

## **Redpeacecross Peace Army Mission Statement**

The “Red Cross” of peace, serving the mentally ill. “Waging Peace at War’s Pace” means exploiting the opportunities afforded in an environment of “No War”, with the determination and urgency of an army. Our tactical focus will be to develop mental hospitals and clinics, rest homes, drug treatment centers, and correctional facilities, with associated industries for occupational therapy, sheltered employment, opportunities for self expression, and education. In the tradition of Mother Teresa and missionaries the world over, Jesus will be our guide, joy and satisfaction will be our reward, and simplicity will be our life style. We will act when ready, with clear goals as a unified team in our corner of the globe, to incrementally achieve world peace. This will be carried out by people built up emotionally, mentally, physically and spiritually. Our intense school program, will develop the individual and build bonds in the group that will serve to make them able to deal with challenges and welcome the ill among us. We will also know in a first hand way what it is like to be taught about our selves and grow at the exponential rate the mind can achieve. We will learn first hand patience for those of us not skilled mentally to grasp some concepts.

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Commenting, Challenging and Cheering.

Especially the men and women of the healing professions who have helped to get me this far.  
And Family

## **Forward**

In 1983 when the Nuclear Freeze Campaign was successful and I saw the world still hurting, I asked myself, what is the opposite of war? I decided it was waging peace at war’s pace. I wanted to start a peace army. In 1988 when I came down with schizophrenia and found the system lacking, I decided on mental illness as our field of endeavor.

This army is made up of folks who have gone through a ten month self development course as challenging and changing as the military but focusing on health and healing. Having experienced such instruction will be very beneficial to the individual. The strong friendships arising from the experience, will make interacting with our troops that much more of a blessing for the people we help.

Sheltered work and home environments with occupational training mixed with TLC will provide a stable peace in which to heal and flourish. I have here 210+ documents, 45% poetry, fleshing out a world with Peace and Justice on a large-scale human level. Here in 2004 I have named the mental ailment known as “Injustice Myopathy”. This condition surfaces when all the injustices of the world, occupy the mind to a state of anxiety. The treatment is helping the world get better in some way.

I have been out of the mental hospital sixteen years with the help of medical providers, medication, friends, family and most of all God. I have had a complete recovery from my nightmare, except for a strong lingering compulsion to start a Peace Army. For more see Epilog page 120

**This Book is Dedicated in Loving Memory**  
**to**  
**Donald Lyman Duncanson**  
**My Father was to be one of the first recipients of Redpeacecross justice.**

**A Dads' Clarity through Schizophrenia**

My Father had been in rest homes for the last ten years with schizophrenia. It was my tradition to drive one hundred miles every month on my time, Moms dime. We would go places so he could get away and be out in the world where he was once a daily participant. He loved me a lot and I loved him and for an hour or two we were good company. I got a cell phone and thought it would be great for him to call me any time he wanted, 24/7. Well after several months of gently reminding him I had a cell phone I ran into a bad day and took it out on him. I called him up and said, "Why haven't you called me on my new cell phone, don't you think of me when I'm not there? You seem real glad to see me when I show up to take you out, can't you call me and say hi." He says "Well Bruce I just didn't think of it." I asked "Why not." He returns with "I do like talking with you." I said, " Well you sure haven't been showing it!" and I hung up on him. I was mad and hurt. I got to thinking the next day that I had really been too rough on him and called him up. I went "Hi Dad." "Hi Son." "I want to apologize for the way I treated you yesterday Dad." He comes out with "I got a phone call yesterday from a very unhappy young man and I was worried about him, ...thanks for calling."

**We Inherited the Earth from our Ancestors**  
And  
**We are Borrowing it from our Children**  
(Anonymous +BTD)

**Table of Contents**

**1 Peace Army.....1**  
**2 Peace and Justice.....30**  
**3 Mental Illness.....57**  
**4 Mental Health.....70**  
**5 Food for Thought.....90**  
**6 Autoskitzography.....121**  
**Index.....145**

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Authors Cut

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**III**

## Introduction

Michelangelo once said “The Greater danger is not that our hopes are too high and we fail to reach them, it’s that they are too low and we do”. Waging Peace at War’s Pace

Hello and welcome to my inspirational journal / resume / battle plan. I have been working with the idea of a PEACE ARMY since 1983 and have come up with this book as a response. It is mostly a loose collection of Peace Army Poems and prose to flesh out a possible series of events. Originally my dream included renewable energy, community ownership (presently manifested as the stock market) and demilitarization. I have, over the years, narrowed my focus to the mentally ill and homeless because it is an area I know first hand, see revolutionary potential and has universal impact. It was disappointing at first to not be involved in everything but I have found that this one mission was work enough. Peace at home and on the street are both great challenges. I have included some Peace and Justice content because many of the mentally ill are that way in part or in whole because of the present state of things in the world. I hope to give work credit for our patients to attempt and/or make real changes in the world as therapy, mixed in with work a day activities. It is my ultimate dream that the board of the Peace Army will see fit to enable our infrastructure to facilitate growth into other people and earth friendly industries. This book is a general framework for action, open to creative input from team players.

My dream started out costing millions and has only shifted in its focus and not the urgency and long range perspective. I believe in a God of abundance and for me to dream in a manner not counting on that abundance is to show a lack of faith. Many people would like to make the world a better place so I have come up with a plan that is practical yet idealistic. Practical in that people are in need and I think we can do a better job at helping them while staying within a reasonable budget. Idealistic in that I believe peace has a value to many people and I trust that if I put enough of a plan down on paper it will all come together.

The foundation of my plans success is the PEACE ARMY TRAINING PROGRAM we pay people to go through, as if they were joining the regular military and were paid to go through military basic training. Asking a person to undertake the transformation I am proposing is a lot to ask but I don’t think it will be any more difficult than what present day soldiers go through. Getting our soldiers to cry, think, laugh and imagine will be our version of “finding out what you’re made of.” Taking skilled people and adding the shared experience of life transformation will hopefully develop a team spirit the mentally ill can plug into for a well rounded healing experience.

The “system” we have now has much merit so I am not out to totally recreate the wheel but just to put rubber tires on it so to speak. I mention here in the book that sincerely caring for people is not rocket science. However healing an organ as complex as the mind, directing a person through an ever changing world may well be more complex than rocket science. Factors affecting a person’s sense of wellbeing, self-sufficiency and ability to give back to the world are varied, critical and inherently within the human grasp. The Staff, having been through the training and its changes will be more sensitive to patient's feelings, upbeat and communicative with each other, and aware of how changes look and so better able to connect at where the patients head is at. Many patients will have read this book, so we need to be real, honest and on our game. My improvements to the mental health field will ultimately impact the world, as we “all” have troubles or know someone with troubles.

Intentional communities are presently centered around shared religious, ecological or political beliefs. I want to establish a therapeutic community network of caring people centered around sensitivity to mental health issues. Work places that work around a persons limitations, go with their strengths and provide a product or service valuable to the larger community are key to a sustainable life for the feeble or infirm. Recreational opportunities mixing our clients with the rest of society will help to demystify the mentally ill and help the ill see that they are not so very different from anyone else. We all have limitations and are susceptible to severe mental illness so I believe my vision is realistic and necessary.

My politics are generally liberal but I believe that with the right mix of people we can encourage all our patients to be true to their own path in life. I am profoundly Christian yet welcome people of all religions to discover how their faith can bless their lives. I am not a big sports fan but realize people need an outlet for recreation. I myself have a history of mental health problems and want to set up an organization able to take good care of me should I ever get to the point where I can no longer run my own life. I want to get this Redpeacecross started and eventually hand the reigns over to a Board of Directors I / We have trained. We are all blessed with a unique perspective; valuable to the mix we call humanity.

**IV**

## Chapter One

# Peace Army

An organized group of specially trained people helping others.

### **Peace Army Training**

Michelangelo once said “The Greater danger is not that our hopes are too high and we fail to reach them, it’s that they are too low and we do”. Waging Peace at War’s Pace

We are centered around a Mental hospital because mental peace is the foundation to world peace. It is a goal many share, and this Peace Army is one important part. The thing that sets us apart from other organizations is our ten-month training program. The training will provide needed skills and the shared experience will build strong bonds among the troops, to last a lifetime.

Basic Training will focus on emotional / mental skills. All recruits will be required to have an ongoing relationship with a professional counselor to provide continuity and personal guidance through this intense life changing process. “Best Buddys” will be on duty at training. “Recruits” will begin training with some ice breakers Friday morning. The first class of 90 will meet for a lecture on Grief, break up in groups of 6 for small group discussion, share their experience in a group of 30 and during lunch one person from each 30 group will give an overview of their experience. The process will repeat all weekend to fully cover most aspects of grief to A. Heal the heartache of the soldier. B. Teach the importance of crying/acceptance of loss in mental/emotional healing. C. Get people in touch with their feelings of pain they may not have otherwise known were there. D. Establish a feeling baseline with other caring people, forming strong therapeutic bonds, that will prove invaluable in a life of dealing with other peoples pain, confusion and anger. E. Being comfortable with tears we can more readily invite the hurting to cry out their pain. This phase will end Sunday afternoon followed by free time. Monday will begin Anger/conflict resolution training. Wednesday will begin speaking and listening skills training. Friday will be a recap and Saturday friends and family are invited for the weekend to celebrate the end of the first phase of training. The next week will welcome those guests to take part in less intense training. Spending time unlocking the aspects of innate God gifts i.e.: listener, leader, artist, patience, teacher, and understanding, to multiply personal growth. Playing icebreaker games for many evenings would build a sense of belonging and love of uniqueness. Watching inspirational movies as a group would strengthen our resolve to work hard to make the world a better place. Learning the wisdom of “Twelve Step” recovery would be an introduction to many of the tools, support and healing freely available now to us and those we want to help. Sharing personal histories would add to our understanding of each other and what it means to be a modern super caring person. Bible study will give us the strong link to the divine, which we will need when dealing with all the problems encountered with the mentally/emotionally ill that are our primary focus.

After a two-week vacation period of half-day classes “Privates” will regroup for a one-month physical assessment/improvement. All vices will be dropped that haven’t been dropped already from just being happy and whole emotionally. Food will start out at brown rice and slowly move up the spectrum. Nutrition, biology, bodily functions, exercise, yoga and prayer / meditation will be the focus. People will learn to give massage, role play and actively listen. The irises and hair samples will be studied for nutritional needs, providing supplements herbs and Homeopathy where needed. This experience will provide A. More time for bonding. B. Complete physical overhaul available now only to the wealthy, gifted or fanatic. C. A chance to get away from it all and find out how few “things” a person really needs.

After a one week break the final phase will have “Corporals” rooming in the city in residences clustered close together yet spread out enough so as to A: not attract excessive attention B: simulate work a day life to aid reintegration C: Spread our Love to the larger community as neighbors, customers and fellow commuters. Classes will be held, (scientific method, sociology, body language, art, music, First aid CPR, teaching skills, world religions) ministries will be initiated. Meals will be served communally and arrangements will be made for further training.

The graduating class of potential “Sargent Friends” will take a road trip to see the country, spend some time enjoying one another’s company, randomly practice goodwill and learn travel skills in preparation for taking our clients on vacations that I believe all people need and deserve. The trip will also serve as a final test to play into the mix determining what type of Sargent Friend they become.

We will set a good example with our resources and time. The first class will be we teachers helping each other and developing a dynamic curriculum. The second class will be Carpenters, Electricians, Plumbers, Mechanics, Secretaries, and Cooks. Following classes will be 20% Teachers, 20% Skilled Professionals, 20% Medical People, 20% Food service People, 10% Military Veterans and 10% Dynamic yet “unskilled” people. Hopefully by the sixth class it will all be Medical Professionals for the Hospital we have had built. Future classes will include nationals from war torn countries to give us perspective and lead us in starting a base in their country.

**YOU CAN’T GIVE, WHAT YOU DON’T HAVE**

### **Why a Peace Army**

I grew up wanting to join the Army so it has many positive connotations for me and I wish to carry them over into my peace life. In my day to day life I commonly share a salute with coworkers and friends, as a show of respect, a way to glorify our common labors and camaraderie. Soldiers look at challenges enthusiastically, and take them in stride as serious work activities. Armies are made up of individuals that strongly believe in the cause that they are willing to give their life for. Soldiers go through intense training to get them ready for the grueling struggles that await them. Armies tactically set out to overcome forces that conspire to overwhelm them. Soldiers specialize in areas of skill and count on each other to do their part, for the survival of the whole. Armies are in it for the long haul, in that there is no second alternative to wars outcome, defeat is not an option. Soldiers forgo comforts and personal ambitions for the victory of their cause. Armies have many eyes and through chain of command, get leaders a big picture. Soldiers trust and obey those in command that have the big picture. Armies are well funded and will go to any length to achieve victory. Soldiers have big fun between campaigns. Armies can do in a week, what individuals could not do in a lifetime. Soldiers share intense experiences that heighten the experience of life and I hope to reproduce that in non-violent Peace actions. Armies can provide all a person needs by having all their needs taken care of in-house, allowing the soldier to spend most of their time completing their missions. Soldiers' expenses are low allowing more person power for the buck. Armies think through their planned actions and prepare for many outcomes. Soldiers do in the presence of comrades, heroic deeds they would not otherwise do. Armies can buy in volumes that can provide discounts and or support responsible businesses.

### **Why Our Army is Better**

We are not out to hurt anyone! We are struggling to make the world better through non-violent actions. Our training involves taking who you are and making it better through Encouragement, Logic and Love. We are not totally autocratic, in that for instance, three Sergeants might out rank one lieutenant. We will vote on matters whenever possible. Private lives will be respected as to time in the field, members of a unit and agreeableness with assignment. You can tell, we won't ask your sexual preference.

Our primary weapons are Love, Integrity and Honesty employed with the character traits of Determination, Focus and Courage. Our vehicles are Compassion, Empathy and Concern. We are out to Love the forgotten, Communicate with the lost and Help the helpless. Our Army is from the building trades, people with mechanical aptitude, cooking skills, Medical Arts and most of all, folks with a full tool box of people skills, to reach out and help many in a long term way.

Setting up a school that can grow fast and still turn out a quality student will be hard and armies are good at that. I think that if many manuals and schools of military training were studied by creative, energetic, intelligent teachers we could succeed in ways I have only touched on in this book. Many have seen the life transforming experience of military boot camp work wonders on young adults. Specializing in the mentally ill, we will learn skills amongst comrades and live in a healing way next to people with serious issues. We have all had issues at one time or another.

Our multifaceted Corps. will employ all known philosophies to bring about Peace to a human life. When known philosophies are exhausted we will adapt and improvise.

### **How We are Like a Community**

We are of all ages, skills and gender. We learn to look out for each other first and then we look out for the mentally ill. We work together, eat together and also mix in with the larger community. We are from many cultures, challenging us to show grace and patience in the face of differing natural ways of living.

### **Peace Military Decorations**

**Purple Hand-** Being hurt by a mentally ill person and not striking back.

**Silver Stretcher-** Talking a mentally ill person into getting help and seeing them through.

**Medal of Love-** For extremely compassionate behavior, under severe conditions, with a smile.

**Bottomless Basket-** Meritorious service in the Food Chain or Mastery in a certain segment.

**Glorified Anything-** Doing a good job that in some way helps the Peace Army Mission.

**Don't just be Good, be Good for Something**

### **Why a Christian Foundation for the Peace Army**

I've been a Christian all my life and I only know how to heal with Gods help. Matt 7:24 "Anyone who listens to my teaching and obeys me is wise, like a person who builds a house on solid rock." This Peace Army is my idea and that's how it came out. Mental illness can have a spiritual component to it and I want the wisdom and Peace I get from my version of Christianity. I have prayed my self out of many mental traumas. Prayer with helpful people are a winning combination. It's important to me that I follow through with my version of a Christian school despite the flack I anticipate from some established church folk for my use of other philosophies in training and use of the "peace sign". I do intend to mix philosophies from other faiths into the curriculum to teach from the get go, wisdom easily conveyed by other faiths. I want to use a formula where we speak a Christian Truth and then a truth that means the same thing from another one of ten religions including humanist non- religion. This will also serve to open the eyes of the students to other faith thought, because we will be treating people of all faiths and what better way to learn than to incorporate them into our training. I want to welcome non-Christians some day to try it out without having to take part in "Worship". Eventually we will get enough of them through the Training to start a completely ecumenical format, with Christianity mixed in.

### **Why a Military Framework**

The Military is a universal model of unity, efficiency and purpose.

Unity is accomplished through trust in a chain of command based on experience and reliability. The training demonstrates entitlements, responsibilities and values, vital to the cohesion of the group.

Efficiency of resources, except when absolutely necessary and then they are used regardless of cost. At rest, an army is a vast number of cooperating humans with time enough on their hands to pretend relationships of the future on the battlefield.

The majority of the military live Spartan lives with profound propose. The survival of an entire people is at stake and they ask for so little in return.

### **Why an Ecumenical Roof**

Up is where God, Is, in almost every religion and no one owns the sky. Non-Christians are by no means discouraged from joining our struggle. We assess a recruits character from so many angles that religion becomes more of a language barrier than a difference in goals.

### **Soldier of Christ**

The modern Christian Soldier, needs a code to spread Gods will,  
It needs to be dynamic, there are many hearts to fill.  
An all inclusive love of God, that soaks into the soul,  
A humble way of walking, say's we're sheep who share our wool.  
Gratitude to conquer doubt, will keep us marching forward,  
The shield of faith at ready, and the gospel as our sword.  
A zest for helping people, yellow, red, or black or white,  
We must strive to help each other; it may mean we pray all night.  
God is real and so is Christ, the Holy Spirit too.  
We, must pass on all the love, to those who follow me and you.  
To want to do God's will I think, means do the next right thing,  
The little voice inside us, needs a nudge to really sing.  
It isn't always easy, serving God through thick and thin,  
Keep on chanting Hallelujah, be a soldier strive to win!  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Peace Army MEGAPAXPLEX**

Located on or near a main highway with plenty of trees the MegaPaxPlex would make a complete circle around a 10 to 40 acre park. The side facing the street would be the "Peace Theater" a religious/moviehouse/meeting space. We could teach and enjoy the whole realm of live arts four days a week. Those four days would also be available for Peace Army students for required movie viewing, open to the public. Three days a week it is a religious center, a Mosque on Friday, a Temple on Saturday and a Church on Sunday. To the left would be the main interactive center of the Peace Army, Pax Central. It will have businesses and free services providing ministries/vocations and income. If you were standing in front of Pax Central on the right would be the Peace Army School, probably with it's own small courtyard.

The completely enclosed area will be an important tool in our healing mental ills. Many people will attest to the universal recuperative properties to be found in nature. Having a place for patients to safely unwind, take some time out and heal will make our job that much easier and sure. Camping skills could be learned right out the back door for planned real excursions out in the greater world. Camping could occur right in the park for that matter. We could be brave and sew some rabbits and birds into the rather large courtyard. Some landscaping/naturescaping skills could be taught for a while, as long as appropriate changes are needed. Gardening with it's own associated healing properties would be just what the doctor ordered for some folk. With the hospital located way back from the School/Theater/Central the park could be shared with the hospital patients having top priority.

I have a few ideas of how to enclose the large area, make it accessible and connect the hospital people with the rest of the Peace Army. A walking path ten feet in from the outer clearing will give folk a nice walk and keep them close to getting help. A sidewalk out in the open would be a bit easier to traverse and sunnier. The courtyard could have two lanes for golf carts to go around the perimeter for the many occasions people will need to be on the other side of the MegaPaxPlex. A enclosed walkway with glass on the inside and solid wall would physically enclose the courtyard. Through the wall we could put apartments, stores, doors or what I call a "class house." Each Peace Army Class has a unit all it's own from starting school till fifty years after they graduate for the specific needs and ministries of that years class.

### **Modern Angels**

The modern human angel, shoulders all that they can bear  
With mercy, love and courage, it will keep them well aware.  
A person is a world; they're all as special as can be  
To give a person comfort, is what fills their heart with glee.  
A traveler in need, or else a relative in pain,  
To see a person happy, is to them personal gain.  
The little stuff's important, take a deep breath and move on,  
At times it may be tough, or simply mowing someone's lawn.  
Accepting someone's quirks, or putting up with someone rude,  
Staying sweet and patient, when you're just not in the mood.  
It may just cost some cash, to help a person in a jam,  
Or stay up half the night, to introduce the great I AM.  
And that could be the better part, to lead them to the Lord,  
The thought that they'll reach heaven, sure can be a nice reward.  
An angel does a hundred things, then swiftly slips away,  
To rest up with the Lord, and gladly greet another day.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **FORT RECOVERY**

Approaching Peace as Vigorously as War is pressed. The first base will be called Fort Recovery. We have all been beaten around by our environments to one degree or another. The Recruits are given the best treatment, (Natural Foods, Massage, Acupuncture, Irendology, Yoga, Reflexology, Chiropractic, Family Physician, Emotional Healing, Grief Therapy) the finest instruction, (Bible study, Self defense, FirstAid/CPR, Speed Reading, Memory Improvement, Nutrition,) the best equipment, (Sleepingbag, Ground pad, Roomy tent, Toiletries, Reliable Transport,) and a large variety of perspective (Life Histories told by Saints and Sinners alike as a daily routine) Cranking out Healers, Healed people, and Instructors to multiply and enrich Boot Camp. Some may go on to college but some will take the practical lessons of boot camp and become an active Trooper and help grow the Peace. A variety of Ministries, and Industries will build up the support system for the best Mental Hospital on earth. Replete with knowledge of helping torture victims as in the Netherlands Hospitals. Scaled down this may help people overcome the damage of prolonged or intense exposure to stresses children are faced with while growing up. Then there is the Theory that a good meal, Inspirational song and Friends are all a body needs to get on with life. We'll look at it all to give our Soldiers every advantage Love and Money can produce. Their Visions of the to be Hospital/Therapeutic Community/Collage/Resort/Juvenile Corrections, will be our Gift from them. Hopefully we can come up with a center for the men and women who keep our society hospitable. (Fire, Police, Doctors, Nurses, Judges)

### **Platoon House**

Located as close to a Police department or a Fire station to serve them on the job and at rest. I see a PH servicing 30 to 40 people as a base for mail service, meals and socializing around life. Buying apartment complexes would serve our needs quite well for a community atmosphere. We will have to take out some walls to provide some large meeting, eating and dancing space. The medical profession should be included in the platoon house scheme.

### **Peoples Foreign Legion**

This idea is about twenty years away if all goes well. The idea is to be able to take in anyone who wanted to drop out of life and just work for us and make a difference. Absolutely anyone, Movie star to ex-con. We are very particular about who joins the peace army. I mean real particular, and we will find the right people because they are out there. People you can trust, respect, learn from, and have fun with.

### **Peace Army Sleeper Cells**

Sleeper cells are residences with an extra bed or beds for use by the Peace Army for patients or personal. A house with a little orientation could provide temporary lodging for a peace army troop, needing a rest, change of scenery or training a household how to provide hospitality for patients. We could temporarily house patients almost ready to live on their own. The housing would give them many differing housing styles to consider when creating their own new lives. It would also be a more homey adjustment when finding a final home away from the hospital. The house may also be able to help them so they don't even need to enter the hospital to receive help and security. The 1X4(one room, four bunks) or 2X4(two rooms, four bunks)house is a place where bunks provide high density housing for temporary or emergency use.

### **Peace Commandos Hymn**

(To the tune of "Marines Hymn")

When we wake up in the morning, till our evening bed time prayers,  
We'll be joyful, kind, and patient, because we serve a God who cares.  
Strength within that's overflowing, helping with the Love we know.  
Semper Fi means ever faithful, we're the Christian Commandos.

On the streets around America, to the backwoods down home farm,  
We will do our best to improve life, and to keep the kids from harm.  
Improvise and take risks here and there, our relations need the chance,  
It's not hard to make a difference, and improve their circumstance.

Everyday is called a gift from God; it's a joy to be alive.  
We will walk in Peace and Freedom, not concerned how to survive.  
Every turn is an adventure; Satan's beat but not quite dead,  
When we leave the planet earth in death, we will have our full names read.

When we get there up in heaven, and the Saints go marching in,  
We will see our friends and neighbors, and our very distant kin.  
All our pain will then be worth it, for the mansions will be grand.  
Jesus Christ is our example; we are all his helping hand.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **K.I.S.S.**

Keep it simple soldier, so that folks may simply live,  
Conserve on what ya go through, so ya have some more to give.  
High class on a low class budget, a watch word that I use,  
It lets me enjoy life, I know the way, I've paid my dues.  
The challenge is enjoying it, appreciation game,  
To spend what others need to live, is really quite a shame.  
Enjoy helping another; multiply the joy by two,  
And ask for nothing in return, except maybe thank you.  
A labor fueled by love, is fun and easy if you try,  
A good type kind of tired, and a twinkle in your eye.  
No one should live in poverty; no one should live in want,  
If all were just more sharing, terrorists would be less blunt.  
We have the means for all around, but do we have the will?  
We need a change of mind and heart, for all to get their fill.  
Some folks, they give their life for poor, let's help them helping out,  
The used up and dejected, need our love without a doubt.  
So keep it simple sweetheart, every little bit will add,  
To what goes to a Mother, Sister, Brother or a Dad.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

## General Friends

Soldier Friends are friends of mine, my friends-friends, and my friends-friends-friends and so on. In no time flat, the network could be an awesome group of caring individuals. As a word smith I like to think it is more than a nice idea but more of a basic premise “we are to work as friends.” Jesus called his disciples friends and said “no greater love does one have for a friend than to lay down his life.” The Quakers (a most peaceable compassionate group) call their gathering of people “friends”. I have met friends of a friend and been thoroughly delighted my friend could find such an excellent individual.

I have been hard at work thinking about this peace army with some of my friends and thinking is helping me. We are it right now. I play darts with Generals and compared with the general public not everyone can be a general. I realize this mix could resemble a personality cult or entourage but I believe I can come up with a set of qualities check list, which would put some of the responsibility onto an independent system. If a person is accepted their rank is would be, friend lieutenant until they have been through the ten month training and they then become a lieutenant friend.

We will also have Colonel Friend, Major Friend, Captain Friend, Lieutenant Friend, Sergeant Friend, Corporal Friend and Private Friend. As much as we might like our friends, not all are cut out to be Generals and I'm sure some don't want the responsibility. The people who could be generals but want to remain Sergeants will add a quiet dignity to the position. We are not paid by rank so there is no artificial inducement to take on more responsibility.

For a person to be mustered in they first need to read most of this book or be briefed by the friend and want to join. If they want to join they can fill out an application and give their reference. I will talk to that reference with or without them and set up an interview. If the interview is successful we will spend at least half a day together as a sort of bonding/welcome/merge occasion. I can see them getting to be campouts with lots of people to spend time getting to know each other. All peace army people will be scheduled to spend half an hour with each person in the peace army. We can easily see to it that when we look across a crowded room no one will be a stranger. This connectedness I think, will go miles toward helping the mentally ill feel and think they are amongst Friends. Being amongst friends is generally thought to be a healthy life.

**Private Friends**-are the folk we know of, who need a place to heal and would we let them join up?

**Corporal Friends**-can work some, need extra help and may be able to drive.

**Sergeant Friends**-can handle responsibilities but are in need of some extra nurturing to grow up and heal.

**Lieutenant Friends**-responsible for limited leadership duties.

**Captain Friends**-head up a ministry/industry

**Major Friends**-lead groups on changing dynamic situations

**Colonel Friends**-director of hospital or prison

**General Friends**-can oversee all programs in a city.

**Two Star General Friend**-Three friends have this rank, and will run things while I go through the training.

**Three Star General Friend**-Dean of Redpeacecross peace school.

**Four Star General Friend**-Founder of Redpeacecross, Bruce T. Duncanson

**Five Star General Friend**-My successor when I retire or am retired. 4 Star becomes Honorary Title, Gifted.

Salaries matching a person's present wage could net us a thousand great people in a year.

We will enlist the aid of many gifted individuals, to the point where I am free to trouble shoot, make long range plans, meet with new recruits, and stretch the envelope. The plan is to begin with quality people I can trust to run things should I ever get mentally ill again and keep me from making colossal mistakes resulting from a gradual degrading of my mental faculties. I have this vision and a way with writing; I have certain people skills and a passion to help mentally ill people and the world in general. What I don't know or have, that the redpeacecross needs, I am trusting God will provide through the many faces of that divine personality. My experience with schizophrenia was like a near death experience and I hope to recruit others as grateful as I who want to make life good for people with malfunctioning minds. I believe all people can live more peacefully than is presently occurring.

### **Peace Army Graduates Future**

The Peace type Army Graduate, will see like none before  
How earth can be a better place, without the specter war.  
Like maybe how to plant themselves, and grow for all to see  
And bring up those around ensnared in sin, be really free.  
To fertilize the best in them, encourage life to grow  
Looking for the emptiness, and having seed to sow.  
Healing peoples' hurts, by hearing what is wrong and right  
Knowing when to back away, and knowing when to fight.  
Standing for what's right, and helping those without a voice  
Being here for God, abortions murder, not a choice.  
Non-violently resisting, partial birth is murder one  
Abortion mills make money; they don't care for anyone.  
The peace commando lovers, being friends to those without  
Will bring God to the kitchen, and remove the persons doubt.  
Doubt that God still loves them, or that there is any use  
In looking on the bright side, after suffering abuse.  
A safe place for to grow in, with some upbeat friends and song  
Someone to share a smile, or to ask dear friend what's wrong.  
Someone to take a walk with, or to watch some good TV  
A history of companionship, it's so good to be me.  
Technology of friendship, can be taken to an art  
All the lonely people, need to have a healing heart.  
It isn't rocket science, letting people feel God's love  
It's written on our hearts, and it is from the God above.  
We only need to nurture it, a place to safely grow  
And if we ask for guidance, I'm sure it will freely flow.  
A person with a trade, who smiles warmly, is a gift  
A crew chief who likes people, sure can give a crew a lift.  
The task at hands important, but then too are side affairs  
To sit and talk of Jesus, and to share each other's cares.  
To work to Christian Rock, without offending other folk  
Gospel goes with lunch, and reminisce when we were broke.  
Broken and dejected, beaten down by worry's weight  
A million smiles later, life is really sorta great.  
Convenience store cogneto, helping those who walk on in  
Out to help the general public, with a buck or with a grin.  
A brand new pair of glasses, for the folk to poor to see  
Or maybe a ride home, cause that old man looks just like me.  
Perhaps we'll help the runaways, and help to heal the home  
We'll search the high and byways, or where ever they may roam.  
We hope to put them out there, where they really want to be  
We'll give them lots of training, so that they can clearly see.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Peace Army Offisarge Training Option**

The housing for most people will be in private residences to incorporate the intense training into a known life style. This is to provide some day to day realism and give space for decompression from the intense expectations of school. Enlisted folk as in all armies will provide the on the ground realism that grounds the aspirations and ideals of the leadership.

Offisarge is the highest ranked sergeant in the Peace Army. Offisarge training is basically the same as other Peace Army Sergeants except for the life style they live throughout their training and possibly into their Peace Army careers. Offisarge training needs to be asked for and then we will determine if they are fit for the added stress and responsibility. The perks will be added vacation time and the satisfaction of helping the mentally ill in a more intense, personal way.

Housing for offisarges will be in apartments we have furnished in a moderately inexpensive manner. It will be comparable to what we provide the mentally ill exiting a hospital, getting off the street or coming under our care through our out patient services. All of their belongings except a minimum of clothing will be stored away to mimic the stark reality of the ill getting help. We will set up the apartment with everything we think they need for an organized, enjoyable, hygiene life. Through offisarge experience we will learn more fully what is needed and what is wanted in a new residence. Personal effects and art will be added at a rate we feel is realistic to expect for the ill to receive. The roommates (offisargees) will be subject to open houses to mimic the reality of patient life, in that we are responsible for seeing that all people live in a hygienic somewhat orderly space. Open house will also show the world how little a person needs to be happy and also give to the world. We will also learn how it feels to have our space inspected from time to time. Room mating will teach living skills to share at documentation meetings to set up classes to teach successful room mating skills to our patients. It is my hope that some offisarges will want to room permanently with an ill person they like well enough or very well. Our open house policy will also impart a sensitivity to the reality of the severely physically disabled I hope to help someday. Some people we may help are unable to personally handle most items in their life situation.

Our patients will eventually room in apartments and homes amongst the offisarges, enlisted and officers. Enlisted who want the community feel of an apartment complex can move in as neighbors... (Enlisted will not be subject to Open house, Army furnishings, Prescribed amenities or Roommate skills guidelines) When we buy large complexes we will convert a unit or two into a large dining/lounge unit. Dinning for large numbers of people will happen in the midst of communal living space adding to the security and comfort of all concerned. Mail/PO Boxes, lockers and computer terminals can also be located at these centers for all. Each year's class may have a center from which to radiate love and support to the larger community. Neighbors will eventually be drawn in and that will be another area of study as to what makes a suitable friend of the Peace Army. We can provide free meals, movie nights and work crews for neighbors, to make our presence welcome, appreciated and necessary. EMERGENCY HOUSING OFFICERS-Living in a unit with an extra bed for people off the street who we don't really know as a sort of intense evaluation/first impression point. This unit will have all dangerous objects locked away and anything worth stealing will also be locked up or be so old we don't care if it is stolen. This officer will be adept at getting people off on the right foot and the first several paths all new folk go down.

Offisarges will possibly double as recruitment specialists out on the street or in our people recovery vehicles. Approaching a person on the street will give a more honest assessment of a person's character than someone who may walk in with an agenda or unforeseen violent tendencies. We may be able to draw in the ill who would never seek help for their situation because of alienation, paranoia, or low self esteem. We could come up with a set of guidelines for interview tactics, and degrees of help we will offer. The people we choose to help will go on to the hospital or Emergency Housing Officers place. Those we don't want to help can stay at a hotel for a night on our dime. If we were running a hotel we could easily put people up. With them staying in our vicinity we can give them another chance to be able to meet our admissions criteria. I want to help as many people as possible but I'm wise enough that the "system" is out there for those too dangerous for us to reach. If we were running a prison someday we will probably be ready to clean the streets of anyone. We could have different living situations for the differing clientele and they wouldn't have to know about each other except when a ruffian graduates to the "gentle people" neighborhood.

### **Why Center Around a Mental Hospital**

The world is a complicated place and I think that to focus on the mind / emotions will heal the Earth and it's / her people in a general and lasting manner. Six percent of Earthlings have mental problems. Many issues are important to our survival / prosperity as a people and I have decided to approach mental illness because of my first hand experience with mental / emotional issues. The tools needed for this type of industry are generally teachable. Individual gifts and experiences can be enhanced / shared with the other Peace Commandos in the basic training, creating strong friendships among healing people that translates into a healing environment for the troubled to grow strong in. Besides having a top notch Hospital we will create / partner in sheltered employment, housing and recreation. I hope to create a system that the insured and uninsured alike will seek when times get tough. Approaching this corner of the big picture with gusto, imagination, and sincerity is a tall order but then so is the feat of driving an electric car on the Moon. I have determined that the struggle is worth the prize of happy, productive and Loved individuals, who, if we do our job right, will work on issues they are interested in to make the World an even better place.

### **How Our Hospital Network is Better**

Our hospital from intake to final reunion with the larger community will be staffed with people who have been through an intensive self discovery / self improvement regimen. (Outlined in Peace Army Training) The patients we think are ready, will go through a modified version of the staff training. Many new patients will be found on the streets by methods to determine those likely to help themselves, others, and to be a joy to know. Eventually we will mix in referrals from Doctors and the courts. From the get go they will be treated like the visiting dignitaries they are, to establish trust, build friendship, and convey the love that's needed for anyone's whole healing. Assessment will take place in a large room with staff from all disciplines to show the patient how serious we are to help and to let staff talk around many ideas about the person. (Brain Storm about Bob) Herbs, Vitamins, and Diet will be employed whenever possible as well as meds. and exercise to treat peoples illnesses. Each patient will have a "Best Buddy." Staff from Janitor to Administrator will be assigned a patient, to be their advocate / friend. All media will be tailored to have a positive impact on the people we have decided to help. There will be some free time but teaching self help, self-entertainment, self teaching and grooming will occupy much of their time. Being productive will be fostered through crafts, industrial arts and simple jobs that pay money. We will have fun group activities to aid in socialization. We will offer safe challenges to draw people out of themselves into the now, where new realities can begin. When a person is ready to leave they will have the options of group homes, clustered semi monitored housing, and full independence with out patient services available.

I hope to come up with programs for military people to decompress and readjust to civilian life. (Pax Corps.) I would also like to help former inmates join the larger community. (Free Scouts) We could even come up with a voluntary program for folks who want structure in their lives, but for one reason or another aren't ready for the military. (Earth Scouts) Building homes, remodeling, maintenance, furnishing and decorating. (House Scouts) Vehicle repair and maintenance. (Auto Scouts) Someday we could have a traveling work crew that does harvesting and canning food, planting trees, gathering wood and landscaping. (Ag Scouts) Folks who do cleanup, recycling, and painting. (Eco Scouts) We could even come up with a program for those on the quest of actualization that don't want to specialize in mental health. (World Scouts) The world needs a program to teach parenting skills and be parents to all the orphans in this country and around the world. (Parent Scouts) What about a place where people could go on vacation and pay to help us out six hours a day and learn two hours a day and be away from their routine amongst good folks, in rural or urban locations. (Freedom Land)

Keep in mind that these ministries would be primarily to A. Give meaningful employment to people. B. Help people with different needs we can fulfill. C. As St. Francis put it "Preach the gospel always, and when necessary use words." These Scouts can work together backing each other up as the situation calls for.

This all sounds like a lot of work, but I want for our patients the Helen Keller transformation or as much of it as is humanly possible with Gods help. I have come a long way with Love, Support, Education, Imagination and Steady Employment I don't "Dread" showing up for. Expanded to the rest of the planet we could make a world of difference. There is an old Jewish proverb "Save one person and you have saved a world" I would add, "When a person is saved, you add to all the lives they are connected to." I believe healing mental and emotional wounds could be a fascinating "Growth Industry". Hiring Doctors, Therapists, Instructors, and taking shut-ins out for fun stuff would stimulate the economy, reduce crime and lead to a world where terrorists have no discontented public from which to draw.

### **Love Your Enemy or Suffer**

I watched book TV one morning and caught a woman from the Navy talking about what they have learned about a soldier or sailor's mind set. They found that military personnel who respect their enemy and feel bad about killing them, do better when returning home than personnel who demonize their enemy. Personnel who realize the enemy is just doing what Their leaders are telling them to do, grieve a little each time they kill one, process a little at a time rather than all at once when returning home. When the grief hits all at once it can be over whelming. If the grief is not processed it can create problems with feelings, thoughts and relationships. Also all life can be demoted to a less valuable place in order to keep the original rational in place with pent up grief pressing. When life is of less value, personnel may feel of less value and more prone to mental illness.

In a day to day way, writing people off is all some of us have to deal with in our jobs. I used to write people off for all kinds of reasons I now find trivial given the depth, complexity and wealth of experience human beings are.

WE as Peace Warriors need to love our enemies so we can approach them and heal them. People can feel love, sense concern and recoil from anger. If our enemy thinks we are out to harm or condemn them, they will not let us close enough to help them. If they do not get better they will run amuck in society, leading to crime and hurt feelings. PAX CORPS. for returning soldiers.

### **PAX CORPS**

Pax Corps is an idea originating in an article I read in about 1983, in the Utne Reader. They were talking about an ancient civilization which had a process to recivilize returning warriors. The details escape me but the gist was a pampering, healing environment so they could more fully enjoy the civilian life. The possibility of future combat was out there but for the time being non-violence and healing emotionally produces a soldier carrying healing back out to the battlefield rather than more unresolved pain. No doubt war is a very traumatic event and many soldiers healing together will bring triumph from tragedy. The camaraderie of war is a strong bond we can enhance with healing together. Knowing they may share a battlefield again, the soldiers response to therapy will be that much more whole. The trauma of war will never be erased but an attempt to think through what could help, will start many on a more healing path. Joining the Army was my life's plan from early childhood till I was seventeen and I feel a strong concern for the soldier as a person. Our soldiers are the friends and family of America and our gratitude ought to carry on past the barracks.

Never having been through combat I can only put down here a beginning sketch of what will help our heroes and heroines. I think adapting the redpeacecross training is the best route because it puts the Redpeacecross and Veterans on the same page and provides a framework to tailor to the soldiers particular situation. I would like to get many minds together customizing a healing seminar of epic proportions. I think the entire process should take twice as long as a soldiers combat experience. The initial in-patient healing may be half the combat time served. If we can mix in some occupations other than soldiering the unit could be less costly to the public, allowing for long term healing. Reviewing military training or providing advanced training, after some time, will keep our troops in top form and help justify the cost of Pax Corps.

### **Christians Go Marching Along**

(To the tune of "Caissons go rolling along" or "Cadence")

We are team, self esteem, we are much more than we seem, as the Christians go marching along.  
All we know, is to grow, Jesus moves us to the flow, Jesus loves us, so keep keeping on.  
We were placed on earth, the planet of our birth; our time is really very brief.  
We can work his plan, if we all work hand in hand, Keep on praying, and singing his song.

Every day, Jesus' way, so we don't get led astray, as the Christians go marching along.  
In the day, in the night, doing good is how we fight; Jesus loves us, so keep keeping on.  
We are all his kin, even when we sin, pardon is granted when we ask.  
So go find your gift, it will give us all a lift, Keep on praying and singing his song.

God is great, God is grand, he has got us in his hand, as the Christians go marching along.  
In the day, in the night, there is not a need for fright; Jesus loves us so keep keeping on.  
What has God shown you? Your important thing to do, you do it better than the rest.  
He will show you how, then you've got to do it now, Keep on praying and singing his song.

On the farm, in the town, Jesus Christ he is around, as the Christians go marching along.  
In the dust, on the bus, Jesus Christ is one of us; Jesus loves us so keep keeping on.  
He helps grow the food, he is there in any mood, the savior is really quite a man.  
In the morning time, he will keep you feeling fine, Keep on praying and singing his song.

In the States, or in Rome, God is always right at home, as the Christians go marching along.  
In Moscow, or Congo, Jesus Christ is never slow; Jesus loves us so keep keeping on.  
He's the great "I am", more intense than Uncle Sam, He made the planet what it is.  
He invented life, he will help with any strife, Keep on praying and singing his song.

On the Moon, or on Mars, he is written in the stars, as the Christians go marching along.  
He's the man, with the plan, he's the one who really can, Jesus loves us so keep keeping on.  
The universe is his, everything is all his biz, There is no escaping his domain.  
What he wants from you, is a spirit of can do, Keep on praying and singing his song.

In the trench, or foxhole, every soldier has a soul, as the Christians go marching along.  
On the ship, get a grip, God will catch you if you slip, Jesus loves us so keep keeping on.  
In a plane or chopper, God has blessings in the hopper, it's God and Country do or die.  
You're the only one, we have trusted with a gun, Keep on praying and singing his song.

