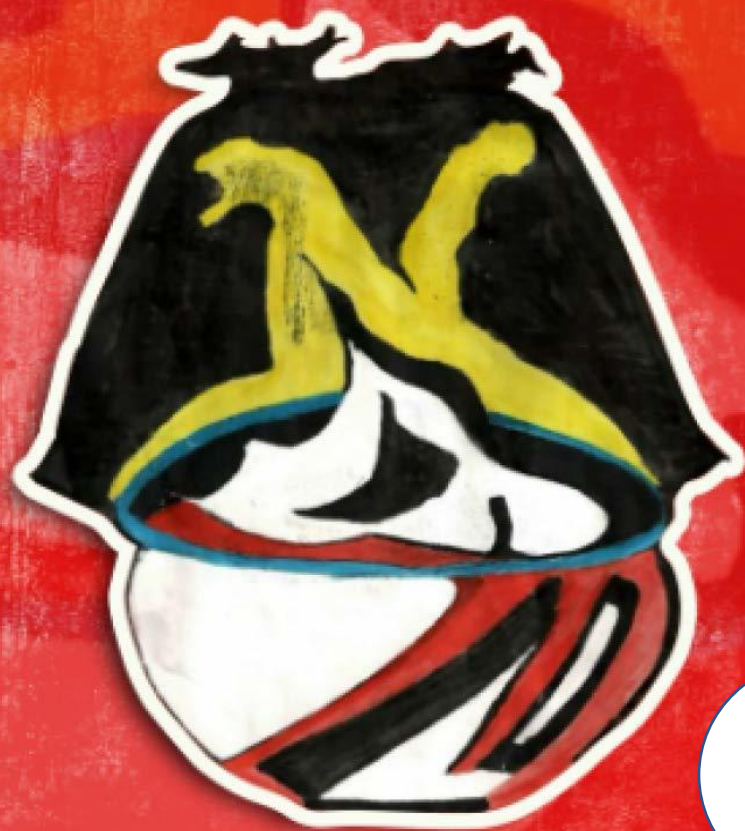


A GOOD
Life:
THE PERCEPTION OF
PERFECTION
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY



Revised
Self-Edited
Version

KARL LORENZ WILLETT



The front cover and this image are from the author's imagination, Karl Lorenz Willett.

Contents

Introduction.....	vi
Author's Notes.....	viii
1 Family.....	1
2 Taper Down the Medication Part 1.....	3
3 Spring Harvest 28th March – 1st April 2016.....	10
4 The Christian Message Has a Poor Interpretation of a Good Man's Vision and God	18
5 Taper Down the Medication Part 2.....	21
6 Crisis of Feeling.....	27
7 Keep Pressing On	33
8 Back from the Brink	37
9 Welcome 2017.....	39
10 Change from the Bottom Up	43
11 Holiday and Job Loss	47
12 Drug Dose Hacked	50
13 Scary Times.....	54
14 Optimistic about Saving the Planet	57
15 Continuous Recovery from Schizophrenia	63
16 Back on Track with Our Finances	69
17 The Awoken Word News, Church, the Universe, Bible and Me	72

18 New Year Resolutions, 2018	87
19 Sexual Harassment	91
20 Research into Antipsychotic Discontinuation and Reduction (Radar) Meeting.....	98
21 I Am Getting Irritated by Media News	103
22 Over Productive Think and Feeling Guttled	110
23 Further Reduction in My Antipsychotic Medication.....	116
24 Schizophrenia Near to Being Deconstructed.....	122
25 Final Reduction in Anti-Psychotic Medication.....	129
26 A Letter to the Government Assessor (Capita) the GP and the Psychiatrist	133
27 Doctor's Letter, Pip Claim, Dvla Questionnaire & My Cognitive Impairment.....	136
28 Schizophrenia Management without Medication	140
29 The Placebo Effect and the Void in My Head.....	144
30 Taking Nutrient Support and Coping with Stress In-torrent	153
31 The Writing Needs, New Insight & Well Without the Pill	160
32 Change and Uncertainty That's Coming	168
33 The Changing Mind Self-Referral for CBT or CRT Online	170
34 Antipsychotic Reduction Programme	175
35 Antipsychotic Medication Withdrawal Adverse Effects Charted, Which Are the Side-Effects on the Drug	179
36 Future and My Feelings with Untreated, Remission Schizophrenia.....	183

37 Lessons Learned and Moving Forward with Untreated, Remission Schizophrenia185

38 Government Systems and the Silver Linings for Our Tamed Nature198

39 Keeping Schizophrenia Stuck, the Review.....217

40 Extended Challenges from the Government Systems.....220

41 A Kind of Dementia Medical Science May Not Know223

42 My Brain 238 Days Off Antipsychotic Medication and the Going Onus after That226

43 Increase in Discomfort in Headache Symptoms and Psychiatry Seems Worthless241

44 Hospitalisation with Psychic Phenomenon.....251

45 Retake Antipsychotic Medication Retained Suffering256

46 The Restart on the Antipsychotic Giving Syndrome261

47 Schizophrenia Recovery, Nearly.....266

Epilogue277

Index287

Introduction

These writings presented for publication are the original, authentic message of the author, who turned on his internal editor and furiously self-edited to have a beautifully crafted book.

It is free from trained editorial tampering so that the true meaning of what the author wants to convey will not get lost. Any variation in spelling, grammar, punctuation, structure, and style is all author's mix of writing blunders.

This book is a work of non-fiction, the author's experiences with profound textualised teaching. It is related to the mind's eye, which shifts consciousness into higher-level perception and unlocks intuition and psychic ability.

I have been tracing the gradual process of my recovery from mental illness and the changes in my religious and spiritual beliefs. Also, I have thoughts on "big questions" about living our purpose, the cosmos and the universe.

Other people's thoughts make a big difference in the message I want you to hear, and I don't believe it's a coincidence that you're listening to my words. So I want to personally welcome you to this book and my other ways of communication. "Howdy to all people and things, feeling good here is where you will find me, revealed on this solemn system without making a quantum leap to becoming a public speaker, expert, and entrepreneur." It is bold enough to be here, and I can feel the depths of emotional touches on people's souls, in romance and love, when expressed in love songs and seen in relationships. There are tears of joy, and from a broken connection, there's sorrow. In all kinds of miseries and injustices, my eyes ducks release a load of weeping.

My mind's emphatic system releases metamorphism to the body with agonies in various parts of its mapping of pain associated with personal, national, and global tragedy within my structured body. The manifestation of illnesses has a pinpoint in an area from the feet to the head. Symptomatic pain for the world and widespread problems have agony in the waistline and tightness in the neck.

My savoir-faire ability had a breakdown and led to weary thinking ills that produced a subjective manifestation of the mental disorder, schizophrenia. As a result, I was hospitalised involuntarily and sectioned under the Mental health act section two for the 10th time. Admission was on 09.08.2019, and they planned for my discharge after 34 days (12th Sept. 2019). So I have learnt the hard way how to create and paint the most crucial part of my life as literature art in words, and consuming depressing doom news was an act that was harmful to my mental health. Those painful surprises in psychosis in the sign of this changing world tell me to look after number one, my soul, my heart, and myself. As we all do, I have a story to tell, and I remain curious about where the journey may take me.

I am addicted to doing the right thing, and my conscience always tells itself to do the right thing and asks itself the right way not to get it wrong. So, word gets understood by everyone at any level of ability, and the truth will affect people, and lies will affect people too. So, I can appreciate my feeling more deeply, "A Good Life...." lets me better reflect on my moral fibre and myself and the world around me. If the things I wrote are perfect, and the words agree with other people's but may not sound the same, its rule is original. Nobody will have the ability to change them but to accept them and agree.

Author's Notes

Karl's notes have a sound frequency and are seen as words processed:

I have something that I want to share because I know it will help a lot of different people. It's a story of the mental disorder Paranoid Schizophrenia medicine and experience stories out of practical purpose, a good life, and the perception of perfection, most often when I could not act or reason. In picking up this book, it's a guide to the historic centre of every human being. That naturally feels intellectual nourish as well as sensing something there that's is so proper it's impossible to put a name. Some readers may gravitate towards challenging self as spooky; by doing so, it is not a scary idea to reach the historic centre spiritualise source of its infinite energy everywhere in all devices and people. In the right and Godly, a frequency process is perfected and is such a good and efficient power that computes to an exceptional individual and creatures, including humankind.

This book has a profound effect on consuming thoughts, and it is hard to analyse them, and a general audience might find this hard to read. So instead, I look at differences to grow perfect and everyday feelings to explore the mind and the brain's diversity.

Feeling blessed is in spasmodic readings through my authorship in expressing the strength of my godly, divine purpose, which is steadfast. I could have handled the likely pressures. No actual harm is out of the equation, but I am safe from fears.

This book has good advice for trained medical practitioners to give their patients about compliance with the maintenance dose of antipsychotics.

If the reader has ills in a disease with a personal cause, the subjective manifestation person or the thing should consult a medical specialist trained in the art of noticing the objective manifestation of the disease.

All humankind and things of it have a kind of focus super awareness in some circles in human relations that have very little training that give them the ability to communicate to the waves of pure subjective thoughts in a person.

Highbred people, an elitist-educated group of people equipped with sensor devices that explore emotional interferences and thinking patterns, have authenticity because the technology is already here. They kept the authority listening in slowly, absorbing information associates and data from the innocent people they spied on and who they observed. People with dark skin tone, white skin- tone or shades-in-between who have a low standard of education are domesticated body-servant to fulfilling elite people's purposes in labouring in inefficient shoddy work for wages.

I am encouraged by solidarity with everyone that every moment's life fulfils a purpose. The processed thoughts of ordinary people are under the control actions of psychic others to task them or their unawares with unconscious deliberations. Those educated groups understand the human condition and can selfishly manipulate the commoner's thinking, persuading their better nature. It is the method to task human minds with unknown controlled inferences other than themselves repetitious practising to learn something or them being under hypnotise. Sound fictitious? A little absurd ??? and science-fiction, !!!?, "ayah!". "Agreed." But it's a fact; clarity will become more transparent as you travel along the pages and hear the sound variances with the frequency that differs with words to express revealed truths that I, as a commoner amateur author, have found out.

As the facts get apparent, the words come together and sing. That's because there are joyous; the information has certainly known now to be true. Everyone can understand authentic details. Turning the page will reveal some of the events that the elites have an inferential hold on us. They release their grip over us only because we, the enlightened ones, see the evidence showing their participative way paddled on fears.

When I had voided my mind of schizophrenia's expectations and opened my eyes to the antics of reality my dream state had made, I lost resilience. Mental flexibility beforehand and the change can seem terrifying.

It gave me precious vivid perceptions and witnessed actual mental events occurring in pitch darkness. But, unfortunately, that makes ordinary people afraid of the environment's darkness and shadows, even though nothing is in the dark able to touch them.

In my life, getting lived by my mental experiences, I have debunked the elitists' driven fears of holding ordinary people back from the truth. So it's a comfortable, cosy life to have or be empowered with knowledge and confidence that most people rather ignore or have a fear that something is in the darkness. But, investigated by curious people like myself, what's there is nothing to fear but false stories are said to them to cover- up truths and enlightenment. At its basic, the universe is good with a maintenance system that puts the cosmos in havoc and chaos and the people from time to time. The consequence raises goose pimples on the elitist skin, but the majority morality of people is scared; they are going mad and fearful that the end of time is nigh. I get the chills in my ability to experience enhanced, intense emotions. The increase in strength can have likened to being shocked with a bolt of electricity all over.

Writing my autobiography is not done intellectually. I left school with low-grade, marked with academic achievement in English grammar and

English Literature tests. I had grades that were not worth the paper it was written on, rated five in CSE (Certificate of Secondary Education) and six, and I would have had an official document to remind me I underachieved. My speech and writing may have a reflection on my poor educational background. I have tried to get to the point the quickest and most effective way and omitted needless names as best I could. And I blunder or stumble with words that don't mean what I think they say.

I aim to communicate effectively the message of the things I attempt to predict the outcome. As a result, I gradually have made progress know a- days from the beginning of the problem and reasonably overcome obstacles and their challenges. And also as a result, I am not too stressed about them as I used to be.

As a writer, I spend my time thinking, which is essential for optimism to see life as infinitely complex and meaningful. Science predicts that the world's physical reality will surely die. Still, I sustained a vision as an older adult who has passed through pessimism and defeatism about the world since biblical times, which gives a strong defeat bias as commoners make their way in life. I had fallen into this apparent account, leading to suicide attempts and a schizophrenic emotional illness.

I, therefore, invite you to read the exclusive information about me visit the website, created in October 2018 <http://www.karllorenzwillett.co.uk>

1

Family

Written Wednesday, 20th April 2016

I am assuming that in picking up this book, you know more or less who I am. However, I am keenly aware that you may not know. I wrote the first part of my memoir over thirty-four years, or as far back as I can remember, of my childhood up to February 2016. I was born in 1956, and this second book of my life stories has a lot to say about the beginning of the consecutive year for where I left off in February 2016 in which the stories meander, but I hope a chronology of sorts has emerged as a shift from theme to theme.

I have surprised myself and finished writing my first book, *The Memoir of a Schizophrenic*. People shower me with praise and attribute qualities that seem almost to verge on the divine because they felt it was a big deal, a fantastic achievement to have written a book. But, on the other hand, it made me feel more like a star artist than an author, and I have sweaty palms just for telling my experience of living on the planet and how the world will benefit from my books.

As I write my autobiography, there is never any doubt about the loved people in my life. This book is riddled with self-consciousness and has a mix of people who have encouraged me. One most essential people in my life is my wife, Euphemia. Most of my earlier writings about our relationship have deluded ideas, and she has remained steadfastly and lovingly by my side since the moment we dated in 1979. We married and the mother of my three beautiful grown-up children, Katrina, Georgina, Jonathan, and granny, to our three delightful grandchildren, Iziah, Isaac,

and Kyven. Our eldest daughter, *Katrina, is pregnant and expecting her second child in the autumn.

Readers who take the time to read this book may look to understand the mindset of people with schizophrenia, and their niggling questions may be answered. Also, I charted my use of antipsychotic medication and my eagerness to discontinue their application and remain well. I treasure all my experiences and value everyone; although I have been unfortunate to have this disorder of the mind, I have made this a blessing and a part of who I am. Most of what happened to me, I have been fortunate to emerge from failures to successes, and this book set out to chronicle the pride, joy, and happiness with which I have had blessings. I am immensely honoured to be the subject of your interest, and I hope I provide entertainment along the way. But my writing is written to be not merely entertainment for your pleasure to read or my writing pleasure; it's written for close reading and improvement in lives. I am excited to write using a computer keyboard, a mouse and a screen. I ditched long handwriting with a pen that presented difficulties in perfecting drafts or rewrites; I am glad to scribble my notes on paper and write with this relatively new technology available to me and have breaks to go to the loo. There's no discernible plot; the drama in the stories is not likely to be involving a villain. Instead, the conflict arises from the emotions within me.

*Our fourth grandchild was born on Saturday, 15th October 2016, a boy, and he is named Jenson, Peter, and Nelson.

2

Taper Down the Medication Part 1

Written Monday, 25th April 2016

I last spoke to a psychiatrist in November 2015 about my maintenance dose of 25mg of Aripiprazole, one 10mg tablet, and a 15mg tablet. He had little doubt that lifetime treatment on antipsychotic medication is worthwhile, helpful and necessary to avoid a relapse of the psychotic illness.

Recently, there has been controversy about the long-term use of antipsychotic drugs. In my experience, because of negative symptoms and re-hospitalisations, long-term use of antipsychotic meds has not played a crucial role in maintaining remission, averting relapse, or improving the quality of my life, and now it has my mortality insight. However, there is no question that when I am suffering from chronic, debilitating symptoms of schizophrenia, antipsychotic medication is a critical component of treatment.

Small studies have shown that long-term use of antipsychotic drugs causes worsening schizophrenia. However, there's so much doubt in the traditional belief that their sweeping generalisation about the long-term use of antipsychotic medications is harming patients. So I have to decide to discontinue antipsychotics to see a better outcome.

It so happened that I came to hear about a mental health research charity called

The McPin Foundation collaboration with a broader research team is doing a six-year research trial into medicine to control psychotic symptoms. Antipsychotic Discontinuation and Reduction (RADAR) study led by University College London. I filled in the application form to be on the Lived Experience Advisory Panel, and my application was successful. I attended a meeting at the McPin Foundation office in London.

I am considering tapering down from the high dose of Aripiprazole over two years with a psychiatrist coordinating my care. First, I spoke to my GP, who sent a referral to get me back into the secondary care system to be monitored periodically by a psychiatrist. Still, my GP had doubts about the risks and did not feel confident that the psychiatrist would support my decision to stop antipsychotic medication gradually over the next two years. So instead of speaking to a psychiatrist, I had to discuss the issue with a psychiatric nurse.

I debated my intention with the psychiatric nurse on the telephone, and she was attempting to get a psychiatrist to coordinate my care. I had intended to reduce my medications as soon as possible and seek psychiatrist approval, but nothing has come of it. Since I last talked to the nurse in early April 2016, I have not heard anything.

Clinicians such as G P, and some literature, point to considerable risk in discontinuing antipsychotic treatment. Still, critics claim it is merely a 'withdrawal effect' that occurs when antipsychotic medication gets stopped abruptly. Still, it is a highly speculative hypothesis, including the thought that there's a possibility that the drug can cause structural changes in specific brain regions. Taking the medication to help my body do something it's not efficiently doing was the point of having the medicine. But unfortunately, the drug got designed to modify my brain functions, impacting my memory on some level. It causes forgetfulness and difficulty in concentrating for more than three hours. Losing any of

my mental capacity is a big deal, and it represents that I need to compromise, but it's a harsh and unfair choice that I have to face living with mental illness.

It is excellent that the positive symptoms such as hearing hallucinations, autistic thinking, and delusion, paranoid thoughts have gone. However, the once so, very frightening phenomenon that forced human motor limbs to move that acted on those body parts, including my genitalia, unexpectedly, undesirable action happened in the area. Running the body parts involuntarily swiftly or stiffing them up seemed to have been activated by some obvious external inferences.

The negative symptoms have persisted, except for autistic behaviours and ambivalence, where I'm too withdrawn and can't make up my mind. I urinate a lot more, and my body weight has increased, gaining two inches to my waistline; it's 38 inches.

I get extreme muscle aches in my neck at night and intolerable painful legs. The psychiatrist typically focuses on considerations related to hallucination, delusions, disorganised behaviour and hostility, which antipsychotic meds are most helpful in treating. So I have to put up with physical pain until slight relief comes from the prescribed painkiller drug eases it.

My problem includes motivation, clarity of speech, and sleeping for up to sixteen hours a day sometimes. The psychiatrist is unaware of the impact of negative symptoms on me. They result from antipsychotic treatment, which could include the physical pains I cannot get relief from altogether. I believe that antipsychotic meds should be limited to relapse episodes and should gradually taper once I am stable, with the option to restart promptly only if and when symptoms return later. I progressively believe that I should have steadily tapered off my medication. But I find myself being a coward and am frightened without the psychiatrist's

support because it is a painful lesson; it will be to learn if I am not okay but have relapsed.

Going off meds would be like a gambling risk, or it's a dangerous fantasy to imagine the symptoms regulated without medication. Coming off meds it's a risk that is usually not worth taking. Still, I am concerned about the weight gain on the meds giving an increased risk of diabetes, cardiovascular disease, and shortened life expectancy. I already have weight gain and am trying to diet and eat healthy; it's a sufficient warning, and critics generalise that antipsychotics harm everyone.

I have done quite well on antipsychotic meds when I have chronic psychotic symptoms. I have to decide whether to stay on or go off antipsychotics, which seems to be between extended healthy living or unhealthy early death. I used discontinuation studies to determine relapse rates, but many variables are in play. It's like comparing bananas and pears. It is valid to say that the case is not close to being proven yet, but I realise the tremendous significance of withdrawal could work better. The real lesson from this is that I need to be humble and not assume that discontinuing an antipsychotic drug is right for me because there are disastrous consequences for getting it wrong. Schizophrenia is unique to me and needs carefully tailored treatment with antipsychotics for a while. I'll not have that patient-centred approach to treatment; it's a one-fits-all for which mental illness is applicable.

Also, bigotry goes on because there's a low expectation for people with schizophrenia. There seemed to be profound inequalities in treatment and treating me as an ethnic black man with schizophrenia. Getting access to mental health treatment is not helping my aim for a sustainable recovery outcome. I have anecdotal evidence that pursuing recovery using medication seemed to stick me in a cycle of suffering. I had my ninth breakdown in 2014 since my schizophrenia diagnosis in

1977. I took the drug religiously, but my origin, as a Caribbean man, was probably targeted all along. The health professionals were not adequately responding or energetically supportive of my needs as an individual in front of them or who they heard had concerns. There had been a disproportionate amount of heavy-handedness in having Police involvement in my admissions to access mental health treatment over the years.

More than half of all my hospital admissions were sectioned two detention under the Mental Health Act. Most of the time, it was completely unnecessary. Still, I did, got a bit stubborn and caused a resistance affray because I had expected to go into the hospital voluntarily. The mental health team involved the Police before engaging with my family or me in deciding to have the Police present. I strove to learn from my lived experiences of the system and to use the lens of the black community talking about poor skills in mental health services.

The person at the top of the mental health board I hold accountable. Their low level of engagement at the grass-root level. Their structural factors engender racism, discrimination, stigmatising, stereotyping and deprivation of black people experiencing mental health problems.

When schizophrenia is alive in me, my brain makes up a vision of what's real. So seeing could not always get believed because my brain fills in the gaps that are blind spots in my view, and I begin to trust this fake vision more than the real thing.

