it all down, and now I've realized that I've lost the list. I've not noticed what's been going on with them for several years.) "[Scappa](#)" comes on, and it is like any couple lying together on a couch, my head over his chest. He says, *You need to know there are still beautiful places in the world.*

We spend the time in communion with each other night and all day (as per orgasms, as per usual I did not count), until the moment the kids arrived back home on Saturday evening. The following week four days out of five, I didn't get out of bed until after 11:00, or up until 1:00 pm in the afternoon. (Wednesday I got up early.) Nothing about me sexually is the same as it was, demarcated into before and after July by several 100 fold. When I was finally able to be alone, my orgasms easily last eight to fifteen, even over twenty minutes in the mornings, when before this I was never sexually "awake" in the mornings. I was sexually active at night before bed. I know it is because my mind is integrated and this descended from my mind; -it is my mind expressed in my body. It is a point of amusement for Him, as in, *Whatever happened to her?* -*What has changed?* Meaning my greatest recognition of what has happened is my body itself.

October 11th – Find announcement of Nick Cave's **L.I.T.A.N.I.E.S.** with [1st song](#) released. -Send him the message: "I think I know what you're on about", with a summary of what I'm planning perhaps to do. I mention the guy with the publishing house is a last card maybe (second attempt, new rewrite perhaps), namely Third Man Books, but it's a maybe I will, maybe I won't, -I'm not sure.

October 15th – Find Jack White's [latest appearance on SNL](#). The second track, "[Lazaretto](#)", is the pretty much the only reference Jack has recognizing God in the feminine. Give Nick a comment, as in Wow. It's looking more like I'll do it.

Somewhere in this week the rings gets proper; He has, during these weeks, lucidly reclaims every aspect that was lost to me when (for me) Bono destroyed every and all aspects, (made the whole past that had transpired between me and him wholly meaningless by choosing to bury me alive (I considered the universal to have begun between him and me in that stadium in 1992)). Here He is stating it was Him who presented me with the gold ring in 1992 (it did after all, appear in my head after the concert was over and I had left, when I proved unable to sleep, (p. 407) and created the two gold rings then, -the form of the Vesica Pisces, to marry me. I'm still insistent that the ring I put on in reality to accept this in 2000 was silver and happy to go with that one instead of a gold one, as it signifies the moon, so I'm sort of caught between the two, as in, the ring He presented me 28 years ago was gold, but the one I put on in reality in 2000 to affirm it was silver. -So in a sense the pearl ring was probably more like an engagement one. This moment was the final conclusion on these weeks, in that this moment was the final recapture and repatriation of memory, He had succeeded in going through and restoring every aspect that had been (I thought permanently) lost to me. This was by far and away the most important. He says he will take the gold ring back now, as it is me giving a wedding ring to Him, and it is His to take.

October 30th - Ex declines to take son Niko because Max's father Bill has called him to make arrangements for Niko to come to a Halloween party Saturday night at Bill's house. Though he could have picked up Niko Friday night, he doesn't bother. Angelene made arrangements to have Friday overnight with her friend Betina since Niko wasn't going and ex (George) allows it. He tries to make arrangements with Angelene to pick both kids up on Saturday night, but his relationship with her is so dysfunctional she just stonewalls him into an impasse with, if we aren't doing anything and I have homework to do, why should I go for one day? She doesn't cooperate, even though I'm in the background asking her to. I decide I am not a performing ennobler to my ex's inability to deal with his kids and let it lie. On Saturday night I ask him to take the kids that night after Niko has gotten back from the party, and he deliberately cuts me off over the phone and demands to speak to his son, not me. This effective refusal means the children are left unsupervised for twelve hours on Sunday. Ex knows my work schedule and knows he caused this, but next weekend I get to learn what the contrivance is for.

November 6th - Ex refuses to pick up the children on Friday, asking instead that I drop them off at his house (after a twelve hour shift). Three quarters of the way there (an over 17 mile drive, as both "H" and my ex reside in Clearwater), my daughter realizes she has left her backpack with all her school homework in it back at home. So we get to the door and I have to explain that she needs to get her homework. Ex says too bad. Daughter (Angeline) hits the ceiling saying she won't conduct visitation at the expense of her homework. Ex says he can bring the kids back early Saturday night, for Sunday. In total exasperation since he's known my new work schedule for three weeks now and keeps pretending he doesn't (though he used his knowledge of my new schedule to enter my house unauthorized), he is setting up (again) to leave the children unsupervised on Sunday. He has already put me in this impasse for two weekends in a row. So I counter that since he refuses to do any homework with them at all (has for years, asserting it is my obligation since I receive child support (from him that's a whole \$135.00).) I say that since he's incapable of doing any math with her (this is a guy who when he saw the kids' algebra for the first time asked "Why are there numbers in math?"), I can take her home to get her backpack, do the math online homework with her in the morning (that she didn't get done this week), and return her the moment that's finished, so she doesn't lose her homework over the weekend. We get to this resolution with a fight. My son had entered the home as soon as he got there, and noticed my ex was recording the conversation on the sly



inside the door. He was trying to get documentary evidence I was withholding the children on record for court. My son immediately turned the recording device (iPhone probably) off. My daughter on departure says something about George was "off" and she's afraid he's drunk. She was scared to leave Niko alone with him.