When I sit in the woods, I see God has all the goods, as the Christians go marching along.  
All the trees, and the bees, I can dream of what I please, Jesus loves us so keep keeping on.  
Air is fresh and clear, I can spy some bear and deer, it doesn't matter who I am.  
I can pitch a tent, and I won't pay any rent, Keep on praying and singing his song.

On my bike, take a hike, I can do the things I like, as the Christians go marching along.  
Talk to friends, make amends, write the things that Jesus sends, Jesus loves us so keep keeping on.  
When I have a doubt, I will simply rule it out, I'm here to do the saviors will.  
I've got hearth and home, for my hair I've got a comb, Keep on praying and singing his song.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Fully Contrived Village**

This is for the mentally ill who are in need of supervision and TLC. The Disneyland version is set up in the midst of a corn field with all occupants and visitors documented. Renewable energy sources are employed whenever possible with the requirement that the energy source has a break even threshold. This threshold could be lowered if we think a clean, sustainable environment has a value. It would be like a hospital without walls full of businesses, municipal buildings and residences. We could have industries such as restoring cars, furniture, computers and musical instruments while we restore people. After we are established we can teach home building at a relaxed pace. Perhaps we will be in a position to give tours to those in the medical profession.

A scaled down version would be located in an existing city with all helpers connected electronically to provide security, community and nudges to go see someone in a down mood. Through added attention to location we can locate able-bodied men close to housing for possible behavior problem types. Most of the world would fit into our scaled down version if we work it right. Our vans will be moving people around to events 24/7.

### **FCV Tour**

Welcome to the Fully Contrived Village of Greater Columbus. The first thing to be aware of in the Fully Contrived Village is that there is no way we can **Fully** Contrive everything in this Village. Our world is almost as unpredictable as life in any other community in the world. We are home for many mentally ill, mentally challenged and emotionally exhausted individuals. We are also home to staff, family of patients and retired medical arts practitioners. We try to carry on as normal a life style as possible considering the mix of people and technology. It is important to our mission that our guests have a **real** experience so that reintegration with the greater community is as smooth as possible.

### **Electro Room**

The Electro Room is an audio-visual simulation, of two types of hallucinations. We will sensitize the friends and family of our patients of just how wild mental illness is, so they are that much more understanding and sympathetic. Dimly lit borders could brighten slightly but just enough to notice. Speakers arranged in a line beneath wall paper could be timed to move a noise around a room. Speakers under furnishings, in closets or coming from outside the room may be heard arguing or in some way discussing the persons situation in a pessimistic, simplistic or optimistic light. For added realism twenty questions could be asked before the person or people enter and a group of actors could personalize the nightmare. Built in a truck box we could take it to the people we want to share the experience with. It could even be used as a fund raising tool.     BTB

### **RETIREMENT**

It seems to me that we could set up a cluster of average homes served by Doctors and the like in a small neighborhood. The homes would each have a theme or purpose, pottery, stained glass, wood working, auto care, bead art, sewing \ spinning, theater, painting, child care, cooking, computer access, tutoring, safety, Scouting, fitness, candles, product assembly, crafts, trips to the countryside,

### **Peace Army Reality TV**

The Peace Army folk will be going through a lot that can teach us and the general public. We could film intake interviews, family therapy and the whole process that makes a Peace Army person special. This will be a way to multiply the lessons by thousands and show the world what we are made of. We will delay airing until those on the film have been graduated several years so as not to make big heads or divulge secrets without the person being damn good and ready for any criticism or patronization.

Our patient reality shows will be several years in the making before they air. We will film street and office initial interviews primarily for training but also for the patient to see what they were like so they can more fully own their illness. Many patients will tell you they don't remember what they were like. Being a mentally ill, it is of the utmost importance they know the mental reality they are up against. They need to know it's words, feelings delusional parameters and thought trains. If we can get a person back to "reality" through medication or activities or both, letting them know their illness is the other half of the cure. Patients who understand medications and relationships are a must for mental health, are more likely to live an enjoyable life. We will only release film to the public after about three years after, they are competent to give permission. The heart warming victory over struggles witnessed every day by our staff can be shared. Mentally ill people and their families can gain hope and insight. The transformations will be remarkable and a big advertisement for our hospital system. Produced by the Peace Army we will provide job skills and meaningful employment.

### **Hobby Farms Are Us**

Striking a balance with "economy of size," I think a farm size could be determined that produces meaningful employment and affordable food, safely. Many people live out in the country for the peace it brings them and I would like to provide work for patients to heal around. Living in the country on a farm or near a farm in the woods would provide a whole new reality for learning new thought processes, developing new habits and finding new friends. Working the soil provides education, exercise and encourages creativity. Animal tending can help teach responsibility, compassion and chemistry. Teamwork is also a vital component of farm life with everyone having an important job. Shared goals build trust and hope in a world better than before. I know there are many nice folks who might open their farms to us if we have the reputation I think we will have. If we offer financial and emotional benefits for their giving us work in the country I believe a hobby farmer will wonder how they could have enjoyed farming without us.

### **Why Run a Prison**

The United States has a large percentage of its population in prison. The prisons today “2004” do not heal as well as they could. Thirty percent of the standard prison population is labeled as severely mentally ill and I want to help them. I would estimate that Fifty percent are troubled and that leaves Twenty percent who were just greedy, stupid or lazy. Those last delusions are common illnesses in prison but compounded with troubles or a severe mental illness they have little chance of ever staying out of prison for very long. Prisons are mostly an unpleasant deterrent to criminal behavior. I believe with the proper staff we could effect real change in the environment people are compelled to stay in. Criminal behavior is a mental illness in its self. A person who risks incarceration took a calculated risk and lost. Crimes of passion need one treatment and those of greed need another. Criminals desperate for survival are the least sick. They are ignorant or proud. There are all kinds of people to help and they were out of the loop for one reason or the other.

### **How Our Prison is Better**

Our staff with Peace Army Training will be some nice folk for prisoners to interact with. We will keep them safely in prison for the duration of their sentence with the intention of making them better people by the time they get out. It will not be easy getting gentle caring people to risk their safety to heal dangerous prisoners. Staff will also be behind bars, some will be wearing billy clubs as it is with all prisons. Our staff will rotate so as not to fall into a prison mindset from years behind walls where they develop resentment, animosity, and are constantly racked with fear. A rotation of four months on and four months off will ensure that all staff gets to spend a summer every other year outside the walls.

All media will be tailored to be of a positive nature. They are a captive audience with lots of time on their hands. Self-improvement should be their primary duty. Drug rehab, anger resolution, greed arrestment, laziness, maturation, and dealing with childhood issues will occupy much of their time. I hope to enlist trustees to often paint the place in a more civilian motif. This is for an activity, learning a skill and most importantly a physical change in the environment to help connote personal changes our charges are experiencing. Besides the proven effects of colors and color screams on peoples mood, I want to have the environmental change subconsciously register in peoples mind as “Yes Things Change.” Some changes are so long in coming, that many small changes are necessary. Maybe “Art Shows” behind plexi glass would help many nurturing thoughts to be generated.

The Internet will be available for training, educational growth and reward for good behavior. It will be used as much as we can monitor it electronically and manually.

Bit by bit we will get as many prisoners as possible through a modified Peace Army Training program. Eventually half or more will have been through the process leading to a safer more positive population in the prison. We will be very selective about selection of those going through the Training, looking for signs that they are ready, able emotionally and likely to help others. The security will be much like the criminal hospital, more than the mental hospital, much more than a rest home and much much more than a group home. We will be dealing with dangerous folk that entered this world as loving lovable babies that went bad. Each prisoner will have a “Best Buddy”/ Advocate from the Peace Army to touch base with and help through the “Training” should they be selected to go through it.

There will be no early releases for good behavior or shock parole. If they are ready to leave, they will be used to help other prisoners. They are ill people who broke laws and the current paradigm says they need to be kept out of the larger community for a set amount of time. I just want to add a large dose of love to that time. This prison is going to be a dream prison, and knowing that, we will not leave the option open for anyone to be sent here twice, as that would be somewhat of a reward for failure. With the prospect of a harder prison over their head they may well try harder to improve their lives.

The last six months will be special as the reintegration phase of our prison. Life skills such as checkbook writing, credit knowledge, cooking, laundry, job seeking skills, ect..and drinking alcohol responsibly, will be taught. These people are going to be around drink eventually and a controlled environment will get them to enjoy a few drinks now, rather than get rip roaring drunk later celebrating their release and end up possibly in another prison.

They will, on their release be helped by the prisoner release program “Free Scouts” we will have had going for many years before we under take running a prison.

### **We could Turn Prisons back Into Reformatories**

### **Earth Scouting in the Peace Army**

Earth Scouts is part Army/School/Job/Resort/Hospital to find hidden talent for the Peace Army and or build new lives. We are the alternative to the army when it comes to giving up to an entity to get a life in order. Earth Scouts are people who need some structure in their lives but not enough to be hospitalized and don't want to join the military. Our Earth Scouts are border line and full blown mentally ill, chemically dependent and retarded. We will also accept people from extremely and mildly dysfunctional homes. We will allow them some liberties in exchange for them listening and working with us. I don't know it all but I know with the right people we could come up with things to grow by. Working with people and learning life skills as a group will grow them into a more full life.

If we don't allow someone a few beers and or cigs. they will never let us close enough to really help them. Working outside the "one size fits all" box we will work with people to look at positive alternatives to wasteful, destructive and unsatisfying behavior. Getting them to take pride in their work, converse effectively and develop a relatively inexpensive hobby would be a good place to start a rewarding life.

Life for Earth Scouts could start at 6:30am. for breakfast and exercise. Then they get ready for work at something they like or don't mind too much. Lunch will be followed by or enjoyed with some presentation/discussion for instruction/enlightenment. Personal development classes or work will fill the afternoons. After dinner we will structure entertainment some nights including on certain nights an open, controlled bar/coffee shop.

Occasionally we will take field trips to add to the excitement for life and build a well rounded life. Ropes courses, horse back riding etc. will bring out the best in them. If we give people what they need we will not only help them but we may grow up some people who are a big plus to the mix that makes up the Peace Army. A person graduating from Earth Scouts will have reached the rank of Corporal and should feel empowered to help others and or have a full set of skills to make their own way in life.

I can see us accepting folks into Earth Scouts over a period of weeks or months until we have a group we can put through the intense two and four week training segments that take place away from home. As those groups grow together they will most likely form friendships based on positive experiences they have shared. When they are looking out for each other it will free us up to help others and more importantly they will form life long support networks and strategies. As they progress they will undoubtedly pull each other along to the better way of life we help channel them into. The stories of people's successes will make good food for other lives to build on. As groups overlap and mingle a culture of strugglers struggling together, will serve to create an environment that anyone would thrive in. The people will be real and the environment will be as real as we can keep it while we are being exceptionally supportive of an individual's growth.

Earth Scouts could form the core group to many Twelve Step groups we start meetings for. This mix will help the larger community with our added wisdom. It will help us by mixing on a regular basis to A. Get new perspectives. B. Be real with other people. C. Appreciate Peace Army support. D. Strangers to extend Love to.

### **Life Skills Merit Badges**

Life is full of skills many people are good or semi good at. The people we help and our own selves will need to test out or learn all skills of living. We will provide as many ways of doing a skill as we can. We will set up studied books to document this important, yet taken for granted facet of life. Some can be done in groups and some are best done one on one. Personal Hygiene, Courteous Driving, Camping, Map Reading, Auto Maintenance, Cooking, Pet Care, Check Writing/Balancing, Credit Awareness, Home Buying, Home Building, Home Maintenance, Land Scaping, Trip Planning, Job Seeking, Computer Skills, Study Skills,

If we can give people steady practice at skills for several weeks at a time the skill can be polished and a service provided. We could have people clean houses for those who need it as a ministry and training. Classes cleaning will give our regular house cleaners a chance to do something else for a while. Some people will want to find more old or infirm folks who need their house cleaned from time to time. With a group of folk working on a house the work will go fast and fun could be had. One Sargent or Lieutenant could lead a group of five or six Earth Scouts on a day of service and deal with life skill situations that arise on the job. Our motto might be "Work out the problem, before, you get back to work."

## **Food Corps.**

*An Army Marches on its stomach.*

If we eat well we will need the doctors less so they can work with the ones who get sick anyway. So much has been said on the importance of a good meal and healthful snacks that top priority has to be given to the Food Corps. They can get us together three times a day and employ many people who can perform many easily learned tasks that can be improved upon in time. It will be therapeutic to cook, serve and clean up for a group of caring individuals. We may branch out to the rest of the larger community and serve Peace Army people alongside the public. We could use a pass to give our folks a free meal convenient to their work location. We could also open free food places and eat with the poor if the location is right. We could put up signs that say "Grace" in many languages and faiths for people to ponder silently before eating. Clean up could be helped out with on a rotating basis by Peace Army folks. Cooks could work half days and/or perform other skilled tasks the other half. I can see the Food Corps. being the ones guarding the fort so to speak. For instance, if a person is under the weather they could tell a cook staff their troubles and get a consistent daily report going on to smooth out a rough work assignment or home situation. We will talk on work crews and at home hopefully but the Food Corps. will have a chance to meet everyone who eats there. They will need the connectedness with the troops in the field so the work is meaningful and rewarding. Finding out the latest news in the field will have everybody talking and caring. Bulletin boards, mailboxes and TV options would foster a homey barracks lodge feel to the place. Maybe each kitchen will be home to a 30 or 60 group of Troops. A near by apartment building connected by a breezeway would be a nice retrofit rather than building a custom lodge for folks to live in. Maybe the kitchen at a barracks would be open 24 hrs. People in the field will work in the kitchen from time to time to learn cooking skills and add to the mixing of staff.

## **Food Facts**

Molasses are the nutrients removed from white sugar. White sugar requires nutrients to be processed. Grazed beef contains helpful cholesterol and more vitamins, vitamin rich feed naturally immunizes the cattle eliminating the need for antibiotics.

## **Farm to Fork**

From field to teaching table manners

Organic farming with small equipment will serve to allow for micro management of acreage, employ more folk and use cheap "antiquated" equipment. People can shift from city to country at will and provide activity for those bored "back to the blanket" sojourners. We could have a regular transport making a circuit from city to country circulating compost to country and fresh dirt to city. People will be able to work in different environments for three-day stretches and be home when they wish. Barracks in the country will be a welcome relief from the barrack/homes in the city. Simple straightforward jobs will connect people with the land, seasons and their daily bread. Our farms will be located near woods locals for the back to the blanket crowd both new and old. People from time to time will need time in the country and we can provide that, so that we can be ready for city life, from a stable nature centered perspective. It is my opinion that we are all natural and nature is the great healer next to God. God is everywhere and we need the reminder in a physical way that we are all from the same source. God/Jesus can be with us anytime but to see, hear, touch and smell a thing is so powerful an experience that we need to connect with it totally at times. I see it when I am in the city as trees, bushes, flowers, clouds and stars but to be immersed in it is a retreat to my beginning and source. There are people who feel alien from nature and I hope we can or do need to reacquaint them with the glory, peace and strength of naturalness. I hope not to be elitist in my glory of nature and peace in wilderness, but find it much more healing than Disneyland.

**Back To The Blanket:** A Native American term for going to the country and getting away from it all and getting in touch with nature and/or what really matters in life.

### **Finance, Business and Retirement**

The Peace Army will be run by people who have been through the ranks. Pay will be commensurate with experience, seniority and skill. (Except those belonging to the Actours Guild see below) I believe in capitalism enough to know that pay will get a person to work when the whole body is wanting to stay home and “do your own thing.” We will save money in all endeavors because the ones at the top will not be making obscene amounts of money for the same time expenditure. Ten percent of managers’ time needs to be spent in direct contact with the ill. We will be on the base line of the National per capita income of \$36K. Some will make more, many will make less. My formula of paying people three quarters of what their civilian counterparts make will allow us to hire four for the price of three. With four people we can lighten the workload, allowing for better care and give more people a role in making the world a better place. It is my hope that people will want to work with us because of our high standards, community atmosphere and personal awakening provided through the training program. A lot of this is counting on many gifts from people who believe in this Peace Army message. We will work forty-four hours a week so as to provide coverage on weekends to our responsibilities and demonstrate in a real way that we are going the extra mile to help people. We will give work credit to people to spend time socializing with an ill person or two.

We will initially be serving ourselves through our sheltered employment. This is to save ourselves money, perfect our service on an understanding clientele and take the pressure off those offering the service. We will make money offering mental health services, occupational therapy, giving discounts to Peace Army folk and eventually serving the general public. We are making a profit when, we break even, because, we are generating employment and providing a service we want to provide. I would like to find a way to mix giving our services away to the poor and old, like a sort of hospital. Selecting the free vs. paying customer will be the hard part. Hospitals have large budgets and manage to effect real change whether a person has money or not. They find out later. It will take a lot of people and give a lot of people a chance to contribute. If we just charge what it costs to feed the crew a lunch as a base line we will discourage abuse. Then we can flat-out give ourselves away sometimes. Other times charging the going rate will be more appropriate. Landscape crews that give people an active outside job, can maintain and fix up the environment such as over grown yards. This is for exercise, a simple set of skills to learn and to see the fruits of their labor. No working in the rain please! On rain days we could paint home interiors for old, poor and ill folks. If we can get enough of our people to out number those being helped I think it will serve to deinstitutionalize people and give our staff a basically simple physical task in which to center a therapeutic, growing life. I hope we own homes, offer services, and feed people communally to save on wages yet deliver a superior quality of life.

Retirement will be fifteen hours work a week because we all need to be busy. We will need to establish our own Cemetery because all soldiers do eventually die and we would be remiss if we left out the final resting place of our bodies. **Jobs are Fun**

This group will, after training, work in the larger community or with Peace Army and give half or more of their wages to the Peace Army in exchange for communal meals, inclusion in activities and vacations with the ill and homeless.

### **Actours Guild.....Acting for God and or Personkind.....on our Tour of Life**

Acts of the apostles...Chapter 2:44. And all the believers met together constantly and shared everything they had. 45 They sold their possessions and shared the proceeds with those in need. 46 They worshiped together at the Temple each day, met in homes for the Lord’s Supper, and shared their meals with great joy and generosity-47 all the while praising God and enjoying the goodwill of all the people. And each day the Lord added to their group those who were being saved. The body is the Temple.

This group will get a weekly stipend and all needs met. Housing and transportation will be the same as the mentally ill and homeless. Those giving up wealth will be guaranteed ten percent to be returned if they leave.

### **Value Added**

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. If you teach someone to fish they can feed themselves for a lifetime. The power of one person helping another in the same boat, is without parallel. When we help people to get off the dole, be productive members of society, instruct them to help others and empower them to live their dreams we will inherently build a better world and strengthen the Peace Army.

### GENERALS POSITION

I'll get one chance to succeed. The Lord will envelop me in grace as long as I'm working for Him. Which jobs are more prone to burnout, and what does it take to make the job more fulfilling. As an Army we do it all, we may even make our uniforms in Basic training as part of a personal exposure to thought trains of millions of subjects. What about Merit badges for all sorts of disciplines. The idea being that a person of such well rounded experience may come up with some pretty good ideas about World Peace, as their first assignment.

I have plenty of ideas myself.....Paying prostitutes to go back to school who lack Family support...Get jobs for troubled teenagers who lack Family support.....Get young Families the education they need to make for a loving, supportive Home that will reBless America.....Teach Reading!!!.....When two "troubled" teens get into a fight 10 or more commandos are going to have to restrain the two without hurting them.....and then help them talk it through.....Shake hands and get on with life....there are a lot of people hurting out there, who will blossom with some love, time, and understanding.....sharing personal history.....Playing games.....working on common projects.....bonding

I would like to be in every graduating class to insure that we know one another and keep it interesting. I'll live in the barracks, study the disciplines, eat the food, listen to a new perspective, and bond to the people in my "Small group" \ "Patrol" I think it may set a nice atmosphere to have the General in the same class as the new recruits. After graduation each commando is given a room or 3 person tent. Happy Troopers can do anything. Reforesting, Selective logging, canning wild fruits, rehabilitating farmland, farming, **Y2K**, Mental Hospital, Rest homes, Child care, Drug treatment. Are we all on the same page?

We need to get monies to allow the mentally ill to get help before they hurt some one for the lack of simple pills. We will have the best report with the ill because of our attention to the individuals **DIGNITY**; Physical medicine would call it **STERILITY!!!!** Over staffed treatment centers, Over staffed hospitals, Rest homes, Foster homes, Parks & Recreation, Scouting, I read once **WE DIDN'T INHERIT THE EARTH FROM OUR ANCESTORS, WE'RE BORROWING IT FROM OUR CHILDREN**, also **LIVE SIMPLY THAT OTHERS MAY SIMPLY LIVE.....**

October 4, 1998BTDUNCANSON

### **The Future**

The future looks great with many generations of super charged Peace Commando's out into the world. I have high hopes for the kind of persons that we become through hard deliberate growing.

My plan calls for me to sell lots of this book, signifying an interest, effecting change just from the reading, and hopefully letting me retire to the Peace Army. I would like to get busy working on writing some intense curriculum, and putting together the team that runs the school. I will also spend lots of time writing rules, regulations and recruiting (Needs, Standards, Questions), as a framework for discussion and to get us started. I will also put down on paper treatments we will employ for various mental illnesses. Some I am familiar with, contained in this book and some I will learn about and explore with help from doctors, technicians, healers and caring individuals.

I would also like to finish my autoskizography and make it an insightful instructive story. After I go through the first class I hope to tweak the curriculum if needed and double the number of students. I thought that if each student recommended two friends and we generally chose one, the threads of friendship would transcend the years and we will still get some entirely new blood in as well. I hope, before to long, to get a music group singing my poems and our songs, generating income, inspiring people and charging up the troops. A novel of life in a Peace Army may prove to be entertaining and inspirational after several years have passed.

The changes I went through leading to the development of the Peace Army Training were pretty awakening. Going through them with six others would be astounding. In a group of thirty we would be astonished at our connectedness. As an initial class of ninety we will all be greatly encouraged by our potential. When we are graduating 180 each year from Columbus, it is just a matter of time before crime, suicide and murder rates drop.

After the hospital is established six years from our beginning, the next milestone will be at ten years when we start three new American and one foreign Peace Army school. At fifteen years we will be ready to administer a prison. In twenty years we will start three new schools every two years. The plan is that each new school will duplicate this formula and the Peace will grow at a slow, measured, exponential rate. Twenty-six years will graduate 7560 Sergeants and Lieutenants from my one original school. We will also have thousands of Privates and Corporals who we have helped through a modified version of the training our troops experience. In my wildest dreams my book inspires many groups to start Peace Armies upon it's publication.

We could have a house wired for sound to simulate the experience of mental illness. It would be in the CFV (fully contrived village). Everyone is in on the premise that we are here to help each other and have been cleared by Peace Army check to see if you're safe, helpful and or mentally ill.

I will direct the Army initially but for long term survival I will lead it into becoming a democratically directed institution. We will work with other groups whenever possible. I will assume that half the graduates will be drawn into other groups to bless the world and extend our influence. I am confident there are people needing us who will bless the world in special ways once they are helped.

### **Basic Business**

We can provide sheltered employment such as occupational therapy, apprenticeships, modified work environments, and on sight childcare. The Red Peace Cross could be paid back 75% and the business would be worker owned, and the money could be directed to other ministries. That's a 25% gift because we like to create that type of business. Occupational therapy would continue to have access to the work sight.

#### **Biz Buzz**

Businesses that break even, and help people.

#### **RPCpanels.com**

10% to RPC... of sales?...future profits?...Investment?

10% energy savings to buyers

GOALS install panels...clean air... save power...employ

Annual picnic-Panels that year....Tons of pollutants prevented....folk employed

15 years turn profit? Higher energy costs..Lower cost of production:

Give half production away...sell rest at loss at rate to save customers. Ten % on energy

Guarantee Panels and install not structure

### **Survival Soup Restaurant**

A restaurant that features the soup starving populations survive on. We could charge top dollar for it and still give the public a good food value. The soup they are fed is a vitamin rich natural product that could easily be made to taste good. We could come up with a variety of ways to prepare it and give proceeds toward feeding the poor per. bowl. Simple food served well by folks bent on improving the world. We will have a variety of food but we will be the only one with survival soup. Molasses tea is another inexpensive nutritious product we can offer.

### **Many Hands Movers**

In our never ending quest to create meaningful jobs I thought helping people move would be a nice industry/ministry for us to undertake. Most aspects of moving are easily passed on to new workers after morning exercises together. Being happy helpers in a persons time of transition will help our patients see a way they can contribute to anothers life. Patients who need long term help can be moved out instead of having the landlord or sherriff do it.

### **House and Home Corps.**

A large part of a persons life centers around their residence and we will need many of them. From home cleaning to new construction these folks provide quality space. Physically and emotionally the environment is well cared for by the troops and our growing population of healing people. Work crews study each job so maximum learning can occur to those who want it. We will be working for ourselves so there will be less time pressure on the workers, yet the quality will be high because we are working for ourselves. People can feel good working for those in need.

### **Peace Army New and Used**

A grocery/discount store where Peace Army folk can shop for needs. Our products are carefully chosen to be utilitarian, long-lasting, environmentally friendly and plenty. We should be able to have such good products that we can convince the general public to shop with us and support the cause. We will offer used and refurbished items along side the new.

We can solicit used items as a way to support the Peace Army. If we keep track of what we have we can put a nice face on the Lodging for our patients. Items needing repair or cleaning will give jobs to us.

This grocery store would be for the meals not eaten in community. We will give the folks that are associated with us huge discounts as deep as free to dispense our aid and comfort. With so many people eating good food we can get discounts and pass the savings on to the public. With a guaranteed market we can process our own convenience foods and grow into the business end of society.

Laundry services for the busy Peace Soldiers will give people a community job and service the Peace Army.

### **Canine Coffee**

Mentally Ill people and others are going to come to us with pets in tow. We need to have a place for their pets other than the pound to aid in the healing of the person. We could operate a kennel for our patient's pets when the patients are busy growing. Animals have a naturally soothing effect on people and a persons pet can be very important to the recovery process. Working at the kennel could be an occupational therapy opportunity or rewarding career. If we had a coffee shop connected to the kennel patients could come by from time to time to see their pets and be comforted. The general public could get coffee and watch pets being visited, bathed and groomed. The outdoor running yards may be hours of free entertainment patients and the public could relax too. A "cat walk" sculpture would be fun to watch as the kitties negotiate the space we have tricked out.

### **AUTOLOGY**

Apprenticeship, sheltered workshop, and transportation, we do it all, for the people, GAS to TIRES to AIR. Half the workers are from the Peace Army, half are folks working a job keeping it real. The facility is set up by the Peace Army, Owned by the workers after the no interest loan is paid back. One share of annual profit is given to Peace Army forever to reinvest. Work hours, facility hours, shop rules, all democratically decided from an initial "Franchise Model."

A coffee bar for them and us, 401K, insurance, retirement. June 23, 1998

### **Military Opposites**

Wage some Peace at Wars own Pace, have something left to show,  
Focus in on building up, help other people grow.  
I dream of having billions, but still living like I do,  
Invent the opposite of war; help folks like me and you.  
A soldier would know well their self, and what good they could do,  
And drive around a mini van; take old folks to the zoo.  
An APC would be a bus, and get us all there safe,  
With bivouacs for the handicapped, be sure the packs don't chafe.  
We'd love our enemies to death, death to their old bad self,  
Form a platoon that helps old folks, the "Order of the Elf",  
On the ground is really, where a war is won or lost,  
To just drop dollars from a plane, would be to high a cost.  
A tactical type mix, of good old green backs, human love,  
The bird that is our mascot, would just have to be the dove.  
We'd answer invitations, or perceive those in distress,  
And get right in the mix with them, and help sort out the mess.  
Our specialists would do their thing; no one can do it all,  
Team Peace is well on top of it, we're ready for the call.  
Folks who thrive on filling needs, and helping people out,  
Skilled at talk or listening, or simply cleaning grout.  
We all would have a side arm, phones for fast communication,  
A cadre that recycles wood, to slow deforestation.  
Our painters make environments; seem bright and fresh and new,  
The carpenters make environments, for folks like me and you.  
Electricians would give us light, on cloudy day or night,  
And plumbers help the water run, then drain away from sight.  
The Doctors write prescriptions, for a pill or food or fun,  
Nurses do the follow up, another battle won.  
Successes build the heart up, stronger hearts to share more love,  
We'll reach out to the world, with what once started up above.  
We plant vegetables, not land mines, to keep us feeling safe,  
Feed the people well and good, food keeps the body safe.  
Our tank is called a tractor; it does wonders to the ground,  
Our private eyes find patients, folks so desperate to be found.  
The mobile command center, finds the lost on the highways,  
And welcomes them aboard, so we can help build brighter days.  
Our combat engineers, can adlib anyone our trust,  
Convince them that we specialize, in lives that just went bust.  
Chaplaincy is special, being versed in all religions,  
How best to pick a person up, who's full of self derision.  
A sharpshooter can see someone, who's very far away,  
And sets about strong praying, for to brighten up their day.  
The Corp. of engineers, coordinate doctors and the rest,  
To build a person up, and get them to their very best.  
They say divide and conquer, give the warring parties space,  
Talk them into making up, make peace the point to chase.  
It's possible, if we apply, our hearts and minds and hands,  
One people and one planet, many lives and many lands.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### Gifted Good Warriors

There's loving people everywhere, I've met my share in life,  
They let you cry your heart out, walk beside you through your strife.  
Some folks just know the questions, that bring answers to your mind,  
Or have a loving presence, that exudes this person's kind.  
I don't know how they got that way; their stories vary widely,  
I just know I feel better, when the person is beside me.  
They make a dreary day, a grand occasion to remember,  
I go from feeling lonely, to a welcome charter member.  
A simple cup of coffee, or a soda, or a beer,  
When shared with a kind person, pulls out talk that is sincere.  
We talk about the family, or our feelings, or our plight,  
And when the give and take is good, we stay up half the night.  
They give me little insights, with a compliment or two,  
And seem to say in words and nods, I like the special you.  
Out on the street it's different, special people have a look,  
The smile with their eyes, can sometimes tell me half a book.  
I see them through my day, conveying "Life will be alright."  
They seem to say "I'm loving, every person in my sight."  
"Here let me hold the door for you, I'll tell you now the time."  
"I'll watch your stuff while you're away, together we stop crime."  
I look for them and smile back; together life is grand,  
Like life is one big concert, we are all of one big band.  
We each can play an instrument; no two sounds are alike,  
"The way you chimed right in there, made me glad you had a mike."  
"Your voice sounded just like you, and your thoughts are right on track,"  
I'd like to hear it all again, but time can not turn back.  
So we'll just go on being, feeling joy now and again,  
Many hands make short work; many minds can make a friend.  
"What are your troubles tell me, get the pain off of your chest,"  
"And put it in perspective, so we all can get some rest."  
The gifted people sympathize, and let me cry till through,  
Then wipe away the tears, and kindly say "Dear I Love You."  
When someone is enslaved, then no one truly can be free,  
Emotions can control us; special people help me see.  
A way to think my own self out, or just to call it home,  
It's all inside the attitude; I'm me where ever I roam.  
Those special peace type warriors, everywhere, in every land,  
Are eager with a smile, or a word, or with a hand.  
I don't know if they're born that way, or added to their life,  
They ask for nothing in return, they enjoy ending strife.  
At night they probably sleep real sound, with all the good they've done,  
Look forward to the challenges, which come up with the sun.  
Those strife destroying warriors, of all faiths and colors too,  
Are out there just to help the folk, the needy me and you.  
I'm one of them at times, I lend a hand and lend an ear,  
I know the joy of seeing, distant smiles draw real near.  
I wouldn't have the skills I have, without my being taught,  
It's something to experience, it truly can't be bought.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **The Full Armor of God**

The Apostle Paul, champion of bringing Gentiles to Christ, describes for us a soldier's uniform, achieving the qualities of Christ. His anti-Jesus passion was turned backwards, into a welcoming theology and teaching style that reached the people where they lived. I think this passage encourages us to stand firm for the Lord where Jesus needs us to be and take seriously our commitment to the least of our brothers and sisters.

*Ephesians 6:13-17 Therefore, put on the armor of God, that you may be able to resist on the evil day and, having done everything, to hold your ground. So stand fast with your loins girded in truth, clothed with righteousness as a breastplate, and your feet shod in readiness for the gospel of peace. In all circumstances, hold faith as a shield, to quench all (the) flaming arrows of the evil one. And take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God.*

### **Mission and Field**

We have all got a mission; we have all got a field,  
We all have a way, in which the love of God's revealed.  
It may be to the simple man, a way that seems complex,  
And to the complicated dude, it may be writing checks.  
To Moms it may be loving, when your kids are doing wrong,  
To soldiers it is crying, when you hear your country's song.  
The Father, who has worked all day, may come home with an ear,  
To listen to the family, to the ones that he holds dear.  
A sister may do extra things, to help her mother out,  
Or help her older brother, with his evening paper route.  
The brother works the yard all day, though it may be real hot,  
And take his sister riding, on the bike that he has bought.  
The Granny may do dishes, gets the table retted up,  
And Gramps may read a story, to the kids, when done with sup.  
The Uncle may be ready, when the folks are tired out,  
And make the kids feel special; they are loved without a doubt.  
Auntie takes them shopping, for some shoes and a new toy,  
And buys them all some ice cream, cause they are her pride and joy.  
We all have got a way, that we can help our fellow folks,  
It may be telling stories, or it may be telling jokes.  
We all have love to share, If we do not, it makes us sick,  
Enjoying helping others, now that's a real good trick.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Domestic Disturbance Squad**

Domestic disturbance calls are families in crisis. Families are the basic unit of a nation. We could respond in such a way as to show extreme respect and value for the family. Reach out to the extended family, friends, and neighbors. Maybe a vacation / encounter trip for all concerned. The alternatives are divorce, violence, prison, and sad kids.

**Combat** Alone, I sit at my desk In the comfort of my home Making War with my thoughts Against the notorious Satan The Father of lies and discouragement The sinful General of Demons and or spirits I challenge him to speak the truth Reveal himself to the light of truth Then, we'll have equal footing He declines in an instant He laughs at my boldness, to taunt me I am not just one person I draw upon the Faith of my God The faith in my God, carries me along My place of worship reminds me that I am not alone I write, they sing, we together create light God spoke light into existence And has empowered us to be called soldiers Our duty is to root out Lucifers dominions I am proud of my God, the big winner The gentle, humble, forgiving, Commander in Chief I was rescued, by God ,from drugs and violence My life was out of control His people and others shared with me his love, freely I gained peace, feelings, and a mind My computer is a show of faith In the middle of a city I feel the peace I had only found in wilderness I'm in combat and it feels great Satan had his chance, and his way at times Jails, institutions, and death were my options Jesus and his people revived me Now I'm strong, ready for combat Not so much that Satan is vulnerable to me I rally that God is with me, always I love seeing people smile Sharing my goodness, empowers me I get bolder, happier, more confident My selfish motive is to get a mansion in heaven Day to day it just feels better Warring with my words, against an unseen adversary Miracles do happen, I know, I'm one At my bottom, Christ knew my faith And I knew he knew my faith There's no way you can be That isn't the way your meant to be Justice means JUST US Let out a war whoop for the good God Love, Kindness, Patience, Forgiveness, Charity, Faith, Empathy, Compassion, Truth, Holy Spirit, Gospel, Peace, Love, Wisdom, Steadfastness, Prophecy, Creativity, Teaching, Healing, Tongues, Interpreting tongues, Humor, Humility, Grace, Knowledge, Long Suffering, Love Take care of them, and they'll take care of you

By Bruce T. Duncanson

**Christian Warrior**

So be a Christian Warrior, up and flaunt your given will.  
 Submit to God as Chieftain, He alone can give the skill.  
 Skill to conquer prejudice, deep down inside the soul.  
 The grace to make it easy, so we won't feel like a fool.  
 The prejudice that's taught us, makes us sick and less of God.  
 It splits up many peoples, the behavior looks real odd.  
 Hate subdivides Gods people, into camps not meant to be.  
 Some camps may think it's groovy, but no camp is really free.  
 By hoarding and not sharing, no one camp can have it all.  
 The planets getting smaller, still the walls are very tall.  
 Bust a brick for Jesus, stick your hand out, lend an ear.  
 The Lord will come back someday; We don't know the day or year.  
 It's intentions not good actions, which the Lord is most concerned.  
 Fix your sights upon true loving, realize you might get burned.  
 The Devil wants us fighting; when we change he will react.  
 He'll egg on folks to burn us; Our defense is grace and tact.  
 Hate for hate won't cut it, We're of Jesus one and all.  
 The world looks very dark at times, take care that you don't fall.  
 And if you fail by hating, pray to God another chance.  
 To see the hate as illness, and to wake up from the trance.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Peace Army Poetically**

The Peace Army Idea I have, may sound a bit absurd,  
It's meant to help out people, and non-violence is the word.  
A shield of non-aggression, with a real dynamic joy,  
Wielded by our troopers, be they healthy girl or boy.  
Folks who have a thing for folks, and then they get some training,  
Casting off what doesn't work, till only goods remaining.  
Then building on the positive, through disciplines that work,  
Till we're a group of happy folks, with extra loads of perk.  
A built up group of Christians, who know diet, Zen and art,  
The grief process for starters, is what sets this troop apart.  
We share and heal together, an example that's a lesson,  
So we can heal the broken hearts, it's pain that we can lessen.  
We'll learn how best to listen, we will learn how best to speak,  
Sharing Christ with feeling, inner peace is what we seek.  
Sharing peace with tact, and with an inner state of calm,  
Making people joyful, with a joke or with a psalm.  
Learning how to eat best, or some ways to get in shape,  
Teaching those in Jail, how they can mentally escape.  
Helping out on mental wards, a visit from a friend,  
Activities, distractions, from delusions without end.  
Carpenters full of character, Mechanics full of merit,  
An Army made of everyone, with joy the only carrot.  
Training all professions, in the ways of Love and peace,  
A community of healers, it's a life we must release.  
Launched out on the world, but first we need to heal our land,  
Our countries half way there, but there's a lot that's out of hand.  
Like double digit poverty, and folk's still bent on crime,  
Children who are missing, or are hungry half the time.  
Cops pressed to divorcing, Firemen who don't know joy,  
Doctors who work endlessly, away from baby boy.  
The Judges make our laws all work, when things are not so clear,  
Nurses do the hundred things, and wipe away a tear.  
And all the other people, who all make our country great,  
We need to build them up, not let the Devil seal our fate.  
I hope we pull it off, cause this whole planets still in need,  
Begin with inner gratitude, and banish inner greed.  
We're only here one time I think, so we must make the most,  
When we get up to heaven, I hope Christ will give a toast.  
To all that cared for little ones, and those too weak to change,  
We have the new technology, but can we really change?

By Bruce T. Duncanson

**Date** \_\_\_\_\_ **Application to the Redpeacecross**  
**Name** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Address** \_\_\_\_\_  
**City** \_\_\_\_\_  
**State** \_\_\_\_\_ **Zip Code** \_\_\_\_\_  
**E-Mail** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Age** \_\_\_\_\_ **Gender** \_\_\_\_\_ **Height** \_\_\_\_\_ **Wieght** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Religious Identity** \_\_\_\_\_  
**How did you hear about Redpeacecross?**  
**What movie do you want to share with Rpc? Why?**

**Redpeacecross**  
**P.O. Box 82599**  
**Cols., OH. 43202**

**What rank would you like to achieve? Why?**

**How much do you want eventually \$ \_\_\_\_\_, and how little will you start at \$ \_\_\_\_\_**  
**What do you like best about Redpeacecross?**

**What do you not like about Redpeacecross?**

**What can you bring to Redpeacecross?**

**What can Redpeacecross do to help you?**

**What personal experience leads you to want to help the mentally ill?**

**Do you have an idea for a personal specialty/ministry?**

**What have you been doing the last fifteen years?**

**Photocopy and mail to Rpc**

# Chapter Two

# Peace and Justice

Injustice is a product of mental illness, as well as a cause.

## **The Mental Health Angle to Peace and Justice**

**Injustice:** *n.* 1. Violation of another's rights or of what is right; lack of justice.  
2. A specific unjust act; a wrong.

It's the nature of "Victims of Injustice" to put up with a lot in order to survive. Some "Victims of Injustice" are convinced they deserve, or are responsible for their situation. An unjust situation will continue or get worse as long as those benefiting from it are prospering. I'm sure "Victims of Injustice" pray, hope, wish, affirm, that the world would care enough to send someone to help.

*Job 5:16 So the poor have hope, and injustice shuts its mouth.*

**Injustice Myopia:** *n.* 1. An extreme focus on the cause, symptoms and cure for injustice.  
2. Looking at the injustice at hand, not allowing for larger reasons.

I have "Injustice Myopia." I am so aware of, and upset by, the injustices in the world, that I may go crazy with depression and anger unless I take the cure. The cure is to Wage Peace and Justice. Working to make the world more just, reduces feelings of powerlessness and creates a more just world. Carrying out these activities in the company of like-minded people builds friendships, networks and communities. Feeling empowered, living in a more just world gives the confidence that peace is possible. Working for personal peace and world peace is the healthiest part of all religions.

*Job 22:23 If you return to the Almighty, you will be renewed. If you banish injustice from your tent.*

**Injustice Euphoria:** *n.* 1. A feeling of well being created by, an unjust situation.  
2. Feeling righteousness inappropriate to one's life situation.  
3. A sense of fair play that is groundless.

"Injustice Euphoria" has the person believing they will be better off at the expense of another's justice. "Injustice Euphoria" can be as evil as arranging murders or as commonplace as paying as little as possible.

Being responsible for another's unhappiness (Through commission or omission) bears down on the "Injustice Euphoria" perpetrators heart, and can lead to a very hard heart. Hard hearted "Injustice Euphoria" perpetrators have been known to rationalize almost anything, to maintain and raise their comfort and security. Focusing on comfort and security and maintaining an unjust system increases the need for symbols of prosperity.

"Injustice Euphoria" allows people to sleep while being responsible for others misery (Through commission or omission). "Injustice Euphoria" is a "dream land" where injustice is just fine. If sleep continues for a lifetime, the result is a doghouse in heaven or no heaven at all. The treatment for "Injustice Euphoria" is, to repent and work for a just world as hard as the unjust world was formerly supported. People with "Injustice Myopia" can be helpful in this pursuit. This will help alleviate the suffering of "Victims of Injustice" and provide needed peace of mind.

**Acute Injustice Euphoria:** Leaves the perpetrator unable to appreciate the misery they create, while pursuing their goal. (See how ya are?)