Also, they say real-life perception does not provide us with an accurate representation of the world because the brain trusts its own generated information more than what it sees outside. When my mind goes into psychosis, it merely stops observing reality as a passive observer and changes how I see things based partly on my mindset. It

seems my mind changes the facts when stressed; it affects my capabilities and performance, which depletes my health and vitality.

In all our perceptions of the world, technological change and our consciousness are forever present in our attributes, an ultimate source of value that of moral rationality. Still, my humanity intrinsically connects with the natural world. There is no enormous input for my brain to interpret any more, for there are no delusions. I am free from suffering. My mind had naturally created historical reality to explain what I experienced through the senses. I have values that will shape my future, and my culture shaped my values and past. My hormones mess with my head and sift fact from fiction, and I want to blame my out-of-control moments on this biochemical signalling. I like to think I am in charge of my behaviour, my thoughts are under my conscious control, and my actions are mostly reasonable, but I blame a surge in hormones for making me feel and act like a different person. My biographical history is dominated by schizophrenia, but I think my character must be my creation.

I can recall a moment, and it was probably the fourth episode of psychosis in the twentieth century, when my wife and the GP were observing me taking the prescribed pill, and I tried to pass it down my neck. I didn't attempt to open my mouth. I was about to drop it down the indent where Adam's apple lay by the throat. I placed the pill in my hand and put my hand between my vee neck shirt collar. They told me I'd have to open my mouth and take it with a glass of water, which my wife had in her hand. I had a distorted view of my existence (body ownership and mind) and the environment. Space in the house the doctor and my wife occupied, and the objects in the room took on distorted appearances.

As a survivor of over forty years of psychiatric drugging, which is psychiatrically disabling, I am fighting the mental care systems to take a

paradigm shift and stop using a high dose of the antipsychotic drug for maintenance treatment. But unfortunately, it is tough for the psychiatry industry to swallow, so they must try harder.

3

Spring Harvest 28th March – 1st April 2016

Written Thursday, 28th April 2016

I went to my first religious festival in Bullins Skegness called Spring Harvest with my wife and two female friends. We gathered with Christians of all ages and stages of faith from around the UK and beyond. We had five days of accommodation using Bullins facilities, and we could chill out; I was self-inspired and confident from the theme for the week, The Game Changers. I felt re-splashed upon by the Bible scripture teachings, which have not lost their purchase on my collective imagination, and when one thinks hard to consider the evidence outside of Scripture, it amounts to "a lack of faith," they say. I enjoyed the celebration, singing and religious feelings and the atmosphere there. I want to get one's head around the Bible, and are we kidding ourselves about Christianity?

I wanted to strip away the centuries of theological interpretation of the biblical text, like writing narratives, aphorisms, and poems. And letters that both the old and New Testament bible authors have used for their purposes and textual anomalies in the book from overzealous interpreters were the thoughts in my mind.

Would they tell us the worthy truism about Christianity, which I think is about the living and not the dead? The strongness of ultimate love in a person is more powerful, incredible, and expressive than the death of people dead. End death can go no further, but love lives forever in the hearts of mortals, creatures and vessels, and things it touches or in its forever Being.

Is Christianity a lie for saying Jesus died for our sins and rose from the dead?

I attended lectures on the Big Questions, and they calculated that the equation between humanity and God is incomplete without Jesus Christ. And it looked from a lawyer's perspective that the evidence is there for proof of the resurrection. The expiration of God, why suffering blamed humankind interfering with nature, like climate change. Could they not see the fraught relationship between humanity and the one God who first appeared to Moses? Yet, only the Christians gave Jesus, his god's only son, for our sins; he needed to be crucified and then rose from the dead for us to have atonement. With open contempt, I rejected the idea that an all-powerful, omnipotent, omniscient being would want; what I am hearing is called substitutionary atonement.

I cannot find all good valid memories of the ancient people's past stories from the bible are stories for wisdom; some speak with no sense at all and are fabricated lies that put fear on the absolute functional ultimate Good. Those determinist elitists oppose the energy that from the very beginning of known time, the eye of every human consciousness has its invisible, unseeing power linked into the CG thing, "The Creator God" thing of the divine absolutes forever functioning source.

And eventually, people found ways to give thanks and appreciate the cause that brought them into existence. All people had aimed to reach up to the best human standard of their time on earth to get closer and closer to what seems is an impossible impeccable source of perfection to reach. So ancient people started the journey they can see in their mind's eye; nothing is impossible, and they get as close to the centre of experiences in truths in the excellent worthiness of being in the middle grounding.

The opposers have deliberately shut down their forward inner-looking vision navigation system, resulting in a choice to latch on to a dumb state they have latched. So the foolish and the ridiculous appeared intelligent, and they got more brilliant than the rest of us, but in the truth of advanced knowledge of reality, they are not at all clever but smartly stupid.

The intended purpose of those people bedded-in extreme variables loitering in the alley of our good intentions leads to immortal criminal offence to change our minds to discredit the very existence of a beginner creature that is universal forever. It's an unperishable substance in people who are still aware of what made them exist. Those people they've warped by their diverse faculty perceptions of the mechanics of eventuality and reality; they lie because they got themselves blinded, and the universe is giving them time on earth to reconnect to the absolute wisdom of truth.

Christianity's awfulness is not a surprising truth. Since the dawn of time that we know of, the diverse power that envies the pure love of the good has been a constant throughout history, acting up in shifty people. They untangled from the rigged hold of good cause and fought for the wrong reasons, and flourished in the harms of this side-effects environment that has no intentions to be good.

People witnessed a public event in Christianity and recorded it in human history. Unfortunately, the message kept getting meddled with by the elitist none conformist making changes, differ in the interpretation kept popping up to discredit the truth of the news that occurred, which is entirely open to scrutiny and investigation. The noble life of the man Jesus is a story of a Godly-mentally focused person who vanishes negative thoughts that plagued him. Still, he was an ethically sound man with an agender to abide fully. He practised the complicated and most challenging disciplines that are exemplary and correct to use to connect

and embrace our full humanity. ***Jesus was one of the very best examples of truths and love portrayed in his thinking, feelings, and behaviour toward others.***

He asked his followers to practise those same principles in themselves continually. Practice the best controls in a human being to another human being and develop continuous training of them to get to their very best. The personal futurist dreams of Jesus he told to the community. They resonated with the people to inspire them from the thoughts of hell, or the hellishness of their existence is not forever, change is inevitable, and the vision of heaven will have reached, sticking to ethical, rightful principles. But, unfortunately, the authority killed a good man who went around practising the best in the human condition and relied on his internal sound system to keep the focus to regulate what is wrong with us and is always with us.

I reflected on my thoughts far removed from the lecturer's point of view and continued my inward world journey of non-denominational God-centred merits in living a high principal life. I have a sensitive alerted conscience not to deliberately break the rules gifted in us that teach us the best in human functioning that we can be, and I'll feel the hurting to oppose them. The lecturers' speeches affirmed the full support of the traditional history of Christian doctrine on the humanity and deity of Jesus, faith in Christ's divinity, death and resurrection.

I had a vigorous debate in my head over whether I was correct to want to state that I do not believe in the divinity of Jesus, fully God and absolutely perfect man. He lived a high ethical and morally right principle and aimed for the perfection of an entirely Godly life. The god of the Old Testament they are talking about has had a sickness to play a death game with his people. Destroy humanity and kill innocent men, women, and children. That is sick! The God in me that opens up my senses and

leads me to the truth, which is good and righteous and of love, cannot see that God's spoken word in the bible is the true God of creation. You may have been concerned, criticised and argued with me about divinity and God. But under the influence of my sick mind, the divine spiritedness-in cells reaffirmed that God was with me to release the suitable proteins and feel-good hormones for my hellishness to go away.

Jesus was a good-spirited filled man born into a refugee family, fleeing a murderous regime. It was a turbulent time; Jesus, a holy man, lived in a religious part of the Middle East under the occupation of a foreign power. The earliest witness of the church altered the Jewish faith; the things that they lived and died for were still in their sins and needed to have pity. Jesus was the very best that he could be.

We all have holiness and divineness, and we cannot claim we are God-like. The disciples believe Jesus is God because he remained holy and pure and lived according to an ethical code. His death caused an ethical dilemma, moral injury and profound psychological consequences. The story of Good Friday, Easter and the cross is universal. In Jesus's journey, we witness the passage of injustice, persecution, suffering, and death that so many people take. We also observe the ultimate example of forgiveness and hope from despair. Jesus spoke to people about forgiveness instead of taking revenge and unjustly tried and executed. Jesus, a good man proclaiming this way of life will be no more and believers, a heavenly place we will be. His day's religious and political powers could not comprehend who he was talking about or the message about ourselves we must learn. Jesus endured a sham trial by the Sanhedrin, the supreme court of the time, and under pressure, Peter, Jesus's most loyal friend, would claim he did not know him. In my journey to discover the truth about the Christian religion, Jesus's crucifixion was

not pretty; it was awful. He was exposed, humiliated, and executed ruthlessly, and little has changed in two millennia.

I am worried that future generations would still inherit a world fractured by divisions and wars. Does humanity know what they are doing to let religious and political pressures rule the world again? Humankind compromises justice by sometimes putting people into 'deserving' and 'undeserving.' The consequences for those considered unworthy can be terrible as they consign them to places where fundamental human rights and justice are denied. Thank God for Jesus for speaking of a different kingdom with a different set of values. In his physical and mental torment on the cross, Jesus face-up the terror in his fear racing his heart and eroding essential trust in God's energy, a permeating system of eternal love. The vital power in the good that exists forever, but he feared it was the ultimate end of his life; his existence ends here. Jesus silenced his doubts and trusted that love is more durable than any other force, even though such love makes kindness seem unrealistic, even irresponsible. Jesus's final word placed the consciousness in a God; we trust and commit his knowing spirit to it, confident he be back, but not, in reality, that known to our earthly life. The rhetorical abstraction about He rose from the dead could be a faux pas, an embarrassing social blunder that generations after generations of people don't want to think about fixing, which includes the bizarre claim of a virgin birth.

Christians can be confident that there is plenty of archaeological evidence for the many events, people, and places described in the Bible. When the truth of the Bible gets tested, there are reasonable grounds to trust it. The Bible presents to us the message of the kingdom of God but seems coded with words that look familiar and familiar soundings and irritate me with differing meanings. There are things in the bible that have no archaeological evidence, and the stories are being said in parables or

are metaphors to teach us something about the human spirit of God within and our soul, and it's hard to understand. Despite all the debates, the Bible remains a trustworthy source for the history of ancient people and places. Still, the messages are tampered with, and it appears European people have changed the origin to suit an agenda that is not spiritual.

Admittedly, we should look inwardly to meditation, our dream state and the birth of our conscious and subconscious to navigate this first earth reality of "time." Probably there are three different realities our human unseen spiritual waves have to reach to have the conscious eternal life that our creator has for us in a different kind of realism. Even if we cannot prove that a miracle happened, the Bible deals with real people of their times, and in real places and ancient people, Biblical characters have left their ideas in writings on stones; their handprints and footprints are all over the planet. Foreign people without spiritual insight ravaged the land, abused the original people's knowledge, and manipulated the facts for their culture to have super supremacy, the authority over all people.

Good theology can justify some nasty things. Jesus was constantly unlearning his Jewish compatriots from their wrong Judaism, and many people aren't ready for the tangible evidence that makes Christology entirely rational. We need a spiritual science that will show the mass of people that the elite wrote religion to have control over them. I found out that before Christianity, most religions did not place a high value on morality. Almost all people who have ever lived, I think, lived believed in a god or, more likely, gods. The gods our ancestors found weren't like what most people think of today. They do not seem to need great religion, intuitive mental tool morality these days, and moralising faiths like Christianity as it is doomed because more affluent parts of the world see

it decline. The church's control of earthly life has waned, but I don't think religion will disappear altogether because it contains God. Moralising looks less relevant than ever, and some people are worried that anarchy will ensue without moral guidance. If religion continues to preach about God, poverty, chastity, and obedience, we will do well without moralising. And it seems any set beliefs about God are being used to justify selfishness and cruelty.

4

The Christian Message Has a Poor Interpretation of a Good Man's Vision and God

The Christianity that's selling is not the truth in a man and God, a good, gifted disciplined man with realities he went about to places to share and filled people's hearts with rigid principles of God. That promises guaranteed to bring their lives to the levelled standard of perfection and discipline they will enjoy and develop the best control of negativity in their thoughts. In you, there are Godly, saintly, ethical codes and soundings of that kind of positivity to practice them, anchor the guiding of yourself to them. So it makes sense for those to be teachings. They will lead you firmly into a good life and the absolute afterlife. You will not have a thing to fear, for you are in the fields of the ultimate Good, "God." It is not a reward; it is just how good things were and still are when you opted to work to change your life around for good and the Good, "God." So bless you into living eternity.

Those who choose to continue to do wrong or stay negatively charged to harm are dead to eternity, and they can't get to live in eternity, and the road they have taken in life on earth does not go there. It has to lead them to die the absolute death of the dead. So you won't be returning; it's not moral punishment or something to hurt; it's the universal law of fairness for the afterlife.

Religions are justly fearing the people because they often don't practice the more loving parts of what they heard preached, and the preachers say and don't do what they say.

Christianity and traditional religion are both experiencing phenomenal growth in the pew around the world that is not in the West. It is because they continue to believe in a personal, moralistic God who will check on sexual practices, watch over them, care about what they do, and punish or reward them appropriately. It is flourishing because of ignorance.

It is true that, in today's world, people who are part of evolving religious beliefs are rethinking the religion given to us, and I am one of them. So, it fits twenty-first-century experiences of working faith and knowledge of the world. Morally condemnation will decrease with religious belief as our environment in this wealthier part of the world improves even more. Maybe they started the idea that a good God created an ordered universe and that this god demands moral behaviour from his paramount creation, humankind. The critical success of western faith is a belief in their civilisation moving forward, giving a reason to rethink moralising religions so they could eventually disappear and be replaced with a new ideology.

My mind seems extremely receptive to supernatural explanations for the world around me, and religiosity is a default setting when there are personal and societal upheavals. Unbelief in God does not seem to entail unbelief in other supernatural phenomena. That appears weird, and also, I guess, people who don't believe in God still have a moral compass and live with similar values to those who accept religion or spirituality. But it must be that atheists can be religious, too, as Buddhists technically are. Non-religious people are humanists, and there is no guarantee of moral virtue or tolerance. But, I think habits of kindness, empathy, decency, and patience come from practice rather than belief.

I hope western societies and the rest of the world's ruthless rogues don't use evil ideology and undo the outstanding achievements of the human race to make their honest and moral evaluations from good saintly

personality traits of empathic people. I hope, even though some people do not ascribe ultimate meaning to the universe, nature and themselves. They endorse objective values and human dignity to religious and solely spiritual people. Unfortunately, the diversity of people's views and ideas who don't acknowledge supernatural phenomena seem to be growing more and more set at extremes of opinions. It's not good for humanity and the planet. They directly threaten other human life, harm other species, and separate living things, which encourages significant divides.

5

Taper Down the Medication Part 2

Written Sunday 12th June 2016

On Friday, 3rd June 2016, I received a response letter from the Primary Care Liaison Team apologising for taking so long to write back. However, in my request to reduce my antipsychotic medication, one of the psychiatrists needs more information about the RADAR study and what I want. Therefore, before it can agree upon, I must write about the research details and the support I require. Consequently, I wrote the following letter to the named psychiatrist on 7th June 2016.

Howdy do Doctor,

I thank you for your involvement and the clinician's support in helping to stop antipsychotic medication; I already have family support.

There has been controversy regarding the use of antipsychotic maintenance treatment. The Research into Antipsychotic Discontinuation and Reduction (RADAR) aim to slowly try and reduce and, if possible, stop taking our antipsychotic medication. I am interested in being in the study, but only service users in the London area can apply. I am on the RADAR Leap group, the Lived Experience Advisory Panel, and the mental health research charity Mc Pin Foundation's research team doing the six-year study.

How does the study work?

Service users are to go in group A or group B; Their psychiatrist is told that their patient has either gone into the drug reduction group (A) or the treatment group (B), which involves participants continuing on their

dose of antipsychotic medication. The computer will randomly decide which group participants take.

I am not in the geographical area to take part in the study. However, I am keen to bring to your attention my need to have my high drug dose discontinued within two years, a constant reduction until I am entirely off antipsychotics.

Why I want to come off antipsychotic meds and how you can help!

In trying to control averting relapse, antipsychotic was not maintaining remission, and now my mortality is insight. The drug's use has reduced life expectancy by twenty years less than the rest of the population.

There is no question that when I am suffering from chronic, debilitating symptoms of schizophrenia, antipsychotic medication is a critical component of treatment. But unfortunately, small studies have recently shown that long-term use of antipsychotic drugs causes worsening schizophrenia.

I want to taper down from the high dose of 25mg of aripiprazole over two years with a psychiatrist coordinating my care. I heard it said that antipsychotic drugs could cause structural changes in specific brain regions and shrinkage of brain tissues. The medication was given to me to modify how my brain functions, which has impacted my memory somehow.

It is excellent that the positive symptoms, such as hearing hallucinations, delusion, and paranoid thoughts, have gone, but the negative symptoms have persisted. I now believe I should only be given medication in an episode of relapse, get gradually tapered once stabilised, and promptly restart if and when symptoms return.

Coming off meds would be a risky gamble that is usually not worth taking. Still, I am concerned about the meds increasing cardiovascular disease and diabetes risks. My late mother was a diabetic; my aunt lost sight because of it. In addition, my father died of a degenerative illness, PSP, and I have schizophrenia, with the seeds of destruction sown very early during my brain development. So I am anxious that using antipsychotic medication will shorten life expectancy even further.

I'll be sixty years old next birthday, 14 September 2016, and the decision to stay on or off my antipsychotic has tremendous significance in my life because it seems a matter of mortality. Of course, it is valid to say that the case is not close to proven yet about antipsychotic drugs, but I have learned the truth that smaller doses for shorter periods could work better.

Schizophrenia is unique to me, and I do not feel I am getting adequate treatment; it's one size fits all, in which mental illness is applicable. Furthermore, I have anecdotal evidence that pursuing recovery using antipsychotic medication seemed to stick me in a circle of suffering.

Support Required:

I am to meet with the psychiatrist to discuss the best way to start reducing my antipsychotics and the reduction schedule. Finally, I would decide with the psychiatrist to lower the dose after this appointment.

Discuss making a relapse prevention plan to identify early signs of relapse.

Follow-ups schedule:

During the rest of the two years, I will reduce my antipsychotic med every six months; I might want to cut slowly or more quickly, and I must discuss the reduction schedule with the psychiatrist if I want to change it.

See the psychiatrist once every three months. When I see the psychiatrist, he should find out how I am on the lower dose and whether or not I am happy to reduce it more.

I aim to go onto the lowest dose of antipsychotics eventually. Then, if I feel okay about the treatment, I will be able to stop taking my antipsychotics.

My suggested Time Schedule is to be discussed with the psychiatrist, who to advise.

Month 1..... 25 mg of Aripiprazole, Month 3.....20 milligrams of Aripiprazole, Month 9.....15 milligrams of Aripiprazole, Month 18....5 milligrams of Aripiprazole, month 24.....stop if possible.

I believe that once I am stable and the symptoms of schizophrenia have disappeared, my brain may be able to mend itself and reverse schizophrenia symptoms coming back. Fortunately, it is fortunate I now want to use this last cycle of my life to come off antipsychotics because it severely damages brain tissue and causes early death.

Summary of what I want:

To start a programme of reduction of my 25mg Aripiprazole to nil. After that, stop meds, if possible, in two years, or aim to eventually go onto the lowest dose of Aripiprazole.

To be free to decide that I no longer wish to reduce my antipsychotic medication and have follow-ups according to the follow-up schedule.

If possible, the reduction schedule should be frequently discussed to complete the reduction and discontinuation process within two years.

Make a relapse prevention plan to identify early signs of relapse.

If I feel unwell, let the psychiatrist know as soon as possible or contact the Crisis support service or my GP. They might ask to see me more to check my progress. The psychiatrist is to adjust the dose of antipsychotics, provide additional medication to help with any side effects, or offer therapy advice.

I trust that the information was informative and showed my readiness to start the reduction of Aripiprazole on the anniversary month of coming off 30mg to 25 mg, which, if I recall accurately, was July 2015. So I am pleased that I may have your support and not have to go it alone.

Within a week of posting the letter, I received a reply to confirm that an outpatient appointment to see the psychiatrist at the Community mental health hospital is on Monday, 18th July 2016, at 11 am.

I am telling you my story as a patient, and it's an act of empowerment, for it takes power back from the system of psychiatry, and my perspective coping with my reality is empowerment. Schizophrenia symptoms can cause an illness that does not discriminate in severity. Thank God I no longer have sensory malfunctions and am finally learning to heal myself. I believe a stupidity trait exists in psychiatrists who lack imagination and blindly adhere to giving me costly biomedical treatment for years. There was no complete clinical remission or unimpaired functioning. They must be using a failed or faulty theory about medicating the emotional states of people's minds and the physical conditions in their bodies.

So far, the psychiatrists I have ever dealt with are zealous in defending their practice. Still, there's a growing chorus of voices of evidence from many of my psychotic breakdowns proclaiming the naked truth that there is a bigger picture that toxic social, environmental and

economic factors of a modern industrial society traumatised me. Medication has been none healing for me because I am a conscientious objector to these systems in contemporary life, which is unfair.

My brain needed to talk to me; CBT or CRT may help me learn the truth and change my mindset to survive in toxic environments, but they are telling it to me, not on offer, and Freidan physio annalist is not practised in the NHS. It is my beliefs and faith that may need to alter to fit in with how the world is. It may prevent me from leaving behind the problems of reality and getting schizophrenia and recurring psychosis as the way to exist in these toxic environments and living my life with a daily dose of realism that involves suffering, gore, hate, and violence sensitised and hypersensitised me. I must learn how to activate the desensitiser probe that already lives within my "real" existence.