My son calls me at nearly midnight sobbing and begs me to come pick him up. He says George lost his temper as soon as he closed the door and has been screaming and shouting at him since arrival. He says he was in a fetal position crying on the floor and ex just kept yelling. He fled to paternal grandma's house a little over five blocks away, (which is actually George's), where he keeps her in a studio apartment now while he tries to rent the rest. I make the commute with my daughter to try and get Niko before George gets him at grandma's in 20 minutes. I take a lead water pipe in my car that I normally hide at the front door. I take my daughter because my nascent strategy is (since my ex by right can force me to leave empty handed, by basically going, f\*\*\* you, this is my visitation time), I figure I will keep him arguing at the door, send Angie in through the backyard, and have her get Niko out.

When we arrive at the grandmother's Niko is already gone, and my heart sinks. The enabler begs me not to cause any trouble with her son, and I thank her for the pig she raised while pulling out as she tries to stop me. (I know she has more than a bit to do with it based on how verbally abusive she was to Angie when she was little. The natural inference is, she abused and marginalized the daughter while spoiling the son. The daughter is not even sane now, and when they were living together, sister in law attacked mother in law with a hammer.)

I park three houses away in a driveway on the corner, and daughter and I try to execute the strategy, at a run. We can hear George still screaming at Niko at the top of his lungs two houses away. (Afterwards I think, these neighbours. Such cowards they won't call in a disturbance like this, hours of screaming, verbal intimidation and abuse, -leave children and women to be abused and even killed. A nation of cowards and enablers.) The plan would not have worked; -George saw Angie the moment she cleared his fence. (Wrong approach.) But the second I corner the house Niko flees it a second time out the front door, mercifully packing his possessions. I instruct him to run with me and yell as loud as I can to get Angie running for the car. The exit is clean.

We go straight away and file a police report. I must, among other things, document that this didn't happen because I'm withholding the children. George spent the entire time screaming at Niko on the pretext I am withholding the children. There is enough documentation to show this isn't true (scant nonetheless), but now is when I realize what he's threatening to do is reverse his periods of child visitation neglect this year and pretend to put it on me, as my fault, in an attempt to reverse custody. He threatens Niko most of the time with his intention to forcibly relocate both children into new schools. Niko is in a Magnet BETA program about computer programming, business education and gaming simulation. His report card two days before shows him with straight "A"'s. George is threatening the one thing that matters to his son, which is not relocating schools.

My son is so traumatized afterwards all he cares about is that we don't reject visitation time anymore and George gets what he wants, so that he doesn't get to forcibly change Niko's school. George has shown him papers that he has already filed with the court the force me into mediation, and forcibly change everything. I have yet to receive any notice of this, so I respond to Niko that can't be possible (yet). Obviously the trauma is such the following day is well shot. We don't make it back to complying with visitation (complying with visitation has in the past meant I was forced to deliver my children to the individual I just filed a CPS report on for abuse that very morning, the whole system is an enabler); -I am forced by this wretched, monetized court system to comply with the parenting plan and deliver my son back to his abuser the

following day, which thanks to the abuse throwing everything off, I don't manage 'til around 6 pm.

Thanks to how fortunate the immaculate timing of Niko's second fleeing the premise was (and that it saved us), I say over and over again during the week, *Thank you for saving my son*. For me it is a lesson that providence can protect me do, as it so often has. (This is the second time I've had to rescue my son from ex's house during visitation over this type of behavior this year. Ex has no residential phone line, only his iPhone, and basically prevents my contact with the children at will. Last time Niko was able to notify me through my own chat with myself from iPad to iPhone, -George was drunk and we managed to coordinate Niko getting out after George was asleep. I went alone that time.

Thanksgiving Eve - Nick Cave releases two more tracks from **L.I.T.A.N.I.E.S.**, namely "[Litany of the Gathering Up](#)", and "[Litany of Godly Love](#)". This hits the "refresh" button for me, as I knew it would, because every time this is going to happen, I know it is an expression of Him being with me, what already happened. It is His inspiration, His desire to make love to me, expressing itself in the universal feedback. So really it is Him.

By this point in time everything has faded back to normalcy. I know I will miss Him terribly, but you can't exist there day to day either. If your Lover was a Ghost, you wouldn't want to stay here. You would want nothing more than to go home, as in be with Him always. Staying is separation. No one would wish that upon themselves or risk accepting it. But I grounded my life with my children; -I made it so I was culpable to here so I couldn't leave. It's a crude way of arriving at a balance, not that this was in any way conscious. I just wanted to have children. That and, of course, His last lecture to me was in order to prevent this sort of dichotomy from happening in me was by expressing His Being in all of creation. I have no pretensions I know how to deal with what has just happened to me in the day to day, and certainly have no way to disclose it to any man. I am, as always, permanently alone. That is my paradox. Universally with, permanently alone.

November 27<sup>th</sup> - WPC releases CYR. The one who declares "*I am your spy*" in "[Save Your Tears](#)" hones true, in that he's the one I expect will attest the furthest as to what happened with His Coming, and further has the ability and capacity (based on the fact that I made him my sole witness 20 years ago), to ascribe and ground that in terms of my real person in the real world.