**Injustice Euphoria Stupor:** Can bring on a clouded view of reality, causing the perpetrator to make poorer decisions of greater injustice. (Giving them enough rope)

**Habakkuk 2:12** Woe to him who builds a city with bloodshed and founds a town with injustice.

**Peace General, Bruce T Duncanson** <http://www.redpeacecross.com>

### The Bible's Blessing Powerful Peace

**Proverbs 16:3** Commit to the Lord whatever you do, and your plans will succeed **Psalm 34:14** Turn away from evil and do what is good, seek peace and pursue it. **Job 22:21** Come to terms with God and be at peace, in this way good will come to you. **Isaiah. 26:12** Lord, You will establish peace for us, for You have also done all our work for us. **1 Samuel 25:6** Long life to you, and peace to you, to your family and to all that is yours. **Judges 18:6** Go in peace the Lord is watching over the journey you are on. **Numbers 6:26** the Lord look with favor on you and give you peace. **Psalm 37:37** Watch the blameless and observe the upright, for the man of peace will have a future. **Proverbs 16:7** When a man's ways please the Lord, He makes even his enemies be at peace with him. **Matthew 5:9** Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they will be called children of God. **Acts 4:32** The community of believers was of one heart and mind, and no one claimed that any of his possessions was his own, but they had everything in common. ?You must have the faith of a child. **John 3:16** For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life. **Romans 15:13** May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit. ?When you are well, praise the Lord, When you are sick, Pray for help. ?Who ever gives up house and home for my sake, will do well in Heaven. **John 18:36** My kingdom is not of this world. **Luke 24:39** "It is I. Come touch me a ghost has no flesh." **2 Corinthians 10:3** For, although we are in the flesh, we do not battle according to the flesh, for the weapons of our battle are not of flesh but are enormously powerful, capable of destroying fortresses. We destroy arguments and every pretension raising itself against the knowledge of God, and take every thought captive in obedience to Christ. ? Boost not that you prevail over Satan, but that Christ first loved you. **1 Corinthians 13:4** LOVE is patient LOVE is kind LOVE is not boastful LOVE is not wicked or vengeful LOVE is long suffering LOVE is gentle LOVE is JOYFUL. **1 Corinthians 13:1** If you have all things yet have no Love, you are like a sounding gong. **1 Peter 4:8** Love covers a multitude of sin. **Mathew 5:46** What if you do Love your friends and Family, don't nonbelievers Love each other **Acts 9:31** The church throughout all Judea, Galilee, and Samaria was at peace. **1 Corinthians 10:31** so whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do everything for the glory of God. **Luke 12:37** Blessed are those servants whom the master finds vigilant on his arrival. Amen I say to you, he will gird himself, have them recline at table, and proceed to wait on them. ? Pick up your cross and follow me. **Timothy 2:3** Bear your share of the hardship along with me like a good soldier of Christ Jesus. To satisfy the one who recruited him, a soldier does not become entangled in the business affairs of life. **Romans 12:9,21** Let Love be sincere; hate what is evil, hold on to what is good; love one another with mutual affection; anticipate one another in showing honor. Do not grow slack in zeal, be fervent in Spirit, and serve the Lord. Rejoice in hope; endure in affliction, preserve in prayer. Contribute to the needs of the holy ones, exercise hospitality. Bless those that persecute you, bless and do not curse them. Rejoice with those who rejoice, weep with those who weep. Have the same regard for one another; do not be haughty; be concerned for what is noble in the sight of all. If possible, on your part, live at peace with all. If your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him something to drink; for by so doing you will heap burning coals upon his head. Do not be conquered by evil, but conquer evil with good. **Luke 6:36** Be merciful, as your Father is merciful even to the wicked. **Matthew 18:14** In just the same way, it is not the will of your heavenly Father that one of these little ones be lost. **Mark 2:17** Those who are well do not need a physician, but the sick. I did not come to call the righteous but sinners. **Matthew 11:28, 29, 30** come to me, all you who labor and are burdened and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon and learn from me, for I am meek and humble of heart; and you will find rest for yourselves. For my yoke is easy, and my burden light. **John 14:6** I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. **Matthew 4:4** "One does not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes forth from the mouth of God." 10 "The Lord your God shall you worship and him alone shall you serve." **Mark 9:37** Whoever receives one child such as this in my name, receives me; and whoever receives me, receives not me but the one who sent me. **1 Peter 1:22** Since you have purified yourselves by obedience to the truth for sincere mutual love, love one another intensely from a (pure) heart. You have been born anew not from perishable but from imperishable seed, through the living and abiding word of God. **1 Peter 3:10** Whoever would love life and see good days must keep the tongue from evil and the lips from speaking deceit, must turn from evil and do good, *seek peace and follow after it.* **Col 3:23** Whatever you do, do from the heart, as for the Lord and not for others, knowing that you will receive from the Lord the due payment of the inheritance; be slaves for the Lord Christ. **Psalm 23:1** The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want!

**We Inherited the Earth from our Ancestors  
and  
We are Borrowing it from our Children**

We got here from where our ancestors left us or set us up. We are leaving what we didn't need or thought our children would like to have. People with plenty of money leave for their children and grandchildren. Governments are created by the people, for the people and it has taken a while for the legacy of feudal society to be broken. Taking as much as we can, for as long as we can, dammed be the fortune of anyone who stands in the way. There is something to be said for survival of the fittest but many have made it from surviving, too comfortable, too well off, too very well off, too extremely well off, too filthy rich, too so rich they could change the world. The poor on the planet hearken back to a day when kings had absolute authority in all matters. All Kingdoms were an authoritarian affair with bits and pieces trusted to thugs at the local level. Rules were spelled out, so there were no mistakes when swift "justice?" was carried out. People were kept at task without interference for the many long stretches of a Sovereign. Our grasp of the material world was facilitated by brains being free to think of making things better, instead of just surviving. Making things deluxe rather than just adequate. We owe a lot to the notion of get all ya can and damned be the consequences.

I think it's time to rethink the premise that the Earth is limitless and the poor got that way on their own. They were helped there, by every person who traded a minute's labor for a day's labor. The people growing the wheat give direct sustenance to the people buying that grain and making money on it as a bulk commodity. It is truly amazing that the world is in as good of a condition as it is, with all the waste, profiteering and out right criminal behavior. We are sustaining a whole boat load of people on this planet and we are expected to continue growing fast. We could do well to turn to an economy where "Newman's own" business models are at the financial reins of our world market. A slow, deliberate transition to a more practical, equitable and sustainable world to hand over to our children could be just what the doctor ordered. To do it over night would hurt many people we would like to give a hand up to. If third world people suddenly lost a market for the trinkets and necessities we buy they will be off the land and unemployed. They have left the land like the American farmers, looking for an easier more rewarding life. We bought and sold till we were well off enough to sub out the very jobs that built our wealth in the first place. Our high tech industries keep us afloat for now but I am not sure we need enough of those products to buy our future. We have secured a place of leadership in the world that must be looked at responsibly, with hope and compassion.

It is my hope through healing the mentally ill we will increase our chances of survival. Many of the mentally ill who get healed may be sensitive gifted individuals who will lift the human condition by their participation. As we help them, we learn about life and ourselves and so add value to our lives. If we can provide relationships that are both casual and serious as all get out, the ill will, with coaching, training and fun forget about why they don't fit in. I think the gratitude, loyalty and freedom to breathe, will return to the Peace Army and society in general in ways that are locked up in some poor lost persons mind wanting to express itself. Some beautiful ideas or acts all over the place at random and planned intervals would lead to more mental health and stability for all concerned. A legacy of support people for peoples minds sake that requires an even higher comfort in the world in order to share it. A comfort with a modest ceiling for luxuries but enough to enjoy the "Finer Things" in life. Some will even be given the job of acquainting folk with those "Finer Things" to help soothe years of neglect, want and or abuse. Vacations will be in order when people are ready to celebrate "The Good Life" for a change. Rewards do tend to take the sting out of an ordeal in a tangible way. Maybe a wealthy person will go through our training and make a job out of seeing the country and the world with the mentally ill success stories. The success stories will spread an innocence to being in control of their life, that will naturally enrich the part of people that craves the wonder of something new and yet, familiar. An unexplored world that a group of people made available to another, out of the goodness of their heart and will of their mind.

### Noble Call

I've talked to lots of folks, they say their government's no good,  
They do some things they shouldn't do, and don't do things they should.  
Around the world it's all the same, the rich get richer still,  
When will the wealthy share it all, when will they get their fill?  
The government gives breaks, so they can hire us for dirt,  
Run an errand, mow a lawn or cut and sew a shirt.  
They send the jobs where labors cheap, the dollars all the rage,  
Then sell them in boutiques or shops, or on a web type page.  
They market baby formula, to women who have breasts,  
Sell cigarettes to Chinese folk, who haven't seen the tests.  
I wonder how they sleep at night, just thinking of them selves,  
They look at folks in poverty, as happy willing elves.  
Someone they can employ, to do their bidding here and there,  
When will they have enough, so us here folks can really share.  
When they get sick the doctors run, with pocket book in hand,  
They get the finest treatment, cash can buy within their land.  
The Governments make up the rules, with lobbyists to guide them,  
When voting in new laws, they have the interest folk beside them.  
Wined and dined by industry, brainwashed for making laws,  
Do what is best for money, leave the rest to grab for straws.  
And is it any wonder, why few people want to vote,  
Perhaps the candidates, should read the speeches that they wrote.  
They vote to tax the rich folks less, give less to Medicaid,  
We need prescription benefits, we need to stop the raid.  
Why can't they just be satisfied, find joy in helping out?  
Enjoy knowing the earth is fine, so we don't live in doubt.  
What happens if I lose my job, or soldiers come invade?  
What happens when I'm old and poor, will there be Medicaid?  
We need to get real busy, helping more than just our own,  
We need to figure out a way, that's more than just a loan.  
Giving while we educate, you're not the very end,  
When you are on your feet, it is your duty then to send.  
So keep the goodness growing, there are always those in need,  
The money that we give you, isn't yours, it's just a seed.  
To help you grow and prosper, reach on down, help someone out,  
Push them where you'd like to be, so they can scream and shout.  
They're over there, I see them, they are good and bright and true,  
I don't care if they're Christian, Hindu, Muslim, Zen or Jew.  
We need to start by voting, with the ballot or the buck,  
Reach out whenever possible, to those folks down on their luck.  
Be smart don't throw your vote, to those who squander what you give,  
There's people who appreciate, deserve so much to live.  
To live and learn and lend a hand, and study this big earth,  
We all were born to love and laugh, prerequisite of birth.  
We're free to cause an uproar, be it peaceful as can be,  
Make our voices heard, so our leaders all will see.  
We need to keep on after them, remind them what they said,  
It's not like in Iraq, where they can order you all dead.  
We have the will and brain, to know what's possible or not,  
The brain needs lots of exercise, or else it just may rot.  
America can lead the way, but we can't do it all,  
We need to get in touch with folks, who hear this Noble Call!  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Peace and Justice**

Waging Peace and Justice, really is a noble deed,  
It needs to be done tactfully, and without any greed.  
In helping out the helpless or the folks who are oppressed,  
One needs to keep perspective or they could get real distressed.  
The Peace of Christ for patience, helps to keep you keeping on,  
The next right thing is all you need, and sing a simple song.  
It's tough making things better, others like the way things are,  
Oppressors like their money, like to drive their fancy car.  
They're locked into a system, keeping others down for cash,  
Watching children die, and they don't even bat a lash.  
They know supplies are limited, they want to be set for life,  
Somehow they get to sleep at night, creating all that strife.  
Deep down they're really pitiful, relying on their cash,  
They need some liberation, throw their problems in the trash.  
We need to set a standard, how much property's enough,  
We can't all live in mansions; some folks have it pretty rough.  
The poor around the world, and in the good old USA,  
Deserve to get a break, we need to find a better way.  
The right to getting medicine, could be a place to start,  
A gentle ear to listen, so a folk can heal a heart.  
We need some new priorities, where peace is all the rage,  
Start healing all the criminals, when safely in a cage.  
It isn't hard to picture, love is powerful and contagious,  
Releasing them to hurt again, is really quite outrageous.  
Victims know too well, the pain of getting hurt or beat,  
It ought to be a simple thing, to walk down any street.  
Folks around the world, they look and envy USA,  
We need to start right here, we need to find a better way.  
Then we can export it, show the world a brighter day.  
Build a home for little orphans, a hotel for older folks,  
Scouting for the kids, a merit badge for telling jokes.  
But look out on the world a bit, some only want some food,  
For us to get obese and not to care is really rude.  
They need to speak their minds, without the fear of being shot,  
Or practice their religion, and hang on to what they got.  
The road to Peace and Justice, is a rough and rocky one,  
We've come a long long way, but there's a lot more to be done.  
A little at a time or all at once like hundredth monkey,  
We've got make a change because the statuesque is funky.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **A Just Peace**

To me a just type Peace, means everyone is treated fair,  
We've money for the old and young, and time enough to care.  
The lawyers work pro-bono, when a person's treated wrong,  
And cops, who watch a protest, feel compelled to join the song.  
A just peace is a lasting peace; all laws are tried and true,  
No group's above another, everyone looks out for you.  
Public people campaigns, get the same to advertise,  
And lobbyists get other jobs, so that citizens advise.  
The doctors are not overworked, and don't get sued as much,  
Our national insurance lets us all get doctors touch.  
The tax code would be simple, more ya make, the more ya pay,  
The environment that gives us life, would be allowed to stay.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Zach's Ideas**

First of all we should try to help as many people as we can. I think we should start by lowering the taxes on the poor and raising the taxes on the rich. Try to tell the truth as much as possible.

Here is a short story about helping people. "A little help" said the man. The man's wheelchair was just stolen by some teenagers who were playing around with it. Me and the man found the boys and asked for it back nicely. The boys gave it back and said they were sorry. We asked the boys if they could please never steal again. They said they promised not to.....On my way home I saw a little girl. She was homeless. So I took her to the police station and we found her a home. And then when I got home I turned on the TV and saw her smiling.....When you do something good for someone, it can make you feel good. It can make them and other people feel good, and can even make other people want to do good things too.

By Zach Buckley

### **Christ in the Field**

Jesus is always in my mind. I've invited him to exploit my free will. His soldier with the Peace Army dominating my Consciousness. Morning, noon and night adding new dimensions to the Dream. Perusing peace as aggressively as War is perused is a Tall order. The cost may run into the tens of billions before it's all said and done. First heal the United States then turn to the World. A society befitting the Young Men and Women who serve in our Armed Forces. They will give it all for our Country. Can WE give it all for them, and be a Country at real Peace?

### **Waging Peace Poetically**

When waging peace at wars own pace, we first must seek the Lord,  
We need to check our motives, or we soon will get real bored.  
Not working cause it's fun, or we have got a bone to pick,  
Or working to avoid our pain, pretending we're not sick.  
It's going to be a lot of work, to bring peace to the mad,  
We'll have to bring the love of God, to people who are sad.  
An attitude of compassion, will pervade the soldiers soul,  
A barracks of best friends, will help ensure the heart is full.  
Quiet times of prayer, a discipline that can't be missed,  
Overwhelming joy, a weapon no one can resist.  
Waging peace so tactfully, that failure can't invade,  
Subtle suave persistence, not a rock-n-roll parade.  
Respecting what is now, and what our input could become,  
We cannot help them all, but we can surly help out some.  
Lets help the ones who likely, will help others in their life,  
Let's help the ones with children, or have seen a lot of strife.  
The people who aren't Christian, need to see the love of God,  
Without a real world witness, our theology is odd.  
Gods more than just a church, or saying prayers along the way,  
He gave us Jesus Christ, so we could share a brighter day.  
In gratitude we share it, taking care that we don't faint,  
A soldier with a hammer, or a simple brush and paint.  
Eating well, and feeding well, we need to be our best,  
Compared to Mother Teresa, needs to be our standard test.  
Our best could be contagious, making comrades at a glance,  
We'll warm the hardest hearts, with just a humble helping stance.  
Projecting peace and justice, from a place of love and joy,  
Empowering the down and out, to build a house or toy.  
Combined with other people, who are out for better life,  
We double up on problems, and quadruple up on strife.  
Little kits can make gorillas, independent acts of peace,  
Encouragement, camaraderie, give love a new release.  
Helping out a neighbor, with a chore or with a bill,  
It isn't hard to do, so what is needed is the will.  
We'll build up on the rationales, that love is to be shared,  
Rewarded with the stories, of the burdens we have beared.  
Beared up with a joy intense, that makes it like a game,  
Enjoying what we're doing, helping others do the same.  
Identifying gifts, we're good at what we like to do,  
Sharing ways to cope, when we feel mad, or hurt, or blue.  
Like duct tape, love works wonders, from the lord or from a friend,  
The field is wide open, human pain will never end.  
It isn't rocket science, making life much more worth while,  
It sometimes isn't more, than a kind word or a warm smile.  
We need to make a vehicle, supporting life and peace,  
Where each boy is a nephew, and where every girl's a niece.  
America can do it; the resources are at hand,  
No war, is not quite peace, together we can make a stand.  
Stand for what is right, the Peace Army can make a fort,  
St. Peter will be smiling, when he makes out his report.  
The Angels will be with us, when we walk through thick and thin,  
To act like we are helpless, is indeed an ugly sin.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **McMansions for Peace**

For our wealthy soldiers there is always the option of keeping priviledged lodging and being enlisted. This would have to be handled fairly the protect redpeacecross integrity and homeowner investment. Including peace army personel and our patients in the household will provide a healthy mix. Those needing long term nurturing home life in which to recover, can get a nice mix of hospital and house. Giving patients a small plot to till for as many years as they care to, would be a touch of home, a learning experiance, a reason to interact with people place and things, stimulate the imagination and provide something to share.

### **Mentally Ill Can Improve the Planet**

I believe many mentally ill folk are so in touch with the complex troubles of the world that there is just not enough brain power left over to "act normal." If we can engage them in work addressing a trouble, they might, feel empowered but more importantly "not feel powerless," they might see some light at the end of the tunnel, get so involved with others they gradually "act normal." With a network of "normal" people finding productive, positive, fair, activities to work on; the relational blessings will do the more important healing. These relational blessings are best sometimes shared around a common task. It is the realism needed in the peace army to keep it vital and relevant. By improving the physical/external world (people,things), we are growing and healing the mind, healing the mind is the goal of our mission. Mental peace gives the spirit a stable conduit with which to express Gods love, expressing Gods love is our primary tool in healing the world. A more healed world(mentaly,physicaly) makes mental illnesses less likely to occur and easier to treat. "On Earth as it is in Heaven" is a pretty clear directive as to the object of our mission "on earth." I have faith that God will give people the knowledge of their part in that mission if they honestly, patiently and brokenly ask where "best" they can serve. I believe all the mentally ill we help will have a special gift, propelled with the urgency a survivor, fed by a gratitude of just being "normal" amongst friends. Friends is the relationship Jesus had with his disciples(those he lived and worked with)so being friends is probably the basic premise of all relationships in heaven. Friendships are not always trouble free and that is why I think the Peace Army training will be the needed grease for a large group to work. It is a whole under explored area of study, the human psyche enhanced through prolonged periods of nurturing activity, interspersed with fulfilling labor. A military force is trained very intensely to keep the peace with violence. We could be trained so intensely that we stop war with love. Nobody knows for sure when Jesus will return and I believe he will looking at where we were as the end raged on. Faith without works is dead. Believing "On Earth as it is in heaven" is more tan a nice idea, it is an order. We have our marching orders, lets find the rhythm, pack the packs and close the breach. Knowing, that all around are people with their lives in the same situation as you, struggling together, for a better world, is a beautiful thing. The tree is known by its fruit and the fruit is to spread the trees kind while nourishing Gods creation. With divine grace we can be led from healing to healing situations, on and on, day after day, years after year, providing the mental equivalent of a complete overhaul. New people places and things to grow and heal with, after many long years of neglect, loneliness or terror, will be a sort of "Heaven on Earth for Them."

### **The Opposite of War**

“Waging Peace at Wars Pace” is The Opposite of War. I have found that getting my arms around the idea of Waging Peace is to look for opposites. The opposite of the Iraq Prison fiasco would be a very good thing indeed. It would be a number of people getting so much Love through medical care, education, entertainment and family needs, that when they got out they would be pushing the United States agenda harder than anyone. It seems like the resolve is the only thing we need to pull it off. The qualified people are out there just waiting. There are a lot of people who thrive on sharing Love. It’s just a matter of pulling them together and getting them on the same page and drawing up a plan.

If the world set it’s mind on World Peace there would be so much good news that the media would be beside themselves trying to cover it all. As impossible as world peace might sound the first step is to imagine it. The second step is to find peace in the heart, create peace in the mind and work for peace in the life. Working for peace in the locale we find ourselves in, instantly affirms the impossible may be possible. I can do my bit for peace and trust other good people are contributing elsewhere and feel united, hopeful and at peace.

Imagining peace is hard for some people who don’t think, greedy people can be generous, angry people can share joy or jealous people can be happy for someone else. It may be hard to stop the reasons why it is impossible, from blocking the vision of world peace. I don’t need to know how to land on Mars; there are scientists to see it through. I just need to pay my taxes and hope. I need to believe my neighbor is looking out for my welfare so I am friendly to him on the street. If I walk around wanting the best for myself and others the mannerisms and words from me will influence my little corner. If the people from me on up to the movers and shakers were making decisions based on what’s best for everyone, the world could get a whole lot more livable.

Peace in the heart is helpful to imagining peace. I get peace in my heart from my God and my peace of mind from many sources. I use my mind to get me to the Peace with God in my heart. I call to mind His working in the bible, my world and my life. I reassure myself with His promises, values and rewards. I excitedly relax at His coincidences, miracles and wisdom. When I feel the Peace that surpasses all understanding, I have the Peace to deal with the world from a calm heart. I can be mindful of when the peace fades and adjust my thinking to encourage peace in my mind, creatively finding reasons not to get impatient, demanding or angry. Running positive truisms across my conflicts, I work toward an ongoing peaceful state of mind.

Working for peace can be the most rewarding, because it is outside us. Being somewhat out of our control, our faith, thought, words, hands, create what at one time was practically unthinkable. Projecting our thought out into the future we use our body to create a world that is better for someone other than ourselves.

World Peace may be out of human reach in all honesty but the same might have been said about driving a horseless carriage on the moon when Columbus made his voyage of discovery in 1492 AD. The bible says Jesus will return some day and bring peace for a thousand years before the earth is no longer relevant. Peace was his gift to his followers and Peace could be our gift to our children. Our peace could never be as total as the one Jesus will bring, but we could, with some hard work and determination, bring this planet a more just peace than it is currently experiencing. I believe when Jesus gets here he will ask what we have done for the least of our brothers and sisters.

I am sure some will say the antichrist will be dressed as an Angel of light promising world peace. (I want to make a good attempt at peace for when My Savior Jesus the Christ returns.) With my accepting people of all religions I appear to want one religion. (The important thing is that we are kind. I am secure in my faith in Jesus and imagine most people feel the same about their beliefs.)

I think it could be a fun adventure at times and regular life mostly, helping people with mental problems, find peace and security in a life filled with work, friends and the God or not of their choosing.

### All's Fair

All is fair in Love and War, or so I have been told,  
It gives permission to be brave, permission to be bold.  
It gives a lot of liberty, to those folks with a cause,  
It tells the faint of heart, it may stop beating if you pause.  
The struggle it goes on, from day to day, and week to week,  
The goal is floating out there; just go after what you seek.  
The going isn't easy, lofty goals they rarely are,  
But what else do we do with life, but make an if, an are.  
To make the unacceptable, enjoyable and fun,  
Staying with the principal, till all is said and done.  
To make things better for the kids, relations down the line,  
Work to make the adequate, a thing that's really fine.  
Take stock in what we have, and mold it into what we dream,  
Create the dreams we have, out of our life as it would seem.  
Put shoulder to the grindstone, dig right in and make it so,  
Progressively move closer, day to day you make it grow.  
A step and then another, made with courage, love and brains,  
It's worth it in the end; we just ignore the many pains.  
The pain is going to be there, breath on through it and be done,  
The obstacles will pass away, opponents they will run.  
So what is Jesus telling me, and what am I to do?  
Am I so very different, from a Muslim or a Jew?  
Don't all the people everywhere, need food and drink and love?  
A sense of inner peace, and then a focus of our love.  
A dream that I aspire to, is all folks get along,  
To find a place where all agree, and sing a common song.  
A mental leap of faith, that Peace on Earth can be achieved,  
And if it's not attained, I think I'll totally be grieved.  
I've grabbed the biggest problem, looked it squarely in the eye,  
And said that Peace on Earth, is my dilemma, do or die.  
What keeps the thing from happening, what keeps it far away?  
Why can't we all just get along, for this I always pray.  
The money gets between us; it's a wealth other than love,  
We need to offer love, as sent from somewhere from above.  
A group of loving soldiers, loving strongly and with thought,  
Sharing loads of peace and dignity, to folks who have it not.  
Agreeing with the premise, God's a respecter of no person,  
That things have to get better, for so long I've seen them worsen.  
Make love and true blue friends, the goal that everybody chases,  
Where conduct is important, want to stay in our good graces.  
A group of awesome lovers, bending backwards for a friend,  
Knowing where to draw the line, and knowing where to bend.  
Figuring the ins and outs, of what it takes to grow,  
How much is hard decision, how much going with the flow.  
When does somebody else's pain, surpass my need for fun?  
How long can I help someone walk, when I just want to run?  
What's with the kid or grownup, who is mad or weak or blue?  
What would we want if it were us, so? What would Jesus do?  
It doesn't sound to easy, but it's not to far a stretch,  
To see the boat is full of fish, we need to share the catch.  
Or else the fish get rotten, it will stink and folks won't eat,  
Beginning here and now, give someone else your favorite treat.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **World Peace**

Peace throughout the world, has really got to be our goal,  
We need to save the nation, after we have saved the soul.  
We have all the technology, but we must deal with greed,  
A foe as old as time, who gets control of all our seed.  
The media may help us, keeping tabs on where and who,  
Us folks must want the story; it's an easy thing to do.  
Caring for our fellows, giving up a little fluff,  
Making lots of water pipe, for those who have it rough.  
Building homes for fun, going to court to watch and care,  
Training Cops in gentleness, respect them cause they dare.  
It's good here in America, but we can make it great,  
Set a good example; spread the word from state to state.  
Peace may sound impossible; today we have a chance,  
Most nations of the world, have opted for the peaceful stance.  
If we can build a world, the Lord is proud of when he comes,  
He'll say, "I knew you could, so now let's dance and play the drums."

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **America Can Do It**

America can do it, we have folks from every race,  
We're comprised of all religions, we have folks from every place.  
We can make the world a better place, together we can't lose,  
To put all our backs into it, a path that we can choose.  
Each one contains an answer, everybody has a gift,  
More than just arriving, we should give the world a lift.  
What goes around, will come around, do what "you'd" have done to you.  
We're family on this planet Earth, say "Lord Wait!, we're not quite through."  
We can make things a sight better, I don't need that new T.V.  
Give it to that poor old woman, who is thankful just to see.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Resources**

This country has been blessed with all we need to take care of each other. When we do that, we can turn and help the world. How can we truly help our cousin, when our brother is hurting? Together with our brother and sisters let us turn to our other relations around the world. We need to adopt a lifestyle of hospitality and gratitude. Henry Ford had a vision where even the average person could afford an automobile. Clean running water, electricity, sanitation, a good roof w/walls, and medical care are basic human rights. We live in a world of ever increasing people, and the Lord may not come back for a long time. We need to make straight the ways of the Lord. Live simply so that others may simply live.

### **Change the World**

I want to change the world; I want to make it very nice.  
I know it won't be easy, but I'm glad to pay the price.  
A change of heart's imperative, to change our situation.  
It's bigger than one person, even bigger than a nation.  
Vices must be forfeited, to make room for the spirit.  
Poor folks need attention, and the rich folks need to hear it.  
We need to start an army, with a minimum of glitz.  
With skills of health and healing, and concern that never quits.  
Till then I'll write and ramble, share my dreams both near and far,  
Hoping for an army, who's as in touch as we are.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Needs**

I need to live more simply, so that folks may simply live.  
I need to be forgiving, so that God too will forgive.  
I need to be more loving, if I want to attract love.  
I need to serve the lowly, to impress the Lord above.  
I need some good direction, if I want to win the prize.  
I need a light within me, that will shine right through my eyes.  
I need to be more giving, if the world is to survive.  
I need to see the world as one, to keep us all alive.  
I need to feel all satisfied, the peace past understanding.  
I need a peace both night and day, his peace he is commanding.  
I need a job to help me live, and give my life some meaning.  
I need a home complete with love, and appreciate the meaning.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Tree, Fruit and Giving**

A tree stands,  
*Resist stand firm, in peace of salvation*  
Grows  
*So that you might grow in your knowledge of God*  
Bears Fruit  
*You will Know the Tree by its Fruit*  
A tree does not bear fruit for its own good,  
but for the benefit of its surrounding environment.  
*Don't forget to do good and to share what you have*  
*with those in need, for such sacrifices are very pleasing to God.*

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Doing Gods Will**

Wanting to do God's will, is the first step in doing God's will.  
Inviting Jesus to be Lord of my life, sets me on the right path.  
Praying that I will be an instrument of Christ's Peace, sets the pace.  
Looking for ways to make Heaven on Earth, trains the mind.  
Feeling for peace, Thinking for heaven, Wanting God's will,  
And then Doing what I want to do, is as clear as I see it happening.

### **WAR**

Me...Myself....I'm at war...Give me half a chance and I'll help someone  
What do you think....Do we have a chance....Will we heal?  
We need thousands of good listeners.... For millions of victims  
I like my standard of living,,,,, From here I can reach out  
I have a lot more peace.....Than when I started  
I used the anger...feeling it....thinking it....justifying it  
I accepted many hardships.....In the warmth of my anger  
God's children need help.....And they better get it  
I'll find out where the pull strings are.....Or die trying  
I don't need a pillow.....You want my old job  
I found self-esteem in Jesus.... Warning people about Nuclear War  
Fresh onions and nutritional yeast...cigarette rolled from ashtray remains  
I have Peace to share now...Grace to rely on  
Moderate income.... A king in comparison  
My laptop now.... from a dumpster....God is amazing  
9 PM Friday ....over.....July 25, 1998  
Jesus I would die for you....But I'd much rather **LIVE** for you  
I think the mystery is.....Why is believing so important  
Power from Hopelessness.....Peace from repentance  
Grace from legalism.....Eternity from abandonment  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Hardships**

It's amazing how well we have it here in America. I may get tired from not having breakfast but some people have to go all day hungry. I like my sheets clean and crisp, some wash clothes in a somewhat dirty river. I like to run the water sometimes to get it cold. Some have a long walk to get safe water that's probably warm when it gets home. I like my pillow but some refugee's of war have to use a rock or ball of clothes. I like to sit and sip my morning coffee in a warm dry house; some have to leave home because of bombs or cleansing the urban areas of civilians. When quitting time comes I'm tired and ready to relax, fortunately I don't have to work overtime to make ends meet or satisfy my employer. I wish I didn't smoke so many cigarettes, thank GOD I don't know what smoking CRACK feels like. When is my ship gonna come in, thank GOD I have a trade. Could I live on half wages and send the rest back to the family. I lived in 4 houses from birth to adulthood, I know some kids go through foster homes at that rate. My parents weren't perfect but at leased they loved me. LOVE conquers ALL but it may still hurt...

### **Elders**

We are all gonna get old so let's set up the place to retire in.  
How about saline bath houses for old folk to walk into for  
relaxation and rejuvenation. Buoyancy for to hang out in.  
Shelves to sit on, non-smoking section, TV, Music,  
Laundromat.....

### **Assisted living**

The way I've got it figured, I'll be old and frail someday. I don't want to end up neglected or abused in my golden years. If I started the best rest home in town, I might enjoy taking care of the original clients. I'd like a craft room and a woods nearby to take walks in. I don't think I'm asking too much. Some may require a visit by kids a couple times a week, or take a van full to a school for the afternoon. I wonder if I would need my own room. Would I do chores? Cook meals? Have a pop machine? What about long distance phone calls? Garden? Attentive bedpan care? Exercise? Shows? Camping? Bird watching? Shopping? Higher education? How would we finance our home forever?

### **Happy People Revolt!**

If you're Happy and ya know it, do some good,  
We'd all make the world much better, if we could,  
If you're happy and ya know it, then your works will surly show it,  
If you're happy and ya know it, do some good.

We have time at our disposal, use it well,  
There are people on this planet, living hell,  
It's a real gigantic problem, will we let them beat and rob them?  
Time is up, we have it made here, can you tell?

You can whistle while you work, to serve the Lord,  
Satisfaction, peace of mind, is a reward,  
If you're happy serving Jesus, take your hat off, roll your sleeves up,  
There is really no good reason to be bored.

Friendly people make the system hum along,  
We have all come with a purpose and a song,  
Rise and shine you happy goodnics, show the world how you get your kicks,  
When you're helping people, how can you go wrong?

Does your dream consist of helping other folks?  
Is it easier to work hard, if there's jokes?  
If you don't mind getting sweaty, being fed homemade spaghetti,  
You would probably like Peace Army kind of folks.

If we put our minds together with resolve,  
There is hardly any problem we can't solve,  
Let the neurons find new pathways, let the planet see its best days,  
We're a species with a brain, we can evolve.

One and one is two, and two and two are four,  
Add it up; there is no further need for war,  
We can talk and stand for freedom, we have soldiers if we need'm,  
Winning peace can last much longer than before.

As a last resort I will put up my dukes,  
This here planet has some very scary kooks,  
I am into live and let live, but there's just so much ground I'll give,  
Everyday I pray we don't bring out the nukes.

So let's rally round ideas like peace and love,  
Get the eagle taking lessons from the dove,  
We are thee creators children, we have answers somewhere within,  
I will back the poor, when pushing comes to shove.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Survival State of Mind**

The purpose of this piece is to instill urgency, gratitude and joy. I am so grateful I am not locked in a room in an insane asylum, like what might have happened to me a hundred years ago. I think about the many people needlessly suffering a mental disability and feel an urgency to really help them get on their feet and walking happy. I was out there wanting so much to have a home and a peaceful mind that I want to think that the person still suffering was extremely important to the welfare of humanity. What would I go out of my way to do, to get myself the help I needed? My “personal” delusions involved me so much that I was pleased to be in the hot seat for my beliefs. I was not out taking it easy with no job. Eventually I felt, my every thought was monitored by any number of people and demons to such an extent that my best bet was to run prayers through my head so fast it was all I could think about, besides walking. The technique was much less than foolproof and I spent untold hours excusing myself, explaining myself and going on fullout psychic offensives. I was subject to tactile hallucinations that meant one thing or another depending on location, intensity and type of sensation. I felt pin pricks, warmth, heat, cold, tingling, pressure and cuts in various locations, patterns or in conjunction with voices. Fortunately I was extremely out of it for only *three months*, after an idealistic five year journey, outfitted by the peace movement, built in a dysfunctional family, birthed and sustained by Jesus.

### **Refugees and refugee in-laws**

Many of the refugees of the world are from war infested societies we can not imagine. Moug are coming over from Thailand thirty years after the Vietnam War. Fifteen hundred people are relocating because the war in their land makes life completely unbearable. But they do and now we will bring them over to the USA and leave the war going on and on. We need a long-range plan to make the world a better place. The refugees could really add to our land or we could legislate a world where the haves and have-nots have more in common economically. On a theatrical level, poor people over there are represented by soldiers, who are fighting our old enemy. Our men and women took over a battle the French were losing, to the Mougns enemies. The Japanese had it somewhat under control since before WW2. (I suppose for the locals WW2 many years earlier for them than us.)

I am amazed at how well things do run, considering all the waste of resources, disregard for feelings, food and fairness many laws and policies support. We have some answers to try. It’s not that easy, many make money for one reason or the other and just think they have an obligation to squeeze every last dollar out of a country, custom from a people and hour from a workers week.

### **Redistribution**

To redistribute wealth, is what we really need to do,  
It isn’t right or fair, for folks to make, but not wear shoe.  
While people die for lack of food, some others pick and choose,  
Why does the anthem for the poor, just have to be, the blues?  
Enough for them, is pittance, put beside what others waste,  
If Jesus saw the inequity, he’d say we have no taste.  
He gave us all two thousand years, to get the world set up,  
Instead we take advantage, make the poor drink of the cup.  
Computers they can find the things, that people need to live,  
And tell us who is doing well, and has some for to give.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Taxi Story**

One day while taking new recruits to the airport  
they told me they love the peace movement people  
because we keep them from fighting in the wrong wars!

**HELLO WAKEUP !!!**

**Please smell the coffee!** We live in the USA!

We've got it made here!

The land of **I may not like what you say,**

**But I'll defend to the death,**

**Your right to say it !!**

I'm sick of seeing **#@\$%&@#\$! \*\*@#!%\$&\$@\$!**

before I get my news in the evening.

Are WE somehow in cahoots?

No one asked me.

will we **LET** them feed the world at **\$@#%! 's PRICE?**

it's **HEARTENING** to think that our **SOIL** will, could last that long, but what about

**CLIMATE**, who will be our backup?

And how will they treat **US**, the **GREATEST** country going?

We **Americans** need to stick together.

How far will this money **GAME** go?

Sure I want a Global Market with plentiful food

and products, but not for **Exploitation!**

Some people skipped Kindergarten and didn't learn

**HOW TO SHARE!**

### **Voluntary Poverty**

Voluntary Poverty, means getting by on less,  
Living life without, touching the borders of distress.  
Having what you need, doing without some thing's you want,  
Stretching out supplies, or else procure it from a hunt.  
A smaller car, or smaller house, leaves cash for some poor soul,  
Less jewelry, or less clothing, helps display a giving goal.  
Less nights out on the town, lets all give up our own fair share,  
We need to be available, show people that we care.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Disneyland America**

In Disneyland America, we have it very good,  
Away from other lands, where people scramble just for wood.  
Our poor folks have it easier; our rich folks have it grand,  
Our middle income peoples, still can up and buy some land.  
Our Courts though they're not perfect, are much better than a lot,  
And if you file bankruptcy, they won't take all you got.  
The Cops are mostly honest, and they work real hard each day,  
And Judges know their stuff, to keep the greedy ones at bay.  
The old and young alike, sure owe a lot to all the laws,  
Kept safe from all the evil ones, with evil little paws.  
The Doctors and the Nurses, keep us well as well they should,  
Sometimes they're working overtime, to keep us feeling good.  
The Firemen use tools, to keep society from harm,  
And then they go back home again, to suburbs or the farm.  
Our products are all tested, will they work and are they safe,  
The toys are tested double, will they choke, or will they chafe.  
The swimming spots are guarded, by the lifeguards tried and true,  
And if you need to learn, there's swimming lessons for you too.  
On voting day we're voting, and it's free for all the folks,  
And if you get elected, you're fair game for lots of jokes.  
The restaurants are inspected, so the food won't make you sick,  
The grocery stores are clean, so you can get your favorite pick.  
The airplanes are all safety checked, from front back to the back,  
The trains all run on time, and over built to stay on track.  
The houses are all built, to keep them steady in a storm,  
The cars are built so safe, that now a Volvo is the norm.  
We've got photo stores, and sandwich shops, and stores to clean your clothes,  
And if you want a store for cards, we've even one of those.  
We have it here so good I think, but we can make it grand,  
Just use your little noggin, everybody lend a hand.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Agent Sixty**

Agent Sixty with a vision, listen closely here's the plan,  
We must wage the war of Angels, not with tools that injure man.  
Pray constantly and always, stay in touch with him in charge,  
Spread a lot of sunshine, be an operative at large.  
The truth will warm and keep you, peace and justice is the goal,  
Work with what He gave you; give to him your heart and soul.  
Love in every instance; be creative in your thought,  
Satin is a mad man, faith will bring his plans to naught.  
The word of God's a sword now, that will cut his plans to shred,  
The shoes of peace will keep you, on the path that Jesus led.  
The mind bent on salvation, brings the dumbest plan to good,  
Intention is rewarded; We all did the best we could.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Big Money**

I wish I made tons of big money, like the rich folk I see on TV.  
I could do what I want with my free time, and not worry about who to see.  
I'd want to do more for the poor folks, than I'm presently able to do.  
I'd buy them some food and an auto; Tell them "God really loves folks like you."  
I could travel the world incognito, finding out where my cash would help best,  
Paying people to be my liaison, after giving them my custom test.  
They'd have to be serious helpers, doing works before I come round,  
Loving simply, with free time for others, eyes to heaven and feet on the ground.  
Happy, contented and humble, with an eye to the future of earth,  
We humans could use Mom's and Father's, for to augment the one's of our birth.  
Easy term loans without interest, free advice from an expert in law,  
Maybe scholarships based on a feeling, that the student would share what they saw.  
It all looks so good on this paper; I will pray that it someday comes through.  
In the meantime I'll help as I'm able, There's so many things cash just can't do.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Agent 97**

Ninety Seven with a vision, this is how I see it now,  
Machines have made life easy; we don't walk behind a plow.  
We've got the time to socialize, and see which end is up,  
Our networks keep us posted, what to drive and where to sup.  
Let's start a revolution, helping people just for fun,  
Let tears and smiles pay the bill, save children on the run.  
Give mentally ill homeless folks, a space to sit and breath,  
A fortress in the city, with compassion up its sleeve.  
They'll probably help, as they were helped, and spread the good around,  
Infesting folk's with peace, goodwill, and Happy Joyful sound.  
A chain reaction cluster love, with ripples spewing forth,  
Encouraging the multitudes, from south, east, west, and north.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Helping Helpers**

Helping out the helpers, is a vision that I see,  
The folks who daily serve us, working hard for you and me.  
The cop who takes the chances, with the criminals at large,  
So we can live in safety, in our home or on a barge.  
The fire fighters all of them, who risk it every day,  
So we can take vacations, and our house will be OK.  
Then there's all the doctors, and the nurses who help out,  
Who study hard for years, so they can cure us when we shout.  
The Lawyers keep things legal, so we don't get pushed around,  
The law is how we're governed, little people need a sound.  
Who else could use a hand up? Politicians do a lot,  
Deciding what is best for us, and taking their best shot.  
There's also lot's of Ministers, who want to save our souls,  
They think about our basic needs, and take on many roles.  
Who else but all the soldiers? who protect our way of life,  
So we can live in freedom, from another country's strife.  
A health spa and vacation land, to let the helpers rest,  
Amongst like minded people, who must function at their best.  
Perhaps they'll get together, and come up with something new,  
Or simply get refreshed again, to work the tried and true.  
I hope to see it happen, in my lifetime not so long,  
And make the world a better place, to sing a happy song.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Kindness**

With random acts of kindness, Love and Peace become our chore.  
Together we can make the diff, that sometimes leads to war,  
To care enough to say hello, or send a couple bucks,  
Are ammo in a peaceful war, the poor are sitting ducks.  
It's not enough to know what's wrong; we've got to do our bit.  
With gusto we can make a change, lets realize we are it.  
We've got the basics covered, us with family, hearth, and home.  
We all can work together, from Tibet, Mecca, or Rome.  
It's really not impossible; to change the road we're living,  
The props are not the hard part, what we need is true forgiving.  
So rally round your flag my friend, or rally round your God,  
We've got the high technology, get up and use your bod.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **How the Third World Saves It's Self and Us**

Poor folks around the world are getting factory jobs, in much the same way our country folk flocked to the city in years past. We are buying the stuff they make, and hopefully they are thinking long term as to how they will use their new found buying power. If we are to survive as a planet we need to sell them on the idea of cleaner energy than what propelled us to where we are. The earth has just so much oil, coal and atmosphere to supply us with our energy needs. Most people want electricity, plumbing and convenient transportation, and there is no reason why they can't have it eventually. As we sell them cleaner more efficient technology, the price will fall and we will both benefit. They can trade each other for durable goods and we can demonstrate leadership in creating a more sustainable occupation of the Earth. Through modeling comfortable sustainable living we will help ourselves as well.