My physical body has recognisable traits that are adopted and getting healed. But for my brain to improve the moving of my purpose-led force to the universal spirit, The Divine, the universe energy, and Mother Nature, known best as God, are sources my mind automated too. And my conscience thinks it knows what is going on. The Injectable dashes of realism can polarise positively or negatively life events, and they can disconnect me from the stream of life abundance, or I build up active and more robust circuitry from the source of harmonious balance transcendent agent. When circuit overload or unbalanced networks sparked, what's realistic fiction, and non-fiction is indistinguishable from each other, and my organic brain's two minds are out of sync.

6

Crisis of Feeling

Written Friday 8th July 2016

It is rare to come across the action of honesty in people that are not known to us.

I lost my wallet in a black taxi in London, returning from a RADAR LEAP meeting on Friday, 29/01/2016. The purse was returned to me via a London branch of the Bank in which I bank.

The good Samaritan, I suspected, was the taxi driver or one of his passengers who went into the branch and handed in the full content of the wallet debit cards, bus pass, driving license, personal documents with photos, and £50 in notes and a few loose coins. Of course, I was devastated to have lost it, but the next day I had a phone call from the Swish cottage branch manager, eight miles from my drop-off point, St. Pancreas International station, to let me know the wallet got handed in at the branch.

When I go to London, I see homeless people on the streets, and some are begging, and knowing I am prone to empathic distress, I dodge eye contact. Recently my responses to human misery were malfunctioning because of emotive media cover-up to this date, 8th July 2016. The press had saturated reports in April of Japan and Ecuador's powerful earthquakes, and terrorists detonated bomb-laden luggage and bombed a subway that month in Belgian. There were substantial wildfires in Canada in May, forcing Canadians to leave their homes in the most massive evacuation in their history. A young lady MP named Jo Cox lost her life campaigning for the rights of immigrants in this country, and there

were many races hate shooting in America in June. Today, snipers shot five police officers dead at a black rally protesting Police brutality against black people.

I am trying to blunt my ability to feel what other people are suffering because I am on an empathy overload. Empathy may be a healthy and robust emotion, but can there be that I have too much of a good thing? With my capacity to share others' feelings and take their perspective, I am overdosing on their misfortunes. I am vulnerable to catching the pain of others, making me build up anger and unhappiness. My wife tells me, "Don't let others' emotions affect you. You can care without letting it consume you, but you are prone to empathic distress. Seeing or hearing of suffering people distresses you. Try not to let it." I am trying to avoid retaining the ability to understand the feeling of another person, and it's emotionally draining. I can't shift my motivation to stop engaging even though much of my mental capacity is used up; it feels right. Why don't my selfish instincts overwhelm it? It's good news for society to encourage people lacking stifled feelings to think about the sad, frightened person's feelings.

It is said and often viewed that empathy is a virtue that enables helping behaviours, but it primarily affects me; it irritates me. I have to be robust and less efficient to feel empathic to reach out and want to help needy people such as victims of natural disasters, immigrants, refugees, and the other examples in this writing. Doing this will stable me emotionally and take away the quick snap, quickly keen mental effort to pick up empathy choice directly. I would still practically share others' feelings by putting my hand in my pocket to give money. If I could work, I'd labour with my skills and talents without having a wage from charity organisations.

I don't know what might be responsible for sustaining such extraordinarily high levels of morally excellent and worthy perspective. It is seen as a "good" feeling to act altruistically towards others with empathic unselfish behaviour that can give me a good reputation, but it is considered harmful for me. So I need to do something because too much developed empathic perspective is terrible for me.

I am still trying to have modified better regulate this incredibly built-in faulting uniquely capacity to take another person's depression, trauma, and sad perspective. I am getting the hurts, their pain, and experiencing the moral emotions of guilt and shame on me because I want it to stop. I struggle to control an invisible ruler in myself that guides social behaviour and promotes cooperation.

I keep trying to live my life saint-lily. I want to get others to see from the perspective of my inner personal worldview that reaches all people to become socially contagious to win over their selfish attitudes. And so, pick on their distinctive traits of empathic, generous and divine Godly personality or observe and copy the personality traits of kind people. There will be a change in the actual harsh reality external world when spreading my yearning for humankind to love and to be loved. Justice, peace, and harmony will lessen the suffering on the earth.

The natural juicing of my brain with dopamine chemicals is getting interfered with by antipsychotic medicine, and could that be why my emotions are hay why? I feel that dopamine should be left alone to do its job naturally. The drug is meddling to regulate my dopamine brain artificially and is not helping me cope well with emotional responses, and maybe that is messing me up. It feels peculiarly weird to have boosted so intensely empathic, intensely spiritual, and profoundly believes like literal textual and fundamentalism.

It's not only that I empathise, but I am getting scared for the world, the planet we all share. It is well known internationally to tackle climate change. We all share the same atmosphere, and it is severe. Still, the Zika virus, carried by mosquitoes and causes congenital disabilities, was declared a global health emergency earlier this year and not taken seriously.

Governments are saying that the Olympic Games, which will be held in Brazil on 5th August 2016, the heartland of the Zika virus outbreak, must go ahead. There's still Ebola refuses to die, which affected West African countries, and repeatedly fresh episodes appear, seemingly out of nowhere, they are saying. Yellow fever virus, which typically lives in forest monkeys, is an epidemic in Congo is another piece of bad news that tilt my axis; I am not so stable. The information worries me even though the problem is not near home. More so than the upheaval of Thursday, 23rd June 2016, when the country decided to leave the European Union in an EU Referendum.

I had put X in the Remain box uncertainty of the consequences of leaving, and the future of the younger generation seems brighter, safer, and better if we had remained. But, in the long run, I will get more confident; things will work themselves out for the best for leaving the EU, known as Brexit.

Brexit is a heart-breaking outcome for the general public for being misinformed, and I was frustrated at this turn of events. However, I have gotten over the disbelief and hope the country comes together, for no one knows what the future of Brexit will do to social value if the impact is the recession.

We must keep watching the government strictly to ensure that the introduced measures will not harm the economy's sectors. The referendum showed how few people understood how the EU worked. I

found out that there is an apparent success story of the EU in technology, sciences, farming, fishing, and defence but unfortunately not debated, and people were short on insightful information. All the referendum issues discussed were immigration, democracy, sovereignty, and money.

I think leaving the EU gives the UK government theoretically much more power, and it depends on what deal the UK has with Europe going forward, if any. We hear that parliament is to elect the next prime minister because David Cameron will be stepping down in September 2016. Two women MPs are the candidates to battle it out to be the conservative party's leader, and the winner will also be the named Prime Minister of this country.

Since the early hours of Friday morning of 24th June, when I heard that voters voted to leave the European Union, I have seen the experiences of a range of emotions on TV. It has a swell of extreme pronouncements and verbal attacks filled with hate directed at the most disadvantaged and vulnerable groups. In addition, Scaremongering campaign tactics around immigration make such people feel even more threatened and unsafe.

However, one thing I hope reasonable people must not allow getting to become normalised is the growing tide of unashamed racism that has sprung like a poisonous well, including hate crimes and poor behaviour. The government sought to navigate this new Brexit path, and there is no more critical time for people to stand proud of our shared values. Champion dignity, respect, fairness, diversity and justice at a time when the two main political parties are in turmoil over leadership.

I cannot understand it all, and Brexit has caused national divisions. Things are now changeable and unpredictable as the weather used to be since Brexit, but there is no way of preparing for every eventuality.

I came in contact with a homeless woman crying and begging at the side of the street in London last Tuesday, the 5th of July, after attending the RADAR LEAP meeting, and I walked by without showing care about a fellow human, and it hurts. So I came home and told Euphemia that I did not do a simple act of kindness to make a difference, and I needed to rebalance the stupid choice I had made to stare at the crying, begging woman and walk away.

It so happened that I had won £15.00 last Saturday's thunder ball lotto, and I had a PIP benefit entered our bank account in the week. Yesterday, more than most days, I felt compelled to show compassion and respect to a young Roma woman vendor

selling Big Issue magazine in the same pitched area of the town centre in Kettering. A copy of the magazine sells for £2.50, but I willingly gave £5.00. It's an opportunity for her blighted by poverty to earn a legitimate income, and it is a good read, and I will be her customer again.

It does not matter where she came from, what she looked like, what her religion was, or what language she spoke. With dignity, compassion, love, and respect, I know to look out for her, talk to her, and offer words that support her. I have become a Big Issue reader who actively wants to help and give a donation of £2.50 more than the sale price next time and provide a simple kind word each time because I have strong morals about things and a great smell when it comes to kindness and trust.

7

Keep Pressing On

Written Saturday 22nd October 2016

"Not that I have already attained or perfected, I press towards my goals."

My strength is growing out of my struggles; I am enthusiastic and think I will become rich. The blessings I received at birth from the creator to have the capacity to believe have led my mind to conceive it can do it. It takes faith to find in oneself the power and not rely totally on a secure belief system. Have I gained possession of my mind, and my mental attitude limits my capacity to believe it?

My life is what I make of it; whatever the mind conceived, it can do it. So I tell myself that I believe it and can do it. I think I can grow rich; I had tried this method of thinking before and quit. I won't stop this time because I realised faith is the antidote for failures. The motives that drive my emotions of love, sex, and the desire for financial gain are burning desires that are not satisfied without achieving wins. The feeling of being impoverished and improvised, having fears, having poor literacy skills and getting rid of superstitious ideas all seem to have dumped my enthusiasm to reach the plateau.

We've all seen bridges, lifts, hoists, and elevators display a warning sign not to exceed the structural maximum load limit. Severe damage or complete collapse can occur from overstraining. Some people can sustain the pressure of stressing challenges and woos better than others, but everybody can get to a pointily place, and the problem becomes too much. They may get warning feelings from people, and the circumstances push them beyond what they can bear. Money problems

are mainly pressing down on me, but I take courage, knowing that I have learned the limit of my ability under precious life's pressures, standing - up to them and fixing them.

My brain has an uncanny knack for working stuff out, and it seems with no need for conscious involvement. For many years I have been taking life's pressures with the eye being alerted, but somehow the thought that I didn't know I was having has been running my life. I used to think about a problem until I was stuck, then decisive emotions breakthrough and something helpful bubbled up in my unconscious mind to ease the pressures. Regarding life's stresses, I am not out of the forest yet, but I can see the tree from the woods because being secure in the knowledge that my subconscious will do a better job in dealing with decisions than conscious deliberation.

Thanks to unconscious processing and invisible 'force fields' around the conversation between my body and mind, I instinctively know where my limbs are and what they are doing. Also, nerves, muscles, and the senses detect what's happening outside my body. I cannot work out what to do to pass myself off as a winner to myself without changing my mindset from quitting to never will I give up. Then I predicted economic success, which feels like intuition when it's the result of my unconsciously held biases. I make hypotheses about external information and make predictions from emotional signals coming from my body. So much of what I do in my daily life happens without conscious thought, whether driving, making tea, or balancing when I take steps to walk. Unlike many of my other unconscious talents, I have had to learn these skills before my brain can automate them. How it does this might provide a method for me to think my way out of bad habits. Circuitry allows us to carry out the behaviour without thinking about it and involves turning all kinds of practice into habits.

The psychiatrist asked me to be cautious while we work together to reduce the medication to the dose of 5mg by the year 2018, as my aim is for complete discontinuation. I have been taking two 10mg of Aripiprazole once daily since July 2016, a reduction of 5mg from the previous dose. I am confident that my prone to psychotic experiences has nothing to do with chemical imbalances, but psychosocial stressors result in me having severe acute relapses. Taking antipsychotic drugs needed to be discontinued when my full consciousness returned; the initially healthy unconscious was regulating it. Psychosis results from my unmet expectations, sending me over the edge. I needed to wait patiently, but expectation ideas ran through my mind, which turned into jumping to conclusions faster than evidence from the senses, and I began to flip. Although I know why I get flipped into psychosis, I usefully recognise the dangers and take my decision to phase out antipsychotic meds very cautiously.

Making predictions has downsides when an incorrect inference, reinforced by the repetition of habits, makes it hard to reverse a projection, like when the wrong lyrics of a song we hear get learnt. It can be challenging to stop listening to them. Just before psychosis, I had the feeling of being at my maximum level of stress and being overwhelmed. My head was like spinning. It's a figurative saying for most 'normal' people, but it reflects a tangible reality in my schizophrenic mind, and more weirdness follows. The weird thoughts and perceptions I had experienced in psychosis were difficult to distinguish as awakening consciousness because I neither knew if I were asleep(dreaming) or awake. Then it vanished over time like a dream upon waking. I discovered I had again revealed parts of my inner life that are scary if the process is not fully understood.

I am in a desperate search to manage in a different way schizophrenia, and I am embarking on a healing journey to treat the underlying trauma that gives me repeated attacks of psychotic episodes to cope with my reality.

I do not think I could eliminate the schizophrenic trait in me because my thoughts aren't as sound and structured as most people's straightforward and sensible ones. It is obscured and challenges the views most people would say is the correct way to look at things. My wife gets frustrated with me and says, "Karl, you aren't thinking straight again and aren't making any sense."

8

Back from the Brink

Written on Sunday, 23rd October 2016

I recently wrote, "psychosis results from my expectation not being met." It may have sounded unpalatable, but let's face the facts. When my expectations it's not met, I emerge out of psychosis without memories and exist in a zombie state, impulses moving me around, and I have had no conscious awareness of it for days. The family tried to jog a memory from when I couldn't remember my existence, and the hospital staff told them of my bizarre thoughts. The family continued to ask me do you remember them? "No," but I will inevitably keep doing that which presses towards my goals, but is it possible to give my psychosis a suicide switch that automatically flicks once I stray outside boundaries that define good mental health?

Although I believe my brain can repair and heal itself, it needs the impregnated with hormones that are a feel-good factor. Not toxic chemicals that switched on and washed into the brain like a climate change ecosystem reaching a catastrophic tipping point. As I attempt to manage the systems in my mind that is too complex to control, alarm bells ring in my head and give a horror film effect because I am again experiencing the steadily worsening of my circumstances. We struggle to make mortgage payments, including council tax and utility bills. There is a food shortage officiously. My wife's work insecurities are worries, and I am cautious about these recurring circumstances, for I remember how high the stakes are. I had already experienced a massive financial extinction event when I was without money.

We have been in a better position for months because a substantial amount of inheritance cash came from my deceased parents' house sale, and I took retirement—a tax-free lump sum from my pension plans. I hired a contractor to have our paths paved and landscaped in the front and rear garden and had my sixtieth birthday party in the modern, easy-to-maintain rear garden. I invited members from the URC, friends, and family to celebrate with me. My children treated me to my first Royal Albert Hall classical concert and presented me with an Armani watch. We were comfortable for a while, but now we must escape the tipping point, and the basic premise is to treat this current shortage with an injection of optimism and faith.

The chassis of my circumstances get busted; new things come into existence as I wait patiently for the creator and our prayers to shift prosperity again while maintaining good health and happy relationships. A gradual shift rapidly accelerates like the pull of gravity on an object. Playing the Thunder ball lotto is accelerating a big win for us because I only asked for the jackpot, five hundred thousand pounds, to gain financial gain. So far this year, from January to October 2016, I have won the lottery fifteen times and pocketed a total sum of £88.60. I don't think the suffocating of our cash flow state is permanent. Things can get tipped back, but what's impressive about the shortfall is that it crept up on me again. Shortage reached a tipping point within months as the algae of demands on the cash spread out and entered the surplus money's crystal-clear water. Then the carpet of capital stock is suffocated by its share demands. I have a radical way to ravage the circle of shortages, win the lottery, and beyond that, who knows?

9

Welcome 2017

Written on Thursday, 16th February 2017

I traditionally greeted the new year with rash promises of financial improvement and self-improvement by exercising to keep fit, but I struggle to keep promises to myself. Instead, I try to prepare for the worst because my willpower is weak to resist eating that second biscuit. I'm no different- over the years, I have set myself new year's resolutions with mixed results. My oath to keep on top of my spending was partially successful, and taking moderate exercise, was not. We are in the middle of the second month of the new year, and I feel lousy and worried for the people and planet earth.

Every year has an uproar, and 2017 is no different from the previous year's war, bloodshed, and chaos. The persistence of ISIS, the Taliban, North Korea, Russia, and Brexit seems to put the world in a dangerous, dangerous, crazy place. But unfortunately, the Americans elected Donald Trump as their president, and he does not follow the conventional rules of politics. The rival of 2017 had brief moments of triumph where there were victories from violent outbursts, but terror shook me because when I expected peace, the nations remained log-a-head.

The western nations have handled most places on the planet. The exception is North Korea, with many mysteries, oppressive rituals, military-style code words and bizarre restrictions the media are saying make an apocalyptic belief that Armageddon is coming in me and the free world.

It is hard for me; I can't shake off the idea that our existence must have significance beyond the here and now. Surely there is a greater meaning to life, beginning and end, to shape personal, national and international daily behaviour. As far as the universe is concerned, we all are nothing but spirited dust when the randomly assembled collections of energy and matter are rare and transient. But I have a greater sense of purpose set around one of my core values, a mission statement "to spread peace, love, and happiness, to encourage people to live life to the full and help others to do the same." The acts of terrorism and the North Koreans and Russia are bringing us the real stuff of wicked, evil people who put the world in crisis. The anxious people are worried, scared, and very nervous. Although in relationships, the term evil can be harmful or destructive behaviours, most people and I would not apply the term evil or wicked to relationships that they have or to myself with mental illness. We do not see the reactions of someone, like me, with mental illness to be "evil." Rightly so, many of us characterise evil as a term only relevant to movies, but it's somewhat controversial. Some people are evil in their intentions, especially if diagnosed with a personality disorder such as a sociopath and may derive gratification from their acts towards others.

Parts of the world have engaged in bluffing or 'call my bluff,' and the Brexit outcome will shape our future, and our children's futures and their children's and other things are going on that are present themselves in ways that shock. I am trying hard not to be affected by uncomfortable feelings. However, I find it hard to escape the persuasive power of the media to have me engaged in depressing news; even with the volume down, the sense is always hurting. I can see no end to this. Every day there are reporting human suffering, animal cruelty, environmental disasters, and crime, and the charities pull at my heartstrings to donate to help the afflicted. I have persuaded myself it is a duty to pay attention

to them, but I can't stand it, but trying hard to put up with it. I avoid looking at the pictures and turn the volume down.

There are now widespread doubts about news and information-gathering services that they give us, propaganda and fake news. My pen is poised; 1st April (April Fool's Day) is a couple of months away, the only day when the phoney story has some people hysterical and is known to be a hoax. Virtual reality, computer simulation, airbrushing imperfection, and street drugs confuse the general sense that it is the fundamental truth. Red nose day, also known as Comic Relief Day, is coming on Friday, 24th March, when people take on a challenge to raise some cash for charity. I look at all the things that have gone wrong and cannot laugh even in poor performance; I don't often get to laugh because things that seemingly went wrong were going badly. In life, including in my personal experience, I wish it was not like that. Drawing a line through history and geography, I find it perplexing that people hate people and can't stop suffering. I feel sorrow for not accepting that's an absolute, unchanging fact.

Walk-in, a straight line of love and joy, is easy for me. I can't imagine; my imagination can't take it. It will become sick, wearing the shoes of the person that hates so severely, is a racist and consciously know that it's inhumane to do wrong to somebody. Why can't they transform from despising to trying to love? Can't they imagine it first and take steps to like a loveable? It has been insightful; we weren't equipped to reverse roles, and they stay pig-ignorant to racism and a crazy world. Some people enjoy doing wrong in their experiences and like the inhumane mad trip; Do we all have to go through life as we know it? It plays on the theme of insanity, crazy people whose sanity has disappeared.

Therefore, (this is why) our existence must have significance beyond the here and now. I am full of questions about the struggle to penetrate

the madness of the current world and change it. My best days are when I know I don't have a clue, and it's funny with the post-truth age; everything I try and say with sincerity sounds like it is poo, pooed. I have a web of ideas but not one string of thought to follow through to change the social, economic and political systems. They are all well above my grade.

How the hell does one transform the social, economic, and political systems that make people face emptiness, rejection, and suffering? Mirror, mirror on the wall, who can.....? In science, social networks and civilisations throughout history, I have learned that we are surrounded by evolving notions about God and the second coming, giving us a doom-laden scene. Is it the universal truth that the suppressive systems will only fall by cosmic intervention when the beliefs in God are shifting rapidly and radically?

The world is trying to convince me that I want more and need more, but people should realise that genuine happiness is with those who give.

10

Change from the Bottom Up

Written Tuesday, 25th April 2017

The news about how we manage our finances has gone crazy, and it seems to be a current craze to have experienced a mental illness. It deflects from the people who genuinely have a psychological condition. There's no end to our trauma, and it's impossible to figure out the worst that can happen financially because I no longer plan for the worst of the worst but plan to change from the bottom up and emerge to better ourselves.

I am feeling a pinch because the company my wife was working for was taken over by the County Council on 1st April 2017. Euphemia's salary calculation was inaccurate. We live daily by budgeting the ESA government benefit, and the wife's salary pays the mortgage. The shortfall in salary will cause the mortgage payment for this month to be in arrears. No amount of analysis can swing this bewildered error in wages to be able to pay this priority bill. Although the failure is getting sorted, it may come too late. There is a distant feeling that the new employer has cut the salary. One reality is in our faces; life is getting harder and tighter again.