### **Racism Exposed to Light**

Racism pits people in the same boat against each other and slows all types of progress. We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal. (U.S. of A. Declaration of Independence) Jesus loves the little children, all the little children of the world, all red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in his sight, Jesus loves the little children of the world. (Children's song) I have a Dream, that one day, all people will be judged by the content of their character, and not the color of their skin. (M.L.King Jr.) Why can't we all just get along? (Rodney King) No one has been barred on account of his race from fighting or dying for America - there are no "white" or "colored" signs on the foxholes or graveyards of battle. (J.F. Kennedy) Freedom is an invisible word. if we want to enjoy it, and fight for it, we must be prepared to extend it to everyone, whether they are rich or poor, whether they agree with us or not, no matter what their race or the color of their skin. (W.L.Willkie) I am the inferior of any man whose rights I trample under foot. Men are not superior by reason of the accidents of race or color. They are superior who have the best heart - the best brain. (R.G.Ingersoll) After all there is but one race - humanity. (G.Moore) No higher duty, or more solemn responsibility, rests upon this Court than that of translating into living law and maintaining this constitutional shield deliberately planned and inscribed for the benefit of every human being subject to our constitution - of whatever race, creed, or persuasion. (H.L.Black) All my life I have fought against prejudice and intolerance. (H.S.Truman) Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. (A.Lincoln) We're all in this together, no one is perfect, put your best foot forward, and I bet your neighbor will too. (B.T.Duncanson)

### **Native Peoples**

What a despicable act of racial cleansing happened when the Americas were discovered. (They weren't called the Americas by the Natives) by the Old World. By a "God fearing" (in God we trust) Government, of the people, who mostly prayed to God and Jesus like they do now in the year 2000. With the information boom we are now having, maybe the exploitation of people in general will die off. Chattel Slavery was legal in the South until only 140 years ago. The Cold war is only recently over. Under English Laws my ancestors were subject to a Decree where a woman's honeymoon was spent with the Duke or Earl or King and the husband had to accept it as he would any other law. My Scottish ancestors, who fought nude, covered with grease kept Rome out at Hadrians Wall. They were later to pay taxes to the English King and the Scottish King and became known for being thrifty. (even the Scottish had a King) Did he spend his time coordinating an improved country, or did he live all high and mighty on the backs of an exploited people? I think maybe the thing to do is Forgive our oppressors and have pity on a person so sick as to steal a life. If they wanna do it again, I say NEVER AGAIN!

### **Confused soldier**

He said they shouldn't waste money on a revolution,  
They could hardly afford to support their family.

### **Hobby**

A hobby is a fun thing, that we really like to do,  
It isn't always easy, like the making of a shoe.  
If justice were a hobby, and it wouldn't pay the rent,  
We'd find a way to do it, our desire's heaven sent.  
A little money here, and a little sweat out there,  
We could use our brain for thinking, bout the things that just aren't fair.  
He works all day for pittance, but he sweats an awful lot,  
Addiction keeps him hopping, to his next new bag of pot.  
He never got to treatment, His insurance wouldn't pay,  
He'd give anything to stop, but he just doesn't know the way.  
Another case is Gladdys, with her stuff all in a cart,  
She used to be a teacher, what she's seen would break your heart.  
It happened very slowly; She retired late last year,  
The valium got her crazy, now she lives her biggest fear.  
It doesn't take a lot I think, to put the US in justice,  
Gods grace has helped us quite a bit, lets show Him he can trust us.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Did You Know.....?**

Some people have never had a vacation more than two days in their life...  
...Freeway exit people are desperate

### **Nonviolence**

Nonviolence is the safest and surest method for societal change. People may be afraid of the ideas but they won't be afraid of the people bearing them. Violence only escalates into more violence and alienates those you want to change. Inner peace is contagious and is something everybody wants, deep down. Love is a power few can resist.

### **RICH ADULTS Vs POOR KIDS**

It doesn't seem quite fair, some folks vacation every day,  
And then they cry like babes, when things don't go just their way.  
They wear the nicest clothing and they drive the finest cars,  
Ask them for a hand, they look at you like you're from Mars.  
They wear the finest perfume, till they're smelling like a rose,  
If you say excuse me, then they just turn up their nose.  
The poor kids of the nation, watch a fuzzy old TV,  
And wear some ill-fit clothes, that Mom or Dad had got for free.  
They want to join the Scouts, but they just can't afford the gear,  
Feed them till they're full and they are smiling ear to ear.  
Riding in a car, that may not make it down the block,  
They think they're really living, if their Mommy buys a clock.  
If given education, they may make it out of there,  
Let's give a helping hand, and show the world we really care.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Helping the handicapped**

Helping out the handicapped is something I can do,  
Inside they're still nice people, just the same as me and you.  
They need help with the simple things; it really is no sweat,  
And they are so appreciative; on that friend, you can bet.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Sport**

If peace were like a sports game, and if justice were the goal,  
I don't believe there would be, as many people on the dole.  
We'd stretch the jobs to go around, and spend a little less,  
There'd be more people spending, so we'd stunt recessions mess.  
Home runs would have new meaning, like a game that wins a house,  
Line up the needs that plague you, and just prove you're not a louse.  
Touch downs would be scoring, with the mental ill in mind,  
Get one back to normal, God will know that you are kind.  
The goalie has the hard part, knowing when and where and who,  
To let inside the circle, we have built for me and you.  
It won't be really easy; if it were we'd all be pro.  
It challenges our way of life, and urges us to grow.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Street Camping**

I'm cold, I'm tired, I'm homeless, I've been camping for a year,  
It isn't cause of drugs; I very seldom have a beer.  
I lost my job at G.M.C. and my mortgage wasn't paid,  
It isn't cause I'm lazy, I would much have rather stayed.  
Thank God I don't have family, that would make it all the worse,  
I just can't find a job it seems, as though I had a curse.  
I thank God for my sleeping bag; it seems to do the trick,  
I've stayed inside it many days, when I was simply sick.  
The common cold gets heavy, when there's no tea for to brew,  
A hot bath would do wonders, if I came down with the flu.  
I have no phone for job prospects, thank God I have a car,  
I pick up cans for gas money, and pray the interview isn't far.  
No phone can make it difficult, to follow up on leads,  
With a quarter, I may land a job, to help me meet my needs.  
And then I'll save it up, to get a place I call my own,  
With heat and phone and water, take a nap and see I've grown.  
I wonder when I'll get that job, and start my life anew?  
At least I have a car for now, sometimes I feel so blue.  
I'll camp out in my car I guess, and try to make the best,  
I've got to help myself out first, then turn to help the rest.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### AMBULANCE

An ambulance went screaming by, I wondered where and who?  
It didn't seem to matter much; There was little I could do.  
On down the road they blasted, "Get the hell out of our way,"  
"Some homeless soul has fallen down," We hope to save the day."  
A simple case of, hunger and the flu had made him faint.  
Our city'd make him well again, and treat him like a saint.  
I'd passed him by this morning; He had asked me for a buck.  
I only gave a quarter, to this man down on his luck.  
The people all surrounded him, though little they could do.  
The ambulance said give him room, this man could have been you.  
They'd shivered in the wind a while, and crossed the social moats,  
They put him on a stretcher, and returned the peoples coats.  
Into the ambulance he slid, they'd done it times before,  
Checking all his vital signs, this poor man had the floor.  
They rang ahead to doctors, who were waiting for the call.  
This homeless man had center stage, the medics gave their all.  
A few days in the hospital, and he'd be right as rain.  
They'd answered all his ailments, and destroyed his hunger pain.  
The streets again he traveled, not a penny to his name,  
He tried to make some sense of it; His life was just the same.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### HOMELESS

Walking down the road, without some money or a home,  
This time is all I have to give, my time is mine alone.  
I work at staying peaceful, I am pissed that I'm this broke,  
I ask a man for cigarettes, he says he doesn't smoke.  
They seem so all the same I think, they haven't got a dime,  
I see someone worst off than me, and give him of my time.  
He says it's all the states fault dude, they laid him off last year,  
He's lost his unemployment, now he lives his biggest fear,  
It's time for me to go now, for some food down at the church,  
I ask him will he join me, say's he doesn't go to church.  
They hadn't done a thing for him, just told him where to call,  
That was back in summer, now we're heavy into fall.  
I head out all alone again, and finally bum a cig,  
I get in touch with Christ again, with thoughts that I can dig.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Syndicate**

I want to start a syndicate, of lover's through and through,  
Some under cover peacenics, want the best for me and you.  
A secret we can't share, cause it would ruin all our freedom.  
By helping just the one's we want, we'd slowly build a kingdom.  
A kingdom with a code of sorts, where once you're in your family,  
A place in time for loving, for unfortunates without family.  
A place where we can trust a lot, and share our goods in kind,  
Where heart is spoken everyday, and known within the mind.  
A place for bending over backwards, to ensure we all are well,  
Where homeless folks can breathe a bit, their story they can tell.  
For professionals who have it all, and wonder is this it,  
A bed that's always open, and with comrades they can sit.  
A task force for the homeless, giving three hot's and a cot,  
Some comfort with no strings attached, except no booze or pot.  
It shouldn't take a bankroll, just some trust and lots of guts.  
Some good folks get connected, cut us free from all our ruts.  
It's quite a wild dream I know, but maybe it will be.  
I give my will to Jesus Christ, He sets my spirit free.  
I just must show my colors, and be open to the calls.  
These things I think are simple, many doors, down many halls.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Resources**

I want to paint a picture, so that everyone can see,  
The wealth the Lord has given us, from skylab to the sea.  
The trees to build our houses, bricks and mortar for the flue,  
Voltage for our gadgets, radios for me and you.  
Sand can turn to glass, when we are hip to how it's done,  
It keeps us warm in winter, and it lets in lots of sun.  
Iron, steel, copper, brass, and precious metals too,  
Work great in our machine rich world, so many things they do.  
The stones we see all over, make a quarry owner rich,  
They've been around for eons, before mankind wore a stitch.  
The animals that serve us, serve us well in many ways,  
From leather shoes to vaccines, gave us rides in early days.  
Gas and oil do an awful lot, and so does coal as well,  
They heat us, keep us moving, BTU's are up for sale.  
Semi and very precious stones, are treats upon the eye,  
The quartz watch and the solar cell, both help us to get by.  
There's people on the street, who really want and need a job,  
The list of skills is endless, and we needn't let them sob.  
Let's be a lot less stingy, share what God gave us for free,  
Our labor must be paid for, be as fair as you can be.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Random Kindness**

For random acts of kindness, we have first to use the mind,  
Deciding what's important, which type act is really kind.  
It may seem like the thing to do, when thinking real long term,  
So brace yourself and do it, take a stance and be real firm.  
They may not like you now, but they will like you by and by,  
We have our whole long life, and we are free to really try.  
Intention is important, get a plan and think it through,  
The next right thing is out there, it is all we have to do.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Plan Ahead**

I saw her with a shopping cart, it's ten degrees and falling,  
I'd like to take her home with me; right now it's not my calling.  
Her back was so bent over, and the wind was bitter cold,  
I pray that's not my destiny, when I get very old.  
An atrium or doorway, sure would be so very warm,  
When wind is howling sharply, it would surely beat the storm.  
It needn't be real toasty, just enough to cut the cold,  
Perhaps a public restroom, if it wouldn't be too bold,  
Now's the time to set it up, in case I'm on the street,  
They're really real type people, they have feelings and they eat.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Poor Christmas**

A Happy Merry Christmas Dear, to you and all your friends,  
Let's pray us up a Blessing, where the loving never ends.  
A safety net of hero's, living solely for the poor,  
Connecting them with givers, who have won the money war.  
The folks who still have jobs, and want to help somebody out,  
Who want the cash spent wisely, well aware what poor's about.  
We all could fall to poverty, live daily hand to mouth,  
The streets up north get frigid, so we'd have to wander south.  
Down south the war looks hopeless, where the poor just live and eat,  
A culture all it's own dear, thousands echoing defeat.  
In summer all head north again, to family and to friends,  
Without a job to hold us, such a cycle never ends.  
So pray and give and struggle, that this giving just goes on,  
Someday we just might lick it, being poor is not a con.  
It's good to see the family, and sing praises to our God,  
I really do love Christmas, Loving smiles isn't odd!

By Bruce T. Duncanson

# Chapter Three

# Mental Illness

An unseen ailment affecting a person's mind, and everything they think about.

## **The Mental Health Angle to Peace and Justice**

**Injustice:** *n.* 1. Violation of another's rights or of what is right; lack of justice.  
2. A specific unjust act; a wrong.

It's the nature of "Victims of Injustice" to put up with a lot in order to survive. Some "Victims of Injustice" are convinced they deserve, or are responsible for their situation. An unjust situation will continue or get worse as long as those benefiting from it are prospering. I'm sure "Victims of Injustice" pray, hope, wish, affirm, that the world would care enough to send someone to help.

*Job 5:16* So the poor have hope, and injustice shuts its mouth.

**Injustice Myopia:** *n.* 1. An extreme focus on the cause, symptoms and cure for injustice.  
2. Looking at the injustice at hand, not allowing for larger reasons.

I have "Injustice Myopia." I am so aware of, and upset by, the injustices in the world, that I may go crazy with depression and anger unless I take the cure. The cure is to Wage Peace and Justice. Working to make the world more just, reduces feelings of powerlessness and creates a more just world. Carrying out these activities in the company of like-minded people builds friendships, networks and communities. Feeling empowered, living in a more just world gives the confidence that peace is possible. Working for personal peace and world peace is the healthiest part of all religions.

*Job 22:23* If you return to the Almighty, you will be renewed. If you banish injustice from your tent.

**Injustice Euphoria:** *n.* 1. A feeling of well being created by, an unjust situation.  
2. Feeling righteousness inappropriate to one's life situation.  
3. A sense of fair play that is groundless.

"Injustice Euphoria" has the person believing they will be better off at the expense of another's justice. "Injustice Euphoria" can be as evil as arranging murders or as commonplace as paying as little as possible.

Being responsible for another's unhappiness (Through commission or omission) bears down on the "Injustice Euphoria" perpetrators heart, and can lead to a very hard heart. Hard hearted "Injustice Euphoria" perpetrators have been known to rationalize almost anything, to maintain and raise their comfort and security. Focusing on comfort and security and maintaining an unjust system increases the need for symbols of prosperity.

"Injustice Euphoria" allows people to sleep while being responsible for others misery (Through commission or omission). "Injustice Euphoria" is a "dream land" where injustice is just fine. If sleep continues for a lifetime, the result is a doghouse in heaven or no heaven at all. The treatment for "Injustice Euphoria" is, to repent and work for a just world as hard as the unjust world was formerly supported. People with "Injustice Myopia" can be helpful in this pursuit. This will help alleviate the suffering of "Victims of Injustice" and provide needed peace of mind.

**Acute Injustice Euphoria:** Leaves the perpetrator unable to appreciate the misery they create, while pursuing their goal. (See how ya are?)

**Injustice Euphoria Stupor:** Can bring on a clouded view of reality, causing the perpetrator to make poorer decisions of greater injustice. (Giving them enough rope)

**Habakkuk 2:12** Woe to him who builds a city with bloodshed and founds a town with injustice.

Peace General, Bruce T Duncanson <http://www.redpeacecross.com>

### America's Ills

America the beautiful, I see you in such pain  
Your poor and homeless people want to get out of the rain.  
They want to get a job; they want to get up off the drugs  
They want to sleep on more than just a pile of old rugs.  
It isn't hard to get there, lose a bet or lose a job,  
It isn't hard to fathom, why some folks would turn to rob.  
Some people gamble way too much, and then they lose it all,  
Betting on the payoff, not imagining the fall.  
You're free here in America to fall flat on your face,  
But don't stay down there too long, you are not a hopeless case.  
We see them in the parks among the benches on the trail,  
We wonder if it's their fault or did our great system fail.  
A factory team got axed, a dozen people out of work,  
An office just got downsized and they even took the perk.  
The self-employed homeowner made some bad decisions when,  
They took on extra help and that was one too many men.  
I don't have all the answers, what I have is grave concern,  
I've been there once myself, I know how cold the streets can turn.  
I didn't want a handout with conditions on my life,  
I wanted all my freedom, but I didn't want the strife.  
I finally found the job that helped me get a place indoors,  
A job I can agree with, not a job that really bores.  
It doesn't take much thinking but I think an awful lot,  
It keeps me off the street and gives me all the things I got.  
It wasn't just the job, though that was quite an awful lot,  
I had to come to terms here with the brain disease I got.  
I was more than idealistic; I was clinically quite off,  
They tried to treat me sooner; all I did was laugh or cough.  
I thought I'd make a statement, hit the streets and save the world,  
The weeks turned into months and all my wits were all unfurled.  
I battled with the Devil, in my mind, and on the street,  
I blew him from the waters, I thought that was pretty neat.  
I still show him who's boss but then I also take a pill,  
I wonder how to reach out to the folks who still are ill.  
America don't let me down, let's be the free and brave,  
Let's take a closer look at those who don't want to behave.  
They might be someone's Uncle or a Nephew or a Cuz,  
They're more than an assignment or a successful life that was.  
They probably care a lot, but they don't know quite where to start,  
I know they have a Mother and I know they have a heart.  
They aren't all mean and scary some are timid as a lamb,  
They're out there and they're hurting, let us ask the great I AM.  
God knows their intentions, what they really want to do,  
He's looking at our time on earth; it's up to me and you.  
Perhaps a concrete cabin with a stainless steel john,  
With groups to help and coax a lot the sicker ones along.  
A heater when the bed is used, or timed for just an hour,  
A fridge that can be hosed out, if the persons milk goes sour.  
It wouldn't take too much to help them up and stabilize,  
It isn't all that much when you have looked into their eyes.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

## ANARCHY

That's where my troops are gonna be, In the din mindset of saying in all sorts of ways "it's a free country". I love America, but the Freedom to be "down on luck homeless" can be a pretty heavy burden, so the rest of us can live in a free country. Like soldiers they get put in with the "Chemical Dependents" and the "Mentally ill". Talk about soldiers, the "Mentally ill" are probably akin to Navy Seals. They can live in an ocean of suspicion and fear for years, wading ashore for necessities and then out, alone, back into the Ocean. Delusions keep them afloat staving off despair and pain. Situations that might send us to go get help, is another day in the life of a Seal. No one to cry to, communicate with, share a warm and fuzzy moment with. Some take to the open road like "Top Guns" aces who see the country in a whole new way. NO Reservations, Travelers checks, Last known address, Time of expected return. Slipping into conversations too intense for the average Joe to endure all day. Trying to make some sense of this wild wild world, that has put them on the street, taken away their family, and left them alone, under cover with replacements always a few minutes away. How much better things will be then. Hold on compatriot, dig in, soar higher, become evasive, bomb out of frivolous commitments, connect with a believable delusion, PROCESS, react and move on. Just keep believing in JESUS and everything will be OK, right, or just concentrate on breathing, or repeat some rhyming truism, hold on, whatever it takes, just a little bit more. Some Doctor didn't put out an APB on the patient who didn't show up for the once a week inspection/shot. Two years later they take the patient off the books because a mentally ill person failed to show up for an appointment. Then there are the Hospital Camps, where the understaffed "units" treat sick people like they're bad because they smoke in the bathroom, put their feet up, and don't mop the floor. At commissaries patients can get caffeine against Drs orders, or, no one can get caffeine is another sick fix. These Joe's and Jane's get a pill or two and try to figure out the new world they once lived in. Coming around with no consideration for the sincerity of intentions, standards upheld, hardships endured, can be depressing and may be treated with another pill or two. A self defense reaction saying life has got to get better, is numbed and Lord knows if they will get to a better place with other people. So that's happening around the, "Down on their luck" homeless. The Trooper bearing the weight of trickle down economics. October 20, 1998

### **Mental You**

The Mentally disabled, get so tossed and turned around,  
What we call still and silence, is to them a real loud sound.  
A screaming or a mocking, urging them to kill their self,  
Some days they think their vision, is a book upon a shelf.  
The books may say it's green, and then the grass has things inside,  
A blue thing is the darndest thing; it makes them want to hide.  
The Lord to them is scary, be it Jesus or the Prez.,  
Don't talk against the Lord dude, you know, President Valdez.  
He was elected in OT four, in pomp and circumstance,  
He said he'd free the people, and I like his manly stance.  
He's for letting grass go uncut, committing mass TV,  
So we can see him jogging, while the doggies all run free.  
The dogs can make the most of this; they've helped their fellow man,  
They know just where to pee, and they're in good with Peter Pan.  
Peter is a kindly lad; he's after Captain Hook,  
He watches Never Never Land; he's somewhere in the book.  
And Wendy is his sweetheart; she's pretty, sweet and smart,  
I wish that I could find her, she would let me in her heart.  
We'd dance and sing all night, and listen to the pretty sounds,  
We all would kill the pirates, go where paradise abounds.  
But first I need a cigarette, and then a cup of Joe,  
And say hi to those virtues, she's an angel don't ya know.  
An angel from almighty, she has Neptune in her blood,  
She one time dated Noah, well before the mighty flood.  
And then we got the rainbow, saying gays, were A-OK,  
And maybe in a month or two, the water'd go away.  
We're all on this Ark Earth, in the sky, going around,  
If you're not taught to swim, then you are surly going to drown.  
I need to get a smoke, and get some Quarters for some Joe,  
I'd like to see the waters; she is someone I still know.  
She has the kindest eyes I've seen; I like her quite a lot,  
I'd take her home to meet my Mom; it's something I ain't got.  
My Mom got hauled away, by some guy inside a cab,  
I'd like to get a swimming job, I'd even be a scab.  
To keep a facility running, a dog might be a joy,  
So I could buy a cigarette, and buy a kid a toy.  
It seems so hard to figure out, what is is what I had,  
Why can't we work for each other, we all have one good Dad.  
I'd help until my helper's old, and then I'd help some more,  
And take a kid out on a spree, the mall or to the store.  
We mentally disabled, got a lot inside of us,  
We only need a place to be, so we can catch a bus.  
And work like any other folk, and get what we got due,  
And help another fellow out, be he Muslim, Greek, or Jew.  
Myself I think I got it made, I work and I can write,  
I've seen a lot of freaky things, and been so out of sight.  
So think about the people, who act weird out on the street,  
With care and medications, they may be someone real neat.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Schizophrenia Rhyme**

I started to hallucinate; to think is say a word,  
Imagining a battle, things can really get absurd.  
The Satanists were coming; I'm the watcher on the wall,  
No one else to help me, I'll just jump and fight them all.  
Prayer and faith and humor, I can beat them if I try,  
The things they said to hurt me, one time made me break and cry.  
They said my sister's dead, but she was valiant to the end,  
So then I lived for both of us; my heart was on the mend.  
I told them they were cowards, that their side would never win,  
I said if they asked real nicely, Christ would wash away their sin.  
They said they didn't want it, and that sin was really fun,  
They said around the corner was a man who had a gun.  
I called them on their bluff; I put my faith in God above,  
I focused on my savior, wrapped my faith inside his love.  
For weeks I battled voices, saying this and saying that,  
For someone without college, I could put them on the mat.  
I told them it is written, then I'd put it in their face,  
I knew that Jesus loved me, and that Bruce was on the case.  
Bruce the peaceful warrior, only violent in thought,  
The real world and the mystic, in-between where I was caught.  
Pleasant on the outside, wrath of God was found within,  
The hordes were out to get me, just cause I was Jesus' kin.  
It was humorous to think, that they would spend their time on me,  
I reveled in the peace, that other folks would let me be.  
I thought I was expendable, and peace would be the price,  
I wanted to protect them all, the folks I thought were nice.  
So bring it on you Devils, Christ has set me well apart,  
I'll hit you where you live, with wit and faith tuned to an art.  
It is written, Jesus said, so I have faith, I'm not afraid,  
And if you ask me nicely, I will run fast to your aid.  
It's not too late to change, until your heart ceases to beat,  
And when that happens someday, there is no room for retreat.  
They chased me to the hospital, and slowly slipped away,  
I took the blue placeboes, till I finally saw the day.  
I look back on my nightmare, hope that Jesus would be proud,  
I did the best I could, I hope I stood out from the crowd.  
I still can battle demons; sin is still alive and well,  
I know I'm doing good, so I am not tricked into hell.  
I feel a peace abiding, and I stay so very close,  
I take my medication and I never miss a dose.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Basic structures between people**

The things that come between us, are the art and spice of life,  
When taken to extremes, they cut us up like a big knife.  
The argumentative type talk, that some folks only know,  
Three points and then summation, may be good on a talk show.  
But when a person's sharing, arguments just go so far,  
Let's practice back and forth, to find out who they really are.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

IT'S NOT MY FAULT. I WAS SCREWED UP BY MY (                    ), OR WAS IT  
THAT(                    ). I JUST KNOW THAT I GET REALLY UPSET WHEN SOMEONE  
ACTS LIKE A MONSTER TO ME. YOU CALL ME A NAME AND I'M ON YOU  
FAST. TALK AGAINST MY FAMILY AND YOU WILL SUFFER. I'M A NICE  
GUY. DON'T MAKE ME MAD, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE SHIRT OFF MY BACK!

### **About Envy**

I can speak on this because I've been sick with envy.  
Whenever I feel envy I ask, what did they have to do  
to get there, what do they have to do to stay there, why  
did God put them there, and most importantly I trust  
God put me where I am for a reason, and envy does  
nothing but make me miserable.

### **Regrets**

Regrets are nothing more than a weight to drag around.  
The past is past, and Jesus put me where I am for a reason.  
I can ask for forgiveness, and future guidance, and be done with it.  
Learning from the past, hoping for the future, seeking Christ's will.  
A "Blessing in Disguise" can come from an ALL knowing God.

### **Gentle Men**

We need a lot of classes to turn angry men  
into loving, caring, happy men.  
Maybe some classes for “wimpy” men  
to discover the strong man within.

### **Terminal Uniqueness**

Terminal uniqueness sure can give me quite a fit,  
Admitting I'm like others, Is a hard thing to admit.  
I want to live my life, Allowed to break a lot of rules,  
I'm all that really matters, All the rest are simple fools.  
Run through yellow lights assured, The rest will wait their turn,  
Throw cigg butts out the window, In the fields that never burn.  
I smoked reefer like a smokestack, Day to day and year to year,  
I thought it wouldn't hurt me; After all I don't drink beer.  
I smoked away my money, And I smoked away my friends,  
I smoked to reach nirvana, Like a high that never ends.  
I'd skip all long range consequence, Like hospitals, jails and death,  
So on my merry way I went, Serene at every breath.  
It started not to work for me; It didn't make much sense,  
I tried to put it down awhile, But picked it up days hence.  
I couldn't be addicted; I just smoked a friendly herb,  
I wasn't from the ghetto; I had neighbors in the burb.  
I realize I'm an addict, Like a lot of friendly folks,  
Addiction is addiction, My denials were like jokes.  
I know that I'm still different, But not terminally so,  
I listen to old wisdom, Drop the drugs and learn to grow.  
I watch for other people, On the freeway or the street,  
I'm dealing with my boredom; My new life is really neat.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Child Porn**

There are a lot of very sick people out there.  
I think they want help, can we help?

### **Dad**

The problem with my Father is, he's mentally disturbed,  
He takes his medication, He's still sick and I'm perturbed.  
He makes up tales about us, things we've never ever done,  
And when I say he's dreaming, He just thinks it's all in fun.  
I'd free him from his misery, of wondering where is up,  
Presuming that I'll take him home, and fix his daily sup.  
He needs to have more money, is his commonest request,  
A girlfriend would be wonderful, with tons of sexual zest.  
I see him every month or so, and take him to the mall,  
I love my father tons a lot, He's someone I can call,  
He may not have his facts correct, about what's going on,  
But this man really loves me; I can tell it's not a con.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Juvenile Delinquents**

A juvenile delinquent, is an awful thing to be,  
No one for to trust, but fellow criminality.  
The world is hit or miss and there's no time to really chill,  
Real soon ya find the easy thing, is drink or take a pill.  
The folks at church are leery, to extend a helping hand,  
They know that kids are capable, of turning stone to sand.  
The code they know is harsh and it's the only one they see,  
Sometimes it's live or die and strong's the only way to be.  
No time for civil farthewells, you're with us or you're not,  
Sometimes your bestest buddy, is the one who bought the pot.  
Stealing beers at grocery stores, let's hope we don't get caught.  
Peace of mind is something that, the criminal has not.  
We started out as babies, full of love for everyone.  
How did we get so twisted that, we think we need a gun.  
I changed my ways at twenty, finding love in lots of hippies.  
It didn't happen all at once, I idolized the yippies.  
Few belongings to steal and they're thoughts were real idyllic!  
Maybe I can help someone, stay out of jail and live it!

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Mentally Ill Homeless**

The mentally ill homeless, that we see downtown each day,  
Must have had a home scene once, where they could go and stay.  
Home fell between the cracks I guess, they barely made it out,  
I wonder what the deal was, that would make them take this route?  
A little weird behavior, and their whisked right out the door,  
Or maybe their just low on cash, not welcomed anymore.  
If they're rich they get a shopping cart, if not it's just a bag,  
Lose your shit and lose your shit, life can be so much a drag.  
A car with intact windows, makes the winter not so grim,  
A free lunch at the church a day, can leave them pretty thin.  
Let's say they trust nobody, say they just don't trust a soul,  
Dumpster food is all they trust, I doubt if they'll get full.  
It's free and they don't want it, so it must be safe to eat,  
Eat from dumpsters all day long, meander down the street.  
Let's not forget the voices, or ideas that rule the sick,  
They only have a clue to life, and worry it's a trick.  
A cosmos in the making, is an awful place to hide,  
We've got to help these people, where the hell's our civic pride?  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Slaves of the Most High GOD**

That's what Paul was called by the psychic woman before he set her free of the demons that gave her psychic power. He lived and breathed God. Day in and day out he was about the good news of Jesus. He didn't have to fret about his aspirations; he was constantly in the midst of them. His goal was to do God's will, whatever that was at the time. He did have a thorn, he wore chains for a while, he was shipwrecked, he was stoned, he was chased, and he was imprisoned. He did perform miracles, led many people to Christ and talked to Kings.

I've thought about being a slave for Christ. I could take people into my home who need a friendly hello in the morning, a good goodnight at bed time. Some people have never lived in a serene home. People can get off drugs for a while, but loneliness drives them back out. People can get jobs, but without a home what's the use. People can sign up for schooling, but without support the road looks so long and difficult. Women can bear their children, but without encouragement and guidance there is no joy to give back to the children. Mental patients can take medication, but without friendship it's just existence. Elderly can draw social security, but without company life is so dull.

Some of the people can't be trusted all the way, so I'd have to sell off what I didn't want stolen. I could keep my checkbook at a friend's house. Maybe I could help more people by having an open kitchen and living room. Take someone to work with me so they didn't get lonely. Get them a meaningful occupation. Expose them to self-help groups. Pair them up with others in the same boat.

### **Gloom**

When I slip into my darkness, caused by crisis in my life,  
I put folks on extinction; I alone will face my strife.  
My families caused me pain at times, so all of them are out,  
Right now I want no comfort, in my heart I want to shout.  
At the crosswalk, on the street, I dare a car to run me down,  
I know I have the right of way; I'm wearing quite a frown.  
I'm courteous to strangers; in a business sort of way,  
I ask no one for favors, I've got money, I can pay.  
My friends and family let me down, in one way or the other,  
I'll never let them close again, not even my dear Mother.  
The planet's doomed to failure, so why should I even care,  
There's so much bad stuff happening, I know, I've seen my share.  
I finally think of praying, and it seems to help a bit,  
Then someone calls and says hello, and pulls me from my pit.  
The gloom it starts to lessen, I have family I have friends,  
My life is not so terrible, like sometimes it descends.  
I may just need to cry a bit, and thank God I can feel,  
My sense of peace returns again, so what the heck's the deal?  
In time it's all forgotten, I walk merrily along,  
I Pray it keeps on working, and enjoy a happy song!  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **ANGER & LOVE**

It's just that you always...do that. Always? Will you ever learn? Ever? Why do you ruin everything?  
Everything? Sensitive shattered family, using absolutes to change their situations to something more to  
their liking, Not realizing how harsh their words are on the receiving end. Probably because they are  
conditioned to go after the jugular when disputes arise. The shattered shattering trying to be heard. Wanting  
reaction, change, victorious peace! Not realizing how harsh their words are. I'm leaving, I don't need this.  
Leaving? Well forget you...forever. Forever? I'll escape this...Escape? To where? Certainly not to the  
family, Harmony. I want harmony! I love you Yea, I love you too. By BTB

### **Anger**

My anger wants to bust out in a million different ways,  
I'd fit in as a criminal, but crime it never pays.  
I feel like causing murder to a loudmouth on the bus,  
He's happy it's his birthday, so I really shouldn't fuss.  
The stupid bitch who ditched me in the line inside the store,  
I'd like to wring her stupid neck, but that's an ugly chore.  
The Agents out in Waco made a mess of lots of lives,  
I think of what I'd do to them, but that would take more lives.  
I try to love God's people, but my mind it goes berserk,  
I think a lot of mayhem when I run across a jerk.  
I go to church on Sunday and I can't escape my rage,  
I wish I had an UZI, but I'd end up in a cage.  
The world seems so unfair at times; the Haves have quite a lot,  
Our street folk have some basic needs; We all should share the pot.  
If you could read my violence, it would get the rating R,  
I like to think in big ways, Every family needs a car.  
I give a little here and there, and still have quite a lot,  
If I were given millions, I would stay the thrifty Scot.  
A warehouse soon would be my home, to share with those without,  
I'll keep my act a peaceful one, and walk the steady route.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Coma**

I lapse into a coma, full of anger, hurt and rage,  
I try to extricate myself, but feel within a cage.  
I'm really mad at everyone who's something in my life,  
I'm usually real mellow, now I'm focusing on strife.  
It mellows out a bit from here, not everyone's to blame,  
I'm somber and real sensitive; my hurt is still the same.  
I hope the hurt will pass away; I don't like being mean,  
The drugs have kept this pain away, since I was just a teen.  
Now I'm feeling life again, it's usually real good,  
Life can't be always groovy, but just mostly, knock on wood.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Sickness**

Schizophrenia ain't no fun; it ain't no fun at all,  
It's really quite a gas, to listen through a concrete wall.  
The Pope is now in town I hear, to test me to the limit,  
I won't worry bout my hunger, this new army needs me in it.  
March around the town awhile, and do what err they say,  
Lift my arm or limp a bit, to give myself away.  
They want to know I hear them, make a big fool of myself,  
Beware the evil agents; want my head upon a shelf.  
They'll trick me making echoes, of your orders or my thoughts,  
No one will risk to tell me, that I'm not Sir Lancelot.  
They hear my thoughts around the world, so no one wants to help me,  
I'll give away their position, and no good is always after me.  
I turn around to knock them dead, the Satan boys and freaks,  
I've no where near to rest my head, stay clear of little sneaks.  
The medication works my friend; I also must stop listening,  
I'm certainly glad it's over; you can see my smile glistening.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Psychedelic Smart-alec**

I'm running for my life now, running hard from Satan's own,  
I let them think they've got me, kinda, sorta, throw a bone.  
When chasing this disciple, they will have no time for others,  
They think they have my number, but they sure don't have my Mothers.  
They throw at me despair a lot, or doubt, that I can make it,  
I made it when the chase began; I sorta like to fake it.  
It's good that I attract them, waste they're time on little me,  
The world keeps going round; the chase goes by for all to see.  
To me my life is a chase scene, they chase me, and then I chase them,  
I sorta wanna shake them, but I wanna shake their stem.  
I want those jerks uprooted, out of action for the count,  
But all I know is combat, please observe me on my mount.  
Where do they get their grub from, when not chasing little me?  
Who teaches them they're craftiness? please take some time to see.  
My running now is fine, but come a day I'll want to rest,  
I want to find a niche for me, where I can serve God best.  
A warm and cozy bedroom, where it's safe to rest my head,  
Without this psychic combat, sometimes wishing I was dead.  
A place with folks and family, helping people day to day,  
Aware that Satan's out there, more than keeping him at bay.  
Attacking war and hatred, with a soup spoon and a song,  
Delivering his victims, to a place more right than wrong.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Sickness Defined**

What is my illness likened to, a little bird stops by,  
And shows me little pictures, of the crimes that I could try.  
I hate to see the evilness, this aspect of free will.  
And launch into a prayer or chant, to clear my mind of swill.  
Sometimes I think real negative, toward someone or their clothes,  
I pray so I don't spread the vibes, I hate meanness when it shows.  
Satan has it in for me, and dogs me night and day,  
I try my best to bother him, be kind and sometimes pray.  
A pin prick in the arm or leg, when no one is around,  
A flutter in my ear at times, I feel, not hear, a sound.  
Perhaps I'm used by aliens, in secret while I sleep,  
A guard dog just might warn me, but my cats don't make a peep.  
Does everybody know me, when they smile like a friend?  
Or am I just a smiler, getting smiles that I send?  
I take my life so serious; at times I want to burst,  
I then think back to tougher times, breath deep, take first things first.  
I used to bank on all of it, the chaos and the strife,  
I thought if someone wished it, they could somehow take my life.  
I love my medication, for it's blessed gift of real,  
It's all that stands between me, and my psycotrip ordeal.  
A trip of doing battle, in the spirit and the mind,  
I like to just get on with life, and think most folks are kind.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **All Better**

Exiting a funky time, I wandered through the dark for days,  
The skies were dark and cloudy, and my soul was in a haze.  
My problems seemed gigantic, without hope to overcome,  
I thought I was a failure, and a hypo critic bum.  
Peace for me and loved ones, seemed a million miles away,  
I want us to stop hurting, and I want it right away.  
Praying helped me out a bit, and talking helped some more  
I got things in perspective; I could ditch my little war.  
I needn't be combative, in the thinking of my life,  
Grace can help me through it; two percent of life is strife.  
A very small percentage, but a factor none the less,  
I must recall the good times, when I think my life's a mess.  
I have it pretty good I think, with shelter and a job,  
Clean clothes and brand new tennis shoes, when hurting I can sob.  
I feel a lot of joy, when life is smiling down on me,  
My family and my friends are cool, and help me out for free.  
I'll head out on vacation, to the land of many lakes,  
And visit with my friends there, Life is great for goodness sakes.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

# Chapter Four

# Mental Health

Life seems better, when we think it is.

A Grateful Heart can Weather any Storm with a Smile

## Humor

Humor is a funny thing; it makes me want to laugh,  
It gets me though in comfort man, and that's only the half.  
A laugh in times of trouble, turns a gray sky, partly bright,  
And turns a really boring day, into one that's quite all right.  
The physical sensations, stomach jerking in and out,  
Making noises near as loud, as when I try to shout.  
It gets my mind to thinking, deep inside I hold things dear,  
When thoughts are put just right to me, I smile ear to ear.  
The way I view the world, determines what I think to laugh at,  
The words are fast and edgy, not some blasé bla bla chit chat.  
It could be bout your Momma, or a stinky smelly fart,  
To make your love or bain a joke, is really quite an art.  
Our Lord is not immune; he has a sense of humor too,  
He made us like himself; it's always funnier when true.  
A joke can multiply a thought, into a silly roar,  
And lift a spirit, fill a void, make endorphin levels soar.  
A joke about the Pope, honors the man with standards high,  
The one where he's the chauffeur, puts a twinkle in my eye.  
I like to laugh when possible, it makes me just relax,  
The way a word gets juxtaposed, or grossly twisted facts.  
It really doesn't take too much, if I am in the mood,  
Too turn a smile, into a laugh, be sharp, be cute, be rude.  
A cheapskate like Jack Benny, was his trademark all the time,  
I'd like to make a joke, if I could it make it kind of rhyme,  
Please tell me dearest grand papa, can you sound like a frog,  
Why should I ribbit little one, why not bark like a dog?  
Because of something momma said, I hope it is no joke,  
She says that we will all be rich, the minute that you croak.  
Dark humor it is curious, what's funny bout distress,  
How can we laugh when someone else, is facing quite a mess?  
It doesn't make much sense, but it is funny, most agree,  
It's even funny when we're it, the fool for all to see.  
Blue humor makes a special laugh, from somewhere deep inside,  
It shows what we have on our minds, that some would like to hide.  
The lust, that's human nature, seems real funny by taboo,  
It's sacred, then it's human, sacred human, me and you.  
Potty humors basic, it's the oldest form there is,  
Some caveman thought it funny, for to write his mark in whiz.  
We people on this planet, in a really fancy Zoo.  
Need to have some fun, and feel the joy go though and through.  
It's good to have a laugh, and look at life through rosy eyes,  
The lighter side, the sunny side, is found if someone tries.  
There's always something funny, can be taken to a fault,  
But I won't let that happen, I am so much an adult.  
Life is something precious, like a splendid work of art,  
And I am just a messenger, who shows the city heart.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Jesus Loves You**

Jesus really loves you, yes he really really does  
He thinks you're really special, and he loves you just because.  
He loved you in your younger years, when you were very cute,  
He loves you when you're rotten, and you just don't give a hoot.  
You're loved when doing works of love, though it may bring you pain,  
He smiles when you're working, in the cold and drenching rain.  
The Lord thinks you're so special, there is no one quite like you,  
You have a gift exquisite; to the Lord you must be true.  
You do it better than the rest; you may have found it out,  
The gift is in there somewhere, that's a fact without a doubt.  
It may not seem important, don't let that fact make you pause,  
God doesn't waste his time, and every person has a cause.  
It may be hard to see, because it's right there in your face,  
I know it's in there somewhere, cause you're in the human race.  
The Lord, he thinks the world of you, much more than Mom or Dad,  
And when you try to hide from him, I think it makes him sad.  
He gave you life and freedom, you're not a robot on TV,  
He really wants the best for you; he wants the best for me.  
Christ died to take your sins away; he gave the gift of grace,  
He's with you any time you want, he's with you any place.  
Gods everywhere to everyone, he's everything to all,  
God listens to your prayer, and he will hearken to your call.  
God soothes a troubled heart, and he will keep you company,  
God knows when you are happy, and the dreams that you can see.  
God knows why you want certain things, that may not be his will,  
God knows you aren't quite perfect, but he really loves you still.  
When things are looking very dark, the savior he's right there,  
He'll help you out of anything, your problems he will bear.  
Gods there when things are boring, and you just don't see the use,  
God wants you all at peace; he wants to help you make a truce.  
Jesus loves peace makers, keep the faith don't miss your start,  
We're all important to him, everybody has a heart.  
Together we are family, Jesus is our sweet Grand-dad,  
He wants us all to get along, wants no one to be sad.  
God made the planet bountiful; it's beautiful and full,  
God gave us different gifts, and everybody has a role.  
He gave the bible for to show us, how to think and act,  
It takes a bit of thought, and every word is there exact.  
Jesus love me this I know, for the bible tells me so,  
Let him warm you in the heart, it will help you really grow.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Inner Peace at War**

Inner Peace can be elusive, when you want to change the world  
Like keeping it together, when your dreams are all unfurled.  
Approaching gross injustice, with an air of grace and tact  
Hoping hates not real, but knowing hate is still a fact.  
Answering the call, to make the world a better place  
Jumping in the middle, of a rat infested race.  
Helping out the little guy, like that kid is your own  
Working all you can, just short of working to the bone.  
Making a big difference, doing all the things you can  
Keeping in your mind, that you are one woman or man.  
Seeing the big picture, long range sight is very wise  
Studying the history, evil tends to have disguise.  
Who started it and when, and what was done back after that  
Retaliation brakes, cannot be just pulled from a hat.  
Displaying inner peace, may be the only way to share  
Offering a refuge, is a simple way to care.  
Sharing peace with strangers, with a nod or with a glimpse  
Today all we are saying is to, "give this peace a chance."  
In common we have children, and we all have got a dad  
Lets think of what's in common, long before we all get mad.  
A refuge for our own peace, makes us strong enough for hell  
It's hard to offer tea, when we don't even have a well.  
A inexpensive refuge, an example we can share  
Then we can wake up rested, make up our bed, go out and care.  
A fellowship of warriors, bent on peace at war's own pace  
To get our spirits strong, so we can keep up with the race.  
The race, I me me my, has got so many people trapped  
Work all day and worry, till their strength is nearly tapped.  
Getting all that they can, and go to bed wanting some more  
The culture says it's right, but me myself it's just a bore.  
The gadgets and the gizmos, sold to make our life so great  
Come at the price of time; stop charging before it's too late.  
The simple life is easy, if you really stop to look  
Stay home and cook a dinner, take a walk, or read a book.  
Do what the Lord is telling you; don't run off with the herd  
Productively impassioned, singing peace throughout your word.  
"My peace is what I give you, take my peace here as my gift"  
Jesus gave us peace, let's give his peace a little lift.  
Creatively conspire, to make this the Promised Land  
Love your God and neighbor; do as Jesus would command.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **The Grief Process Theory**

The grief process was clearly identified in 1969 by Elizabeth Kubler Ross for her work with terminally ill people. Basically, grief is processed and upset feelings resolved when a person accepts a loss. This acceptance is expressed as tears for great losses or thinking some form of acceptance for the loss of something small. The acceptance is important because without it, no replacement will be sought and “reality” will not exist for that piece/peace of the mind. Depending on the importance of the loss, unresolved grief can cause stress, depression, anger and even psychosis.

Grief is thought to be composed of five phases. These phases are gone through for varying lengths of time, in no particular order and all phases aren't necessarily gone through. Some phases are revisited and if left untreated a person can get stuck in a phase.

**Anger** is when a person gets angry at a loss. This can sometimes be helpful, like when a possession is taken and the owner fights to get it back. With a loss of the irreversible kind, anger serves no purpose but to keep the person from feeling the pain through the final phase of **acceptance**.

**Denial** is when a person pretends the loss never occurred. This can be helpful for small bits of time to think through a situation unaffected by a recent tragedy. If the denial is carried on too long the truth is lost and a person can feel out of touch with their feelings of pain healed in the phase of **acceptance**.

**Bargaining** is when a person makes deals to get the loss undone. This can be helpful when restoration is possible so a loss is averted. When a loss is irreversible bargaining becomes meaningless circles of thought distracting the person from coming to **acceptance** of the loss.

**Depression** is a phase all it's own even though the first three phases can lead to it. Anger turned inward can cause depression. Denials numbness can leave a person uninspired by life. Fruitless bargaining is exhausting and hopeless and that realization leaves a person feeling out of control and depressed. Depression can feed on it's self. Many bad days strung together gives the impression of a life not worth living.

**Acceptance** is the healing phase that may need to be revisited from time to time but leads to harmony between our thoughts and emotions. “Having a good cry” has been good for many a injured human. The term acceptance connotes a merge of conflicting realities. The mental reality where we want things to make sense, be fair and for the good parts to always be there, conflicts with the emotions “base knowledge” (Seeing a person in a casket) that a loss has occurred. Acceptance is the mind physically adjusting to a loss and the emotions, truly acknowledged by the mind. Without acceptance a loss can never be replaced. (A stolen bicycle will not be replaced until the owner acknowledges the bike is missing.) Larger losses like that of a loved one can never be completely replaced but facsimiles may appear in a life ready to fill the emotional void. Crying followed by kind words and warm people makes for a much improved life, following getting out hurt feelings. **Joy** Phase has always been there but I am making it officially known as the optional bonus phase. It is when after grieving the loss of a loved one the person holding or talking says something special and a big chuckle comes out from the formerly grieving heart. A healing heart at peace with Gods will.

I was introduced to the grief process at a weekend for kids from homes broken by either, death or divorce. I was experimenting around with various philosophies, religions, world views and practices and this group my Mom told me about seemed like it was worth a try. I wasn't too far into the weekend when I realized how much I really loved the family I thought I didn't need. I didn't cry that weekend but I felt enough to want to come back the next year where I let the floodgates down. It was so relieving to be with my sisters and cry out the pain of being separated for so many years and thinking my family was a lost cause. After the weekend I felt better, but it took a long time to get to where I felt as close to my family as I thought we should be. That growth was full of it's own pain and rewards, begun on a few special weekends granted to this seeking warrior.

When I left the weekend I was also struck with losing the friends I had made on the weekend. I want to share this experience with groups who will stay connected so that the healing is combined with long term relationships that should keep the healing growing. The exact format of the process can be tailored to different groups of people and different types of losses.

### Feelings

Feelings they are malleable, and solid as a rock,  
Change them when I want to, other times they clean my clock.  
They indicate conditions, that my mind just didn't think,  
I think about the feeling, mind and body make a link.  
My body gives a clue, to what my mind should be about,  
It's up to me to take it, give it thought or throw it out.  
The feeling it was there, was it so brief or did it linger?  
I'll put a simple name on it, like pointing with my finger.  
In pointing I can own it's there, so what am I to do?  
Let it well up over me, "This feeling it is you."  
Or can I use my brain, to make this feeling just a cue.  
A simple indication, that somewhere inside it's true.  
It may be true I'm angry, but I need to keep my job,  
It's true I'm scared of poverty, but not enough to rob.  
I'm feeling down this morning, but it won't ruin my day,  
I feel like lying in the sun, but sunning doesn't pay.  
The loneliness is painful, but not half as much as AIDS,  
I think I'll die of grieving, but the feeling slowly fades.  
At times the feeling's all there is, it feels so very real,  
It sways me into crazy thoughts, so what the heck's the deal.  
My thoughts come out to justify, and deal with this new feeling,  
My mind is off and running, all the thoughts are quite revealing.  
How far am I about to go, how truly will I see?  
What is my motivation, am I still the same old me?  
Which truth will I hold onto, as I navigate my soul?  
How do I feel about my thoughts, what is my final goal?  
Do my thoughts control my feelings, or the other way around?  
I've talked myself through tougher times, kept both feet on the ground.  
My rationales are powerful; my logic is astute,  
The values that I hold so dear, can hold me like a root.  
I'll let the feeling have its due, then up and use my brain,  
I'll run it by the thoughts I know, to minimize the pain.  
Conversely I can think my way, to feeling really great,  
Generate the feelings, that I have when with my mate.  
I know I am a child of God, commanded to share love,  
With people all around me, most of all with God above.  
I share my love in actions, in my daily tone of voice,  
Even when I'm blue inside, my loving is a choice.  
It really picks me up to know, I've made your day a breeze,  
They say that love is bigger than, our planet's seven seas.  
I channel it by thinking, how would I feel to receive,  
I share it and I feel it, it's a process I believe.  
I learned it back when I was young; I've felt it from both sides,  
The giving and receiving, in and out like ocean tides.  
I can control my feelings, but I listen very well,  
They give me little insights, little stories they can tell.  
I feel this way but it's not me, I'm complex, full of plans,  
I want this world improved and quick, the people and the lands.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### Friendship

Friendship sure is wonderful, it lightens any load,  
The road is never long, when you are going to their abode.  
Some friends are made-up on the spot, some others take much time,  
Friendship may flow on endlessly, or stop right on a dime.  
A friend cares just because your you, I like what you're about,  
I want you to succeed at all, I'll help you on your route.  
I want you to be happy, and to be your very best,  
Or sit with you when you are down, or failed twice at a test.  
You look like me in many ways, we're part of each at times,  
We think alike on many things, our conversation rhymes.  
I think I know your view on this, I'll ask it anyway,  
I haven't heard your view on that, what new thing will you say?  
We do things that we like to do, we gather round together,  
Agreeing something else is good, like sports or arts or weather.  
The situation will dictate, how much of us we share,  
To honestly want to be here, and want the person there.  
I'll do what it will take, to spend some free time here with you,  
Or bring you pop and chicken soup, if your down with the flu.  
I'll share things I find valuable, if it will help you out,  
It gives me pleasure helping you, we're close without a doubt.  
You know me better over time, sometimes it doesn't last,  
If that should happen, go in peace, I'll find a different mast.  
To help me fill my sails, and whisk me on through this here life,  
The oceans of humanity, have pirates causing strife.  
People we are scared of, or don't like for being them,  
Or folks who are against us, or would steal us like a gem.  
To lock us well away, from a fulfilling, joyful life,  
And act like it is funny, when we go through daily strife.  
To take all we can offer, with no feeling of remorse,  
Then shanghai someone else, or steer them far off of their course.  
So friends are to be valued, whether good, or great, or grand,  
And friends are too be found, in every sport and every land.  
Good folks are to be found, and to be prayed for every day,  
Jesus called them friends, when he was teaching them his way.  
A friend who gave the ultimate, so we are better off,  
He took the stripes for friends and kids, before his final cough.  
Good friends are always there, and they will go through thick and thin,  
And tell you things about themselves, they wouldn't tell their kin.  
A quirk is just accepted, as a part of who they are,  
And phone calls late at night, can have them jump into their car.  
I'm here at your disposal, tell me how that I can help,  
I know you'd do the same for me, if I should start to yelp.  
We see each other through it all, and all in all it's good,  
Together life is bearable, we did the things we could.  
To see the brighter side of it, or light a ways away,  
Or hold them for good long cry, until a brighter day.  
So friends they are invaluable, a cherished gift of life,  
They let you have a damn good time, when it could have been strife.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Best in Folks**

We need to find the best in folks, if we are to survive,  
We all can do our part each day, to keep us all alive.  
Some folks they aren't so pleasant, but show up at work each day,  
Some folks aren't always working, but their smile makes a day.  
It's up to us to find the gem, that lives in everyone,  
As if the jerk that lives next door, were really our own son.  
Americans are kindly folks, let's stretch and be the best,  
We're known for making friends fast, will our deepness stand the test.  
They may believe in Jesus, give their lives for others' good,  
Or simply go to church and tithe, the way they think they should.  
What if somebody smells a bit, do they deserve less love?  
We're all of one big family, all deserving the kid glove.  
We're all here on this planet, we could have a better place,  
What would folk from other planets say, from somewhere out in space.  
We need to take the high road, or we'll wallow in the mire,  
To bring out what is best in folks, is something to aspire.  
The sick and troubled minds, that lead to crime, are out of whack,  
We need to give them hope, for something more than booze or crack.  
Drugs prey on the lonely, in this dog eat dog place earth,  
They cloud out all frustrations, or with food they build the girth.  
Nobody knows it all, we get along as best we can,  
There is no greater love, than for to live for fellow man.  
To give it all for someone else, is subject for a pause,  
Some heroes in the past, have paid the price for this fine cause.  
A dude from rural America, or slick from N Y C,  
Was cut down by a Nazi slug, so we could all live free.  
We need to make to most of life, we're here for a short time,  
To take it all for granted, is indeed a wretched crime.  
Americans can do it, show the world a better way,  
If not I think we're sunk, it is our choice to seize the day.  
Pull the best from out of them, and shove it in their face,  
Never let it down, till they have caught up with the pace.  
Smile and believe, we all have God down deep inside,  
This journey we call life, can manifest a better ride.  
The sunshine that we see each day, will blossom on the face,  
If we are truly big enough, to practice using grace.  
We're borrowing this planet, from our grand kids and the rest,  
We need to step up to the plate my friend, and do our very best.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Building Up New Lives**

Many of the mentally ill will reach us after they have played their last card, at wits end, dazed and confused, emotionally drained, spiritually bankrupt, devastated, violent or suicidal. A life played out and lost can be quite a project to recover from. Confusion, fear, sadness, shame and pain can wreak havoc on the structure of a life style. Alienation, suspicion and anger are major handicaps to comfortable reintegration.

Each patient will have eight to thirty people who are aware and active in the persons life. Giving the patient many nice people to touch base with, learn from and compare, will provide material to choose from when building a new life. Our training/school approach will let patients see each other, teach each other and learn from each other. The software of life, in the mind of one recently devastated, can be remodeled into something functional the patient can customize to their liking. Diagrams, formulas and stories can provide baselines, standards and language for shaping a new and improved life.

Using the analogy of a house I will explore building a full life as a nice house.

A house is to the brain, as a home is to a mind. Each house needs a lot on which to rest. We provide the space. Each house needs a foundation, a basic premise, a spirituality, or a ultimate reason for living. I'm here to serve God and I need to have fun along the way in order to stay healthy and enjoy world peace. Basement floors aren't key to a good foundation and religion isn't required for a spiritual relationship. Termite shields on the foundation protect the wood like realizing we're mortal and require food and water. Anchor bolts to the floor members remind me that the physical is held secure to the spiritual with faith. The subfloor is made up of rough wood supported by numerous joists. I think the floor would be akin to physical security, with the joists as employment and rough wood as physical ability. Walls are the social graces we use for attractively and securely setting our boundaries and holding dear our treasures. Windows look out on different parts of the perimeter like having acquaintances to exchange views on life. Doors let people get to know us more fully through an act of will to be open and honest with someone. The ceiling could be like a general outlook, high, beautiful and secure. The roof would be the covering of the life within. What is the series of thought trains that tie it together, day to day, that makes it all make sense. Some may have sky lights where God helps run the train station.

Some people may come to us with no roof because they trust God for everything(Like providing the Peace Army)and have stone walls with slit windows sitting on a crumbling foundation with no termite shield and a real nice basement floor. We can work off of the floor reinforcing the foundation as we slip in the termite shield. We use their religious predisposition to work with them at finding strength in their faith and point out that people of faith need to eat. We introduce people to their day and slowly get dozens of slits opening into modest vantage points. We can dress up the exterior with instruction, counseling and modeling. Interior walls are harder to sifer but hopefully the windows will introduce people invited through the doors. Rooms in the home are for different non-congruous activities. Sleeping is not an activity to do while showering. Working on hobbies is not to be entertained while at church. Ceilings can be raised by guarantying physical security, positive responses from staff and interesting activities. A roof can be improvised when a patient believes things will work out because they trust us to sweat the big stuff while they rest and grow. Down spouts are tools to get over overwhelming thoughts or emotions. A front door mat is the smile with teeth and eyes so handy in day to day activities. If we can fit someone out with a picture window they will be comfortable, engaged and able to see another needs. A clothes line is knowing a group of people in such a way that airing dirty laundry is just part of therapeutic living. A pair of laundry machines is being able to honestly confront dirty laundry alone and clean it up. This would be accomplished by the thought acts of forgiveness, confession, swallowing pride, humility, giving up anger, greed and selfishness and last but not least keeping lust in check.

Architects tell the patient options they have and point out special needs they may want to consider. Contractors introduce the patient to the right people per the architects sketches. Excavators or "earthworkers" dig the person and extend sufficient grace to allow for great depth. Footings are laid when the patient decides they want to live. Basement walls are laid up as the patient finds reasons and purpose in life. A floor of religion is helpful here but not required. Anchor bolts are seeing others with conviction, enjoying a full life. Crew leaders provide employment opportunities for money, meaning and meeting people and floor joists are installed. Walls are erected as time goes on and the person appears healthier through friendships, acquaintance's and family. Ceilings are as high as the ceilings they see other people having positive outlooks. The roof evolves with new thought tools applied daily, in a instructive, nurturing environment.

### **The Theory**

I believe we all start out in life as Lovable Loving People. We were fully capable of returning the Love we received. It must be great to be out in so much space with people sharing the love babies can so magically attract. **Mom, Dad**, Uncle, Aunt, Doctor, Nurse, Midwife, GRANDPARENTS, Friends and Neighbors, everyone wants to act like a baby in front of the baby.

### **SESAME STREET SMARTS**

A kind of, teach your children well, guide for life at it's fullest.....Never Cry Wolf.....Remember God knows what your thinking, feeling, wanting, needing, hoping for, trusting in, and Enjoy.....God is always now, Loving, Encouraging, Protecting, Supporting, and granting Peace.....God helps those who help themselves.....Multiply the talents.....Remain or become Teachable.....Seek the direction of God.....This is not a dress rehearsal, Christ is in this Dimension, Time and Space.....

### **Parents Are Us**

More than Parents Anonymous we need to train up and encourage parents to be their best here in the U.S., and then export that love to the rest of the world. We have many loving parents who have no safe place to share and be challenged. We have even more loving parents who have no intimate role models to learn from. The world needs parents and kids / young adults need reparenting. We are psychedelic creatures (Malleable, thinking & feeling spirits) who can grow and heal if given the opportunity. All we need is food, clothing and shelter. Creatively working together we can make the next century the best in history.

### **AUNTS and UNCLES**

The more civilian wing, Aunts and Uncles like the term, is for Family and Children issues. Daycare for young and old, Runaway Kids, Arts and Crafts, Scouting, 4H, Sports, Tutoring, and a bit of cash for costs incurred in our activities. Maybe some small jobs for kids to earn money. The staff will be exceptional and in good supply. A mobile unit to treat domestic violence on sight treating the whole Family, Mom, Dad sister brothers uncles aunts grandparents cousins family friends.... and then move on to more.

### Accepting Folks

Accepting folks for who they are, is where the process starts,  
I'm less concerned with how they look, than what's inside their hearts.  
The heart is the barometer, of what you can expect,  
The words they use, the tone of voice, will help you to detect,  
A heart that's got a skin of pain, surrounding one of joy,  
Or else the heart of an old man, that wants to be a boy.  
We all have got our foibles, or a habit, folks don't like,  
We all have got a problem, which the devil wants to strike.  
We need to move on past the place, where we are always right,  
If we aren't more accepting, we will always want to fight.  
There are some things we can't abide, but they are far and few,  
It's great to share a meal, with a Muslim or a Jew.  
A Catholic with a Protestant, is strange in Ireland,  
We all can get along, if we refuse to raise a hand.  
Some folks aren't big on hygiene; other people like to cuss,  
I say nobody's perfect; we are all a part of us.  
I have some friends, who use God's name, like it's an expletive,  
I tell them once that I don't like it, then I constantly forgive.  
They're basically great people, but we don't see eye to eye,  
On what it means to use a word, it doesn't make me cry.  
They're kinder than most people, so I look at their fine hearts,  
And celebrate they're company, and ditch the heavy cart.  
The cart of I am always right, you must see things my way,  
I know the Lord much better, you are wrong and I won't play.  
I heard it from my Dad, and he is always always right,  
And if you look the wrong way, we are surely going to fight.  
We need to move past arguments, agree on things held dear,  
Like kids and Gramps and voting, giving time to shed a tear.  
Some folks aren't so good at math, but they can sing so very good,  
I'd like to make safe space for all; I'd do it if I could.  
A place to show their colors off, and let them really bloom,  
A space where they can be their best, it's much more than a room.  
A freedom land like these here States, where rich and poor alike,  
Can go up in the mountains, or the woods, and take a hike.  
Or saunter down the boulevard; greet people as they go,  
Inside us all folks know it, we need watering to grow.  
With everyone accepting, mental illness will subside,  
At least it is a starting point, no longer will they hide.  
I want to be my best; I think that God would want the same,  
If I just hide my vision, I will be the one to blame.  
I'm full of good intentions, for the world I want the best,  
Right now I have a common job, put thought systems to test.  
I need to be a nice guy here; most everyone's my boss,  
It keeps me spry and humble, so I gently tote my cross.  
I compromise on clothing and I compromise on hair,  
I fiercely do defend the dream, to really really care.  
The sixties were a starting point, to being free in thought,  
The new millennium is here; let's see how free we got.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **The Power of Prayer**

I have always believed in prayer and here are some reasons I have found, learned and experienced. If there is nothing I can do to remedy a situation and I am worried, realizing Jesus is in charge brings me confident peace. When we pray for other people and ourselves we invite God into the physical world through an act of our free will. Prayer can center the mind on Gods time, mark an occasion, sanctify a situation, or bring a special Blessing. Prayer brings safety, wisdom, insight, and like I said earlier, Peace.

### **Acclimatization of the Mind**

Basically we reacquaint the previously hospitalized with the good and bad stimuli of a full life.

### **Constant Prayer**

By Constant Prayer, I mean, the awareness of the fact that God has you on his mind constantly, and we call it to mind constantly, realizing Love, Peace, Grace, Joy, Courage, and Forgiveness. Rote prayers and spontaneous prayers hook me in whenever my mind gets to a place where I don't know where to go next, or there is nowhere left but to Praise or Appeal, or to Praise and Appeal. I think that's the friend in Jesus approach, between praise and appeal could be a lot of gray matter and basic living situations.

When I remember something in the nick of time, I give all the glory to God.

### **Life ain't Easy**

Life ain't always easy, sometimes bearable at best,  
We're on this planet for a time; it's all a great big test.  
How does a person handle, all the cards that they are dealt?  
Can I appreciate and sort, the feelings that I felt?  
Am I up to the challenge, to complete my special plan?  
Will I recognize the writing, spelled out by the great "I AM?"  
What is my meaning, who am I, so why am I around?  
Will anybody notice, if I die without a sound?  
I'm here right now, the future's there, my plans aren't guaranteed,  
I need to make the best of things, or I am sunk indeed.  
Cherishing the friendships, I've developed through the years,  
They even out a bumpy road, and wipe away the tears.  
My boss will give me money, if I do what I am told,  
It's pretty much the same each day, sometimes it gets real old.  
It's better than a soup line, not as nice as being rich,  
Some other jobs are harder, so I really cannot bitch.  
The people that I know there, my acquaintances and friends,  
Help me make the most of it, a job that never ends.  
Week on week, and year on year, my boss still needs me back,  
I sometimes get fed up, but then the check sets me on track.  
I've got myself some hobbies, for my spare time having fun,  
A thing to occupy my mind, when all my work is done.  
They don't take too much money; I can share them with my friends,  
My hobbies help my journey, round the many turns and bends.  
The house I worked so hard to get, is work now and again,  
This book I hope to publish, work of my mind and a pen.  
I write them out on paper, then I type them on keyboard,  
I hope someday I'm famous, with a poet's type reward.  
I make the most of what I've got; sometimes it's really great,  
I muddle through the tougher times; sometimes I have to wait.  
For weather to get better, for my program on TV,  
I wait for all my thoughts to come, I wait for good old me.  
My car is not the biggest, but it gets myself around,  
And when the music bores me, push a button, change the sound.  
I don't ask for an awful lot, I've got most of my needs,  
I find joy in helping others; I just like doing good deeds.  
I'm not in prison, never was, a blessing that I count,  
I'd give my fortune to be free, no matter the amount.  
I get wrapped up in plans and schemes, investing with my mind,  
I want so much to marry her; she's there for me to find.  
They say just keep on track, change is definitely sure,  
There's ways to cope with boredom; there will never be a cure.  
Pain does slowly slip away, through talking or a cry,  
We all will be in heaven soon, in the sweet by and by.  
Hard work it builds the character, that we were meant to be,  
It isn't rocket science, for the average Joe to see,  
That no-ones life is perfect, everybody gets the blues,  
It's all inside the attitude, of how we take the news.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **If We Can...**

Optical cables carry voicecalls and internet and regular people use them with ease: Let's try to chart thought routes, both software and hardware and engage in activities to improve them.

Heart ailment recovery often includes electronically monitored exercise overseen by one or more doctors: Interacting with people, places and things may prove therapeutic to the brain harboring our mind/worldview.

### **Hospital Culture**

The hospital will have peace commandos living on the unit to contribute to the experience of the patients. Living on a unit will not be easy. Personal effects will have to be kept to a minimum to reflect hospital circumstances. We may learn what little a person needs, and what a person always needs. Their identity would not be a secret as they will be leaving everyday for work. While they are away the day shift will help out the ill. Upon their return a brief of the days events will be shared. Evening will have many new faces who had a busy day as well, and can share the time with our patients. Commandos will be called .....The Order of the Ink Blot.....we can learn a lot about patients by how they relate/react to known freindlies. It would also be a great training ground. The commissary will serve both types of residences and whatever card carrying peace commando wants to come through the secure doors. A larger dining hall could serve ill and peace soldier for a healthy mixer, three times a day and be an efficient way to feed people.

### **Scared Straight+Plus**

Scared Straight, where at risk youth are talked to by prisoners to scare them from a life of crime, is a fairly successful approach to preventing crime. I would like to take it up a notch and introduce them to people who used to have crime problems, to hear how they stay out of trouble. Then maybe we could let them meet folks who never got in trouble and how they like they stay feeling vital without living on the edge.

### **Positive Patient Culture**

We as a group will decide the criteria for selecting patients. Six percent of the population suffers from serious mental illness. Thirty percent are troubled. We need to start with helping people who have a kind disposition, people who will contribute to our endeavors and people who have gotten a raw deal out of life. After many successes we will have a large enough culture to mix in the less desirable people. There are too many ill out there to risk the safety and success of the patients we can help, to open our doors to everyone who needs help. By the time we are ready to run a prison we will have learned how to help with dignity the seriously troubled problem person. A secure environment with an abundance of healthy people is an environment for people to grow healthy in.

### **Mental Health Frontiers**

The frontiers of our mental health, have come a long long way,  
A hundred years ago, some got chained up both night and day.  
The boredom and the poor food, would drive anybody mad,  
Surrounded by the crazy, makes the hardest feel sad.  
Impatience and weird theories, lead to insulin type shock,  
Behavior problems, wrapped in large wet blankets round the clock.  
Electro shock and Thorazine, were used a bit to much,  
But they were on to something, for the organ we can't touch.  
The mind is made of brain, with our experience and learning,  
Our instincts mixed with culture, steer the path our life is turning.  
The structure of the brain, has quite a bearing on our thought,  
It can be compensated for, experience has taught.  
Exercised, the left and right, communicate more freely,  
Basic knowledge mixed with art; it's such a joy to be me.  
They say the English language, uses most parts of the brain,  
If someone can't communicate, they're good as, just insane.  
Exercising with the body, adds new cells into the brain,  
A holistic approach to health, would ease the mental pain.  
A dynamic combination, of the drugs and people skilled,  
May fully get the sick on track, some of their dreams fulfilled.  
Herbs and food in lieu of drugs, would give less side effects,  
Our bodies are organic; we heal slowly from our wrecks.  
Distractions that are positive, cheap and sustainable,  
Can guide to better views of life, make empty lives feel whole.  
Depression is a spiral, going down and on and on,  
The blues can threaten life; some folks would rather just be gone.  
Distractions and a purpose, goals and comfort down the line,  
Camaraderie and caring, a solution I call mine.  
Some pain needs to be gotten out; a good cry is a start,  
The promise of a brighter day, can sooth an aching heart.  
The schizophrenic malady, where thoughts get all confused,  
Needs more than just right chemicals, that presently are used.  
We need to get them knowledge, start them out with truths of life,  
Build brick by brick the world and them, to guide them from their strife.  
To see a bunch of caring folk, a Disneyland of love,  
Folks who know their stuff, who can be firm with a kid glove.  
A map to find their place, in this big rough-and-tumble world,  
A humble place secure, with dignity, colors unfurled.  
Their past needs to be sorted out, the troubles and the blessings,  
The strengths they learned could be immense, how to apply the dressings.  
Some memorize things word for word, for arguments it's vital,  
Their feelings may be sensitive, but feelings without title.  
They just had to intuit, try to stay one step ahead,  
If not they may get yelled at loud, or just may not get fed.  
We'll heal them as they teach us, all about this thing called life,  
We'll help when we don't know it, if we're truly free of strife.  
We have so much to work with, from Tibet through Dr. Phil,  
It's simply not enough to say, feel better have a pill.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

**Two Laws**  
LOVE GOD  
LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR as YOURSELF

**Mornin Jesus**

Mornin; Jesus, this is me.  
Thank you for a night of sleep.  
Keep me in your will all day.  
Please keep Satan far away.  
Make me strong to do my best.  
Make me smart to pass the test.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

**Smile Technology**

They say smiling releases hormones that make a body happy.  
So I fake smile to release hormones, and then it occurs to me,  
Fake smiling while driving, now that's funny.

**Laughter**

They say laughter is the best medicine, and the body  
doesn't know the difference between a real laugh and a fake  
one. In India they have over 600 laugh clubs where they  
fake laugh at each other until they are really laughing.  
They even have groups in prisons to ease tensions.

### Getting Along

Why can't we all just get along, that Rodney dude once said?  
The family of mankind, argues an awful lot instead.  
We all need food and water, at the least to get us by,  
I've seen the enemies make peace, they really had to try.  
One gave up this, one gave up that, they gained a peaceful life,  
They left behind their ideal dream, and put an end to strife.  
"No one gets everything they want;" Momma said when I was five,  
The guru told me once, your simply there, you don't arrive.  
Living in the here and now, we make the best of things,  
The slave, to escape slavery, simply lifts his voice and sings.  
We need to make the best of life, and get along with folks,  
Share your life with stories; tell your favorite kind of jokes.  
If we can do it one on one, there's hope for this here world,  
We needn't always walk the streets, with our own flag unfurled.  
Let's celebrate the human, made by God or if you wish,  
An accident of nature, in a giant petrie dish.  
A being that likes love, and needs a Mommy and a Dad,  
A being that drinks water, and will frown when feeling sad.  
A smile means the same, no matter how you say the word,  
Pocket protector and glasses; can mean one thing, that's a nerd.  
If we were all alike, the world be so very boring,  
No one would be that different, we would do so much ignoring.  
We'd eat at the same restaurant, and the lines would be real long,  
No one might be the one who's right, we all might be all wrong.  
And who would marvel at the art, that someone did commit,  
I may say I had thought of that, but didn't record it.  
The give and take of living, makes us special if we think,  
Where would the Hogan be, if it were not for Colonel Klink?  
People have their foibles, and we need to show respect.  
A woman in her eighties, has a beauty to detect.  
A gentle way of talking, peace in getting right along,  
A way she has in talking, makes her sentences a song.  
We're not all in our twenties, playing sports and drinking beer,  
We need to give some space to folks; we need to be sincere.  
The mentally disabled, need an extra dose of grace,  
It doesn't help a bit, when folks get right up in their face.  
The world to them is mayhem, thoughts and feelings rushing in,  
I know, I've been there, done that, I was helped out by my kin.  
From Skylab we are people, on this lonely planet earth,  
We all are going to die, and we here all began at birth.  
Lets make this planet work for all, and pass it right along,  
We all can be real cared for, and we all can sing our song.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **My Opposites**

The opposites inside of us, make up the who we are,  
If not for the extremes in life, we would not get too far.  
Winter air is so refreshing, and the snow is white and clean,  
The summer air is balmy, and the plants are lush and green.  
I like a walk now and again, not too short or too long,  
I like investing time in work, but too much work is wrong.  
I think of Jesus quite a lot, but like my rock and roll,  
Jokes can lift me from the blues, but jokes can't save my soul.  
I'm full of strange dichotomies, the white contrasting black,  
I like to play the lottery, but don't go to the track.  
I'm free to play both sides of life; I'm free to make a choice,  
I like to sing out loud at times, but wonder 'bout my voice.  
I listen to the radio, but sometimes like the quiet,  
I'm all into non-violence, but understand a riot.  
I'm anti-war from dusk till dawn, cause dying is forever,  
But stopping genocide is right, let's get Armies together.  
I don't ask for an awful lot, but want the things I need,  
I used to want an awful lot, till I found it was greed.  
I like to go out camping, but I don't like all the bugs,  
I like my independence, but I also like bear hugs.  
I like to drink some alcohol, but not till sloppy drunk,  
Most times I cheer myself on up, when feeling all the funk.  
I like a house that's orderly, but lived in's where I live,  
Sometimes I think revengeful, but it's better to forgive.  
I like my women pretty, without makeup if you please,  
The heart is what does matter, bitterness is a disease.  
I like some things brand spanking new, others I like them aged,  
I think the criminals need help, but first I want them caged.  
I don't like the death penalty, life sentences are fine,  
I just don't trust the system; it's not that I am kind.  
I want women to have babies; I am what you call pro-choice,  
I draw the line at partial birth; they're old enough for voice.  
I think the Army's needed, but not used for propping up,  
A murderous dictator, with a government corrupt.  
I think that guns are needed, present laws should be observed,  
The gaps in the enforcement, are a little bit absurd.  
The guns are not for everyone, like the mentally unstable,  
If some nice person wants to pack, they should at least be able.  
I like my tacos spicy, but I don't like them too hot,  
I don't want everything there is, but sure want what I got.  
I don't like seeing people cry, but know that it is needed,  
I don't give up too easily, but know when I'm defeated.  
I like to be religious, but enjoy a dirty joke,  
I eat healthy when I'm able, but I also like to smoke.  
I do an awful lot of things, that others think are dumb,  
I think that it's all right with me; my brain is far from numb.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Repetitive Prayer**

Repetitive prayer is good to let Satan know whom you honor,  
with your thoughts, time and energy. *VIRUS-SCAN*

Repetitive prayer exercises the brain structure when it is connecting the concepts  
and pictures with words. *HARDWARE*

Repetitive prayer can clear the mind when confused, overwhelmed  
or scared. *SOFTWARE*

On my back, I Pray with my hands on my heart, charging it.

Repetitive prayer can bring on sleep. *SCREEN-SAVER*

Slow and or heartfelt prayer

can get you closer and endear you to God.

***SYSTEM-CHECK***

Pray for strength, rather than an easier situation.

***SYSTEM-UPGRADE***

Most times I run a prayer through my brain and picture  
all of the people I want Jesus to help.

***APPLY***

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Forgiveness**

Forgiveness is a gift; you give yourself and other folks

It turns heartache to peace, and raging anger into jokes.

It keeps the hurting party, from the space between your ears

And makes angels up in heaven, give a hundred thousand cheers.

Forgiveness keeps you free, from being bitter, hurt and mad

And lets you focus elsewhere, and get on with being glad.

Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive the other folks

A two way street with heaven, keep your feet out of the spokes.

So cruise on smoothly through this life, forgiveness is a key

Acceptance is it's closest kin, we're family you and me.

Accepting what is done, and then just getting on with life

Surfing over tribulation, and then wading through the strife.

We're bound to get our feelings hurt, or get stepped on our toes

We need to keep our calm, so keep it steady as she goes.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Personal Peace**

To put it quite so simply, peace is more than just a word,  
It's a way of seeing living; it's a way of being heard.  
Peace is knowing there's a heaven, and that Christ has made a place,  
That our time on Earth is short, and we are aided by his grace.  
It means dying if I have to, get beat up if that's the case,  
Standing for what's right, even if what's right means losing face.  
Waiting very patiently, for Christ or fellow man,  
Helping other people, with the heart or mind or hand.  
Walking through dark valleys, when that's where I'm supposed to be,  
Seeing Satan's downfall, and it fills the heart with glee.  
Wrestling to victory, day by day we see it all,  
Praying gets in tune, so we can answer to our call.  
Take it as it comes, we know the Lord is still in charge,  
Do the next right thing, the Holy Spirit out at large.  
Peace in seeing victory, knowing things are getting done,  
Resting in the knowledge, that Jesus and I are one.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **One Cure for Anger**

If God is in charge, all circumstances are what we are meant to experience. Our being angry at things not being our way is saying we know better than God. The desire to stay in God's will dictates a constant state of peace with what life presents. From a place of peace we can assess a situation clearly and do something about it, or not.

I realize this advice and some others in this book is like telling a kid "the key turns it on and drive to Cleveland." This book is pieces of the answer and I am holding them together on my end as best I can.

### **Repentance**

Repentance is a privilege; we can wipe away the slate,  
And move into a better place, into a better state.  
The Lord is eager to forgive, if we just fess it up,  
Admitting we were wrong, is all it takes to clean it up.  
It doesn't take a promise, just admit that we were wrong,  
The heart will feel much lighter; it will sing a happy song.  
I say I'm sorry Jesus, can you teach me how to live?  
I know you really love me, and are eager to forgive.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

## Chapter Five

# Food for Thought

Views on life, for your consideration, with my best intentions.

### Memorial Joke to Donald L. Duncanson

My Father had a great sense of humor and I think he would like this humorous footnote. When my Father died we were asked if we would like to donate any of his tissue for the still living. Being a generous man we thought he would like to know his body might help somebody live a better life. There were six tissues they wanted but it ended up that the only thing that was salvageable were his corneas. I thought it was a fantastic statement of love and beauty, for his eyes, the things he loved out of and took in beauty with, were still healthy, serving yet another person. They say a person's spirit lives on in their organs and my father appreciated women. I just hope a woman didn't get his corneas.

**By Bruce T. Duncanson**

### Daily Journey

Every day I'm on a journey with my, Jesus Christ the Lord  
Spreading Joy and Happiness, and Peace is my reward.  
I try to see the brighter side; it keeps me keeping on  
Each moment has a purpose, now I'm with my father Don.  
I take him to the Perkins, where we sit and have a drink  
We share what's on our mind, and then we have a little think.  
But back to generalities, the journey of my day  
I try to make the most of things, and go my merry way.  
The way of God is tough sometimes, but worth it if I try  
It's as varied as the people; it's as open as the sky.  
I make my way with diligence, a moment I can't lose  
Unless I am relaxing, it is up to me to choose.  
The people on my journey, are a little taste of God  
And even if they're mean, for me to hate is really odd.  
My best is what I'm after, something less is less than me  
I'm going for the prize, and it is nothing I can see.  
It's laying down for sleep at night, and feeling satisfied  
Talking to the Lord, without my wanting just to hide.  
I make my way through chores, so I can cross them off the list  
Progressing through my day, making the most of it's the gist.  
There was a time way back, when I was somewhat like a bum  
I didn't have much money, so I traveled with my thumb.  
I talked a lot of politics; I talked a lot of spirit  
I didn't go to college; I had no other way to hear it.  
I found that my great country, for some folks was not so grand  
Oppression and depression, for some folks go hand in hand.  
Poverty for life, can be a bitter pill to take  
Cycles of abuse, are sometimes difficult to break.  
Alcohol and drugs, can lead to cycles of abuse  
And once you're really hooked, you start to wonder what's' the use.  
The drugs become the fun in life, the best part of the day  
All other things are second, soon becomes the only way.  
But now I've got my head on straight, and know which way is up  
I do my best in little ways, and purchase my own sup.  
I hope to help with this here book, and bring Gods mind to life  
We need to do lots more, to really lessen people's strife.  
It isn't hard to do, but it will take a little time  
The way has been begun; you have it here inside my rhyme.  
Peace and Justice daily, in a thousand little ways  
Keep the home fires burning; watch Old Glory as she sways.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### Grace

Grace is such a simple word; it means a lot of things  
Basically it's a gift of God, you can't pull any strings.  
An inner will to do what's best, though you may not know why  
To drop an old addiction, even though you barely try.  
Walk away from old behaviors, like your walking in the park  
Undergo extreme conditions; enjoy a life that's very stark.  
You may say it before dinner, thank you Jesus for the food  
Or ask the Savior for it, Jesus get me in the mood.  
Grace may take you through trials, a success you can't explain  
Or get you through a failure, when you just want to complain.  
Grace means a lot of things, and it has helped a lot of folks  
To people in the show biz, it has saved a lot of jokes.  
It is truly God fantastic, how a gift has blessed us all  
We just need to pray for it, and then listen for the call.  
It speaks in quiet whispers, or it's auto pilot one  
It knows how to heal heartache, and it knows how to have fun.  
Grace carries us through trials, with our humor still intact  
And operates with patience, when we have to be exact.  
Sometimes we do not realize, what grace has done for us  
It may wake us up early, cause we have to catch the bus.  
Grace can't be bought or bartered, it's just a gift to be enjoyed  
It makes you take a route, that has no traffic to avoid.  
Grace lets you have the money, or it lets you have the tool  
It makes you look important, when you could have been the fool.  
Grace gives you an idea, that you knew by faith would come  
An makes it be significant, instead of really dumb.  
Yes grace can do a lot of things, the Lord will see to that  
It doesn't take intelligence; it never leaves you flat.  
It's doled out to God's children, for emergency or fun  
It keeps the Devil guessing, and his minions on the run.  
The Devil tries to figure out, what will be our next move  
How can I jamb them up, and get them flustered in their groove.  
He thinks that this is wrong, but this time God says it's all right  
He thinks he rules the day, but he don't even rule the night.  
The Lord is super powerful, don't let it lead to sin  
Just do the next right thing, and take a real deep breath and grin.  
It's easy if you try it; you may be a bit surprised  
You are never alone; God's grace has got you supervised.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **The Hundredth Monkey Theory**

I don't know if this is the result of a recent or ancient experiment but I understand it is a true story. Some people showed some monkeys who lived on an island how to wash the grit off of their food in the ocean. Those monkeys showed other monkeys and soon many were washing their food. When a hundred monkeys were washing their food, monkeys on surrounding islands all started washing their food at about the same time. How this relates to peace is that, when a hundred million people are practicing peace, the whole world may turn peaceful.

### **Jesus the Hippie**

I think Jesus was a hippie, with his long hair and a beard  
To forgive four hundred ninety times, was really kind of weird.  
He taught on peace and love, and questioned the authorities  
He protested abuse, and had new ways to cure disease.  
He uplifted the women, and thought that kids were really grand  
And if you had a problem, he was sure to lend a hand.  
Christ made the final sacrifice, went limp before the crowd  
And when he comes again, I'll bet he'll holler pretty loud.  
Why didn't you recycle, all the broken, ill and hurt  
And what about the starving, while the others had dessert.  
I gave you all two thousand years, you'd think that'd be enough  
The good one's get to party, and the evil get it rough.  
My party's really wonderful, with relatives and friends  
The temperature is perfect, and the music never ends.  
The slide shows are incredible, celebrities abound  
And if you look for Jesus, you will find he is around.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **From a Letter to a Detractor**

I am aware that my ideas are out of the ordinary. Over the last 20 Yrs. I have been reminded of that repeatedly. My Peace Army idea is a positive thing and my motivations are noble, unselfish and I believe of God. My comparing myself with Einstein was not the best analogy. I would say Clara Burton the founder of the Red Cross would more in keeping with my line of thought. If she had listened to her detractors we wouldn't have a great worldwide organization like the Red Cross. I'm pretty sure people said things like, "What do you mean, going out on battlefields caring for wounded soldiers, war is dangerous. If the Generals thought the soldiers needed extra care they would see to it. (Generals had surgeons and Doctors that followed them on campaigns) You certainly not going to help enemy soldiers, are you. Helping people in natural disasters? Do you know how big a natural disaster could be? What is one person going to do?"