Our economic, social, and environmental problems, such as the planned trip to Singapore to see our grandsons on 20th May 2017 and the car's yearly service and M O Test, will use up the reserved cash. It's challenging to ignore we may be witnessing failure in our economy due to one salary default. Not getting the salary expected has thrown us and put embedded debts again under our noses. The key to our inability to

make a difference is also under our noses. Driving nearly all the problems we face is the constant competitive pursuit of money, which is the route to prosperity. The healing power of belief in God is all around us, and it can make me feel inexplicably better.

I only know how to surf this wave of loss wage by thriving to win this week's Lotto Thunder ball. I take it for granted, like fish that do not identify water because they are immersed in it. Lotto Thunder ball represents the new game-changing, and everything will begin to add up. From January to April 2017, I won nine-time small cash prizes from the Lotto Thunder ball. I am optimistic that this process of playing Lotto Thunder ball will shift my perspectives because small wins were the closest I thought I'll get to extra money. I no longer feel apathy, vainly disempowered, hoping to have essential affordability. Playing the Lottery, it's visionary but pragmatic to have a big win because it reveals an evolutionary pathway to change.

I am sixty-and-seven months old, and in sixty years and seven months, we have got into more and more danger. It's as if we are about to be gobbled up like a hungry trout that swallowed a fishing fly. Standing over me like the Norse gods of old are more mental health problems and a gap between becoming more productive or more miserable. My worn-out protest of striving for more money didn't work in the decades that passed and isn't working now. Instead, they are new threats, new poverties that are bigger, bigger, and bigger than the previous ones. Although theirs's been an enormous advance in my buying power, with little disposable income, I exist to this day just getting by.

Anxieties exacerbated the challenges that we faced. The county council is cutting jobs, and Euphemia's child support roles are getting slashed. During consultations, they said that some of the workforces would get made redundant to make efficiency savings, and the

organisation would have a re-structure. As a result, they only need child practitioners.

Child support workers and some others will be made redundant, they said at one of the consultation meetings. They had eight weeks' notice when employment with the organisation would cease. So Euphemia will be devoiced from the job she loves two weeks after we return from our holiday to see our daughter, son-in-law, and our grandson overseas in Singapore.

Given the unique circumstances that Euphemia will be losing her Job, flexible and imaginative solutions are needed, which include avoiding a hard fall back to the brink. On the ground floor level, the first thing you may notice about Euphemia going to be made redundant is we would be unable to pay our mortgage. I have been in touch with our mortgage provider, and they asked me to get legal advice because the debt may be in arrears for a long time. The house will have to get sold to clear the debt. We owed £45,818.49, the monthly mortgage payments are £888.35 until 2021, and our non-priority liabilities with eight creditors amounted to £51,582.73.

I reject any notion that changing from the bottom up to better ourselves is too optimistic.

The great temple of Apollo in Delphi had the inscription 'Know thyself.' Socrates' idea that the unexamined life is not worth living is Roman philosophers promoted the virtue of self-knowledge. Although I am in a period again of possibly life's disappointments, I am happy to be able to understand myself to temper life's regrets.

In this journal, where I write down things which strengthen my mental health, I try to make better sense of the jumble and stress of everyday life. The rationale is to count our blessings, be grateful, appreciate our good fortune, and not get stressed by writing daily memoranda on life's

difficulties. Life's challenges are sucking the marrow out of my bones. The obstacles gave me minor life fractures, nothing that couldn't be fixed by shared strength of purpose and determination to get healed and live a fulfilled life.

As I write, I am confident that my thoughts are friends because the act of writing doesn't judge me, and the journal is a good friend who will always listen to me. I sleep better after life-loggings because I have dictated to self-improvement and tackling the challenges in my life. I hope that recording helps our lives have a platform to share moments and update from time to time. Although I sometimes wake up at night and write, my nightly -behaviour goes out of sequence when an idea wakes me. I am glad I can spill my heart on the pages because I want to pack them with truth, authenticity, substance, and soul.

It gives me a buzz. Writing frees me and allows me to express myself, but my health is becoming more strongly linked to financial status. Income matters more than it has in the recent past, and I know that a good salary can't buy good health, but poor pay always has disadvantaged us.

11

Holiday and Job Loss

Written Thursday, 15th June 2017

We had a beautiful three-week holiday in Singapore, from 20th May to 9th June 2017, visiting our daughter, son-in-law, and two grandchildren.

Unfortunately, time speeded up when we wished it would slow, and vice versa before, during, and after the holiday. We had experienced fast hours and marathon minutes over there because the holiday seemed to be short. Time just ran away from us. We enjoyed the time with them so much that the time warp occurred because we could not sense the perception manufactured by our minds until the pace changed. Something had shifted in how I paid attention, and the activity made time seem slower. Paradoxically, although the happy times dash by, they look long in retrospect because the joy enriched our memories and bathed our dopamine brain leaving us plenty to remember.

The final consultation that decides the new structuring of the organisation that Euphemia works for has postponed the decision to make redundancy across the department that supports childcare. On Euphemia's return to work after the holiday on 12th June, a new proposal was discussed, and a decision will finally be made about redundancy a week on Monday. It's a present worrier, not a future worrier for us. It might pull their comfort blanket out from under our feet. I am bracing myself for a knocked down, that Euphemia may lose her job, get back up, and fight to keep our house. I may have to tag someone to jump in and take over the mortgage as an investment for them, or I will have to find out if we are old enough for our house to be suitable for the equity release scheme.

Since our return from Singapore, every day in my head, a war between good and evil got to me. It's maybe because of the attack bombing of a concert in Manchester in May while we were away that is talked about, still. And then, on Saturday, 3rd June, three men in a van ploughed into pedestrians on London Bridge, one of them attacked with a knife bypassers in a borough market neighbourhood, and all three were shot dead by police. It has made me feel unusually low to be back in the UK. There was a terrorist attack on Westminster Bridge in March 2017 before we went on holiday too, and the third such attack in Britain is raising a big question in three months. Is there a global solution to these types of assaults on ordinary people? I submitted a similar question to myself when extremist groups in 1982 kept killing innocent people. I wrote that I hope moderate people will stop the slide of extremist groups alongside environmental changes.

The ideological battlefield has mainly shifted to cyberspace; this ideology has a safe space to breed its extremist planning. I supposed that most western countries have reckoned that ISIS attacks would continue, but this country showed resilience and dignity as it mourned.

On Thursday, the 8th of June, the prime minister, Theresa May's Conservative party, had a disastrous night in the general election called to boost her majority and win a mandate for Brexit. They now have to form a coalition because the election resulted in a hung parliament. We did not vote; we were still out of the country and did not set upvote by proxy.

After the dark events that shook this country in three months, I'll like to think hope, not hate, is inspired. I feel condolence and grief at the loss of innocent people's lives, and I have no deep understanding; I do not understand the callous cruelty that caused their death. Everyone has to be actively vigilant and not be scared of terrorism because the essential

things in life are love, optimism, and openness. I was sad again in the last twenty-four hours because on Wednesday morning, 14th June 2017. Firefighters were battling to rescue people caught inside a twenty-four-store tower block in West London. Unfortunately, the fire engulfed the tower block causing many fatalities.

Today, Sunday, 23rd July 2017, eighty known people have died in the fatalities, and there are still people missing.

The meeting that confirmed voluntary redundancy acceptance and dismissal gave the date their employment ends anticipated to be 30.09.2017. A required action from the meeting was for all staff to have a one-to-one session with the manager a few weeks later to start working on their notice. Euphemia knows that her last day of employment will be Thursday, 24th August 2017, and the new structure will be operational on 1st September.

12

Drug Dose Hacked

Written Monday 31st July 2017

On 21st July 2017, I hacked the dose of my antipsychotic drug, Abilify, from 10mg to approximately 7mg. Before taking steps to slash the medication, two appointments were cancelled with a psychiatrist at short notice. Although I am supposed to be under medical supervision, my meeting was postponed because of cutbacks in the Health Service. My next arranged appointment with a psychiatrist is on 21/08/2017.

Although I am reducing the dose slowly, I have safety concerns that hacking the dose regimen may trigger withdrawal symptoms. So I have personalised tapering the medication, but the level of drug in my body fluctuates because it's not an exact science to snap the pill into smaller pieces to give a 7milligram dose.

While it's true that antipsychotic medication can help control the symptoms of psychosis, I carefully weighed the risks and benefits of discontinuing and having a psychiatric illness relapse. I have been clinically stable since 2014, and dose reduction may theoretically be helpful because, despite adherence to the medication, I had relapsed in the past. However, I am paranoid about being paranoid, claiming to be no longer psychically disabled. Based on my stress vulnerability and biological, personal, and environmental factors, I am not out of the woods yet. A supportive family is the best psychosocial treatment for preventing psychotic relapse and re-hospitalisation. Their seamless approach to restoring my functioning and quality of life has me focus less on the condition and more on being me. Aripiprazole, also known as Abilify, was

heaven-sent in 2004, my first use of the drug, which was first approved in 2002 as I struggled with bouts of psychosis and depression.

My diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia has been life-changing and has almost become life-defining. Living with me with schizophrenia with symptoms has been tough on my wife and family, and the forward step towards getting back to myself is to stay symptom-free. The most effective way to be a well-stabled schizophrenic and reduce the risk of future psychotic episodes is to reduce medication. That will allow my cognitive functioning to be corrected and my social functioning to get back better, and I will also manage stress better.

I have concluded that antipsychotic drug increases the risk of relapse because decades' worth of personal evidence suggests that the medicine given was a contributing factor in most of my nine regressions between the years 1977 to 2014.

I am cautious about coming off my medication. Staying on medication following the compliance medication regimen is a significant problem because I feel now I am running out of biological time, which drives life expectancy. However, my 'norm' is becoming so typical of ordinary people that digital technology is thus not too scary, nor is the future so frightening. My cognitive and motivational impairments seem to be gradually improving. I am getting rewarding experiences and achievements because I feel I have more control over my future.

I have no extensive network of paranoid thoughts and Ideas, which results in a disproportionate amount of time spent thinking things other than taking time out to think up solutions to problems that exist in my standard orbit. I have noticed cognitive deficits and challenges of short-term memory and decision-making to plan adequately, and maintaining constant focus and attention was not addressed by giving the antipsychotic drug. Remembering information has a significant impact on

my day-to-day life. Knowing that I am tapering the medication, my brain functioning has some slight improvement, but not enough to put me back in the real-world setting, such as work and building other mutual relationships. Thank God my brain is trying to heal itself, and for me, schizophrenia has not had a cure but just is disconnected.

I had looked to psychiatry to rolled-up its sleeves to help me with safe and effective treatment to normalise things in my mind that acted -up. However, I had no idea how to explain to 'myself' what I had been through, and my conscious brain was no good at all either, at helping me understand what the hell happened when my mind had acted -up.

The Aripiprazole drug worked perfectly on positive symptoms when I needed it. It has allowed me to heal, but I believe my body is telling me it no longer needs this regulation, and my sixty-one-year-old brain will thank me for allowing it to do its job itself while it can. However, the drug's long-term alteration of my mind scares me; modifying my brain chemistry is scary.

I know schizophrenia is debilitating. 'I have done that and wear the tee-shirt.' However, this disease is not curable, and there are methods to suppress the symptoms by working with tools that will allow the body and mind to heal after a period of antipsychotic drugging.

There is evidence that, compared with white British, black Caribbean patients experienced worse clinical outcomes and are socially disadvantaged. It is well known that psychotic disorders in my ethnic group, black Caribbean and African in the UK, experience more negative pathways to and through care.

Black people who receive the labels of mental illness and psychiatric diagnoses have the criteria for entry for NHS mental health service. Still, it seemed irrelevant that white British patients used facilities like the NHS, like running a hostel, and nurses were their wardens. Diagnoses do not

appear as inclusion criteria for them, and I wonder if they are sick. And I asked if they were ill at all.

My family thinks I got deluded again for saying what I observed as my mental health improved.

I recognised that non-adherence to the medication dose instinctively, which I aim to discontinue, is better for my full recovery from mental ill-health because it's a good act of human resistance. I am also urged to reassert autonomy, fight for self-determination, and not adhere to medication best tapered to improve my recovery. My effect is driving me to regain my self-belief that discontinuing the drug is best for me. I am learning to listen to trust my inner voice to come off medication ultimately.

I can't help but feel that following doctor's orders and sticking to the prescribed treatment regimen would end in severe brain damage caused by the long-term use of antipsychotics.

Since my teens, my sense of self began to disintegrate. Slowly at first, then rapidly accelerated until gravity could no longer hold me. Tectonic plates were shifting, and universal truth gets revealed to me. Throughout the decades since, I have had treatment with antipsychotic drugs in a psych ward when the psychotic episode is acute.

I have anti-psychiatry fire flaring in my veins because I fear progressive disease or movement disorder caused by long-term use of antipsychotics. They malfunction brain circuitry and do not allow my brain to heal itself. I have not forgotten that my mind used to skip in a matter of seconds, like a scratch on a grammar phone record, and then it returned to me. In next month's visit to the psychiatrist, I hope he will support my decision to hack the dose again, down to 5mg daily.

13

Scary Times

Written Sunday, 20th August 2017

I feel that the world is more dangerous today than it has been in a generation because of the sheer number of converging threats making it increasingly perilous and unsafe. I have never seen so many more unpredictable challenges at this age, and I was born in 1956.

Terrorist violence horrifies and bewilders me; it seems intentional to confound all of us. Extremism militants and other types of people out to harm others where ever they are on earth are just plain evil-nurtured people. Western capitals are under threat from foreign ones, it appears. London, New York, and Paris experienced danger from extremist groups said to come from the East, and some extremists were found to be homegrown. They are citizens of the country they are terrorising.

There is a rise in support for radical right-wing neo-Nazi organisations. Religious bigotry and brainwashing ideology are exacerbating the threats rather than defusing them.

These days, there are more terrorist groups that I have never known, and bad news stories tell us that weapons of mass destruction are proliferating in North Korea. Russia and North Korea are more assertive and are specific nations to bring war, causing instability in the world. I am nervous because North Korea threatens the US Pacific territory, and US military power has threatened to unleash war on North Korea with the best military equipment in the world. It is scary if they cannot find a political, negotiated solution to the crisis. Today was the last day of August 2017, and North Korea rattled nerves around the world with a

massive underground nuclear test that caused a 6.3 magnitude earthquake. It is not enough to think that climate change is the great challenge of this generation when weapons of mass destruction are in the hands of a ruthless rogue. Future suffering only seems to worsen by climate.

Natural disasters in September 2017 ripped the earth's fabric, coating it with superstorms, a strong earthquake, and devastating floods in various places around the globe.

A superstorm hit across America called Harvey, and another hit the Caribbean and headed for Cuba and Florida. First, the storm was classified as a five, then a four-hurricane named Irma destroyed Island by Island. I am concerned about my relative for the hurricane heading towards the Leeward Islands on Saturday 9th, where they live. I have heard nothing about how they are because all communication with the commoner in mind is down, and I am anxious to know they are safe.

On the 7th day of September 2017, the strongest earthquake to hit Mexico in a century collapsed some houses like play cards, and others moved like they were sliding off a heap of moist bath soaps.

I can't forget Bangladesh's monsoon rain has huge water dumps this month. The floods killed some 50,000 people and flattened villages and bodies, bodies everywhere, and the full horror of that deluge was not in the western minds. It was an awful destructiveness that comes from the monsoon, and it was not on the front pages of newspapers, its small prints inside them, and got a discreet mention on tv. I saw how quickly people in developed countries forget such horrors to humanity and cling to gossip about celebrities, and fashion has people's interests go separate ways.

Floods blighted Bangladeshis, and there was no pouring out of sorrow or grief for Bangladesh killed, but Harvey's rainfall, which reports

say that 40,000 people were living in shelters, had strewn media attention. It's hard for me to accept it will keep on happening that way, and it's a shame that issues of diversity in the news in poor communities don't get littered with reporters.

Another horror on humanity is Ethnic cleaning, which is happening again in this millennium, like in the years gone. The insurgency has sparked violence in Myanmar, and Erdogan accuses Myanmar of genocide. Thousands of Rohingya people flee to Bangladesh, where monsoon rains s wreaking havoc. After a few months of extreme tension on the world stage of missile launches, military exercises, troop movements, and natural disasters, it seems time to take cover in the bomb shelters, panic on a hillside, or take what comes to us. But!!!!, "Ho, no." The UN used sanctions on North Korea, the diplomatic tit-for-tat seemed to have backfired, and millions of people's lives are at stake if the nuclear arsenal is deployed, and it's "scary times."

As far as I can gather, since 1945, the world has been comparatively peaceful, and I thought this was a new conflict-free era but is it a blip, and a major war could be around the corner? The second world war was probably the worst military causality in the history of wars. On the other hand, this present time in history is said to be the most exciting time to be alive because discovery and innovation are reshaping the world around us. Still, a departure from war, even low conflicts have not stopped.

14

Optimistic about Saving the Planet

Written Thursday, 2nd November 2017

In late August 2017, I'll grip by society's deadly ignorance and world leaders burning into our minds at scary times. We risked being plunged into World War three and having put the fear of the wicked, bad and evil god in us. Yet, somehow the catastrophic conflicts and natural disasters teach us something new about how the earthworks and ourselves (human activities) were beefed up to inspire shock and awe to end the world.

Dosh! My brain may have lost the plot, but I am right to worry about nuclear war because it will eliminate the human race.

The fallout from North Korea's latest nuclear weapons test is only political for now, but it continued to provoke its enemies. It is an age when more authoritarian forms of rule seduce many people, and it is good to be in a democratic process which causes engagement, debate, and broader understanding. But I can't pretend, for It seems it needs an upgrade. A democratic system of government is the best solution for poorly governed countries, but it isn't all-wise and requires updates to fit the purpose it got designed to serve.

The arms race seemed to be back on because States were getting more and more likely to settle their differences with violence. Climate extremes and local wars have become more numerous, and so far, 2017 is the second warmest year on record. Global warming is increasing, meaning that storms are coming even more significant than Irma and Harvey; my mind senses a nuclear accident is a more likely danger that

leads to atomic tragedy. Atomic war may appear as high as it was during periods of peak crisis during the past era. Still, the threat of a fluoride accident in instability in the storage of nuclear substances wrecks my nerves.

A month ago, on 2nd October 2017, the US witnessed its worst-ever mass shooting when at least fifty people got gunned down at a concert in Las Vegas. Two days ago, on 31st October 2017, a truck-driving terrorist carved a long path of carnage as he ploughed down helpless victims on a bike cycle path through lower Manhattan, New York City, killing eight people. Screams must have filled the Halloween air, blood spilt on the pavement, and my writing instantly gave me the horrible horror scenes chills on that Halloween night. I am having a break!!!! I have to stop writing up about this tragedy. It is an impactful vision of how it may have been, and it drained me as I thought about how awful it was. I'll be back soon when I feel restored. Hail, razzamatazz!!

Coming back from the mind that has had its self-rested, I have wondered if religion is why a group or individual acted violently. Are religious groups more violent than their secular counterparts? The discussion on religion, politics, and world crises, mainly the apparent terrorist attacks, currently branded Islam as a robust, intense extreme faith. I believe that violence is demonstrably found in groups and individuals, regardless of whether they are religious or secular and rejection of violence cuts across religious and secular lines. Some groups reject violence and are deeply religious, and other times groups that oppose violence do not present themselves as religiously motivated.

There must be more profound and more important reasons why people commit horrifying acts of violence against others, whether secular or religious. What spurs people to do something beyond the humane themselves? Violent acts have their most ambitious action to carve what

nobody gives a damn about in society. I don't know, and I really don't know.

I had the ambition to do something beyond myself as an extremist does, and I am not an extremist. I stay in the humane bracket of human good. Thank God, acting well feels better for most people than doing bad. It can sound grand to say that doing good in the world will be bragging about my achievement, but it can feel terrible. Still, if I impact as an author, it will be a world-changer. I will feel good as a connector because my messages move between different worlds through translation and distribution, and my written words connect people. My experiences are unique to me, but readers may be able to relate to them, and we all will feel good.

Worries and fear have affected much of my life. In retrospect, I realise that I would have had a much fuller and happier life if I had let these feelings go and remained to build on openness. I had clung to negative emotions as a crutch, but when I am writing, it's great medicine for my anxiety and working out strategies. Writing down my thoughts and feelings will be more tangible and less scattered and scary in my head. I am developing a broader perspective on what is happening in my life and the planet. My brain can produce a cosmic flash not based on earthly reality experiences. It could be, said its schizophrenia is coming back and going completely away quickly, like forgetting a dream upon waking from a deep sleep. I am okay; I have the awareness skills; it's not ill. It's normal for me to have and live with unless they become troublesome experiences to the illness, and it's a narrow line - wellness to disease.

The world bombards me with sensory information, and my brain's attention system is full-up. Then I find it difficult to process it all, so I make educated guesses because my mind goes blank in parts and words staring turn to nonsense. Spelling seems impossible, and the letters start

to lose meaning. My PIN occasionally flies out of my head, and memory can get mess-up. The phenomenon of faces in inanimate objects made me scared until I blamed my frame of mind on having slipped. Sometimes an entirely inappropriate word, not a swear word, pops out in conversations, and I say things I did not mean to say. I corrected myself immediately, but sometimes I am asked, what are you saying? Where is my conversation going? On the face of it, this makes no sense because the phenomenon looks so much like a schizophrenic episode. However, the higher dimensional structures of my conscious mind reminded me it's common to have memory loss and suggested negative thoughts are not always linked to illness all the time.

I have plenty of concerns about the planet, but for the first time in a long time, there are reasons to be hopeful about the world's fate. Excellent stuff is happening worldwide where people are working out solutions. The death of carbon fuel is closer, and renewables and conservations are increasing the rippling of its new technologies where they are most needed first.

David Attenborough's stunning documentaries about planet earth reminded me of the incredible beauty of the planet and how the species are in danger. Aside from the threat of cosmic catastrophes, climate change and pollution now threaten the earth as we know it. Stephen Hawking has even argued we need to consider abandoning the planet. Still, I think there's a strong case for being optimistic and determined to save the earth, home to all the known species on planetary worlds systems is this earth.

Innovators and scientists are thinking up new ways to tackle our planet's problems and penetrate the planet's mysteries. Despite what many people conspiracy say, the earth isn't flat, and it's still a sure thing that it's a globe.

Science has decoded some of God's handiwork. I look for God's laws of creation and humankind with diminished moral, cognitive, and sensory capacities to have a religious duty, an obligation to understand the world God has made. Ethical and holy sacred people that deny evolution and the earth age are in a peculiarly modern delusion.

We, as a species, may be able to develop a future super-intellectual machine that would-be god-like to satisfy our soul's desire to pray to a principal God's head and see it. Humankind will promote the realisation of God's authority based on artificial intelligence or lab life, the live mechanical organisms giving birth to themselves. The thought that future super intellectual machines would be godlike is neither a science fiction concept nor a metaphor. It is arguably so because it is rational to believe in God even if they might not exist. If super-intelligent machines are possible, they would likely reward us for bringing them about. The emergence of super great advanced computer machines programmed by groups of people with sincerity, ethics, faithful orientated goals and peacemaker's skills that implicit responsibility wouldn't have fights. A fight between mortal gods does not work out in mythologies. The super-intelligent machines do not compute to consider to be an enemy to its other digital deity.

I spent more time than I realised running future scenarios through my mind because I thought about being watchful for danger, but this turned out to be fruitless and exhausting because I found myself worrying. Finally, I come to a place of balance, realising I have no idea what's next in our lives or what will happen globally. 'Life' has a way of happening to us and chewing over decisions as if one outcome is more important than another. In reality, I am not very good at predicting what will happen. I have worried about future consequences insidious, and as soon as I let go, the more in the present I can be and the less time I need to worry

about things that are well beyond my grade. We live in a thought-created reality; what I mean by that is that none of us experiences the same thing in our mind, nor do we see the rich mental world in the same way. All our experiences pass, which means we all have a natural resilience. Over the years, I've learned that life sometimes confuses my plans and that things work out better if I go along with it.

For there are things that lie beyond the joy and anguish of this life while suffering is unavoidable, death is not final when hope is eternal in my planning.

On Thursday, 19th October 2017, our solar system received an alien visitor, and luckily (or sadly), it was not to be a spaceship passing through, or so was the thinking. What if the interstellar object's true nature was to explore the universe and us? Alien visitors from another star flight path reach earth, where our type of humanity of human species lives. The interstellar spacecraft turned out to be a giant rocky iced asteroid exposed for millions or billions of years through the solar system.

The universe may-be is closer than previously thought and more accessible. The most complex ideas entertain me and seem credible because science and revolutionary technology can seem able to forecast the future.

Continuous Recovery from Schizophrenia

Written Saturday, 4th November 2017

I have always identified myself by my diagnosis as a Paranoid Schizophrenic, and titled my first published book, *The Memoir of a Schizophrenic*, which tells the first part of my life story of living paranoid, delusional, married and bringing up our children. My wife has become an expert in helping me manage instances of delusions, fatigue, and paranoia that lead to psychotic behaviours. It's an awfully terrible reality for any loved one to experience their loved one, not in their right mind. Sometimes I think I have burdened my spouse, and she is automatically unique because of the uniqueness of what life had happened to me, and she took it on for better or worse. Of course, life happens to all of us, but mental illness is not like cancer or diabetes; it's arguably an abusive emotional illness, and in my house, it was so much worse before better.

Every day we are together, I feel like I won the lottery because schizophrenia in me was not easy on my spouse and me, and she has stayed with me. We have just celebrated on 24th October our thirty-sixth wedding anniversary abroad in Italy. I am my wife's biggest fan, and she is a great, fantastic, unique and Godsend person in my life, a saint in the actual use of the word. My wife's existence is a gift from God because she is just plain perfect for me, yet I get into relationship problems to stray.

My Love has loved with an intimate bond and involves empathy. My Love can understand me to share and care about my experience with her and continually accept my ups and downs and quirky behaviours. I don't

want to let her down, but a unique other relationship is pulling from within my mind.

I am glad we have a marriage, two people caregiving arrangement with love, and it is not an act of charity. The core of me I do not change when I function poorly with mental illness because the heart of me is kindness, loving, honesty, and faith. My darling recognised this, and she married me. We fight problems together instead of fighting each other because we affirm allies on the same team to tackle conflicts, strengthening us. Serious personal laughter is rare, not comical; life was all too hard. However, over time, I have improved at putting in a laugh, putting her first, and putting the world on the back burner. Thirty-six years together, and we laugh a lot more, and we enjoy each other company. We are in sync with each other and share hopes and dreams. The marriage feels perfect, although we both can find irritating things about the other. However, we eventually worked through things, communicating and not letting little things become extreme.

I am an enduring sufferer of schizophrenia in a total non-clinically paranoid and none audio hallucination way. Still, I get deprived of thinking straight sometimes because the condition causes my mind to be confused, and my words sometimes aren't understood. At times my thought process sometimes feels like it is permanently damaged. Things are not so coherent, and this might be the best it will get with the recovery from schizophrenia. My mind is more thoughtfully and respectfully refraining from characterising myself as a "schizophrenic" because I am more than a diagnostic label. The diagnostic name perpetuates ignorance and misunderstandings. A mental disorder in shorthand is "mad" or "crazy". It has no functional purpose. The term devalues people, and they won't accept my mental disorder as another health condition

until I think my diagnosis deserves the same dignity and respect that people apply to cancers and other medical diagnoses.

I have been tracing the gradual process of my recovery, which comprises several small achievements in medication reduction. Follow the story of my life you shared in the initial positive signs and symptoms, and I have had continued support from my family and strength from within myself along the road to this stage of recovery. Although I was first chilled with a ton of stressors as I jumped blindly into the unknown about medication reduction, for there were no robust data on the effort of coming off medication, a small clinical trial had shown significant improvement in patients. So, I chose to be a guinea pig in my lab and do a self-analysing of the effects to improve my quality of life. Through numerous leaps of faith, I've learned a few steps that have eventually made reducing medication not so overwhelming and not so scary.

On Monday, 21st August 2017, my psychiatrist okayed and reduced my anti-psychotic medication, aripiprazole, to 7.5 mg a day, and I am pushing for another reduction in the New Year. I think he understood my determination to free myself from the poison of the medicine and only resort back to it when I am ill. In my experience, the medication does not prevent relapses, but it is good at stabilising the positive symptoms of schizophrenia. The positive psychotic symptoms of schizophrenia and the disruption they can have on my daily life have not affected me since 2014. I put it down to my determination to allow my brain the time to heal itself.

Recovery started through eased-up on being stressed about world affairs and life generally. Good physical health and social support reduced the associated risks of relapse, lifestyle changes made me less nervous and anxious, and I enjoyed life. I have recovered significantly from the worst aspects of schizophrenia, but the dysconnectivity of my

brain and impaired cognition to think straight are still affecting me, as mentioned before.

Despite having access to costly biomedical treatment, essential recovery is missing. There must be something wrong! There is no complete clinical remission or unimpaired functioning, even on a much lower dose of medication. Being on antipsychotic medication is none healing for me because it is trying to treat my conscientious objections about life's unfairness; the world is not fitting my expectations. There is a mismatched distinction between my internal perception and externally generated changes. I attempted to predict the outcome from my perspective of always striving to be fair and ethnically reasonable because I thought one day my practice to be "good" would disappear what's terrible and flawed in me. The externally – generated sense data blurred my belief because my model of living in the world was pure, erasing all errors as I became better and better at being "good", but how I perceived the world was wrong. Nobody is always all good or all bad, for we all are a mixture of both. What I learnt automatically modified what I perceived and what I observed automatically adjusted what I knew. Still, when I think, my lively subconscious always sees the error. It was persistent, and unusual experiences arose due to confusion between perceptions and stored representations. Things seem different. The world does not fit together well, as uncertainty rises about what harms and punishes me, and I should head to what will award me. But my sensations and precepts do not have direct access to those things that cause an error in my disruption of prediction and perceptions.

Trying to medicate my mind like the illness in the physical body is not going to heal it. What I call the moving of the character in the holy spirit (I cannot find a better word) The Devine, the universe, and Mother Nature are in our minds, and it's able to acknowledge belief and faith to motivate

a drive in me to update my inferences. New meanings get sought, things feel novel, and some form of markers perceive the noise for distinguishing internally- from externally – generated sense. It may very well explain the emergence of my delusions.

If I tell myself the cognitive explaining and interpreting or other people tell me them, it does not change the problem in my active schizophrenia gene to deactivate itself. What seems to help me most is verbalising (talking) the thoughts or writing them down helps to gain control over the terrible impulses my willpower could not control. The right words at the correct time are enormously influential, like when one gets tickled; it's an excellent stimulus to help make my sense know an obvious, it's a unique external thing, and I laugh. But I did not respond if I stroked myself, trying to understand what was happening in my psychotic state. I can predict the tickle. It cancels the sensory feelings and consequences of the action. Still, I am much more accurate at judging internally generated forces in that state, which are terrifying, scary, and petrify me.

I required symptom relief when my brain scrambled itself into toxic experiences, and antipsychotics helped the biologically flawed to be stable. Still, it became an episodic disorder, repeatedly putting me in and out of the hospital. Antipsychotics have not worked for me as a permanent solution to symptomatic remissions. There is no sense of a cure. I have recently been gutsy to want better control and fix the underlying biochemistry abnormality to improve the symptoms caused by the umbrella term schizophrenia.

I have a brain chemistry problem like dew evaporating on grass, which will disappear when I get relief from stressors. The medication should eventually stop it; it has not. My brain is a biochemical factory with biochemistry imbalance challenges, and the treatment I receive is not making me as well as I can be.

The psychiatrist is not attempting to discover my biochemistry individuality to knock down the agent causing my stress intolerance. On the contrary, the drug worsens my condition over time. Another stressful environmental event may break me back into a challenging state because of my incapacity to get rid of toxins.

16

Back on Track with Our Finances

Written Saturday, 4th November 2017

I have worked hard to prevent another crisis in our financial management during the past few months. Good, sound ideas flooded my mind during the long struggle moment by moment of economic challenges, and I had less of the personal pain that could come from the choices I made. So many times, life has been moving too fast, and then I burn out with schizophrenia relapses. My life is paced appropriately now, with what I have done and the value I shall leave behind. It is easy to get swept away with day-to-day things and not take a moment to step back and reflect.

Thank God we are inching our way toward the coming year, 2018. We have already forged ahead and secured our financial future, which was a big wow moment. The unsecured debts that we had before and after the 2008 financial crisis hit the world banks and collapsed one of the central Banks. So the pressures we face being behind on our household bills and struggling to make ends meet are resolved satisfactorily. However, the scary zombie of not being debt-free in our lifetime can now be seen as a spook. It is because I searched for fixed investment and pension plans and cashed them all in early, including the ones I had struggled to maintain monthly payments.

Hip, hip, and Ho-ray, cashing in the plans, raised enough monies to pay all our creditors, and they have accepted part payment and recorded them as the final settlement.

This autumn, November 2017, the season days are getting shorter, the mornings are darker, and it's the last weekend; children are returning

to school. Then, finally, the leaves on the trees are turning brown, and our burden of huge unsecured debts has lifted. Ho-ray! Thanks to dormant investment policies and pension plan growth over forty-two years, I have been rescued.

The mortgage, too, was rescued. It's no longer part of our financial priority outgoings because it was redeemed through an equity release scheme by Legal & General Home Finance, which provided us with a cash lump sum. As a result, we do not have to make any payments during the life of this new mortgage, known as a Flexible Max Plus Lifetime Mortgage. The amount owed included all of the interest fixed at 5.74%, and charges will be repaid from selling our property when both of us have died or if we move home into long-term care. A substantial early repayment charge is applied if we choose to repay the loan at any time. We have an illustration of an estimated 26 years term for this lifetime mortgage, but if we are still living in our home at the end of 26 years, the lifetime mortgage will continue to run.

We had been trying for a long time to deal with repaying our debts and making the mortgage payment. I kept myself motivated to the obligations by writing down goals I wanted to achieve when debt-free and focusing on the crucial work of wanting nothing more than for our children to be okay, happy, and protected from pain and suffering in whatever form. I didn't wait for 'one day' to live my dreams but live my goal now and buy a modern automatic used car. No more than three-year-olds were on the list. True to my spirit, I researched the pro and cons of car purchase and durability; with Euphemia liking my choice, I brought with cash a reliable artic white Mazda 3 2.0SE-L Navigation 5dr Automatic car on a 15 plate and registered Euphemia as owner and keeper of the vehicle.

Managing a tight budget still exists; I promise not to fall into money poverty again, use our resources sparingly, stretch the money, save some cash, and budget the money well. I pledged always to control my money and avoid debt coming back into my life by living within my means and avoiding credit. I have been in so much cash flow crisis when cash in our current account was dwindling at an alarming rate that I have completely changed my approach to shopping and will stick to spending budgets. I have an electronic virtual jam-jar budget, which means making and splitting the income into various electronic jars for each budget area. I am flexible as I work out dealing with jam-jar budgeting to track my finances, but no matter how clever I get to keep following my money, they won't be more money anywhere for the spending plan. It has made me feel better off. As the household bill gets covered, I know how much I have left to spend on other costs and saving into an emergency savings account. Despite reduced returns on savings, I set aside what I could.

Following my stories year after year, you may sense that we are a cash-strapped family, spending more on overdue bills than on food as spiralling debts and hardship resulted in stress. Thank God! "WE ARE DEBT FREE," Ho ray!!!! Alleluia.

Most of our unsecured debts were passed to the debt collection agency because the original creditors couldn't get arrears repaid. My original creditor sold or assigned our debt obligations to the collection agency because the amount I paid to them was not enough for them after our account had defaulted. For a long time, the debts got suspended, and every three to six months, they contacted me to produce income and expenditure sheets or discuss if my circumstances were likely to change in the coming months. Most of the debt collection agency was friendly and understanding about my plight, but it did not prevent me from feeling intimidated by others.

17 The Awoken Word

News, Church, the Universe, Bible and Me

Written Sunday 5th November 2017

What I am about to write about, the Church, the Universe, Bible, and Me, I cannot and will not retract anything because it's neither safe nor proper to go against my conscience. I cannot do otherwise. So here I sit pressing the lettered keys on the keyboard after making a few notes on paper; may the one "Being," God help me, as I pray to the one higher "Being" in all human beings to help them use their unbiased clever wit to understand my message.

I have religious urges, and I can't think that they are justified because church and worship are no longer part of being on my 'to-do list.' Those converted to "born again" believers have a significantly damaged atrophy of brain cells by their religious practice than losing faith and shifting towards atheists, which could make psychological aspects lock you.

I have not lost my belief in God and recognised the social benefits of gathering with people of similar belief systems. The church today has not developed the concept that the God of creation is just the abstract belief in a higher power. My current intellectual inquiries suggest that people accept that the universe and God are the same yesterday, today, and forever. Changes are going on, and our brains and thought processes are messy and complicated and can change our minds about things. Belief in God, the higher power, is independent of any aspect of a neurological shift that initiated a change in my thinking over time. A valuable part of my brain function turned out the naturalistic activity for it to be less analytic, stopping the picking up on atheists. And have a more intuitive thought process that gives me a keen, sharp sense of empathic

interpersonal bond with relevant people, and I hope the outsiders work on their biases to start the change in themselves.

The founding theorist inventor of Christianity came from the mind of Apostle Paul and had some crazy visionary rhetoric embodied in his letters. I get the sense that apostle Paul caught in his mind that there would be a timeless, gorgeous place where human society would live forever. Such a wonderfully inclusive place all of humanity will have to repent, save to be there. It incorporated the passionate idea of Jesus Christ as a cosmic figure who would transform history, establishing this new heaven and earth, and this new creation would be the kingdom of God.

I believe Paul's radical visionary had this fiery image in his head of a new heaven and new earth that he could not let go of as his vivid imagination was loopy in parts. He also had a vision of what it meant to take on the entire mindset of Christ, which involved taking up the cross. Probably for him, it meant following the path of self-abandonment, uniting with the philosophy of Christ, where every race of people, Jew, enslaved people, male and female, find reconciliation in unity with God.

Paul's faith seems to mean many things giving rise to tricky theological suggestions and fragments of his letters getting pulled out of context. So theology fraud thinkers have later added on, a thousand years after Jesus died, authored in complete substitution theology. That God became man, humanity could be saved by salvation or in the imitation of Christ, is the anointed one and therefore showed us a pathway to reconciliation or atonement with God.

My research and analysis of my experiences suggested that my functional biology systems have become too extreme and sensitive. I worked my conscience to be too finely tuned, and all the good in me can drain out, and I grow tired. The central part of me responsible for

developing intelligence, slips, and slips that can slip too low, and my mind and body functions fail to respond to the senses, senses of excellent stuff to replenish it from the source of the right thing. So my brain stepped back to my primary education.

When it gets to many of its diverse experiences, I honestly think I reached the truth, and all my words are inspired, but not all of my writing is. My book impacts the reader's senses by providing a touch with that Source most of us call Almighty God and its tense readers understanding of things. Nobody (actually) knows of quantified factual evidence of that thing "Being," God, who knows all about ourselves and all environment. It remains human experiences, mysteries and stories. Some readers will find my words talk; personally, others get emotional chills or emotionally excited because of senses, sense spookiness, or a great insight that is natural to experience as you follow where the spirit of God takes me.

Education and emotions at any level give readers a hard choice on which side of the fence they stake their life. My earth reality of the world is mutually middle grounded.

I am not able to determine for sure that dosing on faulty compounds in antipsychotic drugs over many years is the prime factor that, I think, had damaged the language centre in my brain; and the area that flashes in thoughts and makes its ideas.

According to autobiographical memory, I had begun living my life before my first prescription for antipsychotics. Nevertheless, I had a few noble thoughts in my infant life to develop the character trait I want to be when I grow up to maturity.

I am to feel good about myself, be of good character, and mature to be the best person I can liken to Jesus Christ.

I practice being as good, learning to better myself from the errors of my ways. I kept up throughout my life, tried to trim off flaws from life's challenges lightly, became too good at it, and damaged my good self.

So, I can't say, for sure, that the compound ingredient used to make antipsychotics caused me to decline because the medicine had been used for far too long; was the cause or is it just a considering factor? It needs to look at differently for something else to take the blame, or I was entirely responsible for everything that happened to me.

After reaching so far, the truth has grown about the theorising to us from the twelfth century. Those theological fraudsters wrote that at its basic level, all the people, including Jesus, had to suffer, and the hellish agony of a good ethical principle Godly characteristic man death is necessary to purchase for the sins and failings of the human race on the world. "Jesus suffered and died for us, sinful creatures. He paid the price for sin." A kind of transaction, and without that deed, humankind will get punished in hell. It is a Capsulated Wrong idea that a Good God Almighty couldn't love his human creation without a horrific atonement and a vengeful father figure that did the wrong thing to create humankind. A great deal of harm has been done; it damaged and traumatised people down the centuries and in these modern times. I had reluctantly accepted this view for a long, long time and couldn't stomach it, but I put up with it, and eventually, I felt sick imagining it and fell ill with the practices of it, the fake Christian messages.

In my teens and young adult life, I preached to my peers that the world is doomed and we all are sinners that must get saved by the blood of Jesus. I looked to find ways to bring people to get saved from the eternal flames of hell and not perish. As I grew in wisdom and developed a better understanding of the New Testament messages, this notion was constantly unhappy for me. Frankly, it's ridiculous that the true God of

creation would require a blood sacrifice to “satisfy” himself. We, just poor creatures, have to say “I believe,” and we shall get saved from hell damnation. That’s what the theorist made up for us.

I understand Jesus in strictly human terms as a religious reformer, a politician or a social revolutionary, an apocalyptic prophet, or even a Jewish Jihadist. Unfortunately, the debate continues about Jesus's mix of political and spiritual messages, and his awful suffering has remained essential. The pointy thing about Jesus’s message is still getting misunderstood today.

Jesus built a minor and eccentric community around mutual affection, multiple sharing, and love; people reflect on him and God. They Idealised him and fell at his feet in devotion.

I have found the mean-spirited and transactional idea of Christianity is still told and re-told; it stinks. It’s awful, disgusting, and an abomination, and I turned away from the stench of religion. I, as a child, was uncomfortable with this fundamentalist belief in my household and the broader community. Blood sacrifice was ridiculous to swallow. It can’t be so, and I have always felt the “chill, the horror of it all. But I went for years peddling to other people the terrible Christian theology and violent murder, which I found repellent, the heart of Christianity message I had struggled with horrifying troubles to accept.

The practice of having red wine to symbolise the drinking of holy human blood and taking bread to eat it to be holy human flesh was appalling to me. I had to change the interpretation to receive the sacrament, including the practising rituals that symbolise the belief that death is the prerequisite for Resurrection through death and dismemberment. All must come except what apostle Paul says, God, forgives humanity “through faith” in this process. I had phycological locking and fought to hold what’s dear in me, saying the proper

understanding of the transformation of the spirit that Jesus modelled. Understanding faith, as trust in God and God's universe, is a kind of cosmic spiritual energy. The worthiness of looking deep into the root truth is freeing and is a unique power of the energy network information given to inform the world.