### **Letter of Encouragement to a Friend**

Howdy Friend, For me the key to happiness is my relationship with God / Jesus. I have faith in him so I am sure I will make it to heaven. I will be spending eternity in heaven so I want a good place there. I want to make the most of my short time on earth by serving him. Soldiering is my favorite model. To destroy the enemy, build up our side, and have fun doing it. Enjoying my life of service really tears at Satan. Being enthusiastic makes me have all sorts of energy for Gods plan. If I can keep up my energy, hardships are just challenges that make life interesting. Satan knows I'm after him and sometimes I even flip him the bird. If he can get me sad he has the upper hand but I can force a smile. Pretty soon the endorphins kick in and I'm smiling naturally for any good reason. (Jesus loves my smile)(fake smiling is silly)(Satan loses in the end)(Gilligan fell on the skipper)(Greater is he who is in me, than he who is in the world) etc... When things get real tough I remember Christ died for me, before I committed my life to him he loved me. He didn't bring me this far just to let me fall now. I pray a lot. It's not such a chore when I think how every breath is a gift from him. (At one point in my life, depression and loneliness made me think breathing was a chore. I would have committed suicide except for the fact, it would mean Satan and the evil people had won.) What else should I do with my thinking time? I take time for entertainment, (don't get me wrong, everybody needs recreation) but I know my time on earth is short and I should make the most of this physical plane. Prayer and service can get you closer to God and get things done to look back on and say to your self, "I made the world a better place". My experience has been that if you pray enough Jesus will help you stop sinning without it being a chore. First I realized it was a sin, then I realized I didn't really want to do that sin, then I found the courage to resent the sin, and finally I found the resolve to stop sinning in that part of my life. My success assured me I was on the right track, and I have faith I would be improved upon as God saw fit. I will be perfect when I'm dead, until then I ask for forgiveness when I know I've done wrong. Satan loves to point out my wrong-doings so I feel bad. When I ask for forgiveness from God that should be the end of it. Jesus has seen me sin a lot and he still loves me. He died for me while I was a sinner. He was dead and came back alive in the flesh to show his authority and the extent of his glory. Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, today is all we have and it's called "the present". If ya get down, decide what you can do about it and give the rest to Jesus, force a smile, help someone else, and flip off the devil. Some people need medicine to feel less depressed, I have been through depressions and found distractions pull me out. This world is in a pretty sorry state in some ways, and dwelling on it would get anyone down. God is in charge and my responsibility is to do what I can, then trust him with the rest. I care and that is something in itself. I intend to make a difference, and God knows my heart. When all else escapes me I can pray for people wherever I am. Jesus came to give peace and joy, the gifts of the spirit. They are free and cannot be taken by robbers or moths. Prayer can be a chore, but it has its rewards. Prayer can bring the peace that surpasses all understanding. Prayer brings joy when you see the victory it brings. Living for Christ (in your own way) I believe gets you a better place in heaven, and heaven lasts a lot longer than the time on earth. Being spiritual, not so much religious, God gave us earth to enjoy but not to have it totally preoccupy our time and energy. Whatever you do, do it for the Lord. Love Bruce!

P.S. Soldiers have specialties and missions. What are you good at, and how do you want to make the world fit for Christ's return? God gives everyone gifts; he doesn't make junk, or mistakes. Turning your will and life over to the care of God, seeking your gifts, and wanting to make the world a better place, enlists you in the Army of God. Praying for others (sharp shooting), Reading the Bible (training manual), Watching and listening to self improvement shows (drill instruction), Church going (Troop address), Helping others (combat), Working alone (special forces), Working as a team (regular army), Meditation (exercise), Communion (dining with the Commanding Officer), Dreaming (talking to the Commanding Officer). Rejoice not so much that you can defeat Satan, but that Christ first loved you. God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference. Who you are is God's gift to you, who you become is your gift to God. God works all things to good for those who love him.

### **Semper Fi**

Semper Fi means Always Faithful, A United States Marine,  
He works out in the waste land, so our rest rooms stay real clean.  
An adage that I heard of, while protesting war and hate,  
It means we've got it made here, in this grand United State.  
Many others aren't so lucky, to have Mom and apple pie,  
This peace we have is precious; let's not sling it in their eye.  
So what about the homeless, or the mentally disturbed?  
The lack of care is awesome; it can get me quite perturbed.  
The battle fields expensive, human caring costs some food,  
Let's keep the zeal of Christmas, all year long, stay in the mood.  
The Leather Necks will risk it, what of folks like me and you?  
I know I'm to damn comfortable, this writing's what I do.  
I'm not the only person, who inspires through the arts,  
We all contribute something, when there's goodness in our hearts.  
I have a little money, so I give a little out,  
But mostly I have visions, and I want my words to shout.  
With everybody trying, peace and justice are a cinch,  
Do what you think is useful, we will get there, inch by inch.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Satan**

Satan is an asshole, and I'll say it to his face,  
He scares me yes a little, but I know I've got Gods grace.  
Grace to dance through mine fields, shield of faith for Satan's darts,  
The two edged sword of gospel, and the will to salvage hearts.  
He uses lots of trinkets, to confuse our Holy Will,  
Astrology and Tarot cards, he wants our cup to spill.  
He loves to see us waste away, and wallow in our misery,  
Or rape and kill our fellows, Satan's written lots of history.  
He likes to use religion, to inspire war and hate,  
And petty little jealousies, to him are really great.  
A worry that won't go away, is like a little burr,  
It cuts us just a little, and it makes our vision blur.  
Greed is probably Satan's fav, to want more than we need,  
It's easy to Secom to; all he does is plant the seed.  
He's really quite a pushy dude, and uses lots of tricks,  
I like to make him angry, that is how I get my kicks.  
Mostly I just do my best, and pray to God a lot,  
A shiny spot to smile about, he hangs himself a lot.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

## WORDS WORTH FORCE FORETOLD

It goes something like “In the beginning was the word and the word was GOD and GOD spoke in the world” hence the big bang theory and Christ become the world/word as we know it. The first rumblings out of Gods mouth were the universe spewing out from the center. God described the evolution of our galaxies and planets in them as we know it. Humans were the last, best idea, to top the creation. God made it all so real it could appear like it happened by chance. Some people know how to construct and dissect sentences. Scientists use words to understand, describe and change our world with this planets varied resources for the general betterment of people.

We use words in our mind to organize and describe our lives. Honest words provide security and order, that ill minds need. Medications can do many things for the brain hardware but the software needs relationships with professionals and folk for the minds to heal fully. The mind can only think of one thing at a time although that one thing may be different every other second. We need to be there second by minute after hour with healing words, music and activity.

Large vocabularies help the brain describe, organize and manipulate the world in our mind. Making a large vocabulary fun, routine and challenging will I think, build pathways in the minds software, that will lead to a better life. Processing more information quickly inherently gives a person with mental illnesses more skills to draw from, as they create better lives. As a supportive community we spell everything out plain and simple, we let them read us as we live and work with them. Word power is tradition in all ancient religions and nations. Words said “just so”, were important symbols of remembrance, celebration or command that unified a people.

Armies use words in a uniform manner in order to eliminate undue loss of life, to maximize the enemies loss of life, to be at the right place at the right time, to know friend from foe, to deliver the right supplies, to hide information, to create codes, to construct rationales, for autonomic thought trains, to measure progress, to determine direction.

We are going to be doing stuff that man has not yet been able to do. Helping people in a big way, leaving them in good enough shape so as to help others. Helping isn't always easy, how much to help, when to stop helping, standards of Peace, Joy, Contentment, and Fulfillment. All those judgment calls need as much Holy Verbal Structure as we can create. I borrow from the military model for tools in transforming present reality to our better, under adverse conditions.

Opposites challenge us to imagine very positive peace tactics. A “Howitzer” could be a cash machine for a member going out of a locality with support at regular intervals for a set ministry. A “Trench” is a NEXTEL perimeter to locate the mentally ill in a locality. A “Tank” could be a bus with mental health volunteers for a safe intake of the sick. (Working with a Trench) A “Rifle” is an internet laptop. A “4X4” is a house with 8 beds. A “Corp. of Engineers” works the land. “Bivwack” would be a mobile food picking and preserving town.(working on AG time) A “Battalion” might be headed up by 3 Doctors 8 Nurses 16 Aides 32 case managers and 12 support staff personal. A “Confidence Course” might still need to be a hard way to go, in some way or other.

It would follow that a body of people propelled by God would not take His name lightly. I can think of no good reason to “take HIS name in vain” Period. There are many good reasons why not. Jeeze and Gaud are not sufficiently different sounding to pass muster. Our Fearless Leader, who hears everything, holds us to be real with him. We don't work 44 hrs. a week for a man and then call to mind his image when something goes wrong, or we wish to make an expression of surprise. We will think how we speak, and speak how we think.

I don't intend to promote word fascism for mental health. Everything in moderation is a good truism to listen to. People will misspeak, use a malapropism, exaggerate, joke, let things slip, occasionally lie and talk shit. Our respect for words will need to be tempered, so as not to become a religion of it's own.

### **Prayer's the Knack Flack Jacket**

This is where they leave you off to, pray, have faith, keep a good thought, think positive, look on the bright side, be patient, mind your manners, share, love, understand, forgive, heal, keep your eyes on the prize, make yourself useful, ALONE! BY YOURSELF I've been there, that's about it, Christian-Soldiering. The Lord's prayer is a good "standard". **Keri A Lay Zon - Alleluia Lord** have Mercy-Praise the Lord. **Lord I'm nothing without you, please help. / Praise Jesus, WE can do anything!**

The Ever Present Savior is Alive in Many people's lives, they can help. The Lord has a plan for everyone and He may give you a lonely one. That's OK, the Crucible comes in many forms and flavors. You may live with no Privacy. God is always here and now. Pray always for his will in your life as Commandos of Peace. We celebrate His story in our lives, as individuals and a people! Try to be present to Him, as he is to you, quietly watching everything from your perspective and everyone else's.

An exercise I like to do is to imagine Jesus as the object of "love, thanks, camaraderie" in songs in a wholesome and respectful way. The radio will show lots of ways to relate to God, on lots of human levels, intensities, and forms, allowing us to try on new ways of loving, caring, giving and receiving. It's tricky sometimes, but grace and intent can really open a person to lots of Jesus' traits they never knew were there.

### **The Lords Prayer Expanded**

**Our Father** The Daddy who loves us more than anyone else could

**Who art in heaven** The most lovely place in the universe

**Hallowed be thy name** Just knowing your name is a blessing

**Thy Kingdom come** We want things done your way

**Thy Will be done** You have our life to work with

**On Earth as it is in heaven** Together we can make earth a lovelier place

**Give us this day our daily bread** We will trust in your provision on a daily basis

**And forgive us our trespasses** We are truly sorry for sinning, through commission or omission

**As we forgive those who trespass against us** We will not hold onto anger at others

**And lead us not into temptation** Help us stay worlds away from sin

**But deliver us from evil** Keep us strong against the "Roaring Lion"

**For thine is the Kingdom** In you are all things

**And the power** All things are under your control

**And the Glory** All things work according to your plan

**Now and forever** From creation to infinity

**Amen** I believe Bruce T. Duncanson

### **A Brief History of Bruce T. Duncanson**

My life started near the inner city where I remember my sister and I getting beatup by my next door neighbor many times. He was ten, I was four and she was two, the crime was being in his yard at his sisters' invitation. I was raised on the suburban fringe of Columbus, Ohio. At my new home the boys were my own age and Ben who had older brothers showed me how to wrestle. We had many good times play fighting and playing in the woods near our home. As time went on I became obsessed with fighting and the military. History went from war to war. As a child I was taught wars were part of history and there was nothing to do about them. Great inventions were born out of needs in wars. Stealing lands, labor and resources gave the victor advantages that made the world a better place, eventually. So I studied war and warfare as a child to be on top of the great struggle to make the world a better place. I had wanted to join the army and work my way up the ranks to become the General that would one-day lead an army to victory and improve the world. I think I was a nice kid but I wouldn't run from a fight that I thought I could win. When I got older I didn't need to fight but once or twice a year because of my reputation. My parents were never pleased about the fights, even when I was standing up for someone or an important principal.

I was generally well liked in the neighborhood, paperboy, altar boy, scout and older brother to two sisters. We had many friends and many good times in the woods, the pool, and around the neighborhood. I fell into cigarettes at thirteen, alcohol at fourteen and marijuana soon after. Midway through the eleventh grade I had an "adolescence adjustment reaction" and spent three weeks in a hospital. Of the guys I was friends with in the eleventh grade I am the only one who didn't serve a prison sentence. I dropped out of school in the eleventh grade and was headed for the army to pursue my dream of fighting for right, save some money and move to Canada to live in the woods. I missed Vietnam by two years and was willing to go. My Mother had sent me to a rural service community that helped juvenile delinquents and the mentally retarded the year before and I was going to go back there once more as a summer volunteer, before I joined the army. Through all of this my Father had six hospitalizations for schizophrenia and Mom managed to keep the home afloat

I was taught a different history of our world at Wolf Lake Refuge, from the common person's perspective. I learned the concepts of non-violence, community service and world peace. From where the foot soldier stands, wars are a waste of life, time and resources. Those in power want and those on the ground get it for them. First one aggresses and one defends until defeated. Then the defender resists for years till the aggressor is repelled or continues to resist for years and no one is happy.

Eventually I moved to Minneapolis to become the hippie mechanic I thought the community needed. Being self sufficient on the road was also appealing. After several years of learning, thinking and participating in the peace movement I came up with the idea of a peace army. "WAGING PEACE at WARS PACE" I gave up work, family and home to speak and listen for the peace army. I spent a lot of time talking to people about life, religion and finance. I made myself interesting and welcome by coming up with new aspects of the Peace Army. I did spot labor, slept in a wood shed and gave up having preferences. I hitch hiked a bit and talked up the peace army and tried to be a bright spot on the road. I learned from people of all religions with the main thought being "are you kind, how do we make for a better world and what else can this soul teach me." I got involved deeply in practices of other religions always having faith in Jesus also. I found that peace had been an elusive goal of all religions from the beginning of recorded history.

Through a twist of fate I ended up back in my hometown, at a mental hospital for five weeks. I was diagnosed with schizophrenia. Besides taking medication regularly I realized I had to quit listening for the voices and be logical about my beliefs. Stepping back I looked at my values, beliefs and dreams anew. Recycling, world peace and looking out for others might not be all it's cracked up to be. Eventually I decided the Peace Army still had merit and it was my responsibility to see it through. Also I didn't want all the positive exchanges I had had, to be empty air for a pot user to use in. I added the part about helping the mentally ill. I went through a deliverance program at a church to rid me of the occult connections. I added the strong Christian foundation with an eye to include those of other religions. Most religions want for the same thing. AA and NA taught me many new things about life and reaffirmed some old beliefs. I added helping those with drug addictions. I later realized, since I had targeted the two thirds of the homeless population I should open up to the remaining class of the homeless, those down on their luck.

After drifting through a few job situations I found meaningful steady employment, got a computer, and began working on a book that would convey my vision of a better world. I have reconnected with my many friends of many beliefs, made some new ones and still judge a person by "are you kind."

### **Bruces' Brief Theology**

I believe in Jesus the divine/human son of God, Creator of all that is seen and unseen, born of a virgin, who can forgive sins, and grant eternal life. I ask the Holy Spirit to guide me in all my ways. I have had miracles and grand coincidences worked in my life to make my faith rock solid. I pray every night, take in Christian media daily, occasionally I go to church and seem to read the New Testament through once every three years. I try to base my life on the thought "Jesus has given me a limited time here on the Earth, how much better can I make it for the people who come after me."

People from many religious persuasions have been good to me, given me wisdom and reinforced my own beliefs by challenging me and sharing they're version of my philosophy. There is no way I can in good conscience say they are wrong not to believe just like me. By the same token I have been disrespected, ignored, and given up on by people who share my same faith in Jesus. People are people. We both have a lot to teach each other about life, getting along and bringing peace to the Earth. After all isn't that the goal, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." I believe Jesus will be here some day and we are borrowing every minute to bring peace amongst the earth's people. Jesus will bring total peace some day but we are to try as much as we can to give him a semblance of peace to work with. I can't in good conscience condemn a person to hell because they don't believe just like me. So much has been written and told about the afterlife by thoughtful, intelligent people that I have to concede that they may be OK when they leave life. The bible says someone is led by the Lord to Jesus. Some folks aren't led by the Lord so who am I to doubt, distrust or hate them.

I do want to share my faith with others and give others the peace, power and love I feel from Jesus. I'm on the ground; I see things from the common person's perspective and feel the pain of the oppressed, downtrodden and forgotten. I believe in conversion through example. Saint Francis said it best, "Preach the Gospel always, when necessary use words." I intend to show love to all I help. I will leave the converting by argument to the professional evangelists. Jesus is scheduled to return "at a time you do not know." I believe the Bible is studied way too much by some. If those who know the Bible well, would help in tangible ways those who don't know the Bible, the world would be a better place. More might be interested in reading the bible, helping others and prayer might still be in our schools.

Should prayer be allowed in our schools? By not allowing prayer in schools atheism is promoted. The real question is, should prayer be led in schools. Are teachers qualified to lead prayer in their own religion, let alone the religions of everyone in their class? Our nation does have Christian roots, yet Thomas Jefferson made reference to God by using the term "Laws of nature and nature's God." He went on to say "We hold these TRUTHS to be self evident, that all MEN are created equal, that they are endowed by there CREATOR with certain unalienable RIGHTS, that among these are LIFE, LIBERTY, and the PURSUIT of HAPPINESS, THAT to secure these RIGHTS, GOVERNMENTS are instituted among MEN, deriving their just POWERS from their CONSENT of the GOVERNED,....I believe we are a diverse nation of people who our founding Christian fathers saw fit to be governed on a secular basis.

#### **AS LONG AS THERE ARE TESTS, THERE WILL BE PRAYER IN SCHOOL**

Civil disobedience has much biblical backing. Jesus was whisked away in the night to avoid a governmental decree that all babies under two years of age were to be killed. Jesus was crucified by the Roman government at the request of the Jewish Authorities in part for his smartellic and contemptuous attitude toward those authorities. His other criminal actions included healing on the Sabbath, equating himself with God, saying he could forgive sins and saying he had a kingdom but not delivering. Paul demanded justice from the civil authorities and was eventually killed for his efforts. Christians in Rome were killed for meeting in secret, and professing their allegiance to Jesus and not the emperor or other Roman deity.

Jesus spent lots of time caring for people in his ministry. He fed them, healed them, befriended them and taught them for their salvation. He gave until it hurt. I believe we need to give till it hurts a little. He said the poor would be with us always. We will always have people to care for and add material to our home in heaven. It's my belief that "childlike faith" gets a Christian to heaven, and works determine the mansion, house or quarters in heaven. Heaven is an eternity!

Generally speaking; Christianity is a religion of the heart, Buddhism of the mind, and Yoga of the body. I follow my heart, and use my mind to direct my body to make life better here on Earth.

### **Uncles and Dads at Darts**

Got together with my buddies, we were all Uncles or Dads,  
Been through the school of hard knocks, we are Honorary Grads.  
Conversation round the dart board, pausing long enough for play,  
Talk about our hopes and dreams, and talk about our day.  
I was the beginner, winging darts with overhand,  
Encouragement and guidance, got me throwing pretty grand.  
The love amongst the players, was so thick that I could float,  
I was privileged to be with some friends, a thinking man's love boat.  
How do we get the world at peace, what news do we believe?  
Why is it true, it's better for to give, than to receive?  
What house is big enough for home, how new must be the car?  
How many compromises and still stay the man we are?  
We rattle off our numbers, just to get a pizza pie,  
We strip ourselves of metal, if we want a chance to fly.  
It's welcome to reality, the only show to see,  
Let's talk about our different views, our different ways to be.  
Some brush their teeth with soda; others use the Improved Crest,  
With what we know of life, we walk between our good and best.  
The game has got its strategy, like where is best to hit,  
Pump the forearm, flick the wrist, and see the score ya get.  
Good darts my friend, give me some skin, that's quite the way to go,  
Our team is well ahead, you threw the dart that made it so.  
This game is quite a lot like life, take aim at what you seek,  
Step up to the line my friend, no reason to be meek.  
Is it sensible or rational, with half a chance of winning?  
Will it really make me happy; will it really get me grinning?  
What will I let go by, in my pursuit of the big dream?  
How do the skills I've mastered, work into my master scheme?  
My friends may help along the way, in ways that fit their style,  
With friends walking beside me, I could walk five hundred miles.  
My friends will do some things for me, I cannot do alone,  
Conveying observations, of my manner or my tone.  
So what's the trouble buddy, let me know and let it out,  
I've seen ya looking better, you're run down without a doubt.  
They're in the good times also, dude you're really on your game,  
You really make the party, without you it's not the same.  
How did you pull it off my friend, you really know your stuff,  
I would have stopped a while back; your half was quite enough.  
We all have got our strong points, when we complement it's great,  
How did we get together, was it God or was it fate?  
Whatever the mechanics, it is cause for celebration,  
Honest thoughts in play with you, are truly liberation.  
Abstractions batted round, become concrete with your opinion,  
We validate each other; we are all each other's minion.  
It's one for all and all for one, the Six Gray Musketeers,  
We'll meet again someday for darts, and share a couple beers.  
Till then, with memories it tact, up building on my life,  
A needed reparation, I could not get from my wife.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Unity**

Capitalism is Idealized Anarchy without Jesus. Robust Whole Hearted Christianity, (let alone the true love faith of most other religions) would heal the World in one year. Six weeks to abolish starvation! We all need a country to run and enjoy. Rules are tools. The information age is upon us. Software crafted with Love in mind. Gone are the days where a nation's prime blatant objective was taking someone else's land. (I think I can say that.) We could all track the world's goods some day. Emotional healing may take longer, and I think we could all use some of that. Pray (Hope) for people, we are worth it.

### **THEN and NOW**

REMEMBER WHEN The orange barrels lining the road were made of steel. AND NOW They are made of plastic to minimize vehicle damage and are easier to move and store. REMEMBER WHEN Most mentally ill people were locked up for the rest of their lives. AND NOW Medications have let them out in record numbers with record numbers floating around the country homeless and hungry. REMEMBER WHEN Working in the garden was a given if a person wanted to eat all winter. AND NOW Many people garden for the fun of it. REMEMBER WHEN Smoke detectors were reserved for high value buildings like museums and banks. AND NOW Every rental unit in Columbus is required to have one. REMEMBER WHEN High ranking officers were accompanied by their own physician and enlisted were an after thought. AND NOW Medical Operatives are imbedded with the front line troops and an enlisted man is medivaced in short order, just like an officer when wounded to a MASH.

### **IF/THEN**

IF We can afford a city the size of Las Vegas who's sole purpose is fun, profit and wasting water on decoration in the midst of a desert. THEN We can justify a Fully Contrived Village to bring hope to the mentally ill and demonstrate the possibility of energy independence. IF We afford our society Casinos for people to relax and recreate at. THEN We can easily see our way clear to set aside parts of urban areas to coddle the mentally ill and their support people. IF We build heart wings on hospitals and the venture makes money. THEN We should be able to figure a way for the common person to get the mental health treatment only the well insured now enjoy. IF America can look at manned flight to Mars. THEN We can surly grapple with the complexities of healing and rebuilding human lives. IF The world can get together every four years to watch people compete in sports. THEN We could have a reality show where the world gangs up on a city in an underdeveloped country and makes it a base for helping the rest of the nation. IF Stem cells can be used to grow into healthy body parts with the cells from the patient or a donor. THEN Friendly people can fill an empty life, be they from the peace army, fellow patients or old friends we find for them.

**Christ around the Clock** (to the tune of "Rock around the Clock)

Peace on the earth good will toward men  
The Peace of God is found within  
Do your best to be God's own kin  
Gonna Praise the Lord around the clock  
Well I'm a tripped out hippie, singing rock and roll  
Getting all tripped out, playing up the fool  
I was a tripped out trip, before sixty-six  
Tripping round the many walls, and getting bored with all the bricks  
I'll be the rock your gonna trip on, till ya see me as a paving stone

Well the hippies came, singing give peace a chance  
We gotta different kinda music gotta different way to dance  
We got love and trust and peaceful things  
And when ya strike a piece of iron, everybody knows it rings  
Gonna play with heavy metal till we get the system sounding good

Well I'm a Christian soldier, waging peace and grace  
And I really love the people it don't matter creed or race  
I say we're all Gods people, large and small  
We're all in need of love I say, one and all  
To give and care and love and worship in a newer dynamic way

I'm a Christian Warrior; I'm a mortal man  
Whatever I can't do, I know the one who surly can  
Jesus helps and helps me help the earth  
The people are Gods people it's the planet of their birth  
To do my duty God and country it's the least that I can surely do

Well the Lord made Jesus, God in flesh and blood  
Jesus healed a mans eyes with just a little bit of mud  
He brought life to Lazarus and he calmed the sea  
He did a lot of miracles so that we all could really see  
He is the Prince of Peace amazing and he came to earth for you and I

Well the one great God, he had a real great plan  
He sent his son to be our savior looking like a mortal man  
He let his son die slowly, upon that cross  
Christ died for sin around the world, to show the world who's really boss  
Christ came to life and that is Easter; he's in heaven hearing all our prayers

His disciples thought, the Christ was gone for good  
Until they talked with him, and ate with him, and saw him work with wood  
And they said Jesus my Lord; you are the Christ indeed  
And we thank you for your spirit, when we ever have a need  
It's so amazing you are with us, cause we saw you die upon that tree

So get some inspiration, get a lot of nerve  
God didn't come for easy living, what he did was come to serve  
He did it all for God's people and he paid the cost  
Like the Holy shepherd brave, he came to save the lost  
Together we can make life better; it's a most important thing to do

("Christ around the Clock" continued)

You know the peace of God, it is found within  
Ya just reject whatever's evil and just avoid whatever's sin  
Put your cares on the Lord, and trust his ways  
I know the most effective person is the Warrior who prays  
The Son of God he is my Savior and he'll always be the Lord of Lords

Well there's grace in this and there's grace in that  
Jesus Christ he is the answer and he's always where it's at  
Living for him in the Lord, it's easy day by day  
Yoke is easy, burden light, and all his love will always stay  
The grace of God is so amazing and he helps me make it through and through

We need to do a lot we need to do lots more  
It isn't hard if you imagine; we can let our spirit soar  
I see dimensions heading off into a better place  
I'm not concerned about the fuel tank; I just wanna win the race  
We can grow, and learn, and change, and know that God is still the same all day

Well there's grace in this and there's grace in that  
Ya gotta do the best ya can and show the others where it's at  
We are the salt and light, we are Gods own kin  
We need to keep our eyes above we need to keep away from sin  
Sing praise the Lord and Hallelujah cause today's the day the Lord has made

Going from joy to joy it is an ideal way  
Any hardships we encounter serve to make us wanna stay  
We gotta hunker down hard to serve the only God  
Standing firm in our resolve, with what we got our human bod  
They say it's just us for to do it, we've a heritage to follow through

There's a lot of men and women lots of friends of friends  
Who professed and worked for Jesus to the very living ends  
It's a lineage of lovers for two thousand five years  
Working hard through all the trials, doubts, the hassles and the fears  
And now it's up to us to carry on, to lead on to the greater good

Good for friends and neighbors folks in distant lands  
God will work out all the details if we'll only be His hands  
Trades and gifts, professions we all have got a few  
It doesn't matter how ya do it, all that matters is ya do  
The Lord is coming and we gotta look like we were all expecting Him

The Lord will come in glory but we know not when  
They say he might be here tomorrow or it might be thirty ten  
There will be no mistaking; it will make you look  
But don't take it from me, look in the Holy Book  
Sing Praise the Lord and Hallelujah cause today's the day the Lord has made  
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By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Legalize Hemp Production**

The hemp should all be legalized, to turn the world around,  
Agents bust the harder drugs, sell reefer by the pound.  
The curious are drawn into, the underworld of drugs,  
For trying something safe, they end up giving gangsters, hugs.  
The herb is lumped on in, with heroin and PCP,  
The lie that pot is just as bad, makes choices hard to see.  
What other lies did those folks tell, what end is really up?  
How do I have fun and be safe? I'm more than just a pup.  
You can't just order me around, do this thing, now do that,  
I think, I feel, I contemplate, I really like to chat.  
I talk to friends and strangers, to explore the safe and bad,  
I wish the one who set me straight, could have been my own Dad.  
But he was not so privy, to the safeness of the weed,  
It scared him very much, that I would do the evil deed.  
The weed is not so bad I'd say, it's just a simple plant.  
Ya pick it, dry it, smoke it, let me give ya my own slant.  
Her name is Mary Jane, she has a taste that grows on you,  
It's sweet and thick and potent, then it does what it will do.  
The world is somehow calmer, being here is quite enough,  
A problem is a challenge, we can figure out this stuff.  
Let's look at it in detail, let a thought train take control,  
Exhausting all the options, every mind can have a roll.  
The taxes that we could collect, would give our land a raise,  
And let our children coming up, have even better days.  
The weed down at the carryout, would be a standard grade,  
The liquor store type ganja, is how memories are made.  
A bong hit at the bar, is sanitized with alcohol,  
And hookahs in the party room, are sure to be a ball.  
No one will fall or fight, if they have had a bit too much,  
They'll talk and laugh and giggle, life that alcohol can't touch.  
The hemp ware would be awesome, soft and strong, easy to grow.  
And medicine made with the herb, is helpful don't ya know?  
Hemp paper it is just as good, and cheaper to produce,  
It's easy on the planet, tree consumption we reduce.  
It's ten times sheets per acre, page for page a better buy.  
I look at all the reasons and I have to wonder why,  
Who wants the trees for paper, who wants fibers that wear out?  
Who wants people drinking liquor, who makes ailing people pout?  
Who wants kids talking to dealers, for a minute or an hour?  
Who would lie to keep things simple, for a kid about to flower?  
Subjecting kids to lawlessness, for something like a beer,  
It works for many millions, just another form of cheer.  
Who would spend a lawman's time, on something not the enemy?  
How long will this go on, before the people wake on up and see,  
That pot is better legal, given all of the concerns?  
It makes the world a better place, through all the twists and turns.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Narcotics Anonymous**

Narcotics Anonymous, is really quite a gas  
We get high without alcohol, or that illegal grass.  
We sit around and talk, how life is better without drugs  
We share our feelings openly and give each other hugs.  
The willingness to live life clean, is where we need to start  
The bottom must be desolate, to sink into the heart.  
The meetings give support, and drive the plan into the brain,  
Clean is how to live; or else the living gets insane.  
Finding ways and means to use, and then we use some more,  
All the moneys gone, and then the Landlord's at the door.  
Frightened of the cops, or if the dope is any good,  
Wondering when will it end, or if it ever could.  
Focusing my life away, a substance has my will,  
I run my life to get a fix, a joint, or else a pill.  
It makes me happy for a time, and then I'm back to me,  
Obliterated wasted, so much wanting to be free.  
Discarding my relations, they don't use so who are they,  
Late at night alone I cry, to God, and start to pray.  
Pray that I can change, and get a life that's really fun,  
The fellowship has shown me, how "good life" is really run  
Easy does it safely, see your sponsor, read the book,  
Talk if you feel troubled, it will get you off the hook.  
Work the steps intensely; thank the Lord you're still alive,  
Get to other meetings, it is always a nice drive.  
Listen to the addicts, how they manage living clean,  
Find the things that they enjoy, and how they stay serene.  
Other ways to deal with struggles, letting go and letting God,  
Ways to deal with stressers, that you used to think were odd.  
Looking boredom in the face, to do the next right thing,  
Clean your room, or take a walk, or go to church and sing.  
Getting up clear headed, sure does beat the morning bla's,  
A whole new way of living, not just grabbing after straws.  
It never gets any better, using leads to other use,  
We addicts found a better way; it's sorta like a truce.  
Surrender to God's will, and let the chips fall where they may,  
Staying clean's the answer; it beats using any day.  
The road's not always easy, but it's always worth the work,  
The peace of doing your best, will surely give your stride a perk.  
And then there's all the dreams, that we are capable of doing,  
Learning as we go, and helping others is renewing.  
The steady transformation, from the vast impending doom,  
New tools to deal with problems, feeling free to leave your room.  
Answering the door, without first fearing who it is,  
Befriending other addicts, folks like Charlie, Mark, and Liz.  
A whole new way of living, putting anger in its place,  
Aware enough to learn, and not repeating past mistakes.  
No barrier of drugs, between your God and fellow man,  
Away from being shot at, life is easy and we can.  
And if you try you'll find, that it's an easy way of life,  
I've found it so myself, and I am fairly free of strife.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### Nine One One

We had it here so good I think, before nine one and one,  
The States are now the “super cop”, with mandate and a gun.  
A lot of small explosions, have occurred around the world,  
But that one was too much to take, and now the flag’s unfurled.  
A lot of little pin pricks, in comparison to this,  
The World Trade Center Towers, are just too darn big to miss.  
They came against us hard and deep, and shook us to the core,  
We saw how bad the bad guys are, got scared that they’d do more.  
They ran into the Pentagon, in Washington DC,  
Missed the White House widely, it was really hard to see.  
Heroes’ over Keystone State, Americans at their best,  
Osama didn’t bargain on the cell phone news flash test.  
The Firemen and Policemen ran to help the people out,  
They risked their lives for strangers, modern saints without a doubt.  
They ran into the peril, for to save our life and limb,  
And now they’re with the Lord, who’s taking real good care of them.  
So now we have declared a war, committing to a cause,  
The terrorists have started it, and now they’ll see who’s boss.  
We do a lot to help the world, and we will do some more,  
But now the fight is to the death, Americans know War.  
We finished World Wars One and Two, when pushing came to shove,  
Our soldiers gave it all for peace, and for the God above.  
We weren’t the ones who started it, but saw it to the end,  
If there’s a conflict that is just, you know who you can send.  
We’ll smoke them out of caves, and we will smoke them out of towns,  
We’ll find them in the deserts, and we’ll listen for their sounds.  
Track them on the Internet, and trace them on the phone,  
See them in the darkest night, when they think they’re alone.  
Together we can do it; honest people just can’t lose,  
Together with the Muslims, with the Hindus, and the Jews.  
We’re all God’s people basically, all longing for his peace,  
We all enjoy a nephew, and we all enjoy a niece.  
Some day we’ll all look back on this, and wonder why it took,  
A World Trade Center tragedy, to make us stop and look.  
At how we are alike, and how our differences are cool,  
How poverty, in any land, is really very cruel.  
The poor folks of the world, deserve a better kind of life,  
A future they can dream on, free of envy, free of strife.  
It isn’t really hard, if we just make it like a game,  
Mother Earth is here for us; not something we can tame.  
So buckle up your bootstraps, ‘cause the war has just begun,  
I’ll do my best back home here, for the folks who tote a gun.  
I’ll praise my Lord, and you praise yours, but we can share the road,  
Just look around when tired, some good soul will share the load.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Murdered by USA**

A tribute to the innocent, we've killed throughout the years,  
From collateral Afghanis, to the dreadful trail of tears.  
I'm really patriotic, but we need to face the facts,  
Our country, of our people, have performed some dreadful acts.  
We drove the Indians from the east, so we could grow our cotton,  
Their settlements are gone from there, but they are not forgotten.  
We call ourselves a Christian land, but isn't that a stretch,  
Would Jesus kick folks from a land, for price that it would fetch?  
We cut heads off Phillipinos, to make them fear their death,  
And sent them all off stateside, it's enough to take your breath.  
In Vietnam we killed a bunch, with bullets and napalm,  
Agent Orange was used in tons, to bring that nation calm.  
We didn't quite succeed, despite our massacres and aid,  
They worked free of the empires, their lives is how they paid.  
We have some blood stains on our hands, so let us not forget,  
Or we'll be breeding enemies, an act we will regret.  
I hope all the dead babies; we've aborted through the years,  
Don't bring Gods wrath upon us, we should shed a couple tears.  
We ended world wars One and Two, but does that make it right,  
To say that God is on our side, and throw around our might.  
We're not as bad as other empires, who've ruled upon the earth,  
I'm proud to be American, the nation of my birth.  
But if we don't look honestly, at past mistakes and wrongs,  
We can't move through the future, with our happy righteous songs.  
We need to face our past with truth, don't make the same mistakes,  
Or else we're smiling, lying thugs, who's Ministers are fakes.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Writers Good Friday**

Sometimes I get so wired, writing poems day and night,  
I'm short on lots of money; this is my own way to fight.  
I want to show a better way, to make the world worthwhile,  
So I'll continue writing, find a word and have a smile.  
They said in times of old, the pen is sharper than the sword,  
And doing for the Lord, is sort of like its own reward.  
I like to splice my thoughts, that make world healing seem a breeze,  
Put apathy in check, it is a terrible disease.  
I've seen lots of little changes; they started with a thought,  
Peace and cooperation, are the skills that can be taught.  
The mind is filled with words; the Lord makes mine sound like a song,  
I have a dream of peace, so read my stuff and tag along.  
Cooperating's difficult, without a sense of peace,  
A wheel turns much smoother, with a little dab of grease.  
I've seen so many people, change their world with just a thought,  
World peace it must be learned, it's not a thing that can be bought.  
A book is inexpensive; you can take it anywhere,  
My words are thoughts and feelings, in a medium we share.  
It isn't hard to read, you don't need license or degree,  
And if you pay attention, my full vision you will see.  
I tried to help with anger, deprivation, hurt, and want,  
I ended up a lunatic, that spirits tried to haunt.  
I then set out for peace, the kind that Jesus likes to give,  
He said I'll be your pilot, if you just get out and live.  
I gained a new perspective; peace is easy if you try,  
The mind takes time to change, and it can feel real good to cry.  
It washes out the toxins, and it softens up the heart,  
It doesn't settle everything, but it is a big big part.  
I had to face the fact, that all my loved ones did their best,  
The Lord gave me the wisdom, how to figure out the rest.  
Nobody born is perfect, but our Savior Jesus Christ,  
Forgiving and forgetting, is a very simple price.  
It makes no sense to hang upon, old grudges like a leech,  
Ignoring freedoms way, is what the world would like to teach.  
Sharing what we have, because the Lord gave it to us,  
Like giving up a seat, inside a hot and crowded bus.  
It's Good Friday OT 2, and it is raining cats and dogs,  
It's nice if you are ducks, or monkeys, fish or even frogs.  
I'll finish up this poem, and be on my merry way,  
Perhaps take in a meeting; see my buddies at NA.  
I think I'll go to bed, and wake up rested and alert,  
I'll follow my own program, so I get my just desert.  
So it's not too darn bad, to ponder words day after day,  
It just might make a difference, serve to show a better way.  
Some day I might be famous, like a Ghandi or Thoreau,  
And people will ask questions, for the answers I bestow.  
I want the world to recognize, that peace could be at hand,  
Don't just fall for anything, seek Christ and make a stand.  
He gave his life for us today, so we'd be free from sin,  
He conquered death and Satan, and he made us his own kin.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Satan's Ways**

Satan is an evil one, he's wicked and he's wise  
He'll trick you into hell, unless you see through his disguise.  
He likes to start off subtly and then quicken up the pace  
He gets you going slowly, then you're running in the race.  
Sometimes it doesn't seem like sin, so then why should it matter?  
And then life gets real crazy, like that Alice's Mad Hatter.  
He'll speak to you in whispers, then he's yelling in your ear  
He'll act like he's way off, when he is really very near.  
The family cannot help you 'cause he's drawn you far away  
You struggle to be free of him but he has plans to stay.  
The grip he has is deafening, with tricks at every turn  
He keeps the brain a-racing, full of worry and concern.  
He makes life seem so trying, so you need the easy way  
Use sin to get you through it, to enjoy your busy day.  
Bad habits and vices are his favorite ways to rule  
Bad attitudes and prejudice, will make you act the fool.  
He'll fill you full of bitterness and make you very mad  
Or trick you into envy, till you're feeling very sad.  
Sometimes he throws in jealousy to tear down others' fun  
Or make you scared of everything and get you on the run.  
Despair is when he has you, thinking you're as good as dead  
Not seeing any hope, with a black cloud over your head.  
Relaxing to oblivion, rewards are here and now  
Not caring about any one, Satan will show you how.  
Take it easy now, because tomorrow's yet to be  
Right now is all you have; it's all he wants to let you see.  
His demons working overtime, to drive you into fear  
Afraid of bringing dreams to life, or having someone dear.  
They gang up when you're tired or you haven't had some food  
They like to make you miserable, in such a rotten mood.  
They get you to imagine all your friends are really jerks  
With pettiness and envy, they can jamb up all the works.  
They like to make you greedy, getting more than what you need  
Or get you feeling angry, so you do a nasty deed.  
So stay close to the Lord, my friend, it's worth it in the end  
He wants the best for all of us; he'll get you on the mend.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Capitol Punishment**

So why ya in a rush, to kill a killer man  
To make em live with life, is such a meaner plan  
It keeps us all from killing us, an innocent soul  
A person like ourselves, to just exact a toll  
A mother or a father, or an uncle or an aunt  
Returning from the grave, is something we can't grant  
We are all human life and we can change with time  
A simple sentence, brings an end to crime  
It keeps em locked up, so that we all are free  
And it gives em time to think, about their history

So why ya in a rush, to kill a killer man  
To make em live with life, is such a meaner plan  
They may have done a bunch of really terrible stuff  
To let them go to death land, for it just ain't enough  
They gotta come to grips, about the things they did  
Their death will not bring back to us, a beautiful kid  
I too have sought revenge, for hurting done to me  
But Jesus said it's his, and sometimes I can't see  
I have to let it ride, in Jesus' own sweet time  
We sure ain't doing no good, in just repeating a crime

So why ya in a rush, to kill a killer man  
To make em live with life, is such a meaner plan  
Their heart may turn to lovin, when they're given the time  
They may go on to heaven, after doin a crime  
They surly can't be trusted, in the big world scene  
I wanna save our lives, and be a little bit mean  
This isn't just a game folks, it's so damned very real  
We need to have a safety, with a good parents zeal  
So keep em locked up, and let's get on with life  
Perhaps the younger gangsters, will avoid all this strife

So why ya in a rush, to kill a killer man  
To make em live with life, is such a meaner plan  
A meaner plan, and baby I'll be damned  
If hoodlums gonna mess the dreams, that I have planned  
So keep em in a prison, so we know where they are  
To kill an undeserving person's goin way to far  
It could be you or me, the Lord can only say  
The law could set us free, and we'd be on our way  
Family would be happy, and our friends would too  
So I say keep em all alive, the person might be you  
Try to rehabilitate, the younger thugs  
I know a lot of crap, is due to drink and drugs

So why ya in a rush, to kill a killer man  
To make em live with life, is such a meaner plan  
Prison isn't pretty, and then neither is crime  
Don't do the deed now, if ya can't do the time  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

## Religion

Question: Does religion makes you better then someone else.

Answer: It makes you better than you would be without it.

### Pagan Pals I Hope to See in Heaven

This is how I see it. I want to spend ETERNITY in Heaven for the price of my somewhat short existence here on Earth. The bible says no one is drawn to Jesus but by the Father, so if God doesn't draw you to Jesus then maybe you are innocent and eligible for Heaven. On your way to what's next Christ may ask you if you believe in him now. As a child of God I implore you to listen for Him in my message and beyond. Now I am representing God, trying to share a very Loving, Constant, Humorous, Gentle, Strong, Mind Reading, Heart Knowing, GOD! My God is asking you to accept him now. This may be Gods calling you. Life is so much easier with Jesus. Asking him to be your Lord and Savior is all there is to it. More is revealed as your new LIFE develops. You only need prove it to Jesus that you truly want Him to run your life. HE is the FIRST and LAST word in any decision. Stay mindful of HIS values. Be a vegetarian for Him, Eat meat for him, exercise for Him, rest for him, study for him, work for him, dream for Him, SING for Him,

The bible will give you food for thought. I prefer the New Testament. LOVE, PEACE, FORGIVENESS, STEWARDSHIP, BOLDNESS, and GRACE.

It's great fun to watch Satan loose in situations and Christ's love fill the situation with Hope and Glory!!!! Yet the Lord warns us.... Boost not for your power over Satan, but that Christ is alive in You...to Love rather than be Loved...Understand than be understood...Forgive than be forgiven.... Endurance than Relief...Bear the cross for his yoke is light...Surrender and Gain ETERNITY...The Soldier for our Savior knows 100 years is a cheap price for eternal peace ... being there for him, as he is for us...so what do you think...as an idea, a feeling, an attitude, ...add Culture, get religion...people who need people are the luckiest people in the world...may PEACE be with you! The idea that Jesus can be with everyone at the same time is hard to fathom unless He is accepted as a child. Basic, blind, uncompromising Faith that will keep you in his light forever. He is the only (to my knowledge) Prophet, claiming to be the Son of God. The miracles and signs are unparalleled in religious history. Historical records tell us an important healer lived at that time. If Church people have let you down, you must take it upon your self to express God as you understand him. Be merciful as God is merciful to even the wicked.

Learn to walk a mile in other people's shoes. Love your enemy. If this doesn't convince you, go in peace, Thank you for your time!

### Pagans I care for

Being a spiritually conservative Christian having lived the hell of dealing in the ways of the Occult, I wonder why most of my friends are still relating to those kinds of concepts. I find their relationships challenge my Christianity in a good way too. Being good because the Christ in me wants to do good anonymously without reward.

# Wonderful Zach

I was feeling pretty down that day when I showed up.  
I snapped at my Mom, then walked away ready to leave.  
I had missed a party the night before and felt bad.  
I apologized to Annette and Zach for being upset.  
I told them how I wanted to go, but didn't want to go.  
Zach said how he had felt that way before  
And that he had missed parties before.  
It made me feel good.  
We walked over to Carter's house.  
I called Mom, via the cell phone, and apologized.  
Zach's friend is a good 4 inches taller, but the same age.  
We walked down to the Olentangy River and hacked  
At weeds for a while as if they were invading Romans.  
They found a well-rotted tree stump and helped break it down faster.  
We walked along the river and on back to the house.  
At the summit, Zach and Carter laid down their weapons.  
They rolled down the hill like little kids like to do.  
When I got to the bottom, Zach grabbed my leg and Carter rammed into  
me.  
I was down, but not out.  
I rolled onto my back, pressed Zach into the air and onto  
Carter...etc...etc....  
Accidentally, I stepped on Zach's foot too hard.  
Usually, with a show of concern, we just move on.  
He got mad, and stayed mad until I left.  
Later that night, I got a phone call.  
Zach wanted to apologize for his behavior.  
I accepted his apology and said "Thanks".

I'm the Lucky Uncle...**Bruce T. Duncanson**

### **Kids are Watching**

It's true the kids are watching, what we say and what we do,  
Their brains are little sponges, and they're soaking up on you.  
Let's show a little tact my friend, and show some kind concern,  
This time's their first time out here, what they see is what they learn.  
They haven't gotten jaded; they admire you and me,  
They think we're really great, and then we use profanity.  
They need to learn some manners, how to talk and how to act,  
We sure could raise some winners, with a little bit of tact.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **CleanTime**

Sobriety and staying clean,  
Is now my daily quest.  
It isn't always easy,  
But I know it's always best!  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **About Me**

I'm 41 years old and I've only spent 3 hours in jail.  
Of the guys I used to hang around I'm the only one  
who didn't do jail time. Rural peace and a lot of talking and joking  
turned my life around. I'm totally into non-violence and helping today.  
My God given creativity has come up with samples of life in a peace driven  
economy. PROVIDING FOR THE POOR, INJURED, HUNGRY, CHILDREN.  
I enjoy my family life, and work is pretty reasonable. I like to camp, take walks,  
ride bikes and play with my nephew.

### **Soy Buses**

Bio-Diesel People Movers  
Renewable Domestic Fuel  
New Market for Farmers  
Slows Global Warming  
Cleaner Air near People

### **Reasons for Rules**

We teach kids that rules are cool.  
Government rules for the common good.  
God gave us rules for our own good.  
Some rules are changeable.  
Some consequences are unavoidable.  
"Mad Cow" Feeding meat to vegetarian animals!  
Think it through! Be honest!

### **Clean and Sober**

Today I'm clean and sober; it's a miracle indeed  
I'm no longer addicted, in my mind I'm really freed.  
No longer do I wonder, do I have enough to last  
Can I even afford it, will my brain cells take the blast.  
Will I slip between the cracks, into some plastered neverland?  
To ponder crazy nonsense, like it's cool to move my hand.  
I might begin to wonder, is it really cold outside?  
Or is it 'cause I think so? no it's cold, my brain it lied  
Could I make it at the college, I can think again a lot  
I'm glad I'm not obsessing on "I've gotta have my pot."  
I might become a writer, or a teacher with degree  
Sky's the limit baby, cause this man is really free.  
Free to save my money, or to wake up feeling clear  
Remembering my dreams, is something I hold very dear.  
I think that God is talking, when I sleep so sound at night  
I get a new perspective; I can get my living right.  
I'm building on my past, and at my age that says a lot  
I'm more than who I seem, and I am more than what I got.  
I have my waking day dreams, what I would really like to do  
A life with lots of friends, where I can be a friend that's true.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Terrible Cigs**

These cigarettes have got to go, I want now to be free.  
They've held my breath for twenty years, the damage I can see.  
I want to run and jump and play, without the loss of breath,  
I know if I don't stop now, I will smoke myself to death.  
I used to enjoy running, the endorphins did me well,  
I faced many a challenge, and it made my spirit swell.  
I want to learn the martial arts, and stay a peaceful guy,  
I don't know if it's possible, I'd really like to try.  
I want to see my nephew's kids, have children of their own,  
I want to live to ripe old age, and own a picture phone.  
I smoke like clockwork every day, addiction being fed,  
Feel like crap and I don't notice, my addictions being fed.  
I'll probably turn to sports, to get the rushes that I crave,  
The trade-offs must be worth it, it's my life I want to save.  
I'll reach for them an awful lot, but I must resist the urge,  
I want to breathe air freely and I hope I have the nerve.  
I'm smoking as I write this, this time next week I'll be free,  
I'm quitting for a lot of folks, but mostly it's for me.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Legalize it**

Close the Gate Marijuana Opens \ Isolate Harder Drugs  
Drop the Price \ Impair Dealers  
Focus on Harder Drugs  
Raise Taxes

### **Hemp**

Hemp produces ten times the paper per acre as  
wood and requires less chemical treatment.  
Hemp can be processed into ethanol,  
and requires less fertilizer than corn.  
Hemp produces a fiber more durable than cotton.  
and requires fewer pesticides.  
Nobody has overdosed and died on hemp.  
Hemp introduces people to the drug underworld.  
Basically honest people are labeled criminals.  
Millions are spent fighting a semi-harmless drug.  
Millions in tax revenues are lost every year.  
Hemp is less physically debilitating than alcohol.  
Hemp has many medical uses.  
Thomas Jefferson allegedly smoked hemp.  
Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.

### **It's Like**

If going to Church makes you a Christian,  
Standing in a garage makes you a car.

I believe that we all get an audience with Jesus when we die.  
We can then choose eternity with Jesus, or not.  
God chooses us, to believe or not?  
For some reason, not all the good people are Christian.  
I hope to see my pagan friends in heaven!

### **Natural People**

We folks are all quite natural, we fart, we burp, we swoon,  
When eating soup in any land, we need to use a spoon.  
The eating face looks funny, jaw gyrating up and down,  
And if it tastes real yummy, we let out that yummy sound.  
Tastes that are acquired, all depend on where ya live,  
This planet is so big and wide, with so much food to give.  
A smile means I'm happy, and endorphins feed the mind,  
When somebody is happy, they're more likely to be kind.  
The chemicals inside of us, have been around for years,  
A person feels relief and calm, when they have shed some tears.  
It's like that all around the world, the grieving cry out in pain,  
We honor people's passing, when we make a little rain.  
When flirting, Earthling people, feel so warm and good inside,  
Attraction is a chemical, that's very hard to hide.  
We worry over things unknown, and things that can't be changed,  
Until we come to grips with it, we're just a bit deranged.  
We all want peace on earth, but don't agree on when and how,  
Some think that it's impossible, like war's a sacred cow.  
Kids from all around the world, like chocolate candy bars,  
And mariners around the world, would steer by using stars.  
A soldier's hand hits eyebrow, it's the world wide known salute,  
We all are living the downstream, so sir please sir, don't pollute.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Hello America How Are Ya**

I say we look at the big picture and try to find a livable peace. We here in the United States of America have the resources and space to discover peace and justice at the home level. Nurturing parents in many ways will allow them to nurture their children and we won't have to feed the kids. We will get taxes from them for the club we call The United States of America. Parent's Anonymous could be multiplied easily. Scouting is another format. Americas Promise is on the right track. How to instruct and train millions and also nurture the individuality, freedom and privacy of a family. We will take the time to be ready for hurting families. We need to be extra healthy with time to spare for people. We could start out housing homeless families via our construction ministers, provide transportation via our auto/truck ministers, help the domesticated disturbance families with our family emergency ministers. The American dream is more than things.

### **Peace Action Fallout**

Peace Action, being an "artificial" and "intense" infusion of positive actions and long range consideration will have an after effect. The relatives of the people we teach, employ, heal, and care for are bound to feel better too. People building houses for instance can have a nice standard of living working for us or move on to the larger community blessing the "world". Emotional healing, Mental rehabilitation, Drug rehabilitation, Retirement living, and a long needed retreat, are not rocket science industries, and are a large part of what can make life nice or not. I think with the money and the right rules we could put together the first peace compound. How about the person who sees an article in a paper and feels that there is some chance to make the world better, and doesn't commit suicide? They may be the first person to live in-camp or on base and maintain a job in the larger community. Myself I think I could run a prison that rehabilitates. I'll need some sharp people, Healthy, Happy, and Wholesome.

### **Easter Poem**

It's Easter, Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, He is alive  
He's here to free you up, from any sin you may contrive.  
He died for all our sins; he was the sacrificial Lamb  
He didn't have to do it; he was still the great I AM.  
He suffered on the cross, then came alive to conquer death  
His thoughts were for us sinners, to his final shallow breath.  
They took him from the cross that day, and laid him in a tomb  
In three days he came out, to meet his friends in their own room.  
They were totally dumbfounded, was this really Christ the Lord  
He died and conquered death, to reap an eternal reward.  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

## **Chickadees**

Listening to the forest, here at twenty-two below,  
Bundled to the max, My feet are cozy in the snow.  
Sitting on my mittens, on a log at perfect height,  
My hands are keeping toasty, in my pockets out of sight.  
The trees around are cracking, from the bitter winter cold,  
I feel just like an Astronaut, surviving winters hold.  
A tiny flock of chickadees, pass through my little scene,  
Their chirps are like computers, in my heart I feel serene.  
Their tiny little bodies, somehow live despite the cold,  
They flit around for food, I smoke a cigarette I rolled.  
My hands got pretty slow, while I was finishing the task,  
I really must like smoking, cause it makes me nix my mask.  
I think about my life, the past, present and future too,  
The woods seem so forever, like a cosmic time warp glue.  
I ponder all the world around, the conflicts and the peace,  
How I'll live from here on out, some old ways have to  
cease.  
I crunch through snow on homeward, to the cabin where it's  
warm,  
My life is out ahead of me, and takes on better form.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

## Four Seasons

Life seems so fantastic, When I'm being in the woods,  
The trees grow on their own, Without our, ought to be's or  
shoulds.

In summer there's a ceiling, Green with just a bit of sky,  
The scene goes on for miles, Lifts my spirits very high.  
The fallen leaves and brambles, Keep me watching where I  
step,

In clearings little trees abound, And show the soil's pep.  
In fall the leaves turn colors, Yellow, red, brown, orange,  
too,

The ceiling opens widely, And the floor has colors too.  
In winter there's a stillness, Life is challenged to survive,  
The bitter cold of winter says, Dress warmly, stay alive.  
The plants in hibernation, And the animals geared for cold,  
Make humans seem so fragile, And the planet very bold.  
The snow seems so pristine, And makes the walking seem  
so fun,

Skis transport us quickly, When there's travel to be done.  
In spring the Sun gets higher, Easing up on winters trial,  
The snow gets into melting; A warm breeze can make one  
smile.

The bugs they come alive again, Make noise for food and  
mate,

I love life in the wilds; It is all so very great.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

## Christian Commando

A real Christian Commando knows the ways of death and sin.  
They've seen the other side of God, the one where Satan's in.  
That Satan's got a lot of nerve, and lots of room to breath.  
Those of us who've been there, know the tricks up Satan's sleeve.  
We're in the world not of it, God has given us reprieve,  
Recruiting us from hell holes, Satan wouldn't let us leave.  
We made the break to Jesus, praying nonstop every day.  
We sensed life could be better, dumping garbage was the way.  
It happened in an instant, when we gave our life to Christ!  
The Devil kept attacking, telling us to make a heist.  
A life of constant praying, kept the evil one at bay.  
The doubt that Satan uses, makes us wonder' bout our way.  
To help someone for jolly's, perturbs Satan quite a lot.  
It gives us peaceful feelings, like we really have a shot.  
God leads us into heaven, when the motives used are true.  
He's hip to all of our thinking, it's just great what He can do.  
A shattered life restored, is an amazing thing to see,  
Gratitude in buckets, an amazing thing to be!  
A human being doing, keeps one grounded in the faith.  
Grace is ever present, as we personify that faith!  
We never will be perfect, just forgiven when we slip,  
Our Peace of Mind is Crucial, **Praise the Lord** don't jump the ship!  
By Bruce T. Duncanson

## Epilogue

This book was written over eleven years, by a trade school graduate with people and writing skills, I hope that it will help make the world a better place. At times in this book I speak for both sides of an issue because my views have changed during the writing of this book and I think both arguments have merit. People in the Peace Army will decide for themselves on many issues and I want them to get plenty of information before choosing. The Peace Army is to be made up of many people united in their desire to help people, with an extra special focus on helping the mentally ill. This body of Christ is only a brain; an idea and I look forward to help in finalizing the details of an Army we can all live with. This Peace Army is an idea I have begun, and I look forward to much input from caring individuals about exactly how we can put it into practice.

At times I wonder if I really want to get involved in so much work and worry. The Lord has given me this vision for the sake of those suffering without hope, help or joy. I feel a responsibility to see it into fruition or at least give it a good try. I have been where some are and I have talked down the well of despair where some others are. By sharing my vision of a Peace Army with them I have seen hope and enthusiasm on their faces. That glimmer convinces me that it's "all in their head" and that if enough of us put our heads together, we could help them out. I optimistically predict many more joyful moments, than depressing ones in the Peace Army.

## Autoskitzography

I call this an autoskitzography because it focuses on my bout with schizophrenia with just enough background on me to set the stage. I wrote the body of this in a few days and have fixed it up and expanded it eight years later, just before the publication of this book. This story is meant to put a personal face on this illness I and many others suffer from. I hope to be done with the “whole “ story some time after the Peace Army school has been started. So this long blurb is like a “trailer” to the main story which will be rated R or X or Rx for sex, language, violence, in lessons/stories shown and told.

I was raised on the suburban fringe of Columbus, OH. My two younger sisters and I lived in a lower middle class family with our two parents. My Dad battled schizophrenia and my Mom took up the slack not knowing he had a serious illness. Arguments about money, housework, and morning wake up, were common. My Dad, having had four or five nervous breakdowns, left me feeling responsible for my own state of mind. I never thought I'd have a breakdown. My Mother would get furious about things and life would be good for a while, until chores not being done or money being wasted sent her into another tirade. I love them both dearly to this day and I know they Love me. They just weren't there for me like “most” parents were. I was always sure they Loved me, by their actions and words, and Love covers a multitude of sin.

Both my parents came from divorced families. We lived in a poor part of town initially. One of my earliest memories is being beat up by a kid twice my age. My sister and I would play next door under Cicilia's porch and her brother Bobby would come home from school and beat us up for being in his yard. The last time that that happened, I remember telling my sister to go get our parents and I would fight him alone. I knew from previous experiences that I would leave my body and not feel a thing. She ran out and I got beat up. Running back to the my house looking down at myself running, I came back into my body. I found Laura crying on the front porch. I was angry and asked “why she hadn't gotten Mom and Dad.” She said “the door was locked” and they were yelling at each other. That night the neighbors Dad came over and said that “if we were in his yard again his son would be using a baseball bat.” My Father told him “that wouldn't be necessary” and apologized. I asked why Dad “didn't hit him” and was told he “didn't believe in fighting and to stay out of they're yard.” (My Dad was raised a Quaker)GRASSFIRE, PEAKABO, BARNS,

We had our share of good times also. My dad was a troop leader for a while and went on many Boy Scout campouts. My Mom went for bike rides with us kids and sometimes sang happy songs in the morning to wake us up. Dad loved to bust out on occasion with the first few words of “People who need People” are the luckiest people in the world! Trips to parks were a regular part of our monthly life. Sometimes in winter, Mom or Dad would drive me along my paper route on Sunday morning. They gave me a good sense of humor and a good set of values. I spent a lot of time in the woods near my home. I learned to be a good fighter in the neighborhood where I lived. I don't think I was a bully, but my sisters and friends knew my capacity before they crossed me. Being a good fighter was a large part of my identity. It seemed like I had to have a fight or two a year to keep people from taking advantage of me. I could bend and be a people pleaser but I wouldn't resist a fight I thought I could win. I thought that it was better to beat someone up than hurt they're feelings with my words. I've always been real sensitive. Billy Jack and Bruce Lee were idols of mine along with George Washington, Abe

Lincoln, and Jesus. Anybody who would go through what Jesus did for his friends deserves my utmost respect.

(DADS FIRST HOSPITALIZATION) COAL,VIKINGS, RUGGEDRAT,FIREFORT, GARAGEFIRE, HILBILLYCITY

I was raised Catholic and had a personal experience that made my faith rock solid. While the new suburbs were being built, and our woods were being torn down, construction sites were the new places to explore. One crisp November day, John and I went to a trench where a new sewer line was being installed. One end was sloped and the other was straight up. The idea was to step lightly across the mud and climb the straight wall. The first person up the wall was the king of the club. I ran first and started climbing the wall. John stood in the mud because I was in the way, and got stuck. I was almost at the top when John said he “was stuck.” I jumped down to help him but I got stuck also. We yelled for “Help” but at ten feet below the street level no one could hear us. We could hear my Mom going by in the car yelling for us but they couldn’t hear us. It was getting darker and colder. We began crying and praying. I blacked out but John said I said “God give me strength” and I picked him up and set him on the drier slope. I came to and remember letting him go and saying “Go get the police, go get the police”. He ran back to our neighborhood yelling, “Bruce is dead, Bruce is dead”. Our neighbor across the street got the story from him and he and another man grabbed a rope. They told me to “loop the rope around my armpits.” I did it and they pulled me out. I had tried to slip out of my pants and boots earlier so I ran home the three hundred yards with my pants around my ankles. I got home and soaked in the tub and my armpits were sore for days. The neighbor and I didn’t really get along, but in a pinch I guess he was true blue.

HIGHSCHOOL

As the new suburbs came in, my paper route expanded and so did my circle of friends. Marijuana came to the neighborhood eventually and soon I was hooked. At fourteen I was hooked on cigarettes and at fifteen I was hooked on pot. My paper route became a way to support my habits. I thought it was great to have so many friends. Pot seemed to be this great socializer that brought diverse people together. We’d smoke and talk and listen to music. We would get into deep discussions about life and the world like I had never had except when me and Mom would sometimes have when we both woke up late at night.

Soon my paper route was in debt. I decided to unload it on a friend’s brother rather than stop smoking reefer. My friend’s brother didn’t mind because in a month it would be solvent provided he didn’t spend too much. LAURA  
HOSP..WOODWARDPARK (MY FIRST HOSPITALIZATION) I worked at a department store for a while for a real grump that made every other employer since seem nice, no matter what. I became pretty depressed and remember that the only glimmer of hope I could see was joining the army and eventually buying a place in Canada to homestead. That was the plan if I didn’t like the military and become a General or something. I would come home from another grueling day at school and just lay around in front of the TV feeling miserable. My Mom heard about a organization made up of teenagers helping the mentally retarded and thought it might pull me out of my funk. I wasn’t initially in favor of going to a place where I worked all day for free and wasn’t allowed to have pot or alcohol. One night when I was in the woods alone and high I decided I wasn’t really happy at home and maybe I would grow to not need drugs. I

liked the wilderness and helping people can be fun, so I decided to give it a try. I was taking Darvon to sleep and I slept most of the way to Minnesota. I learned years later that they were considering sending me right back because I looked a wreck.

So I moved to a community 150 miles north of Mpls. started by the Minnesota Teen Corps. I arrived the summer of 76 for two weeks and returned the next summer and stayed for two and a half years. (My parents divorced while I was away and finally I had proof that I had lived in an exceptionally dysfunctional home.) We were three miles from our mailbox and had the only dry access to a beautiful lake called Wolf Lake. We were a public service community for the mentally retarded and “at risk” youth. The idea was that the juvenile delinquents could see us all get along and work through things. There were 25 hippie type staff, fifteen summer volunteers like myself, and 5 Youth. The ratio was thought to be key to a non-institutional experience for the “guys.” Pot and alcohol were still in my life. We did construction on the various buildings for people to live in. We had a large garden and maple sugar bush for our table. In the summer we had mentally retarded campers. In the winter we took people on cross-country ski trips. Year round we helped the guys sent by the courts grow into a new way of living and relating. I lived there the last six months in a cabin I directed the construction of. I learned the way of peace there and I think it helped me not to kill when I was mentally sick. It was successful to a large extent, in that it improved the many lives of those that worked there and the people sent by the courts. Unfortunately finances got the better of us and we had to close down in 1979.

My first summer had me quartered with twenty guys in a national guard tent. One morning Jerry came riding through on Grayfeather singing a song about Teen Corps. It was so original, containing facts from last week and what people could look forward to today. We had breakfast in the craft center first floor, with some food containing pie filling of which we had about a semi full. I worked pulling nails from boards other had removed from an old building. The weathered boards were installed by our Builders in homes of folks who liked the look. We got to the sight in the back of a truck along the country roads. Lunch was always an occasion to joke around, talk, and plan the future. We got back in time to unload and clean up for dinner. Dinner joking and talking could last well on into the evening and made the low and non-existent salaries seem like a fortune.

On Tuesday we all met in the garden for about two hours. The garden was an important part of our food supply and with everyone out there the collective progress at weeding or harvesting was very satisfying. We then had brunch and started cleaning. The cleaning took a couple hours and the community talking and joking made it fun. After cleaning we would have a community meeting for two hours. After the meeting we would do something fun as a group. During the warm weather we would go to a parking lot for snowmobilers and play soccer. In the winter we played instruments, board games or cards. Dinner was always especially nice and I usually ate the vegetarian food because it was prepared so well. Evenings were sometimes spent seven miles away at the Trader Post playing pool, listening to music, some drank and just generally being in the “civilized world.” For the first year I lived there the Trader Post was our closest phone.

Weekends were a chance for folks to kick back and enjoy the wilderness. We could walk into the surrounding park any time we wanted and we wanted to a lot. For many years growing up I had wanted to move to Canada and God had shown me

Minnesota. I was satisfied to live up here the rest of my life. It gave me a chance to grow with people yet be in the healing nurturing peace of the woods. I had always found solis in the woods and nature but harbored anger, jealousy, bitterness, hurt and could laps into depression if things got too bad. I went through some depression in the woods and it just goes to show ya "it's all in the head." Although no none at Wolf Lake was a licensed therapist a kind word or bit of wisdom seemed to do the trick. I showed up playing with nunchucks and left two and a half years later dedicated to the proposition that violence was not necessary.

Some weekends I would go down 150 miles to Minneapolis. It was like a second life down there. We all mostly went to separate peoples houses and met together for the ride home. So many people were nice enough to put me up just because I was part of Teen Corps. The whole idea that someone would trust me and like what I'm about must have built me up as I was transitioning from an angry teen to a peace freak. As I look back I can see where I was an angry peace freak much of the time. I think I found a new foe and if peace was my goal it was justified anger. I could intellectualize my anger and be a bit detached from the pain lingering inside from a sometimes tumultuous childhood.

Winter was a special time for me because I have always contended that I would rather have snow if it was going to be cold out. The snow looks so clean and soft like the world is getting ready for Christ's return or something. My Mother and I hit a few thrift stores before my first winter. I told her "I like winter but I don't like to be cold." She was so great to get me into that place and send me my five dollars every week like clock work. I could count on the heck getting there Thursday or Friday and Saturday was still a possibility but definitely by Saturday. I liked doing work and activities I could do with mittens on. Work with firewood was usually available. Skiing and hiking were fun. My favorite thing was when folks from the Cities would come up on full moon weekends and go skiing by moon light. We usually made a small fire along the trail and heated water for tea. Red zinger tea and cocoa were trail standards that encouraged lively conversation. Some folk took winter ski groups out so there was plenty of extra equipment for guests without gear.

The second winter I was at Wolf Lake Refuge David and I took all five of the "guys" on a ski trip so the staff quarterly meetings could take place. I think it was also a chance for the staff to take a breather from the constant vigilance the young men required. It's not that it was constant worry but you could never tell when someone's issue or issues would get loud. So the plan was to take us up the road twenty miles and ski back for a week. The one way trip was insurance against people turning back. We camped at a new spot every night making a big fire to warm up to. The last night it got down to twenty below but we slept good under the stars and I felt like a wild man!

When I left I did carpentry work that I learned at Wolf Lake. DULUTH, COLS, OREGON, COLS TAXI, MICAH I enrolled in a two-year auto mechanics school and my side jobs went from carpentry to mechanics. I was living with a woman and her son and it felt like a family for too short a time. She went to welding school where I went and we were quite the pair. After we broke-up economics dictated we stay living together as friends and it was still pretty nice. She moved into the place her father bought us and I built a garage behind her house and put a phone in it. For a little over a year I went to school until four, had dinner and worked in the garage until eight or twelve at night. I was always booked a week in advance and had many loyal customers. Those were some

of the best times I ever had. When my friend and I had a falling out, I worked out of my truck for a while. I was a driver in the nuclear freeze campaign for a while.

June twelfth in New York City **1983** was a great experience. I took time off at the end of the school year and loaded up my 65 GMC pickup with some friends and we went to protest nuclear weapons. The march the day before the arrests led a **million** people to Central Park where there was a big concert. I was a support person for some people getting arrested that day. My job was to stay vigilant and ensure their release. **Twenty six** hundred people got arrested at the embassies of countries with nuclear weapons. Our contingent got arrested at the Israeli embassy. I was told to go to Brooklyn central booking, so I took the subway only to find out it was a gag. I went back to NYC and ran into my friends near the Yippee office. We walked around town and a local befriended us and showed us around and thought he was providing security. We assured him we were OK but he said we didn't realize how dangerous New York was.

Somewhere in here Ronald Ragan came to Mpls. to campaign for president. I was total opposed to him and though assassination was not to drastic an answer. For several days I was shaking about walking up to his car and blasting him with sawed off shotgun buckshot. I knew I probably wouldn't be successful but the chance was there. My non-violence was overruled by the fear of his world view. I eventually decided Ragan was just a symptom and good change comes about non-violently. I also thought I would be better help to the peace movement out of prison. So I went down to the demonstration and watched with the other protesters till the motorcade slipped away. I didn't wish him well but I was back to my non-violent logic and we kept the demonstration peaceful yet loud.

I would say my illness was born when I pulled my shoulder water-skiing. I was on a whirlwind weekend romance with a beautiful nurse who lived on my block. There was some love and kinship, but mostly it was about lust, I think. It added to the intrigue knowing she could fix the body and I could fix her car. We made love in the woods the day before the accident and it was then that the romance died. I don't know if it was her or me but we were just not drawn to each other anymore. I wish she would call me.

I had completed mechanics school and was scheduled to take welding. I went to welding school long enough to get my student loan check and recuperate. I had made it three days at school with my arm hanging at my side and I thought I was pretty smart. I headed over to St. Paul to the State treasurers office and cashed the check.

I pulled into the lot of my favorite café and the song on the radio was playing "Come on and take a free ride". It was then that I set myself to look for the hidden meanings in everything. I decided to recuperate on weed and conversation. I immediately got my sling out, bought some reefer and hung out at the café. I paid rent six months ahead and sought medical attention. After my recuperation I planned to hide from my student loan obligations. I planned to help with the anti-nuclear power and world peace campaign. I rationalized that if our government had enough money for bombs they didn't deserve my hard earned cash. I figured I'd work for cash in the hippie community and donate time to the peace movement. I ended up hanging out a lot and rapping. I sort of fooled myself (or did I) thinking that as executives in the business world, I'd make important decisions and do small amounts of labor, there by being a more effective peace activist. I noticed that people's jobs were in some way related to their spiritual life.

Somewhere right about now the movie “The Day After” came out and I was so taken by it I vowed to be ever mindful of it and never give up the fight to save the world from nuclear disaster. What value was my one life in comparison to the whole world. (It turns out, my devaluation, was a bad for my personal esteem and a pretty cheap trick on myself to get myself where I didn’t care for me. I should ? have cared for me and gone homeless anyway. I cared but I remember vowing intellectually that all earthlings were worth more than one earthling. I just knew if I talked up the peace army enough it would evolve. So much love and good ideas just had to succeed. I just wanted others to be safe and at one with the each other.

We talked a lot, about everything. The Nuclear Freeze campaign was a success but the world was still in poor shape. I wanted a Peace Army to help save the world. I thought about and shared what I would do if I had the money. How about a Disney Land of sorts where people could take vacations in a place where everything is recycled and renewable energy is used a lot. Another idea was a lifestyle vacation where people could take vacations in the rustic reality of ancient peoples. I’d love to have an aircraft carrier full of farm equipment to go to the lands where long droughts have recently ended. Planting food and native vegetation would help to heal the earth unlike any other idea I’d heard of. I enjoyed talking to people that winter. I made my rounds getting high, talking, and drinking coffee. I thought that these ideas just needed a voice and they would materialize.

I was also in a self-preservation mode and new Peace Army ideas gave me a purpose.

Well, it’s early June and I’m still hanging out at the café. I really want to see what it’s like to be homeless and hitchhiking around the country. I was already camping in the cafe wood shed. I know I’ll never get the chance again because when I come off the road I’ll be committed to a job and possessions. I’ve talked to some people about hitchhiking and thought I might gain some spiritual insights. Life on the road was the only way to learn. I was scared and yet excited to check it out. I decided that a white male hitching around with complete abandon might shake up some people. I thought that a third-worlder who could jump into a white male body would do nothing less. We were under threat of nuclear disaster anyway, so I figured I was only acting rationally to an impossible situation. I also knew that this would be my only chance to let my remaining physical resources go. I think I improved some people’s attitudes.

I hung out at the café until about late June and got a ride with a friend of mine to the Rainbow Gathering in northern California. I knew Joe for a while as a friend of a friend. We took his small pickup. I did an oil change and a thorough checkup for my share of the gas money. His sister Amy found a dog and named her Lovie. A man from Mpls and a man from Kurdistan was a full load. We stopped at a lake on the way and got a nice pipe from a man. I remember having an argument with Comron about women’s rights. I was amazed at how sexist he was and yet he was going to a Rainbow Gathering. It takes all kinds I guess. We got to the gathering about seven in the evening.

For those of you who don’t know what a Rainbow Gathering is, I will elaborate. Imagine 10,000 people camping out in a national forest for free. The parking lot for all the cars in this in-car-nation is usually three miles from the main circle. The first camp is usually called the Parking Lot Kitchen. From there sometimes a shuttle would come by and take people up the road to the Welcome Home Camp. If there was no shuttle a long walk was in store. The Welcome Camp was right where the road met the trail with a big

banner that says “WELCOME HOME”. Everyone had to go past the welcome camp on the way in. “Rap 109” was given to all participants upon entry, at the Welcome Camp. Basically, they said “Welcome home and use the crude latrines, stay out of the marsh where the spring is providing our drinking water, perfume attracts bugs, and don’t use soap in the river. Share fires so the forest doesn’t get gleaned of firewood and the chances of a forest fire are reduced. If you pack it in you need to pack it out so the forest is just as pristine as when we got here.” Hugs were ordered all around and we’re off to the main circle to find a place to camp. On the way into the gathering we passed a lot of camps and people would say “welcome home” and people would say, “I’m home” and wait for someone to yell “welcome home!” It’s great!

I camped near the “Don’t spit in the soup” kitchen. I knew a couple of other people there from the Great Lakes region. There are many regional camps to choose from as well as camps oriented around religion, sexuality, politics, druggies, drug-free, and a camp for those with children. We were in the mountains so the temperature was dipping fast. I put on all my clothes and couldn’t stay warm enough to sleep. I was concerned that I might have to stay up all night by a fire and sleep during the day. I appealed to God in prayer and realized that I hadn’t thanked him for getting me this far in such a comfortable manner. I said “thanks,” prayed some prayers of “thanks and praise” and slept like a log the rest of the time, I was under the stars. Next morning I hung out with some of the people in my camp for a couple hours. Then I went out looking for other people I knew. I remember this one morning I was woke up by a military jet screaming overhead. Some people who know planes said “it tipped its wings as a friendly gesture.” That was nice, but man was I mad at first. I must have woken up on its approach because when I opened my eyes it was right overhead and I thought I was going to explode from all the noise. Anyway, I went down to the main circle and listened to the drum circle and danced with the other people. They have music down there all the time except when there is a council meeting or a meal is being served. We get a lot of food down at the main circle. The pickings are kind of thin the first couple days, until the donated money catches up with the supply runs. Once that happens there is plenty for all. The Gathering lasts July 1<sup>st</sup> to the 7<sup>th</sup>.

One day I got some LSD and walked around in my tennis shoes. Once I found a little girl who said a horse had stepped on her foot. I took her to the first aid station after not being able to find her parents. They said “she had already been treated” and so I took her back to where I had found her, weird. I met a couple of kids who had a turtle and I showed them how to carry it right side up. I was hanging around the creek next and met a real cool guy who had also worked with Juvenile Delinquents. I met him because he and I saw this guy nagging a little girl to cross a log in the creek faster than she was comfortable with. I said something like “Hey, give her some time”. He said that “she was taking too much time.” The other guy told him to “take his time.” I went over to the other guy and we had a smoke and hung out by the creek for a while. He was from Nebraska, I think. On July 4<sup>th</sup> someone set off a bunch of firecrackers. A lot of people got upset but I thought it was pretty cool.

The next day I walked around looking to mellow out people on power trips. (Knowing full well I was the humblest of the humble) I would waltz into a kitchen to see if anyone minded my presence, I stayed out of people’s way and being a Rainbow kitchen no one minded. I ended up with a terrible headache that just wouldn’t go away and was getting worse by the minute. I went to the first aid station to submit myself to their

methods. I was directed to a table to lay down on. A man came over and said he was going to “crack my neck.” I tried to relax but he couldn’t crack it. A guy I knew and didn’t like too much, came over and I accepted his good intentions and whamo it cracked. I felt great and thanked him for the help. I hung out because some of my friends were working there. We talked for a while and another friend walked up and started talking about the dog star. It was the opposite of God and was dark. I smoked some pot with him and turned the conversation to car repair and Jesus. I eventually headed to my camp and hung out for a while by the fire before bed. My bed was right beside the trail, as I was tentless. It was cool because I fell asleep listening to people walking by and talking.

At the end of the California Gathering in “84” I read the Bible to see where I should go. It said something about “the man in the field would be taken, without going back for his coat.” I looked again in the bible and it said that “the person on the roof should leave without going back into the house for his stuff.” I took that serious and left the Gathering with only half my stuff, because the rest of my stuff was in the opposite direction to leave the Gathering. I stopped at all the kitchens on my way out, drinking coffee and smoking pot. When I finally got to the parking lot a guy offered me a ride in the back of his pickup with a goose neck horse trailer. I jumped in and as we were headed out I saw half a dozen State Troopers heading in. I rolled up the last of my pot, smoked it and threw out the last of it because I didn’t want to get busted for it. We got out to the highway and he let me out. I saw some guy I knew and talked with him, and he said “I should have given him the pot instead of me throwing it out.” I got out on the highway and got a ride in about thirty minutes to the road out of California. A big hippie bus picked me up. The driver told me to “get way in the back of the bus.” (I wondered, did I stink or was he superstitious.) We kept going until we got 5 miles into Oregon. I got out and slept in the dry gully next to the road.

The next morning they were gone and I got picked up by some migrant farm workers who didn’t speak English. That was different, being the only time I’d been surrounded by people who spoke a language other than English. I think the driver spoke English. They gave me a ride for about fifty miles. At the next highway spot I met a guy and he took me over to this store dumpster and we gorged on over ripe raspberries. Later he split a hit of LSD with me and we hitched together. After four hours we got a ride for another fifty miles. It’s getting dark out and I’m thinking I don’t wanna hitch with this guy anymore. He started to seem evil, or maybe it was the LSD and reefer he had that was making me paranoid. He said that the sun setting was making him feel scared of the dark. He built spiral staircases out of steel for a living. Steal to me meant stealing from the earth and for that reason I went into the woods nearby to sleep alone. I threw up and had a healthy bowel movement and was relieved to be away from that guy. I bedded down under the stars and saw the same sky I had seen many nights before and was comforted. I wondered if my Mom was thinking about me, because I sure was thinking about her. I was lonely and hungry but I slept well that night after I said my prayers.

The next morning the guy was gone and I started hitching. I got a ride to my next highway change. There was a guy already there who had a puppy. We talked and saw the Olympic torch go by, followed by ten Olympic vehicles and a whole ton of people in their cars. We ducked into the woods quite a ways to get high and get out of the sun. Finally we got a ride to the town I was heading to. The guy I was hitching with asked the driver if he had any food. He gave us a can of beans and they were good eating. I slept

in some bushes by the main road into town and got up bright and early. I went into town and my friends had moved out of their house. I went to where one of them had worked and got their new address. They were glad to see me and offered me a shower while they finished their housing complex meeting.

I stayed around Eugene a month and decided to see the Olympics in Los Angeles XXX miles to the south traveling on my thumb and a prayer. I reasoned the close proximity to an international event warranted my trusting God, if I made the effort to go there. I left Eugene, Oregon @ 6pm Thursday with a pouch of tobacco, and some papers, an aluminum valve cover, (light metal talisman) my New Testament, a camp mirror with my name, and that of my Mom with her phone number, (should anything happen to me) pants, kilt, Guatemala shirt, street shirt, T-shirt, a few extra pair of socks, a jacket, bed roll, Buck knife, A1-Swiss Army knife, tennis shoes, basic toiletries, a bag of brewers yeast, fifty cents and a desire to do work for the Lord with the big picture in mind. I needed to see an international event for myself, up-close and personal. My first ride was from a guy at about 6:30pm on a Thursday in a small pickup that would squeak every time I thought in a negative way. It was weird but he took me into California where he got a motel room and I slept under the stars. I would always find the big W in the sky and then other constellations. I would do my guy thing, talk to Jesus and sleep till morning.

I got up early in a corner of the rest area, and used the facilities. I went up to the ramp(the rest area was completely off the highway) It took a while but I got a ride from a guy taking furniture to his Moms and we had a pretty good trip. He was a HVAC tech and he liked to say, "Everything in moderation." He gave me a sandwich and coffee and didn't mind my smoking.

The next guy reminded me of John my good friend. (stuck in sewer hole) He insisted I smoke his store boughts and save the cigarette butt pouch stuff for later. We stopped for big cups of pop a lot and I think I helped him by listening to some situation with his ex-wife. He let me off at an exit with onions along the road from semis loaded with them and spilling over. There was an island of pine trees in the center of one of the exit circles. I went into them to get out of the sun and eat onions and brewers yeast. I also wanted to sort of gather my thoughts, alone. It appeared I wasn't the only one who liked the location, as I found a romance novel and some fast food litter. There was even a pipe coming up from the ground oozing water to feed the trees. I sipped a little just because I could and thought that it was so novel to have a drinking fountain in the middle of a freeway circle. I took a short nap and got back on the road.

My next ride was a mason who greeted me with "You're not going to stab me in the back and take my truck are you?" To which I replied "No, you're not going to leave me out in the middle or nowhere are you?" He said "No" and I got in. He drove like a maniac. He was passing people in the left burm and making good time. I told him I had a beatles tape in my pack and he really wanted to hear it but didn't want to pull over. I climbed back with his assurance he wouldn't pass anyone till I got back in the cab. The feat was only possible because the rack he used for work gave me plenty to grab on to. I admit it was very stupid but at the time the pressure seemed irresistible. We got to talking and he said he hadn't taken a vacation in six years. I gave him a friendly scolding and told him my rap. He said he wanted to stop off at a friends house and at least I would

be under an overpass. I didn't want to be stuck at an entrance ramp so I made him drop me right in the middle of nowhere twenty miles from an exit.

The traffic passed me for a long while but finally a guy in a Trans Am gave me a ride to the outskirts of L.A. He was a crane operator and I thought it was cool how he plucked me off the barren highway into a hot car with weed to set me on the door of my destination. He let me out in a residential neighborhood.

A National Guardsman on his way to weekend maneuvers took me four blocks from Olympic Village. I was blown away with the six lanes of traffic going each way as the sun was coming up. He was so taken by my story that he volunteered me ten dollars. I told him the usual line how "I was trying to wake people up to the ever-present dangers of a world armed to the teeth. How my one life was nothing to give for the poor and outright oppressed people who would be very resourceful if they were white, articulate and educated. I didn't need a job to get my self esteem, that I was getting it from Jesus. Our country directly and indirectly supports criminal regimes in the name of easy diplomacy. If ya hate Russia we love you, here's some guns have at it." I told him "I understand and respected him for being there for his country and how the Commander in Chief is responsible for our choices not the soldiers. Sure moral is very important but lock step loyalty is what wins wars and keeps us free. Just look at WW2, we blossomed from a small military to a superpower to go to seed around the world with the bad pollen from the axis flower." I got out at the Guard Base parking lot @ 7am Saturday and put on my brown Guatemala shirt and Kilt. I went over to UCLA and bought granola and yogurt at the Olympic village store. The cops want to see my ID but I explained that I wasn't required by the constitution to carry any. They wanted my name which I gave but not my date of birth. (I wasn't sure I wanted them to know my birth sign) They asked me to leave and I finished my breakfast on Wirshire Blvd. in front of the campus of UCLA. I felt so blessed and wondered what new things the Lord had in mind for me. I headed into the city proper, being sure to think loving thoughts.