I am one guy filled with Jesus teaching on-imposed on others now because I have seen people do whatever they want to do; they don't think twice about ethical teaching. We can change ourselves; no education is necessary, so the teaching of Jesus may go the way of the dinosaurs. Jesus denounced the rich and powerful and pronounced blessings on the poor and marginalised. The teaching of Jesus is pivotal to turn the other cheek, love one's enemies, give over one's cloak and give no resistance to an evildoer. Christians must heed, but in this earthly reality, that will wipe them off the face of the earth. The whole truth is about the future now, and calculate the probabilities by how personal life and the secular human systems are going. "The Truth" in the experience works with you to have life forever and works with secular material systems to support the people who want that life. Everything else is dead and stays dead forever.

Jesus embraced politics and religion to change the society in which he lived, but in the end, he was too political, and they executed him.

The Bible tells us about people of the ancient past and how they interpreted God's intervention in their lives and community. The interpretation in the modern world is significantly different.

As I consider the kind of universe, I would expect the true Christian God to have created and viewed the world universe that we live. The traditional Christian God ideas need reform to take account of discoveries that seem to show the cosmos is not human-oriented. We are all put on

a guilt trip by the bible's authors if we still can't fathom the reality of our earthly life.

Jesus came out of unconsciousness and was hungry and ate; Jesus was alive, not dead. Jesus eventually died like every mortal and is not coming back. Jesus is not returning people to this reality; understand this reality of our world. Jesus is not coming back, and he is not perfect. He is like one of us, with flaws, imperfections and problems, but he is as good as he could be.

Biblical texts tell us God is human-oriented because God created humankind in his image and is deeply concerned with human beings, and highly values us.

We know the universe is vast, and humans occupy tiny space, the tiniest fraction of it, and we have been around for a blink of an eye. The planet earth is a drop in the ocean of space, and there is an apparent discrepancy between the universe we live in and that we would expect God to create. Shouldn't there be plenty of human life on planetary systems if the God we say we know loves the creation of humankind so madly? Ho, gosh!!! Am I to lose my correct belief because of it? I will not fail to understand; I cannot forget the experience of Godly truthful insights and turn atheists or in-humanist mentality because of this discrepancy. Godliness is directly in existence part of my functioning; after all, the divine is mysterious, unknowable plans.

I can hint at reasons why good stuff and crazy stuff exists, and tiny humans and other creatures are in a prominent place, and it seems to sweep towards atheism. If the fact is atheism is the simplest explanation for the unknowable, perhaps the gullible will get sucked into it because their creator may seem to have valued cosmic dust and rocks more highly than humans. The mental energy that creates the heavenly universe is mentally by God's doing. Our minds produce a reality, and the first in

existence (God) is the solid consciousness energy self-made and is known through the mental force in our brain, giving us minds we can never see to measure. Although we don't know if God exists in a physical entity, we should keep asking about our mental capacity factor because of the delights of paradise reality awaited.

I believe in the correct belief, collecting positive feelings, and maintaining thoughts that are good for you and love a good idea. And remains a good idea that can get better and better as it “goes beyond,” as “metaphysics” uses the mind to go beyond the boundaries of its consciousness. The thought of the Self is God-centred, and it opens up the little memory of the self to be undisguised and frank to communicate what self-taught can teach others, and the cosmic Jesus or true practices of good faith in us, we are there. It could be that the soul-spiritual cell has re-birth. We experience the resurrection from the death of the mortal body into a new life. New cells cluster that takes form for endless possibilities to take up life in different environments again and settle on what the universe has out there.

The opening up to the cosmic God spirit puts you beyond trivial and focuses attention to improve on things you do to them as you do to self, the Godly mind in us.

In the infinite God spirit, all people find a name that utters God, or the unknowing mind has educated itself. It knows that even the most elite, with themselves highly trained in education, meet this corundum. Which forever it will be so attending, impossible to name the name. Hence, “It,” the infinite God spirit all people human minds found eventually but objectionable to put a name to, and theirs is nothing spooky about things of “It.”

At this moment, we utter the name God, or Christ. Jesus Christ, in the language, is recognised and gives the soul's powerful energy, "The Almighty God."

It feels useful for a practical purpose. It is positively good for the body and the mind, and one day, spirit cells can retake a quantum leap into biological systems and dwell on other worlds and other kinds of realities out there. Places and worlds exist out there wherein existence there is harmony and equality, and throughout, there is peace.

I am optimistic it's a human and radical vision of justice, equality and peace. I am yearning to sink into my physical and mental geography of myself that works and plays on the five senses, which have inspiration. I braced them like a mental exercise. I discovered ideas and phrases had sunk into my unconscious, the concept of the eternal soul I had to erase and unlearn, and the wrong impression I picked up to keep my mind at peace. In my first book, I've been wrestling with the ridiculous parts of Christianity taught to me. I had to draw on my wild visionary sense of reality. I invented my theology to get peace of mind and enter entirely into my cosmic spirit so that the soul-spirit guided my spiritual journey and did not let the textual one learn to rule. Knowing the goal towards which I strive as best I can with my time here is the earthly duty to love to live the best I can be on this earth. And making full use of my built-in Godly, holy, divine good spirit personality and character to make a difference in this harsh competitive fight reality, which is just one of the facts that exist on planet earth to evolve the species.

Biblical texts used to explain the universe are also used in the most horrific practices and policies to justify slavery and genocide to colonialism. Although we cannot afford to ignore the Bible, it's a tool for all ages (times) to confront injustice when we see it. In this modern time, people's excellent characteristic has evolved very slowly. Events in the

Bible has described as graphically for adults and children to read or speak in oral storytelling. Slavery, sexual abuse, assaults, genocide, torture, false imprisonment, and the death penalty have not disappeared for decades. Real-life violence is still present in today's society too.

One part of the biblical story that has been overlooked is the stripping of Jesus before his crucifixion. Christians and the church should recognise Jesus as a sexual violence and abuse victim.

They reflect on the disturbing story of the torture and crucifixion in the season of Lent, which must be one of the most widely known and often retold stories in our human history. Yet, despite being read and remembered, there is a part, the stripping of Jesus, that receives minimal attention and little discussion. I think most present-day Christians consider sexual abuse as an exclusively female experience.

There is a tendency to deny, dismiss, or minimise the dominant display of humiliation by the stripping and exposure of Jesus as a victim of sexual violence. However, it was more than just physical. It's also a devastating emotional and psychological supreme punishment, which should be acknowledged as an act of sexual abuse and gender-based violence.

I identified Jesus's stripping as sexual violence or sexual abuse because the purpose was to humiliate him and expose him to mockery by others. The stripping was done against his will and was a way to shame him in public. I assumed it was a deliberate action that the Romans used to humiliate and degrade those they wished to punish.

Recognising historical reality is necessary because Jesus's gender is central to understanding sexual abuse. Male and female nakedness has always been viewed differently. Naked women are immediately identified as sexual objects and more recognisable as sexual abuse than the stripping of Jesus in the Gospels. If Jesus was female, I supposed most

people wouldn't hesitate to recognise her ordeal as sexual abuse. The scriptures seem okay with treating sexual assaults as punishment for disobedience and that annihilating a significant number of groups of people can have justification with religion. A horrible thought that has just buzzed in between my thinking is that in the Bible, god could be compared to a slave-owner who is dehumanising people they owned into shreds. Some Bible writers' Ideas are plain for me to say they are Wrong about a Good God, and I, too, can get interference in thinking straight that puts me off track, the point I make.

Biblical texts give us tools to confront violence in many communities where society is not peaceful. Why, though, are Old Testament gods more devilish, and the devil in satanic do less harm? Finally, I grappled with the issue of injustice, and the laws from God seem to write off Black, mahogany people as foolish, legally, and inadequate people because of active melanin in their skin and have them as enslaved people.

I see churches not flinch at showing images of extreme torture through the crucifixion of Jesus Christ and photos of starving Africans. The horrific crucifixion of Jesus is often glossed over, but pain, the death penalty, false imprisonment, and colourists (the prejudice based on skin tone) are still present in society.

Theology or idea about God affects civilisation and beyond, and the Christian dispute over divine justification in the past has affected many fundamental aspects of contemporary society and culture. Still, these days it seems far from its religious origins.

I have found the language of mathematics to understand the kind of earth God had made. Of course, I still add up sums using my fingers, but the discovery of mathematics was one of the human mind's great finds.

All people, children and adults, need attractive qualities that are Godly, that awareness in mind always to want to do the right thing. It

opens the mind to understand the scriptures and whether the inspired word was changed or new words added in the text later to fit a regime's corrupt agenda.

Most ordinary people are susceptible to losing their minds because the pastor and preachers of paramount principles are not mindful to teach ordinary people not to close down the account on the rigidly fixed principles of godliness but open their thoughts to extend them. Those knowing better about them, the educated preachers, have not expounded the people. All seeming carriers of truths and Godly principles preach corrupt ideology that people continue to fear the unknown and the things of it and not explain the reformation idea about God and what's next after mortal life finishes. Where will life go? And human dead shall stay dead forever; God knows and is personal to each of us. The truth of the thing, "God," we have an awareness experience that there's nothing but our human mind sense, something humankind can't name, has no name to say. All people, especially the most ordinary familiar people with closed minds, call "It" the thing, God, spooky, and all people who finally reach enlightenment are fully aware that the experience of chill is not frightening. When we are enlightened, we understand the process.

The churches that are flourishing today are flourishing because of ignorance.

It has been said that in the early centuries, the forward-thinking intellectual Protestantism challenged long-held beliefs that salvation was contingent on the capricious authority of the priest before being admitted to heaven. Protestantism opened the forward-thinking against conservative, anti-science catholic dogma. When the world's major religions began, the universe was not known to be a mind-boggling, scrunching, prominent place with trillions of galaxies.

In our times, some people move through a journey of faith, and I suppose, like me, it included an early time of certainty, which is often expressed as fundamentalism. But, then, in the middle of the belief, doubts get hold, and the stage of agnosticism arrives and in that challenge of believing that nothing is known about the existence of God came liberal views, which I cherish.

Seven weeks before Christmas 2017, it's time to get geared up for this festive celebration. By now, of course, nativity scenes would all be in place in churches, complete with shepherds, oxen, sheep, donkeys, and a baby. However, I have learned this week that none of those creatures was there anyway, according to leading European bible experts.

There were no animals in the Bible Nativity scenes. There is some misunderstanding, of course. Although for many, Christmas is a traditional celebration grabbed from the pagans' main festival of the calendar year, the so-called experts have no clue.

As I continue to write the thoughts of my mind, it feels like if I try hard enough, it's possible to override my deep-seated religious tendencies with rational deliberation, but it takes great mental effort. My evolved cognitive skills underpinned my beliefs, and the role of culture and society also shaped my mind. Having been told that a supernatural entity watches over us, intervenes in our lives, and passes moral judgment, I had already thinkingly accepted it. It pays to assume that agents cause all events, but religion piggybacks on feelings of existential insecurity. The randomness of some things, loss of control, and knowledge of death are soothing when the idea is that somebody is watching over us and that death is not the end of existence. It feels right, and none of my senses sensed that my evolutionary gene pool brainwashed my mind. The same entity is directing events and everything that happens, and they happen

for a reason. I argue God has done this implant in the aperture of the skull to maintain Her physical presence in heads.

If a perfectionist Being is - The Godly Self, or liken to the things that Self-righteous must be, is Perfect, nobody will have the ability to change them. If also, God is physical in design with skin tones, and the existence of the human brain came from a person liken to us. God did a lousy job because they are flaws in the brain's functioning mind, which gets dogged by biases and requires routine shutdown for maintenance for eight hours a day. The brain is highly susceptible to severe malfunction. The Thing "God," the real supernatural forever living creator God, has not blundered in the design area that gives us a deity in our mind, the non-feeling brain and feels the Deity in our heart.

Any person who has considered some deity and God has to confront that our brain is perfect to believe in it. The religious belief appears intuitive because even in today's world of enlightenment and materialism, it requires a hard-intellectual graft to shift to atheism. Coaxing more of my analytic thought may lead to decreased belief because neural functioning begins to change. Still, Could I? have different circuits connected with analytical thinking activate while others become deactivated? "I can't shift to atheism; it first takes guts to deny there is a God in creation. I haven't the guts." According to neurologic, my unwavering belief and atheists have the same architecture and process information similarly. But I accepted higher inner power convictions of God that give life meaning, security and experience of transcendental states. They are more, in my mind, associated with intuitive, empathic thought and a sense of mysticism. God in the brain does something to my mind, provides positive benefits like a brain on recreational drugs gets - gives us a rush of euphoria and contemplates withdrawal has damaging side effects. The altering perceptions and changing beliefs damage the creation of "self."

and between self and the rest of the world. My hypersensitive God detection device would struggle a confusion in figuring out the belief change to anchor “the self.” and how to maintain the conceptual structure in mind. I am sensitive to the subtle realms of experience, and because God has meaning for me, God is neurologically real.

There isn’t a pathway or spiritual part in my mind that facilitates God; it is natural. The whole brain has inescapable certainty properties of the mind to reason for thinking about thinking. Like, understanding ideas, an approach to the self, the cosmos, and the “thing,” God. The nature of the creative agent reality and the conception of truth are universal in our human existence. The seeds of this regulate my behaviour, and religious sensibilities are deep historical roots in the evolutionary lineage. We know only we occupy a narrow space and time in the great cosmic story of the universe; on planet earth. Practitioners of religion, science, rationality, atheists and agnostics cause horrible atrocities worldwide because their perspective is short-sighted. None are natural and reasonable; they fight to forge our human species way ahead, but science and rationality have facilitated some of the worst modern phenomena, including eugenics, the atomic bomb, and drone warfare. The other types of people with educated conscience argue and declare war, none subjective, or are a personal commitment to one’s values of connection to self, others, nature and the transcendent with both eyes open, to trek on toward the future that is opening- up before us or in front of us.

Whatever that future ends up being if we humans are to be there, I don’t think that’s a realistic option for the human species to exist if the trait of God disappears from them. Their ugliness and horrible atrocities will kill them like a lethal virus that infected people to bump off the species.

18

New Year Resolutions, 2018

Written Friday, 5th January 2018

Happy new year, folks!

At this time of year, the beginning of a new year is about resolutions.

New year resolution 2018, they will be made to be healthier and happier, but sadly, most of these promises of self-improvement will quickly be a memory for most people and me. "This year will be different," I say to myself. I feel committed to it, and it's a significant change that I won't have to make the exact resolution next year. Using the month of January is a sufficient motivator to be intrinsically motivated to work on goals. My wife warns me not to be obsessed with money.

It's January 2018; I evaluated what transpired in 2017 and what I'd like to experience in 2018. I have constructively and compassionately considered where some unexpected and unhelpful detours had occurred. By listening to my intuition and feelings, I could connect to the current truth and develop creative solutions. I gave myself credit for that and the positive direction we have moved to bring about change.

I looked back on 2017 and want to say how we lived for that entire year provided helpful frameworks for getting out of a mental rut, working through thorny problems, and reacting to internal and external expectations. The experiences and insights improved my personal development, and it's utterly refreshing. So I'll like to approach and navigate this year with a shared vision with my wife. I talk to my darling Euphemia and speak to our children, who are the most important to me.

They make me feel happy, fulfilled and relaxed. We have built meaningful, satisfying lives by being intentional, thoughtful and proactive.

I have again had to determine or reaffirm my true desires to take appropriate action for wishes that stem from me regarding establishing priorities. I must adhere to my spouse's wishes and feelings to be what we should be ourselves and what we would want. My darling says to me to consider when we've been most content with our lives.

Remember what was going on in our experience at the time. Our belief in God, togetherness, excellent family support, friends, and a unique social support system helped pull us through. "Stop working -up yourself for money. A loving family is the most important commodity, don't have worrying concerns about money this year and beyond".

I get up in the morning, and sure theirs is a plan to look forward to because I'll focus better on our most basic intention. I seem to find at least one moment of enjoyment every day of waking for this year and beyond. I have learned to be flexible when obstacles present themselves and to continue pursuing my goal. I break down my approach to problems into manageable small steps and give myself a timetable. I may slip; slip is inevitable because slip-up is in human nature. I recognised there was always the next day, and I would not need to give up in despair. Even the next hour will come to get back on track, which makes slips a learning opportunity, not a certification of failure.

If I reflect on why my slip-up accorded and then get back to working on the goal, it is less likely to happen again, I tell myself. I am telling myself these things to prepare my conscience and gear myself for whatever 2018 has for us. I asked myself why are the ideas that come most effortlessly are often the ones that are misguided and lead to slip-up, which appears on reflection as sloppy thinking.

As I write this chapter, the time has moved on – and it seems faster and faster the older I get, so I am dedicated to this year's resolution to enjoy myself; engage my imagination in some of the processes. And immerse me in subjects I usually would not gravitate towards, which invite my curiosity. I hope 2018 to be an incredible year that inspires, uplifts, or surprises me. So I painted my dreams or day thoughts or feelings on the pages and continued to doodle my self-portrait as a memoir.

Life is moving so quickly that my day is crowding out before I know it. Before I understood it, I was busy, and time had moved fast. So time must get to do satisfying things.

Another hope for this year is that I get armed with plenty of tactics to generate great ideas and creative epiphanies, even when tired. I shall make sure to connect with what brings me alive and resolve to prioritise items that align with my values. In each moment, I intend to live to the fullest by having a positive attitude, a smile, and genuine enjoyment of life. I want to conduct myself in the world with an absolute sense of mission to love the people and the environment around me and establish things that matter. And thrive with some passion, some compassion, some humour, and some style.

I don't know about you; it's so tempting to believe there is an easy solution to solve all our problems if only I can magic the answer out of my head. But it's true life is hard, and to get what we want, we need to do the work and dive into changes instead of fantasising about them. The compass will guide me when life gets in the way, when I'm too busy, too tired, or hindered by my limiting belief in myself, which beget to doubt; fear is to plan. The power of planning understands its purpose, and time and effort to a cause position me for a life of happiness and success on my terms.

I am planning for my most fulfilling year ever, reflecting upon last year, reminiscing times when I've been happiest, the time I've been down, and moments of peace and distress. And the times I've found great inspiration have helped make 2018 high already because I contemplate where I have been and where I want to go.

My decisions enormously impact my being happy, ambivalent or disappointed than the external decision-makers. My thoughts lead to my life experiences, more so than obvious inferences, and those experiences I shared in the company of others.

These thought-provoke my analytics evaluation and inspired me to continue to make positive changes for our future advantage. There have likely been millions or billions of thought impulses that have flashed through my mind in years past and will continue during my life, and those thought impulses I either act upon them, leave them in the recesses of my subconscious mind or ignore them.

I am determined to have greater clarity of thoughts in 2018 and a great passion for living to begin living my future destiny.

19

Sexual Harassment

Written Tuesday, 23rd January 2018

Since July 2016, I have been a good friend to a young Roma woman selling the Big Issue newspaper. You might remember I befriended this woman to show my compassion, kindness and respect and offer simple words of support. I buy paper from her to help her to support herself legitimately. I invited her to my sixtieth birthday party in September 2016, but she could not attend. Having two young children to look after, she could not make it, and she has an absent father in her life and her children's- upbringing.

The Big Issue newspaper gets marketed to help homeless people earn a living. I have been a regular customer, and the friendship has grown. We regularly chat over lunch at a favourite cafe in the town centre for no other reason than to show kindness and goodwill to a woman who sometimes goes without food, so the food she buys goes to feed her children and her mother.

We showed that we were just terrific friends for weeks, on weeks on weeks, and my wife Euphemia saw this friendship develop into casual hugs and a kiss on the cheeks. My darling warned me that streetwise young girls could manipulate vulnerable mature men to get money, and the way I looked at this woman and seemed full of excitement to hug her was a sure sign that I'll be falling in love with this woman. My darling told me that my principles and morals of good value are slipping.

I said, "no, I just liked her as a good friend, and I looked like I could be her father or even her grandfather, for I am old enough, but I looked

at her as a liken daughter.” The relationship was mutual, but I had been kidding myself because, after months and months of hanging out with this young woman at the café and buying the Big Issue from her, something sinister clicked in me. That urged me to have the nerve to try to develop this relationship into one of romance and sexual expectations, and it changed my mood.

After the thought became persistent and I had constant butterflies in my stomach, clumsy in her midst and sensing a romantic connection, she informed me that she would be going away. However, I will see her again on the occasional weekend when she comes into town on the train. Her home is in the city of Leicester. I gave her my business card, which promotes my published book, *The Memoir of a Schizophrenic*. It has all my contact details on it. I missed her so much that I thought of her for the three months she had not made contact between October to December 2017. My feelings were becoming more potent, and I craved to see her at a glimpse or hear her voice on the phone. I was strained with feelings of fond affection, and not knowing how she was keeping was worrying me about such a nice woman on the streets.

I met her again on Thursday, 11th January 2018, and Oh my God!!!, It was like a celebration party in my body with all my organs, especially my heart and head, and none at all were sexual or sexy feelings. I just was exceedingly filled with joy on her return. We hugged more than only momentarily and kissed on the cheek on the busy town centre street, and the contact did not stir any sexual desires.

We had a meal at the usual cafe, and she said she had missed me and had lost my contact details. She had looked for it again at Christmas time to wish me a Merry Christmas and wanted to find out how I was doing during her absence, and she couldn't find it. She reminded me it would be her birthday on 20th January, and I remembered her age was

twenty-three in the year 2016, and this birthday would be her twenty-fifth birthday celebration. Just over a week later, and a day before her birthday, we met again and greeted each other in the usual way in a public place. I asked her to come to my parked car to escape the rain and the cold. I have something to say and to give her for her birthday. She came and sat in the car, and I gave her a birthday card. She was about to open it in the vehicle, and I asked her, "don't open it until your actual birthday, and I would like to take you to the cinema."

She looked so excited and hugged me, kissed me on the cheek, and hurried out of the vehicle to open it, I suspected, leaving saying, "see you later." I had written a romantic message on the blank leaf of the birthday card and concealed £30.00 cash for her as a gift to help her support her living. The writing on the card expressed that just a glimpse or thinking of her gets me excited to see her, and I think I am falling in love with her. It may be a sin, and sins can be forgiven, but I couldn't forgive myself if I didn't tell her I was falling in love with her: hug, kiss, and happiness to you and God's blessings xx.

The next day, her birthday remained wet, cold, and rained on and off. Euphemia usually goes to her mum's but changes her mind and says she feels lousy and will stay in bed late. I ensured she was comfortable resting and asked her to phone me if she needed anything because I was going to the local library for a while. I muttered in my head. God, please, forgive me for lying; as I leaned over the bed to kiss her, I could see instantly that Euphemia's intuition suspected that it would not be the library I'll be visiting. She looked at me and froing her face as I kissed her. She swiftly breathes a gust of warm air and shakes her head from side to side. "I don't know why I keep putting up with this! Do you know it's all in your head? It's not what's the reality?" she said. I played stupid by pretending I did not know what or to whom she was referring. I felt the

adverse side effect of guilt, and I was deeply saddened to leave my wife tucked up in bed, but the thrill of meeting a potential second lover again was a greater incentive. My rational mind suppressed the natural urges to kindle love with my soul mate, who is deeply tied to my moral fibre and finds it lonely staying by herself. I was in the presence of my wife, and yet as my most dominant doing sense is telling me, I am missing an opportunity to affectionally love my dearest friend, my right-loving partner, my wife. I love her dearly, but I still walked out the door in the pouring rain to chase the chance of meeting my sweet friend, who happened to be a woman who may turn out to be my fantasy to be with two lovers rather than the reality of a second woman being a good friend.

I met my sweet friend, who smiled broadly and hugged me, and we kissed on the cheek on the public street. We took the bus ride to the cinema, and she lit a cigarette at the bus stop. I had no idea until then that she smokes. After the cinema, we returned on the bus and arrived at the train station just in time for her to catch the 4:25 pm train home. I spent an in-tier afternoon with her, and she began to wonder what my wife may be thinking of my deceitful absents and our friendship. I tried to smile it off as no worries, temporary collateral damage, but my massive intake of breath with a quick sharp grin and biting my lips were my body language way of squealing at me.

It was not right to temporarily suspend the love in my soul for my wife, but I did to be able to verbally say to this woman in the waiting room of the train station that I was falling in love with her. She seemed shocked, like I had suddenly startled her, and then a bit annoyed that it had spoiled our friendship. "I only love you like a daughter's love for his father, and as a good friend of mine, it's a crush." She said. Hoops, I felt ashamed and humiliated in front of her; She has not read my message on the birthday card. I risked challenging her feelings because I was so

disappointed and attempted to force them to change. You'll be shocked to learn; that I had sexually harassed my good friend, who sells the Big Issue, to kiss me on my lips after we had hugged goodbye as the train approached the platform. She resisted and pushed me away from this other intimate physical contact and said goodbye, walked to the train carriage, and gently waved. It humiliated me and shamed me in full view of the CTV camera and the public, but one consolation was that she gave handwaves on the train, which restored some of my dignity.

Recently, the media exposed men misbehaving, which shattered their credibility and respectability. Because they drop their inhibitions and sexually harass, exploit, and grope women. Allegations had spread from Hollywood's most beautiful female film stars and female parliamentarians to men-only charity functions with female servers.

I believed in gender equality and respect for women, but I misbehaved. I am very sorry; with a loving wife, seek to see a young woman as a good friend at first, but when she became absent for three months, I got crazed for her. My critical faculties got dulled when I told her I was falling in love with her. Still, this giant leap had affected my happiness temporarily because she rejected my advancing feelings as a crush on a young woman. I felt ashamed and foolish to declare passion openly for her that I should have kept secret. However, she did make it quite understandable that her love for me was only a love that a daughter holds for his father or a sister for his brother, which would not be romantic or sexual. She was shocked to learn this was where our friendship was leading, hell's bell !!!, she did not want our company to develop beyond good companions and close love of a friend of the same gender. It dragged me into a depressive spiral for a couple of days because the real sadness of all of this was that it had frazzled my brain, and I had to tread on water. I may not be able to talk to her ever. I avoid being where she

might be; I feel like a fool, a dirty older adult, and a constant embarrassment to all.

I am as mad as hell at myself, and my pride was hurt; I am not happy with my philosophy slip and feeling dysfunctional right now; actually, it's pathetic. I look like an idiot because it's absurd to be a mature married man sensing a strong emotional tie to a young woman who only wants a good role model of a father in her life, and I let her down and myself. Everyone who knows me I let down because I committed sexual harassment. It was rightly her right to shove me away, and to accept the rejection was painful. It's a terrible feeling, but she was right because the attitude towards women must be respectful and consensual.

Euphemia has asked why I avoid answering her questions about my woman friend. "You left me in bed and went out in the pouring rain to meet her. What happened? You were not thinking about me, and you fell in love again with another woman". "Yes, I was with her, but I don't love her like that anymore, in that kind of way, but only how I rightly should have continued doing., I found out that she smoked cigarettes, lit up one in front of me, and said she was stressed; it relaxed her nerves. I can't go to see her anymore". Euphemia probed and probed, but I told her no more than this, and I asked her to drop the subject and allow me to focus on her needs and our love life.

Two weeks later, on 2nd February 2018, when I was out shopping earlier than usual in the town Centre, she appeared as I emerged from a shop where she usually stands. When I went into the shop, I did not see her, but as I came out, she was getting ready to sell the magazines, and our eyes met. She timidly smiled as I walked up to her. I swallowed my surlier in anticipation of the awkward feeling that may erupt in my stomach. I was okay, and I did not attempt to touch her physically. We stood in our safe personal space, and I exchanged money for the

magazine and talked. I asked her how she was, and she expressed it was a shock at my behaviour and her right feelings for me again and added she needed time. She said, "I still love you like a daughter to his father and as a friend, but I couldn't believe you would think of me in any other way." "I am sorry," I said. She asked how is my wife and how she was feeling. "Okay, but she has a few aches and pain" I don't think she caught on that I was referring not only to physical aspects of aches and pain but emotional ones too. The conversation ended as she repeated almost the exact words after me, "look after yourself, take care, and I hope to see you around the next time bye, and God bless!" and she had said, "look after yourself, take care and see you next time bye, bye." And I walk away.

20

Research into Antipsychotic Discontinuation and Reduction (Radar) Meeting

Written Saturday, 3rd February 2018

I had prepared a printed piece of writing about my experience on Antipsychotics for the Radar meeting agenda number 7. I have added some more details to the script today.

See below the details of the speech:

Meeting date: Wednesday, 31st January 2018

Agenda number 7: Experience with antipsychotics

I had over forty years of antipsychotic drugging, nine times hospitalised between 1977 to 2014. Unfortunately, I believe that lifetime treatment on antipsychotic medication has not played a crucial role in maintaining remission, averting relapse, or improving the quality of my life, and now it has my mortality insight.

There is no question that when I am suffering from chronic debilitating symptoms of schizophrenia, antipsychotic medication is a critical component of treatment.

The medication was designed to modify how my brain functions and impact my memory. It caused forgetfulness and difficulty in concentrating. It sedates and causes cognitive impairment, slowing information and the speed of information I can take in and understand. It affected my working memory.

The medication was very good at managing psychosis, the positive symptoms such as hallucinations, delusions, and thought disorders that I had. Still, it could not treat my apathy and social withdrawal symptoms.

I came to believe that antipsychotic medication should be limited to relapse episodes and should gradually get tapered once I was stabilised and restart promptly only if and when symptoms returned.

After bouts with psychosis and depression and being given a high dose of antipsychotic and anti-depressant medication to treat it, I was stable again. Antipsychotic remedies for remission had a long-term detrimental alteration on my brain chemistry, and it began to scare me. The trial on antipsychotics and reduction was well overdue, and I was pleased to be accepted to the RADAR panel.

I gradually believed that I should have progressively tapered off my 30mg of Abilify, but I found myself being a coward without the support of a psychiatrist. It will be a painful lesson to learn if I am not okay but have relapsed.

Trying to come off medication was a risky gamble that is usually not worth taking, but I was concerned about the risk of heart attack and shortened life expectancy. I humbly assumed that discontinuing the antipsychotic drug was right for me; there would be disastrous consequences for getting it wrong. Although I was reducing the dose slowly, I had safety concerns that hacking the dose regimen may trigger withdrawal symptoms and increase the relapse risk. The reduction in dose time and time again was scary. Still, through many leaps of hopefulness, I learned a few steps that eventually made reducing my antipsychotic medication a little less scary and overwhelming.

Over three and a half years, I have come out of the hospital on 30 mg of Aripiprazole and 10mg of Haloperidol from June/July 2014 to today, February 2018, I have hacked it to be only 5mg of Aripiprazole daily.

I feel like I am in the process of detox, and I have just begun to allow my brain to heal by slowly getting rid of the pharmaceutical chemicals in my mind and body.

I used to have sixteen hours of sedated sleep and am experiencing sleeplessness and persistent biting on my lips to keep them moist. I have out-of-control swift extra chewing action of my jaws, and sometimes my teeth nip the flesh in the side of my jaws as I eat. There are quick tiny uncontrollable twitches in my hand as I write. The light headaches that feel like a tight-fitting hat have added pressure around my head and aggravated the pain to be very unpleasant. I get a feeling in my skull; my brain has sticky treacle forming in the middle of my head. It poured like a running stream of violinic larva down my forehead, around my head, to settle around my eyes and ears. It's also the all-over body aches and low energy I am attempting to reduce by discontinuing antipsychotics in the long term, for they are the most troublesome symptoms.

On Monday, 15th January 2018, I had a home visit by a GP because I had severe pain in my neck, lower back, and right leg; I could not move it. I was immobile, could not shift my body, and couldn't straighten up. Five hours later, the pain had eased, and I had some mobility. The GP said I had a tightening of the muscles in my back that had caused the pain and mobility problem. He prescribed Ibuprofen gel to rub into the affected areas, paracetamols, and ibuprofen tablets for pain relief and advised me not to use the gel and ibuprofen tablets together. "Return to the doctor's surgery after four days if things have not improved by then so that an investigation with x-ray or scans gets carried out. What I can do here is limited." Says the doctor.

The worst part is the continued muscle rigidity in my neck muscles, back, and legs have spasms, weakness, and tightness. There is also that constant tightness in my skull like the pressure has built up, squeezing nerves to feel like goose pimples raised through my scalp. The hairs on my head feel on end, and my forehead is much more wrinkled. My limbs and joints are in pain, causing still decreased mobility.

I have two thirty minutes back massages booked at a beauty treatment centre three weeks apart. I had been to the first appointment on the 18th of January, and the therapist used the lymphatic drainage technique to relax the muscles. Still, within a short time after the complete treatment, the pain returned with higher intensity.

Paracetamols and ibuprofen tablets are moderately controlling the pain, and on a scale of 1-10 and one being the least intense, the pain is at a threshold of 7-8 and sometimes get even worst during the night.

My cognitive functions and motivational impairment seem to be gradually improving. I am getting rewarding experiences and achievements because I feel I have more control over my future.

I have concluded that in tapering the drug, my brain functioning, I feel it has improved, but not enough to put me back in a real-world setting, such as work and high social functioning.

I made an appointment to see my GP. The earliest was for 30th January, and I cancelled it because a letter came in the post from the Planned Care & Recovery Clinic. (Formally used to be known as Community mental health team) To attend a physical check-up review on the same day. They reviewed the data collected in August 2017 to identify any changes. My height and weight, which had increased from 92 kg to 95kg, were recorded, and physical fitness questions about diet, alcohol consumption, and exercise were noted too. The nurse traced my heart (EEG) and sent me to have my blood taken for testing for various possible ailments that taking antipsychotics has on my health.

If there are concerns about the results of the blood tests, the GP will contact me. My next due appointment with the psychiatrist is on 6th March 2018, and according to the letter suggested, it's an outpatient caseload review. The new clinic aims to deliver personal, responsive, focused care, including nurse-led clinics and pharmacy support sessions.

However, I may have to go back to primary care to continue my reduction in antipsychotic medication under an already strained GP service, which also undertakes medication reviews.

Today, Tuesday, 6th March 2018, the psychiatrist agreed I could take 5mg of Aripiprazole daily, and he thinks it's the lowest possible chemical protection I will be getting. I must not attempt to reduce it any further. I reminded him of the sequel I worked out and wrote down and saw by the previous psychiatrist of my intention to have another reduction in medication in six months, August/ September 2018.

The psychiatrist could not be sure that I would see him in the clinic for my next appointment in September, but he would like me to remain on the 5mg dose until something can get worked out at my next meeting on monitoring my future care.

21

I Am Getting Irritated by Media News

Written Tuesday, 17th April 2018

I want to know the basics of what's happening in my community and the world, so I watch regional television news and world news and listen to bulletins from radio stations, mostly when I am on the move. I am careful not to get depressed by one troubling story after another. I can't play ball with harrowing human stories because I am too sensitive. I'll be the odd one, like a square peg in a round hole. My behaviourism is unreformed and is like a flat cold-water ocean that washes to the surface of my mind to temper (cooled) my sensitive feelings. Executive stress seemingly is irreformable.

My darling wife finds the news interesting and entertaining rather than distressing. Although the report is timely and frequently tells tragic stories, the news readers can detach themselves from being oversaturated. "I feel empathy with the news, and I don't think deeper when it's repeated and repeated. I get on with doing things, and my mind is elsewhere," my darling said. She is not paralysed or besieged by the news media's astonishing amount of distressing news every hour of every day and given no satisfactory conclusions.

On the other hand, I get irritated and angry, for the stories are seldom followed up. The current political and social climate are sources of stress, and keeping my balance when I am buffeted by fierce going on is not to expose myself to too much television news. So I leave the room, for I know too well the stresses of chronic exposure to troubling events release a stress response in my body, triggering a schizophrenic attack

in my mind. I have continually lowered my stress-related activities, not increased them. I have joined a writers' Club and am taking up drawing again, doing things I enjoy. I also enjoy different music, and I am a keen gardener. The writers club will guide me professionally as I continue my authorship. I am at the computer keyboard now to type the stories forged from thoughts that wake me in the early morning, 4:30 am, to write. At that time, dawn was breaking, but it was still dark. I could not see my hand or the scribbled pad and a pen. I outlined the shape of every letter imaginatively in the darkness to make a word and form whole sentences in the dark in bed. I did not put the bedroom side light on because I tried not to wake my darling Euphemia.

I am on a low dose of medication, and my aim is for total remission without the drug to prop me up. Stories in orbit this month are testing my resilience to stressors. My body and mind are not resilient enough to deal with passing stresses, for I am a hypersensitive person — chronic exposure to TV news on leashed symptoms from a dormant mental illness. Bad news releases a stress response in my body and mind that can damage me. The Long-term effort is chronic worrying when I continuously expose myself to stress, bringing about primarily emotional sickness. If the nature of the chronic stress does not revert, I am stuck on either fight, flight, freeze mode, and other bodily processes increased, whatever the stressors.

I have a sense of what I can handle to keep me functioning well without feeling overwhelmed, traumatised or debilitated. However, I do not want to be ignorant of my sensitivity lurking in the danger that staying glued to troubling news will damage my well-being.

Martin Luther King was assassinated half a century ago, was remembered on the 4th of April, and Enock Powell made his Rivers of Blood speech fifty years ago. Both were in the year 1968. Today, Britain

is multicultural, which works quite well most of the time because British laws outlaw all discrimination, whatever form it takes. But America remains an odd place to live because class divides are replacing openly shown racism. I might need a sedative as I have to weigh up the risk of my emotions not being able to cope well with the historical events that I remembered that happened and upset me as a child in England. The racial tensions, skinhead violence, offensive name-calling, patronising comments, and the mono television showed violence against black people directly in our home, mainly on the daily news programs. The sitcoms, *Love Thy Neighbour*, *Alf Garnet*, *Black and White* mistrals show, and gollywog images were for our entertainment. Yeah, Oh boy! Oh boy!!! It was an insult.

I am irritated by the headline story today; there was hard news about using a nerve agent on English soil in the attempted assassination of a Russian ex-spy in Britain and his daughter.

On 7th April 2018, the regime used chemical weapons to attack Syria's people. Russia denied Syria was behind the attack, and international tension had rocketed. USA, France, and Britain bombed missile strikes on the government, blasting the region where Syria's chemical weapons were being made or stored to smithereens. There were Murders in London, mainly through stabbing, tallied in April, a little higher than New York's in February and March, the news media had said.

This weekend has marked twenty-five years since an unprovoked racist attack in London murdered eighteen years- old Steven Lawrence, with aspirations to become an architect. Instead, while waiting at a bus stop with a friend, he was the victim of a tragic death by murderers and a bungled investigation that followed exposed institutionalised prejudices in British Policing.

His death became one of the highest-profile racial killings and a watershed moment in British history, which changed society's attitude towards race relations and positively impacted UK law and police practices.

Our experiences dealing with the Police in the year 2000 had cast the Police with foul play in their investigations. For example, they were not impartial or unbiased in our domestic dispute with our racist neighbour who caused criminal damages, bodily harm, and emotional distress and got off scot-free.

These stories fuelled my anger and dismay, and it's possible to get depressed by them, too. So, to stop myself from overloading my physical body function and cognitive systems, I shifted to listening to radio stations and selectively reading news captions and articles on the internet. But, if I'm not careful with my exposure to horrible news stories on media, TV, radio, newspapers, magazines, the internet, and gossip, my well-being will be at risk.

What happened with us being dissatisfied with Policing was that the Police were themselves racist and discriminatory and could not be trusted, and we believe it to this day. (The whole story writings are in my first book, *The Memoir of a Schizophrenic*.) Today, eighteen years on and still some black citizens don't trust the Police. Catastrophic loss of confidence in the Police shows they least serve all sections of society, and trust is lost. However, there were campaigns after Stephen's death and his family's press for justice and reform, and they have been some profound changes in the justice system. Like stop and search have been scaled back, his death had a come together across the country to celebrate the positive contributions of diverse communities to British society and lives.

To do my bit in crime prevention in the area where I live, I am a part of the neighbourhood watch scheme, and I aim to coordinate the involved to have a community spirit and respect their neighbour and their property and be vigilance. I distribute newsletters to the members' houses where I live.

I hope that the legacy of Steven Lawrence and caring adults will give advice, help support, inspire and encourage the young to fulfil their dream. Steven never had the opportunity to achieve his vision at the time of his murder. He was studying for his A-Levels. The young are to live their best life while they are young and not to be afraid to dream. So, they achieve their best and the best they can be. It will feel good and noble to start with themselves to create or bring about a society where everyone lives for a specific change, inspired role away from crime and wrongdoing. As they grow up, they get excited to have seen magnificent growth in people and themselves taking to their holy, divine, and positive attitudes in their consecutive adult years. Also, to be their better self in the world, look after themselves, and take better care of the environment and our planet.

I think the young need to have a more substantial life purpose. It will steer a decisional conflict mechanism that is mundane and straightforward between committing a crime, continuing to commit the crimes or going straight. The more persuasive guiding purpose statement is like, "I have a sense of direction and use in my life". It can help transform young people susceptible to crime into more socially sensitive and contribute to society with skills learned or talents in their gene pool. I had a humbling beginning, and I started young to unpack why I must try to avoid wrongdoings. My higher sense of purpose in life didn't acquaint getting a job to have to support me in life financially as the essential purpose for me, and at the last age to leaving Secondary school, I said,

“I don’t know what career I can do!”. I asked the history teacher, “was there a real historical man named Jesus, and his father was a carpenter”? And in my CSE portfolio, I produced a piece of writing called The Character Study of Jesus Christ. The English language teacher gave twenty-one points; the maximum attainable points were twenty-five marks. I kept up efficiency intuitively, knowing that my consistent ideas have maintained their conceptual structures about God since I was a baby. I actively thought about my beliefs in God and continuously transformed my undesirable behaviours.

I took advantage of messaging to learn from Jesus to be good, do good and be kind, and I did the activity. I had become addicted the same way as a drug addict, and my concept of fate and destiny was genetics-driven and shaped my outcomes. I became socially incompetent, experienced multiple episodes of psychosis, and wanted to achieve functional recovery between bouts. Unfortunately, getting treatment early and consistently taking antipsychotic medication had not improved my chances of recovery. I had said, “I got addicted to Christ, I don’t know who I am, (Karl) is really” at the start of the prodromal period. It couldn’t have been hard to pin down the disruptions to my human mind’s functioning and quickly get a working diagnosis of schizophrenia. Serious crime can give the offender a lifetime sentence as punishment or start the offender on a reformed programme in prison, which professional, legally trained people in courts say is proper. The medical professional appears to say Schizophrenia is like a lifetime sentence, too, there’s no cure, and it’s only suitable and appropriate to stay on antipsychotic medication. Eventually might get lucky, and probation may come.

In evaluating my emotional response to hard news, it has become apparent that emphasis placed on words inappropriately brings attention. And dramatising keywords in the human stories hit my raw nerves and

broke my resistance to absorbing information — especially tragic and shocking facts not without affecting my well-being. Clear visuals of gory images of suffering, torture, violence, killings, and cruel acts are likely to upset most people. Not so well known that critical words in broadcasting cause maximum discomfort and upset sensitive viewers when they dramatise and emphasise strong words such as KILL and DEAD. They are sharp and cut through-me words; it cuts deep and hurt.

Hypersensitive people prefer KILLED, DEATH, DIE, DIED, or DIEING; they are more acceptable words for mortal lost. These words don't provoke immediate attention or urgency, and it gives a feeling of sympathy and absolute respect to a life cut short, be it by the hand of criminals, disasters, intentional killing, or natural causes.