I remember looking at the headlines of the newspapers machine and finding hidden messages for me. The cartoons were always picking on me and my high ideals. I figured it was Satan harassing me because of my love of life and God. I never talked to anyone about it, lest I be called self-important and paranoid. I noticed that people's jobs were in some way related to their spiritual life. There was this former navy seal who gave me a ride through a maze of connecting highways and bought me lunch. He really went that extra mile. There was also the food bank worker who put me up for two nights and sewed my kilt. She never has written me back. I wonder what kind of person I appeared to be. I'll never forget us saying prayers before our picnic dinner of mostly salvaged dumpster food.

I walked into town not knowing how far it was but I was in Los Angeles and everything was new. I just looked around in wonder as I walked and was happy to have a few bucks in my pocket. I was taken aback by how many Hispanics were running the show on ground level. I got to LA around noon and was having a good time checking out the architecture and signs of the Olympics. It was so weird to see dignitaries get into cars after the doormen would hold back or redirect the homeless people going by.

As I was walking down the street I noticed a man laying on the sidewalk being hit by some cops. I went across the street to see what was up and they said I had just J-walked and did I have any ID. I asked them why they were hitting the man on his ankles

and knees and they said “he was a drunk and where is your ID.” I told them that “in Minneapolis the drunks are picked up by an ambulance.” I told them I had no ID and they found that hard to believe. They went through my stuff and removed all my markers from my New Testament and threw it on the ground from the horse back one was riding. Eventually they gave me a ticket and said I could use it as ID.

When I left them a guy came up and said how cool that was and we got to talking and went into a deli for a coffee. He showed me a big ring on his finger and said that if he hit me with it I would probably need stitches. I turned around and walked out without looking back once. I was pretty scared and must have gone four blocks before I relaxed and slowed down.

I finally came to a park in the center of town and looked around at all the folks with the same idea as me, or so it seemed. Lots of people with backpacks looking more homeless than tourist. I got to talking with some folks and they asked if I had any extra socks, so I gave them a pair. A guy was taking pictures of me and I walked over and asked if he had a permit and he assured me the pics. were for a good cause. He said he was doing some sort of documentary on the human condition. We had a good talk and parted friends.

I met another guy who was studying to give EKG tests. He had been homeless and was a strong Christian. We had good talks that day. He showed me a shelter where I could stay if I wanted. I had no desire to be around that stinking despair any longer than it took to witness it and return home with the bad news. Minneapolis poverty has nothing on the abject insanity of hundreds of unwashed, quiet people watching a nineteen inch color TV. We went to dinner and he showed me the bus stop for getting to the ocean. I planned to sleep on the beach and head back north and homeward. The bus stop was near a Hilton so I went in to buy some cigs. I was aloud to buy them but was politely escorted out.

The ride out to the ocean was nice and touristy even though I stuck out like a sore thumb. I talked to this young guy who wondered about my trip. I gave him my basic rap and he wished me well. When we were just about to the ocean the bus driver went up to a guy sleeping and told him to get the hell off and never get back on his bus again. I asked if that wasn't “a bit harsh” of a treatment and he said, “He's just a sleeper.”

I got to the beach and it was pretty nice. The sun had set long ago and a tractor was pulling an implement to clean the sand of trash. I pulled out my new testament and came to “Revelations 10:1-11” I was torn between acting out the reading and ushering in Armageddon or eat some of my bible and talk to the nations. I thought it was much more likely, up beat and less messy to eat some bible and look forward to sharing my vision with the world. I bedded down in a spot where the cleaning machines had already combed the sand and in enough light no one would run over me. It was real pretty and I was grateful to be alive on the Pacific coast. I had a good pray and fell asleep for a good six/eight hours.

ENGINE go home, Frisco, Eugene,  
(SALT LAKE, YABE)MOMS,DADSLeimMATT(S TAXI)MISSOURI gathering  
KNOFT,MT, Buzzy, ITY raw meat btn.,TomS.construction  
YABE, YMCA TAXI DOLCHI MAGGO GIBONYBASEMENT,SUE F. mercy PA  
gathering

Over the next two years I travel between Minneapolis and Columbus trying to make a life of what I had created. I got involved with a group teaching the grief process to kids from broken homes in Columbus and it threw a wrench into my brain. Here were middle class Christians waking me up to the love I had for my family who I was ready to write off as a bad beginning to my life. Up to this point I was sure the family was a nostalgic interlude to visit in-between the chapters of my life. I had no intention to move back to Columbus but the feelings they brought out were so real and the logic so convincing I just had to give it a chance. I wanted to be a part of my family and these people had given me validation that my hurt feelings were real and given me hope that they could be healed. I lived in the basement of an office that winter and made new friends that were an oasis of society, in a world where I thought I might die of loneliness.

I managed to find a place to live in Minneapolis and started doing construction work that winter. I worked with one of the coolest bosses I had ever had. We met at the cafe for breakfast, got high and then worked for a while and returned to the cafe for dinner. I just did what he said and took the breaks I needed. The money was adequate and the idea that I was working for cash with a guy who thought real deeply about life was kickass.

By now my mind was pretty full of thoughts and to wake up to chatter was pretty disconcerting. I was all caught up in a world of analyzing body language, feelings and reading between the lines of conversation. I was into sniffing when I meant yes, took a thought as my own or sucked in anger to diffuse the power of that anger. During conversation I noted our scratching, coughing, sighing, and clearing the throat. I was always mindful of the fact that I am a great anomaly as a Christian amongst new agers. I conflict I thought didn't need to be so if anyone could make a deep impression on them it would have to be me. I found I could thrive with these people and transitioning back to the main stream would be the big problem. So I basically stay on task 24/7 except when I relax with some magazines I found. I was trying to bring two worlds together in a way that would respect each others values. I used to come home back when and blow people away with my peace revolution talk and nothing would ever come of it so I was sticking around in Minnesota till I got something more figured out. (Twenty-one years later I'm adding the finishing touches on a book. PTL!)

### **, Hanging dry wall at Jays, wall paint, wrestle Hillary, CANADA**

Early in the spring I was asked to leave and moved into a place with a guy I knew from way back. He wasn't a great friend but an acquaintance who needed a roommate. Julie by the river: One afternoon Anne and I went for a drive around Lake Harriet and talked about how we were part of an experiment sorta. We went over to the river and I lost my keys. I thought the only logical answer was that she hypnotized me and took them as punishment for not making a move romantically even though I was receiving countless signals I wasn't responding to. I was by the river stranded because I didn't respond when I was telling her psychically "Just make the first move and "I'll" go along. I didn't think it was too much to ask of this woman. So she's mad at me and I have to play along like she's not. She seems concerned and I dare not say it out loud. She's getting me back and there's nothing I can do about it. I like her too much to insult her and say "You hypnotized me and stole my keys and probably had sex with me and I want you out of my life." I was running out of friends as things were and Annie had proven true so

many times I at least owned her one break. So many people were giving mixed messages it was hard to know who to trust. Anne had been so “right on” around the cafe so I had to figure she was doing the right thing. We retraced our steps a third time and I finally pulled the plug of the back of the key mechanism and hot wired it. On the way back to the cafe I wondered if we had had sex and wished I could remember it. Anne was a good looking woman and it was weirdly arousing to think she would take the risk of fast deep hypnotizing me and then get me stimulated intensely and then back into my clothes. Did I just lay there or was I almost awake? I kept my thoughts to myself and prayed a mean person didn’t have that sort of influence over me. I was hoping that as a close friend she was privy to keys strangers had no idea of. I had offered her my body in my mind so maybe I’m safe as long as I lust on women I know and trust. Fat chance I’ll be able to hold back all the time. I knew her enough to give her the key to my heart and she used it. So if I guard my heart, only good women will hypo-sex me. Maybe she’s breaking me away from Carol for some reason? Anne is one of the Rue clan and they might know street hypo tactics that are cutting edge. I’ll just bide my time and see how things develop. If she gets pregnant will I be told? How could I prove it was mine? How could she prove it was mine? She has been seeing another guy so I guess there’s no telling. I probably hung out at the cafe and went home late.

One morning Joe was talking to me in my sleep. I woke up and tried to catch him up but he just acted like nothing happened. I took his lead and blew it off. He said something about the river air must be the problem.

I went to the café for breakfast and we went out back for coffee and cannabis. There were about six of us altogether. While I was trying to keep track of the conversation and its hidden meaning, I flipped out. My lips went numb and I tried not to think that John had just told me, without saying it, that he was a pedophile (child molester). I didn’t want people to read my mind and learn about John’s confession although I knew I had to tell someone. I went into the garden, placed my head against the ground and started praying to stop thinking about John. I just couldn’t contain the fact that I knew a child molester. I received his confession and it was supposed to die with me. So I just laid there staring at a lump of dirt trying to ground my mind on something basic. While I’m laying out in the garden trying to keep my thoughts to myself I hear a friend’s name over the intercom. I decided to walk to his house on the other side of town because I thought he needed help. I get about half a block away, quit praying to myself and whamo I’m thinking pedophile and everyone going by, hears my mind and insults my psychically for being a pedophile. *“You ought to be ashamed of your self. Somebody ought to shoot you. Hay asshole, wanna play with me or am I to close to your age, bastard.”*

I hear a song from “Jesus Christ Superstar” in my mind where the people are calling on Jesus to heal them. (*JESUS I AM ON YOUR SIDE, HEAL ME HEAL ME JESUS*) I envision the café people falling apart and somehow I can help. I’m too scared to go back, because not only will they think I’m a pedophile but they will see the genitals on my forehead super imposed over a portrait of my family. I then get a psychic message from Barb saying that she *“won’t hold my warm fuzzy any longer.”* Now wherever I look a warm spot goes. It then occurs to me that since I’ve been secretly binding Satan’s power that a contract has been put out on me. I confess I had in my spare minutes around town, been visualizing the bloody ropes of Jesus wrapping around people

and pulling their evil up to the feet of Jesus. Satan was on to me and now I'm a victim of Satanism. First I'm given a false confession to blow my mind, then they put kerosene on the lip of my coffee cup to numb my lips, smoke some killer weed with me, run some complicated conversational "Hells Half Acre" in front of me, I flip and lastly I'm given a warm fuzzy to trouble me wherever I go. This warm fuzzy is a warm energy ball that goes wherever I look. It is a conglomeration of all the warm feelings people have been sending me.

(Hells Half Acre "HHA" is where everything has two meanings, so meaningless bullshit can reach the soul and trouble the mind) I also need to get to Ben and see what help he needs.

Then it all comes back to me. I've been at a satanic mind reading camp. Most of the work is done in our sleep. My nights are spent dealing with other people's thoughts. I'm supposed to help Satan take over the world by finding out, how to find out, what makes each person tick. During the day I hang out with the Satanists and field test my skills, thinking thoughts, saying things and noting body language and words. I display acceptance to everyone as a sort of sign of peace. People say and do things around me naturally that they wouldn't otherwise do. The Satanists watch for weaknesses and faults completely beyond my view. My conscious thought has been kept in the dark so as not to taint the research or spill the beans. Seems I was a drifter at the cafe with no family to pick up on the changes they put me through. They were in earnest and it looks like my rope tricks only pissed them off. For some reason it didn't eliminate all the evil in them. I was in touch with everybody on one level or another. From Vatican Village to Pornographic Traffic, I had many names but one mind to surf the many thought trains whizzing around in the night air. I grew up in a dysfunctional family that wasn't close enough to share psychic communication. A whole world opened up to me by my being victimized and taught the inner workings of psychic trickery. All of a sudden I was at the controls of a network that boggled my mind. Army Air, was telling me, "General Alarm," the status of Troops all around the globe, like there was something I had to do with it. Why did I need to know that 500 troops were heading to Columbia. I'll keep it in mind, I suppose it may come in handy, otherwise they probably wouldn't bother. If I can hear so much, I wonder who can hear me think. I realize why I have been sent to Minnesota and set about getting back to Columbus with the top secret skills I am stealing from Satan for the Christians. So... I'm walking down the street pinching my stomach to contain the warm fuzzy and praying so as not to think pedophile.

***Your on your way home my son, My speed to you.*** I believe I just heard from God.

I notice that groups of Oriental people are going by me and so I beam out a "HELLO" to them. "Why are you watching me?" I ask. "Your the Ninja Lover, We Love you." They think. "What do you mean?" I think. "We have a hero who stole the Ninja arts from China and taught us how to be great warriors" One beams to me. "You have a great way of spreading Love without making a sound. Most of the time your best work seems anonymous and random, focused for the split second it takes to speak or think a word." "Can you help me?" I beg. "Fight back judiciously so the warrior isn't seen by the public or Satan's minions. Words are your weapon and you have bridled the inner tongue well. Look sharp but keep your head down." They Beam to me that **WHATEVERWEAR** is however an effective defense most of the time. The word **WHATEVER** acknowledges a

*disagreement and politely says case closed. Also WHAT is really a question, and EVER is a long time for them to ponder if they want to pursue the matter. If they do want to pursue it you will need to evade, hide and rarely retaliate. The Satanists and their minions will be looking for someone who stands up for their self every time conflict arises. By being defeated you will achieve victory someday in Columbus.” “Thanks brother I will consider it well.”* I love to them. I figure by being the Hero victim the people around will be able to see who hates me and find “them” out. The Bible says “In our weakness is His strength.”

I walk by a playground of Native American children. The Nuns tell me to “*be real crazy looking*” so the kids will see a physical demonstration of how unusual the psychic energy is around me. They explained that my “*looking weird will greatly lessen the trauma caused by the warm fuzzy and harsh words caused by me.*” I oblige them and flailed my arms and sang a sing about “*Big Ben who made mud pie lolly pops that smelled good.*” I bobbed on my feet and put on a show befitting of how bazaar and obvious I felt.

An art school up the street seemed like a possible safe haven for me. I figured the art students would just naturally be in favor of free thinking. They would see me stealing Satan’s Secrets and think that I could be a hero to them. We’ll see. I feel good coming through the door and stop praying and “*Hay man, welcome and duck down the hall cause those Satan dudes are near the office.*” I take the corridor away from the office and peek into a room. The people all act like I’m not there except the guy who told his friend to send me there. “*We’re all free, intense, unbridled thinkers here, Those Satan Ass Bastards wouldn’t come down here.*” I tell him “*I love you and so does Jesus.*” “*I don’t go for Jesus but I love you to.*” He thinks. I told him to “*remember how you feel about things today and the hubbub over taking something intangible like thought processes.*” “*You truly are the Psychedelic Smartalec, your words are said to be so insightful that I’m not surprised you ended up with such an amazing gift. That so many people want you dead is like the universe saying there’s always DEATH and TAXES.*” “*Yea I have high hopes about where I end up.*” I beam back to him. “*Why don’t you clobber them instead of running?*” He beams. “*I’m just new to this and I’m not supposed to fight back for my own safety. I’m like a guy who is given a tank and I’m supposed to sneak across enemy lines undetected.*” I think fretfully. “*Man O Man you have a job on your hands.*” A few minutes later I ask, “*Can you give me any pointers that I can use against them, like how I deal with them echoing my thoughts?*” He beams “*That’s easy, I like to echo them back like this , Satan SUCKS SUCKS SUCKS SUCKs SUCKs SUcks Sucks sucks...works like a charm! Those assholes are child abusers and bullies that scare away when your on their level of brutality.*” I ask “*Can they hear us now?*” He Beams “*Not likely, with everyone thinking intently about their art projects the static is overwhelming, it’s when your alone or thinking independently that they hone in on your thought.*” I wonder around the courtyard thinking back and forth to my new friend and enjoying the Peace of mind. I think I should be heading out and find the door.

Now my heart starts racing so I stop in at a hospital because I’m worried about my heart. FALLMAN They say nothing is wrong and they can’t feel my warm fuzzy. They tell me “they may be able to help me at the big hospital downtown,” I head out for the hospital and go through hell. I’m trying to contain my warm fuzzy but every once in a while a woman calls me a “jerk” or a guy calls me “gay.” (Not that there’s anything

wrong with it) Someone scowls at me for being a pedophile. It occurs to me that my heart problem may be because some jerk has tuned into my vibes and is beating their chest causing me to feel palpitations. On the way I see Bob with some stilts. I see it as a sign that he's watching and listening to my situation for historical reasons. I think "*cool*" to him and continue on to the hospital.

At the hospital emergency room, they check my heart and find nothing wrong. I tell them my theory and in no time I'm in the mental ward. As I was telling them the thoughts I had a nurse was waving her jaw back and forth and I wasn't sure if she was negating my words or acting weird to make me seem more normal. I knew she hated me when she was facing away from me with her hands behind her back and showing "the finger" my way. At one point I walked up to her and looked at her name tag and confirmed the pronunciation with her like I was taking particular attention of her to get her in trouble. I knew things were so complicated I wouldn't remember her name but I thought I might scare her into giving up. I won't take medication and so I stay only a week. A Doctor who looked like he had been crying tried to talk me into taking meds. but I wouldn't listen. I thought he was worried I would be killed but I knew I had valuables to get home. I won't take any medication because I feel this struggle requires all my neurons to be at peak performance. It was a nice hospital and I met people from both sides of the spiritual fence. This one guy seemed to have followed me into the ward. He kept making uncomfortable insinuations about me. I met a woman who I knew from the café who seemed to have come to help me fight. We held hands one night while watching TV and life was great. I could put my warm fuzzy anywhere I wanted. I can recall people crossing and uncrossing their legs enticing me. I'd put my warm fuzzy between their legs and then get psychically beat up. I guess it felt good, but improper. Most of the time I pinched myself, but sometimes even that wouldn't contain it. I was no longer obsessed about thinking "pedophile" so life was a bit better. One morning a whole ton of people marched by and I thought that they were marching by to show me solidarity. It was probably the march of dimes but ya couldn't convince me. I was deeply touched by their support and even shed a few tears. They let me stay an extra day at the hospital and told me "to sign up for welfare to pay for the hospital." I didn't think I'd be hurting for money once I got some Christian support, so I blew it off. I headed straight for my place to packed up and leave for my hometown.

When I got to my place Joe was there and made it quite clear that it wasn't his fault for me going to the hospital. I sort of believed him but I was on my way home and that was foremost in my mind. He said something about friends being enemies and enemies being friends. I was too confused to challenge it.

On the way to the freeway ramp my foot got a terrible cramp. I imagined that Jennifer had put a curse on me in case I tried to leave town without saying good-bye. I took my handbag over to the café and she was there. We talked and smoked some pot. I didn't admit I was stealing the secret but I could see she knew and was real happy for it. I said good-bye and went potato planting with a friend. I figured I'd hitch out of town the next morning. On the way to the farm I asked if we could stop at a friend's house to pick up some pot. We did and they were welcome friends who gave me nothing but Love and in their eyes I could see the concern they had for me. Stealing from the Father of Lies is not to be taken lightly.

We got out to the farm, got high and planted potatoes. I could hear myself thinking in three dimensions and noticed that if I quit breathing I could hear others' minds better. It wasn't easy planting potatoes and pinching myself to keep the warm fuzzy in check. I took a break in the woods where no one was around. I could quit pinching myself for a while and that was nice.

After planting we went to the farmhouse. I was introduced as "SBruce, he pines a lot." We got high and I tried to keep from looking at the woman of the house. She was beautiful and it was all I could do to just pinch myself, bite my lip, pray, keep up with conversation, and follow the wordy undercurrent. When we left I was a bit relieved but still I had to go home and deal with my roommate. We went back to the cafe which was near my house and my Mom called and told me she would have a bus ticket for me with ten dollars attached.

Some friends were having a sleep over and I tagged along so I wouldn't have to go home. After hanging out for a while I noticed my Friends daughter sniffing like crazy, sort of mimicking me sniffing in confirmation, acceptance or love. It freaked me out to think I had caused it by being so visual about my body language. How could I have been so stupid, I didn't figure on a kid getting mixed up in all the malay of communication. I was then surprised to see a man and woman from the mental health agency get introduced to me. I was told "I needed medication and could not spend the night unless I accepted their help." I assured them "I was perfectly fine and that if I did have a problem it was MY problem and I'll deal with it in my own way. Yes things are a bit weird and yes I do grab my stomach skin with my hand too much." It helps me pull together my focus by digging my nails into me, when I feel like my feelings are all over the street or house or somebody. I calmly explained "I was aware of the change but things would work out because God had me on a mission to start a Peace Army." I could see it forming in my mind and this change over me was necessary to get to the root of the problem. The way I saw it, feelings manifest thoughts and vice versa. I am on to a way of exposing them to the general public and the Devil wants me dead for it. Satan thought he had me duped into ruining the world by telling him peoples thoughts and feelings so he could get a fix on them and lay a head trip on them. His trips always seem reasonable but never go where God wants ya to be. Jessica sweetly said that "it was a good idea but my time was not yet." I was "like a tea cup that goes through many stages and right now You are in a very raw form." She said "after the cup is formed, as you, are the baking and glaze need to happen. Many steps are involved and trust me you need to take your medication. These people can take you to a doctor and get you feeling like your old self in a few weeks." I told her "I was more than a cup and I said I was at war, being attacked and attacking and I had no time to get on Psycotropic medicine and let the work going on in my brain go to waste." She said "I need to trust them." and I said "I trust God and that it's MY problem so let's drop it and get on with visiting." She said "I needed to leave if I wasn't going to take their help" and it felt like the weight of the world came down on my heart. I slid down in the chair holding my heart and one of the MHtechs said "it hurts doesn't it?" I eventually pulled out of it and asked if anyone had a few bucks so I could go for breakfast. Everyone was either broke or lying so I headed back to my residence.

As a side bar I will tell you I was in the habit of going to a 24 hr place and having a late dinner. I had psychic conversations with people as I sat there. We would talk about my day, the peace army, worldwide developments and some wanted me to go off

with them to help them with their dream. Those were scary because I felt like I would lose track of my feelings. I had my familiar loneliness surrounded by anger with a Love veneer. How could I join them? Personally I'm a mess but I need to keep it together till the peace army gets started. I would like to get real close to caring strangers but if they knew how little of the peace army I've thought out and how very sad I am about the state of Gods green earth and his people, my love veneer might prove invisible. My anger would scare them off and then where would I be. Alone without even a friendly stranger around. I slept from three to eleven. I was a local legend the folk from other neighborhoods knew about and followed in gossip circles. It was a blessing and a bain. The tactile hallucinations were feelings on my body that gave me more input for relating to people I never talked to out loud. I would feel my forehead if someone was reading my mind. Pressure on my nose bridge meant I was saying or hearing the truth.

**He** was there when I got home and we had an argument about rent. He went to take a bath, and I held my breath. He started singing a song in his mind. "*Bad Moon Arising*" I almost started thinking the song too. But. I kept holding my breath and then I heard him thinking, "*Oh shit, Bruce is being quiet and my mind is going a mile a minute*". I would take a deep breath and hold it to hear what he was thinking. "*I hope Bruce doesn't find out about the others messing with his mind cause we could be in big trouble. What if he finds out about Donnie who we're using as a sex starved broadcast antenna, or cute Bob who gets people to let down their mental guard so we can pounce on them. What if he finds out about, Shit... We gotta kill him or the whole scene will be destroyed. I thought they had him on Satan's side for good. I suppose like his buddy Jesus, he'll have to die*". At that point I started thinking back. "*Well, well, well, now the cat's out of the bag there my man Joe. You're lucky I'm a Peace Warrior because I feel I have every right to turn your head into a bloody mess against that tub. I'm taking my handbag and leaving town. Let's hope you repent by the next time I'm in town because you're in deep trouble. I know your just one of many medians connected with this operation but I KNOW who YOU are.*" As I leave I sing to myself "*The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls.*"

I get to the back door and feel a pin going into my leg. I look and there's nothing there. On the way to the freeway ramp I feel more pins. It occurs to me that if a person was tuned into my vibes he could be acupuncture to control me. I start dancing all around in the most bizarre manner. I figure that I may be able to change my vibes. I also hope that the person tuned into me will fall down eventually and flop around on the ground. I then start praying to Jesus, and settle down on the freeway ramp to leave town. Jesus tells me "You must drink the cup I have prepared for you, so get out there and live". I can't argue with Jesus so I find some bushes to sleep in. The next morning I hear all these voices talking about whose responsibility it was to kill me.

I get to the café where I have some friends and decide not to risk their lives. I head out for Conan's place. Now the word murder is on my mind and everyone at the café looks at me weird while I leave. On the way to Conan's I pick up a three-foot pipe to defend myself with. Nobody will walk on my side of the sidewalk except the brave hip Christian souls who like what I'm about. They called me the "Dark Star" Because they have faith that I am in deep cover, have gigantic potential and are at present a very scary dude with even scarier folks after me. (I'm driving a tank I discovered and the hounds of Hell want it to be an explosive coffin.) Nobody's at Conan's but the door was

open so I went in. I saw a white glove on the mantle and I figured he was giving me the white glove treatment. He can't kill me but he can't help me either. I leave with a heavy heart.

Out on the street I hear a biker concede to the pressure and agree to kill me. Soon I hear a motorcycle behind me. I run behind a tree next to some garages and wait. I hold my breath a lot and I can mentally hear him looking for me. He says "*Come on out you Christian puke brain. Be a willing martyr and get it over with. I've gotta go to work and I don't have all day*". After a while I feel this pressure around my wrist. "*Gotcha*" I mentally hear him say, "*ya can't get out of a wrist cuff*". I freak and start praying "*Kiri A Layson, Alleluia*" but the pressure on my wrist got stronger. I then switch to a Buddhist chant I know, "*Namyoho, Rengaykyo*" the pressure gets less. I reason that my vibes blend in with all the other Buddhist chanters and he can't get a fix on my position. After a while I hold my breath and hear a friend saying "*the coast is clear*". He's on the other side of town so I tell him telepathically where I am. I wait behind the tree chanting, for another long while, until I figure he blew me off, too much pressure. I decided to head out from there cause I can't stay there all day.

While I'm walking I hear someone say to my mind "*You're Him, You're Him!!! I'm gone point out your position*". "*Shit*" I think "*Now what*". His mind tells me "*Don't worry, I'm just kidding*". I tell him "*it's not funny and that I really don't wanna die.*" He says he thought "*it was all a hoax to bring attention to the problems of mental illness.*" I tell him "*it's no hoax and that if he's not in God's camp he's in Satan's.*" He apologized and suggested that "*we sing a song in our minds as we walk apart. That way nobody can tell which way the real target*" went. I thank him and start back to the café singing, "*I've got the joy joy joy joy down in my heart*".

Where's God in all this you may ask? He's using is Holy Spirit to guide me past the Satan troopers via auto pilot. Satanists have fun controlling people's free will and playing God. They seem bent on the enjoyment of ruining lives.

I start following a woman who used to be a Satanist and wasn't afraid of death. She tells me mentally to "*wait in her back yard.*" She tells me to "*scratch the buggers off*". "*What's a bugger*" I ask? "*A bugger is a message that talks when you scratch it. They mess with a person's mind hence the term BUGGER. The Satanists all put them on people to bother people. The dangerous ones are the ones that start with "Satan says," ... When you hear one of those, blink your eyes and they evaporate. I'll be praying protection over you while you clean yourself off.*" I start scratching and out comes a voice. Another itch and another message. I start getting itchy all over and blink and itch and scratch. After all the itchiness is gone I think her if she "*will join me for coffee.*" She bows out graciously. I "*Thank*" her from the heart and head to the café scratching every now and then.

I got to the café in time for the close of the meeting I forgot about.(I'll admit I was a bit preoccupied) They take my keys and refuse to give me coffee or reefer. They say I need help and I blow it off. I throw my three-foot pipe in the trash and head to Tim and Susan's.

I have a little coffee and reefer and mellow out. We stay up late talking about things. Mostly it was me talking about what's been happening with me. They don't seem to mind my warm fuzzy so I don't have to pinch myself. There doesn't seem to be

any ominous undercurrent so I have a nice time. I stay up late and watch a western on TV alone.

I'm learning by God through television more about who I am. Like when I feel a mask on my face it means I'm in the presence of another holy lone ranger. When my eyebrows make themselves known, I'm shooting a message. When I feel my lips I'm talking to a good person telepathically. The being aware of people's crotch is a curse that prayer and bringing people to Christ will cure. The men will put up with making them feel uncomfortable because they know how I truly feel. The warm fuzzy is really a hassle and I still don't know what to do with it. It is like this amazing heat source that makes me stand out like a sour thumb. I see the end of the western and head to bed.

We say good-bye in the morning and I head out to the bus station. I meet this guy at a bus stop who asks for "a cigarette." In his mind he tells me to "*Keep the faith*" I say "thanks" out loud. "*We'd all love to see the plan.*" He thinks to me. "*I'd love to have a plan. Right now I am doing my best to get home. I believe Jesus cares more about availability than ability. I just showed up and ended up walking away with Holy Special Weapons And Tactics. With what I think I have stolen back, there is no limit to how connected with people I can be. I saw an opportunity and stuck with it. Look around where you are and ask God, yourself and a friend what would be a good course of action to make the world a better place.*"

Down the street I see a pretty woman and "WOW" is all I can think. Someone tells my mind that I'm "gross" and my mind counters by saying "*I'm only human*". I look at a man to counter balance the lust. I then pinch my stomach, hold my breath, and hear a Satanist saying "*Go kill yourself, Satan will be easy on you when you get there*". "*Whatever,*" I say back to his mind. "*Satan is more powerful than Jesus,*" he thinks back to me. I envision a burnt out core of pain in me where Satan can get control of me and I freak out. I start screaming in my mind "*this that and the other, this, that and the other*" after a while I stop and hold my breath. I can hear him thinking "*what's going on, who am I*". I beam the thought back to him "*God wants you to be his child*". He thinks "*Why me*" I beam over to him "*because you're special*". He thinks, "*Will he forgive even me*". "*Yes*" I reply. "*I feel whoosie*" he thinks to me. "*Go home read the Bible, and go to churches is the only cure for a new way of thinking I know of*" I beam over to him. "*Will that keep me safe?*" he thinks. "*Pray, and don't contact your old buddies till you're real strong*" my mind says. "*Thanks and hallelujah*" is the last I hear from him. People on Satan's side are calling me the "Tricky Dick" cause I learned Satan's ways to fight him and he still thinks I'll return to him cause I keep leading him on by being so lustful and not fighting back.

I stop by a friend's studio to say good-bye and get high. Ann is there and I thank her for visiting me in the hospital. We smoke up and my mind hears her thinking that she "*wants to believe in me and Jesus. The word on the street is that A. I'm insane from spending to much time in Pornographic traffic, B. I'm Jesus himself and when I decide to show my colors it will all come together, C. I'm the Psychedelic Smartelic and when I leave town I'll become a mumbling mess. D. I'm an errant Satanist, libel to blow the mind of anyone who poses a threat. E. I'm the Vatican's agent who must get to Columbus in order to save the world.*" I say out loud "*Jesus will pull me through*". She passes me the joint and as I'm inhaling I think, "*I love Jesus*". She thinks the thought was her own and smiles. I know I abused my skills but I thought she needed a jump-start. We sit

around and talk about her art and the state of the world. I ask for a couple joints for the road and she gives them to me. I ask if I could stay at her place for the night but she doesn't think it's a good idea. I get set to go and my mind hears her think "*what about Willie?*" I say out loud "Willie is cool and a man to get to know". Willie got a nickname from me, as "Christian Magician" because of the way he presented God to people yet didn't sound like a drone evangelist. I was ahead of schedule but decided to go to the bus station early. We hugged and I left.

The bus station was just down the street from her studio. I got my ticket and went outside. I reminisced about how I had arrived there eight years ago and that I was finally going home for good. When I held my breath I could hear Ann telling me that "*if I stayed I would need a lot of help because the Satanists still wanted me dead. We'll work on the people converting them like you have but more gently*". I start thinking about my long bus ride home and how they had said I would become a mumbling mess if I left. Maybe the committee of people I am friends with will forget about me and I'll have none at the various aspects of my mind. I wasn't sure about what to do but I had faith that God would see me through. What am I saying? I'm this big freaking love tank of Jesus at large, to bring peace and justice home. I may as well just send love to her heart in the pink top, and to him in the T-shirt and on and on around my perimeter and up and down the street loving people with a full feeling in their heart. The song "*All ya need is love*" as the heart touches, initiate columns of light to be sent up to God and down comes an even bigger column of light on the person. I'm repeating as I look around "*Heart to heart, Heart to God, God to persons spirit bod.*" Everyone in sight is feeling great but they aren't sure why. Folks walk by and smile as if to say, "We love you too, good job."

Then my every thought is taken up by this loud deep voice, "***Stop this instant, I will kill you and your family if you do that again. You really think you will succeed? I know you'll be back after the Christians dog you. Nobody understands you like the people up here, so just go back to Joe's and apologize for scaring him. Nobody wants you imposing your feelings on them anyway. Come on back and work with a network ya know. Your a big fish, don't blow it on the idea you can get Christians to go along with an unemployed hippie to run some army or something. Your going to be laughed out of town, they'll say you must have stumbled out of some "claptrap" (Being surrounded by yes men) By your self your nothing.***"

I got to thinking, what if Satan's right and I'm walking out on a great situation into a waste land. I might get overlooked and skulk back in a year or two, just to be on the margins of what could have been a fun time. But I've got to try, Jesus is with me I know it. But here I am, by myself, people against me and no luggage to blend in with the others getting on the bus. What am I going to do? I put out the message psychically "*If I'm in deep trouble would some good soul please grab me by the hair and take me in and shove medicine down my throat*". All I could hear back was Satanists mocking me and saying I was in for a big surprise when I got home". The Christians didn't want to get involved because they knew the trouble a street person with my back ground could create.

I spent twenty four hours on the bus home and got on the wrong bus at one time. I was in Columbus for three weeks in a world the new Christians had created for me, mimicking a Satanic Army as cover I went out everyday plying my craft. (TOTALLY LOST) I spent five weeks in the hospital. It took about one and a half years of half time

employment to get to where I was employable full-time. I seem to have had a full recovery as long as I take my medicine as prescribed. My only lingering symptom is the belief in a Peace Army I can bring into being.

Please, if you feel sorry for me, transfer those feelings on to the folk still out there suffering. I have made a full recovery and just a few months ago I cried about some of my ordeal for the first time. Coming to grips with the fear, horror and despair I hope is a good sign.

I've been at my present job for fifteen years. On a busy day I stop at eleven construction sites and drive one hundred sixty miles around Columbus Ohio for a multi-national construction company. I pick up the mail, go to the bank, do various errands, postmark the evening mail, and drop off the mail at the post office. I work the third shift at an assisted living facility on Saturday night. I enjoy playing with my nephew when time permits. During the day I listen to Christian, PBS and secular music and talk radio and work on this book at night in the house I'm part owner of. A pretty decent life style if I do say so myself. It's a far cry from where I was in 1984.

By Bruce T. Duncanson

### **Biblio-Computing the Essence of God's Word(Draft)**

This Exercise is to show how many times a word is mentioned in the bible according to -crosswalk.com with the New Living translation. I hope to demonstrate some basic truth via computer.

Peace332 vs War166--Give1052 vs Prosper33--Compassion30 vs Selfish10--Listen500 vs Speak248--Understand183 vs Homosexual1--Share135 vs Withhold3--Friend71 vs Stranger16--Son1562 vs Enemy182--Fellowship16 vs Strife4--One2039 vs Division32--Pure120 vs Perverse3--Service51 vs Lazy26--Joy263 vs Bitter14--Peace332 vs Anger295--Hope126 vs Envy17--Jesus1404 vs Moses841--Christ536 vs Abraham260--Happiness19 vs Dread9--Shepherd73 vs Soldier15--Wise220 vs Fool77--Justice145 vs Injustice11--Give1052 vs Take651--Servant349 vs Master138--Free119 vs Slave93--Obay350 vs Worship301--Honor269 vs Praise266--Found258 vs Lost77--Thankyou45 vs Invest5--See822 vs Blind92--Find305 vs Lose45--Help427 vs Ask267--Cooperate2 vs Conspire2--Hope126 vs Demand29--Spirit444 vs Laws194--Grace57 vs Rush15--Wait79 vs Hurry36--King2079 vs Satan59 plus Devil38 plus Accuser11--Patience20 vs Accounting2--Father893 vs Fear260--Love582 vs Hate94--Forgiven39 vs Accountable8--Grace129 vs Deserve21--Salvation137 vs Tradition10--Obay350 vs Desire79--Accept100 vs Reject45--Integrity25 vs Hypocrite3--Freedom25 vs Oppression21--Invite22 vs Oppose21--Neighbor59 vs Foriegner21--Share135 vs Sell36--Gift105 vs Buy67--Heart312 vs Letter92--Truth194 vs Lie137--Mercy155 vs Judge135--Honesty9 vs Trickery8

## Index

- About Me.....113  
Accepting Folks...P...80  
Acclimatization.....81  
Agent 60...P...48  
Agent 97...P...48  
Acknowledgements.I  
All Better...P...69  
All's Fair...P...39  
Ambulance...P...54  
America Can Do It...40  
America's Ills...P...58  
Anarchy.....59  
Ancestors & Children...32  
Anger & Love...P...66  
Anger...P...67  
Assisted Living...43  
Aunts & Uncles...79  
Autology.....23  
Basic Business....22  
Best in Folks...P...77  
Between People...P...62  
Bible's Blessing.....31  
Big Money...P...48  
Bruce's History.....98  
Bruce's Theology...99  
Building New Lives....78  
Canine Coffee....23  
Capitol Punishment..P..110  
Change the World...P...41  
Chickadees...P...118  
Child Porn.....63  
Christ around the Clock...S..102  
Christ in the Field...35  
Christian Commando...P..120  
Christian Warrior...P...27  
Christians Go Marching...S...13  
Clean and Sober...P...114  
Clean Time...P...113  
Coma...P...67  
Combat...P...27 P  
Confused Soldier...51  
Constant Prayer....81  
Cure for Anger.....89  
Dad's Clarity.....II  
Dad...P...64  
Daily Journey...P..91  
Dedication.....II  
Did You Know....51  
Disneyland America...P..47  
Doing God's Will...42  
Domestic Disturbance Squad.26  
Earth Scouting....17  
Easter Poem....P..117  
Elders Place.....43  
Envy.....62  
Epilogue....120  
Feelings...P...75  
Finance.....19  
Food Corps.....18  
Forgiveness....P..88  
Fort Recovery.....6  
Forward....I  
Four Seasons...P...119  
Friendship...P...76  
From a Letter....93  
Full Armor....26  
Fully Contrived Village..14  
Future.....21  
General Friends....8  
Generals Position..20  
Gentle Men.....63  
Getting Along...P..86  
Gifted Warriors...P..25  
Gloom...P...66  
Good Friday...P..108  
Grace....P..92  
Grief Process....74  
Happy People Revolt...S..44  
Hardships.....43  
Hello America..117  
Hello Wake Up...P..46  
Helping Handicapped..P..52  
Helping Helpers...P...49  
Hemp.....115  
Hobby Farms....15  
Hobby...P...51  
Home Corps. 22  
Homeless.....P..54  
Hospital Culture...83  
Humor...P...71  
Hundredth Monkey.....93  
If We Can....83  
If/Then.....101  
Inner Peace at War..P..73  
Introduction...IV  
It's Like.....116  
Jesus Loves You...P..72  
Jesus the Hippie...P..93  
Job Application...29  
Just Peace....P..35  
Juvenile Delinquents...P..64  
Keep it Simple...P..7  
Kids are Watching...P..113  
Kindness...P...49  
Laughter.....85  
Legalize Hemp...P..104  
Legalize It.....115  
Letter of Encouragement..94  
Life ain't Easy...P..82

Lords Prayer...97  
 Love Enemy or Suffer..12  
 Many Hands Movers...22  
 McMansions.....37  
 Mega Pax Plex...5  
 Mental Health Frontiers..P..84  
 Mental You....P..60  
 Mentally Ill Homeless..P..65  
 Mentally Ill Save Us..37  
 Military Opposites.....P..24  
 Mission and Field...P..26  
 Mission Statement...I  
 Modern Angel....P..5  
 Mornin Jesus...P..85  
 Murdered by USA...P..107  
 My Opposites....P..87  
 Narcotics Anonomous..P..105  
 Native Peoples....50  
 Natural People...P..116  
 Needs.....P..41  
 Nine One One...P...106  
 Noble Call.....P..33  
 Non-Violence.....52  
 Not My Fault...P..62  
 Offisarge Training...10  
 Opposite of War...38  
 Pagan Pals.....111  
 Parents are Us.....79  
 Patient Culture...83  
 Pax Corps.....12  
 Peace and Justice...P..34  
 Peace Army Poetically...P..28  
 Peace Army Store...23  
 Peace Army Training..2  
 Peace Fallout...117  
 Peace Graduates Future..P...9  
 Peace Hymn...S..7  
 Peace Sports...P....53  
 Peoples Foreign Legion..6  
 Personal Peace...P..89  
 Plan Ahead...P....56  
 Platoon House...6  
 Poor Christmas...P..56  
 Power of Prayer...81  
 Prayer's the Knack...97  
 Racism.....50  
 Random Kindness...P..56  
 Reality TV....15  
 Reasons for Rules...113  
 Redistribution...P..45  
 Refugee in Law..45  
 Regrets.....62  
 Religion.....111  
 Repentance....P..89  
 Repetitive Prayer...88  
 Resource Picture...P..55  
 Resources....40  
 Retirement....14  
 Rich Vs Poor...P...52  
 Satan's Ways...P..109  
 Satan...P....95  
 Scared Straight Plus..83  
 Schizophrenia Rhyme...P..61  
 Semper Fi...P....95  
 Sesame Smarts....79  
 Sickness Defined...P..69  
 Sickness.....P..68  
 Slave of Most High..65  
 Sleeper Cells.....6  
 Smart-aleck...P...68  
 Smile Technology..85  
 Soldier of Christ...P..4  
 Soy Busses....113  
 Street Camping...P..53  
 Survival Mind....45  
 Survival Soup...22  
 Syndicate.....P...55  
 Table of Contents....III  
 Taxi Story....46  
 Terminal Uniqueness...P..63  
 Terrible Cigarettes...P..114  
 The Theory.....79  
 Then and Now....101  
 Third World Saves...50  
 Tree Fruit and Giving..41+  
 Two Laws....85  
 Uncles and Dads...P..100  
 Unity.....101  
 Voluntary Poverty...P..47  
 Waging Peace Poetically...P..36  
 War...P....42  
 Why a Christian Foundation..4  
 Why a Hospital....11  
 Why a Peace Army....3  
 Why a Prison....16  
 Wonderful Zach...112  
 Words Worth Force Fortold..96  
 World Peace...P..40  
 Zach's Ideas.....35