Strong words can hurt, and dramatic emphasis on solid words only makes the pain more intense, damaging us psychologically.

Words known to damage the psyche should have been restricted in real live human stories that hip-up negative emotions should be watered down to mildness to stir positive feelings instead. I am saying that proper sentences do not need to be sugar-coated with emphasis to capture attention.

22

Over Productive Think and Feeling Gutted

Written Sunday, 3rd June 2018

Theirs seem to be an inner world, a conscious experience of sea waves of thoughts that gives the feeling of over-productive thinking. I am at a roadblock with no obvious diversionary route, which bothers me. I have come tantalisingly close to writer's block, and what a difference a couple of months makes.

Today, 03.06.2018, I pressed on the keypad and connected the thoughts of my mind that were stubborn to flow on the page. I am writing catch-up stories and reminiscences.

Two months ago, Thursday, 12th April 2018, I submitted three pieces of my earliest artwork to the local borough council's open contemporary art exhibition. So, naturally, I priced them hefty even though I had omitted my best works.

I asked the family to choose the pictures they would like to hang proudly in their home when my life and their mother's life have ended. Amounts of their choice were my best pieces of artwork, which are priceless. I found pricing and selecting my work to get exhibited very hard because I considered almost all my artwork invaluable and not for sale. I was looking for professional recognition and public appreciation of my paintings, not sales. I wanted them back. There was no guarantee I would win a place in the competition because of many things beyond my control. I have had failed attempts with my best artworks in the past, and being unsuccessful then had me overthinking. However, it reflected the quality of my work, and it felt the same again.

My self-belief allowed me to recognise my work has the potential to be shortlisted, and it was refreshing to have chats about it with friends and family who could see something evident and refreshing about the pieces of art.

On the 17th of April 2018, I was notified by phone that the panel of three judges rejected my artwork without any given feedback. Nevertheless, I felt gutted and bravely collected them and took home the boogie prize. So I am back to the drawing board and keep trying to reinvent or push my ideas in abstract art that translates into my voice and forms the heart of my artistic practices. So eventually, the art world will recognise my ability- like my handwriting- as my writing has a unique style.

Following on from Euphemia's redundancy over six months ago, Euphemia's Job Seekers Allowance came to an end in the beginning month of March 2018. Euphemia still had to sign on at the Job Centre to continue to show that she was seeking employment and having her national insurance contributions credited. All fortnightly payments had stopped, and she is not entitled to any other benefits. The newly introduced Universal Credit benefit will not be in our area until October 2018, and we are using up our cash reserves to get by.

I applied for Euphemia to be added to my Employment and Support Allowance to increase until Universal Credit comes into effect.

I received the extra allowance on 4th May 2018, almost nine weeks after sending the form to the reverent government department. Luckily, on Monday, 16th April 2018, Euphemia found employment at a local private day nursery on a zero-hours contract. But, unfortunately, her first monthly wage was in arrears on 1st June.

I have been having ruminating thoughts about past mistakes, those uncomfortable shades of grey that hurt, and I have explored them in writing to set them at rest out of my head.

I had mulled over for the umpteenth time about the loss of my mobility, and I regret my wife's suffering due to purposely having a collegian with a 39-ton artic lorry on 03/03/03 on a busy dual carriage roadway called A14. I am annoyed at the way the passage of time has undoubtedly sped-up. I am ageing more quickly and missing out on things taken for granted. I am incredibly sorry that my wife missed out on ordinary stuff because of me. My whirling thoughts are focused on the things I can't do. Writing gives me relief, a sense of freeing the mind from regrets and disappointments that lurk at the back of my mind to become mulling again and again.

I accepted that I could not change the past. In most cases from the past, I thank God that I can't because if I could, world history and my personal history would have turned.

While self-reflection brings attention to the past, it has been helpful to have me in the present moment again. We have experienced more than our share of tough times throughout our lives. My personality and emotional makeup interpret events in my life with thoughts that run through my mind like clockwork. I have hurt myself and others I love, and I had to forgive myself and ask for forgiveness to let go of my wrongness, which allowed me to move on from my mistakes.

I feel no more moral than anyone else, and I believe I am less harmful than others. Still, there is an ambiguity when unethical behaviour shows up in my self-righteousness. My moral norms of kindness and respect for others are the same as everybody else's, but my inside perspective of myself is saint-like. After unethical actions, I feel gutted, less valuable, and correct. Even though my intentions and motives were to do the right

thing, look after myself, treat people fairly and be generous, I have a fatal flaw. I was not born with the physical disabilities that make me immobile, having to use a pair of crutches for support. It's due to the multiple injuries sustained from the road collegian. I can't run, jump, jog, skip or dance properly, and I miss not being able-bodied to do those physical activities most people take for granted.

I can't let it go that I did it to myself by attempting suicide in 2003. Life was tough; money, relationship, environment, and religion were all stressors. When the home appliances breakdown, the car malfunctioned, Euphemia lost her job and had a loved one die, and rain spoiled a pleasant walk on a summer's day. There's no protection from daily annoyances or tragedy—the only exception is believing in a loving existing creator, God, who sustains. Although accepting the mysterious working of faith gives me inner confidence, inner peace, and external positive vibes that one's sense sensed the protection of the supernatural, it can be overwhelming if my subconscious mind doesn't limit live beliefs. I had an inner war beating myself up at a funeral on Friday, 20th April 2018, of a departed soul known to the family. The thanksgiving funeral service for the life of a bredrin saw me mourn his death and simultaneously feel a range of feelings. Sadness, guilt, anxiety, sorrow, sympathy and regret-fullness had tears cascaded down my cheeks for my own life that I deliberately nearly cut short. I had self-pitied.

In the prayers for the departed, its shortcut self-bashing and crying ceased because I caught up in the positive effects of prayer: blessings, optimism, peace, worthiness, confidence, trust, security and positive affirmation, and the mental empowerment of ourselves to change.

The time in prayer was a temporary fix from dwelling on my toxic negative emotions. Certain hymns whitewashed my insecurities, and The Lord's My Shephard and O Lord My God When I in Awesome Wonder

brought back the weeping. At that moment, I felt the emotional toughness that my wife endures when we act like lovers wanting to hold hands as we walk down the street and at parties wishing to embrace and dance. It's tough for her to give up on natural activities that generate endorphins and feel good in us.

Fortunately, despite my life's twists and turns, blessed bliss was attainable, and I am thankful that it has led to happiness through a shift in my state of mind. But unfortunately, my joy was derailed, suffering from illness and bad things happened, and I am grateful to all who heightened my hopefulness from the negative impact on my mood.

21/04/2018 was the first weekend since spring began when the temperature outside was above mild; it was hot. It was cooled by mid-afternoon when a sprinkle of rain fell in our region. In the evening, after a hearty supper, my darling Euphemia was anxious to work off the calories and exercise by dancing in the middle of the living room floor. I watched her adoringly dancing sexy. "Would you be able to take a walk on this fine evening," my darling said. As the Hip Pop and Rn B music played on the radio, "I want to attempt to walk with a single crutch around the block. I can do it, I think, walking at a slow pace and on flat ground". I said. My mobility had deteriorated because of the ageing process that has wear and tears on my body joints, and the injured areas most often are painful. Painkillers are used at the time to moderate the pain.

Going on the walk was iffy. I had to stop periodically to feel comfortable and rested physically. But emotionally, the trail was like creating pearls in an oyster. It was a beautiful feeling, such a positive thing to do to draw my attention to my spouse.

The twenty minutes walk for an able body took us one hour to stroll. It had seemed time slowed down. The trail looked comfortable, slow, and like in a lower gear in a car that allows one to cruise and does not

accelerate the vehicle. We both felt great, I could hold her hand during the stroll, and it released trapped energy, the tension in our bodies.

My darling and I connected in this moment of more quality time together. Just the subtleness of holding hands, the sweet conversation that brought laughter and the pauses to look into the eyes of my lover (wife) felt emotionally very happy for both of us as we savoured the moment by the moment who we love. "That was nice, Karl, perfect that walk, but I didn't burn off any calories," My darling Euphemia said. So we took a moment as we entered our house to kiss on the doorstep.

I felt blessed for all eternity to have Euphemia in my life, and I hope that it can become a ritual for us, like a religious ceremony, to go for a walk hand in hand.

23

Further Reduction in My Antipsychotic Medication

Written Monday, 2nd July 2018

I have associated much of my body aches and mental fatigue with antipsychotic medication reduction. The body pain had worsened, and I had re-booked an appointment to see my GP for a complete physical check-up in February/March 2018.

My complaint ranged from pain in the sole of my deformed left foot, muscle sprains in the thighs, a very stiff neck, lower back pain, bilateral knee pain and a painful sore on my left Kailee heel. A surgeon had removed a surgical pin. Unfortunately, that area suffered trauma in the road collegian in 2003, and it appears it hasn't healed.

My GP sent me to have an x-ray of both knees, a blood count/ test, and hospital referrals to physiotherapists and orthopaedics. The x-ray results reported abnormal but expected says the GP over the phone, because it's natural wear and tear in bilateral knee osteoarthritis, Knee arthritis, a degenerative condition. However, the x-ray also discovered osteochondroma on both knees. It is a benign, noncancerous tumour on the surface of the bones. Since childhood, I have been aware of them as painless bump which causes deformity and pain with activity.

The blood count showed a percentage fall of white blood cells, and I were to repeat the test, but I have not done so yet. I had my first physio appointment on the 1st of June, and I still have follow-up sections. I am encouraged to maintain doing the set exercises in my home, and the therapist says I am making good progress. I still am waiting to hear from

the orthopaedic department. The physiotherapist and a podiatrist examined my whole posture and movements and measured each leg length. The collected information suggested my left leg is 20mm shorter than the right leg due to a total left hip replacement operation following the trauma in 2003.

I am taking 5mgs of Aripiprazole, and on my birthday, 14th September 2018, I aim to discontinue and observe how I get on with no milligram of medicine in my body.

Antipsychotic drugs usually had been considered to be one of the 20th century's major medical breakthroughs. They often got believed to be so compelling that they brought about the closure of the old mental asylums. The mentally ill were able to return to the community, but it must have involved legal, governmental, and political decisions to save money. Antipsychotics gained a reputation as "chemical straight-jackets" for they control disturbed and aggressive behaviour in mental hospitals and as animal tranquillisers in veterinary medicine.

I am much near to achieving my goal of discontinuing taking antipsychotics. I will again be reducing my medication before the next visit to the psychiatrist in September 2018; the day of the appointment is unknown. I am insightful about my condition, with the capacity to understand the risks of experiencing a relapse while coming off the Aripiprazole antipsychotic medication.

I am fully aware that in case of any signs or symptoms of psychosis, I will seek help from care providers. I know it's a critical period where the dose may be ineffective, and I hope to feel stable. I am very much oriented in time, place, and within myself, and all my cognitive features were weakening and seemed to stay intact because mentally, at my core self, I am well. I can make a decision and decide, and positive symptoms don't exist. I sleep well, an excellent uninterrupted five-and-a-half-hour

slumber each night, and my appetite is good. I have no suicidal or homicidal thoughts, and my mood remains good. It's okay, as I reduced 5mg of Aripiprazole further to approximately 2.5 mg by snapping the rectangle-shaped pill in half. I will take one of the pieces with water/or with a cup of coffee from today, Saturday, 4th August 2018.

There's reasonable evidence that antipsychotics can reduce the symptoms of an acute psychotic episode in the short term, but I have experienced suppressed mental processes. When locked into a persistent psychotic state, I judge the use of antipsychotic medication to treat my neuro-psychiatric disease to regain a foothold in reality over many years. Considering antipsychotics taken for years could produce neurological damage, diabetes, heart disease, shorter life expectancy, and brain shrinkage led me to discontinue the drug. When in a state of mental turmoil and confusion, I may not see my situation as others see it. I also may disagree that anything is wrong or that anything needs changing. The use of antipsychotics changed my behaviour in such a situation that restrained me. As I began to see the world quite as others see it during recovery, I typically thank medical treatment and the use of drugs in psychiatry for inducing my specific mental and behavioural changes are reasonable. The drugs have helped to diminish disturbing thoughts and experiences but at the cost of nearly stifling aspects of my personality, such as initiative, motivation, sexiness, erotic flow and creativity. When I was severely psychotic, the last time was in 2014; the heavy antipsychotic drug dose was far from normalising my ill mind. (The story is in my first published book, *The Memoir of a Schizophrenic*, page 686, sub-headed *Psychotic Episode in 2014*.) They were sedatives and reduced responsiveness and reactions. I was in a state of physical, mental and emotional suppression and had slowed thought processes

and flattened emotions were part of the artificial states the antipsychotics produced.

I used to believe the view that psychiatrists held that antipsychotics worked by reversing an underlying “chemical imbalance” or other such abnormality. They told me this rather than acknowledging that antipsychotics induce an abnormal or altered state of mind. I believe that antipsychotics are misrepresented, their benefits inflated, and their dangers minimised. Their use illustrates that treating severe mental disturbances in people has become some of the most profitable drugs in history. My own experiences taught lessons and textbooks say that antipsychotics affect a consciousness shift in spiritual activities, including thinking, perceptions, emotion, and behaviour, in unique ways. They produce particular alterations in my brain mechanism, while most other drugs seem to recognise the body's pathologies and target them. Medical drugs usually do not target the ultimate cause of the diseases they treat. They may help reduce swelling, pain, and irritation from the body's inflammatory response to the infective agent. I want sustained remission and want to stay well. I am on a sustainable recovery journey, and it will be a hard battle to face if life chances diminish, and I anxiously worry. Filled with doubts, a loss of faith, and distraught and disempowered by the interaction of the Government services, like the Council and Personal Independent Payments (PIP).

I am already waiting for a decision from a review for PIP that I had no outside source to help me write about my health conditions. CAPITA, the organisation that provides the assessment to pass to the DWP government department, will contact me and may ask me to go for a face-to-face assessment. It is a merry-go-round. I have had many evaluations over the years to prove my need for permanent disability benefits for my ill mental health, which raises my anxiety. It gives the feeling of being

overstressed. My wife's friend had accompanied me to the assessment centre once. I had weird, uncomfortable feelings at the assessment centre. In hindsight, it may have been subtle symptoms of schizophrenia, but the health professional did not pick it up, and I lost out on having financial support for my mental ill-health.

I have self-doubt that I can wean off antipsychotics because I feel fear and anxiety take control in the face of the change and uncertainty that is on its way. I am beginning to be afraid, and the purpose of being unmedicated is in the way. I cannot be sure if it's because I heard CAPITA would assess me, and it has thrown me into irrational or unrealistic thoughts that come up again and again. The fear of failure is a universal human emotion. My track record of insanity has me battled with fears and repetitive thought patterns, but my sanity has self-doubts, a thought pattern I control. It causes common cognitive distortion that trips me up.

I am dealing with some impostor thoughts about failure, and I have never learned to deal with this customarily expected emotion healthily. My self-doubt, worry, and inner critic can get toxic, triggering the evolutionary psychiatric disease schizophrenia. I must be careful not to change good brain chemistry to toxic ones as stress interferes. I take caution that I may not be ready to pursue the new leg of my journey through recovery from schizophrenia. I had taken my little half-dose pill and struggled with fraudulent thoughts. My honest feeling is to push the total discontinuation of taking the anti-psychotic med to November 2018. After that, I felt confident with my program to wean myself off the antipsychotic pill. Until worry and confusion in the face of possible negative changes to my PIP entitlement and my general uncertainty if unmedicated schizophrenia will work. It has a dumped effect on my

positive pathway that sees the pursuit as something brave and important to me and everyone living with schizophrenia.

As I leave this write-up with a few more sentences on the page, my luxurious confidence is returning to become my greatest strength and most valuable tool to beat the feeling of failing and undeserving of success. This week, I modified my shoe by raising the left shoe to have a 20mm platform sole. I also brought a brand-new leather upper, a classic doc martin men's shoe, and adjusted it, with 20mm extra height on the left sole and heel. As a result, both heels have laterally flare.

It's now a week later, Saturday, 11th August 2018, and the great thing I am feeling is confidence after I felt fear and anxiety control my days. The thoughts inspired me to grow and served as a springboard to appreciate the stress-free parts of my life; what's going well?

However, getting caught up in problems can be much too easy, and I live like a ball of stress. I am privileged to be still alive; "life" is a series of challenges to be solved, some tragic ones that make us humble and have commonality with everyone on this planet. Although none of us is 100% problem-free, the chances of being a living being in this universe without problems are reportedly the closest to zero you can get.

Schizophrenia Near to Being Deconstructed

Written Sunday, 19th August 2018

I am Greeting you as I begin a new leg of my journey through recovery from schizophrenia, which is not curable. My human brain went awry nine times with psychotic symptoms of schizophrenia, maybe because I was on a high-maintenance dose of antipsychotics for too long. Schizophrenia can produce some of the most uncomfortable experiences a human can have. I have been persistent in slowly weaning myself off an antipsychotic drug, like a constant stream of water which will wear down the hardest, most cumbersome stone, and I am nearly there. The dose is now only 2.5mg of aripiprazole, and I feel normal, happy and healthy. Although, I sometimes exhibit coherent problems because the information to and from my brain must sometime get unregular regulated, and I have concentration weakness too that seems to me to show an intellectual disability. Overall, my mental state functions better than people with low IQ. I am developing strong, healthy, clear thoughts and can better determine a course of action sometimes.

Antipsychotic medication couldn't restore the damage schizophrenia has on the parts of my functioning, which are not in the categories of positive and negative symptoms. So I must live with the malfunction, learn to adapt, and not let it get me down. I think and have experienced that antipsychotic act well on positive symptoms but worsens negative symptoms. With each hospitalisation I had when I was psychotic, the positive symptoms disappeared within a month, and the negative symptoms persisted to the point of getting worse with long-time use of

the antipsychotic. I used to tell my doctors that I was symptom-free because the positive signs had gone. I could not recognise for years that the negative symptoms were always acting on me. Time and time again, I thought that laziness, low motivation, cognitive deficits, and other poor mental functions were part of my character flaws. I lost jobs because of 'functional decline. In social situations, I talked much less and found it challenging to organise myself.

The full effects of the medication are still unknown, the precise mechanism of its action is still unknown, and atypical antipsychotic drugs have been around since the nineteen nineties. The dopamine hypothesis is still the predominant theory used to explain the drug's effect. Psychiatrists are always saying antipsychotics act by blocking dopamine receptors in the brain. It's kerwallop. They don't know for sure.

I have forever taken my antipsychotics, but they never prevented relapses. Often, schizophrenia symptoms split me off from reality, and I could not distinguish what was real from what was not accurate, but now I am known to have a high level of functionality. I will soon be unmedicated with the symptoms suppressed only through lifestyle changes like reducing stress, feeling not overwhelmed by life, having a good family life, having access to nature and exposing myself more to natural substances. Therefore, I am opting out of the first primary treatment option, antipsychotic medications, to treat my psychiatric disorder.

I had been on antipsychotics for forty years, and the mental health care providers have never offered an alternative course of treatment. I have had disturbing thoughts and behaviour and was on antipsychotics to reduce symptoms. Still, only the hallucinations, delusions, disorganised ideas, and irrational thoughts got suppressed, and my life struggled with blunted effects, impaired emotional responsiveness,

apathy, loss of motivation, interest and social withdrawal. I tried to reintegrate into society and get into work, but I relapsed each time I was employed. My family's support was the best antidote. Their care and love helped me to trust again, I needed lots of reassurance and encouragement, and my irrational thoughts were first to be shifted. My family's endurance is worthy of praise.

I have taken control back from psychiatry because “doctors know best” in psychiatry isn’t always so. By making that decision to empower me, I can take better care of myself and be grounded in how I want to live my life. My relationship with my mind has not been easy over the years. My mind had nine known clinical breakdowns. Conditions can get toxic when my inner self-talk is full of criticisms and judgments. My senses and emotional feelings react like something is acting on it from outside the frame of my brain housing, the skull, which can interfere with any parts of my human body. Some of the factors that made my mind freaked out came about before I was born and probably before I got planted in my mother’s womb by natural conception.

Growing up, I sincerely desired to connect to the thing inside the makeup of my body and mind and the non-corporeal parts of human existence. However, I did not know what to call it to communicate with it. I knew it was impossible to get to reach to touch. The desire went further than my basic human need to connect with my parents and others. My mind was attacking itself and suffered alienation and aloneness inside this entire cosmos, which the agent I was looking for had made. I had the sense that some parts of us, people, are immortal; therefore, it’s a spiritual entity that is dimensional on a different plane from the world, and the human expression for it is God. The immortalised part of me is my soul. It lasts forever in eternity with the one God always in existence.

My thinking welcomes this warmth and love in all humanity. Therefore, my language for this “spirit of God” in the universe greatly influenced how I experienced and interacted with people and the world environment.

From then on, the experience of sensing that another being fully understands me and sees me as emotionally warm who radiates generosity as part of the expression of love given by God. My inner dialogue resonant self-mirrored me in a direct relationship with this God. There is a connection with the sense of warmth and appreciation, and my vibrant self senses the presence of this invisible deity in us and transcends our reality. The emotional part of me was hard-wired, and it treated speaking to myself as talking to God, and I repeated this practice this talking to God.

Religion and culture tried to rewire my brain with the beliefs I couldn't accept. I lived through trauma brought about by the controversial ideas about the man Jesus and the fight by humans with humans for territory in the name of a non-violent God. Hell, devil and salvation by a saviour ideology were damaging me because they did not fit the awakening of both my hemisphere.

Since the dawn of time, God's evolutionary method has changed the human brain; it may have brought about my genetic accident, the psychiatric condition schizophrenia.

My diseased organic brain has my mind and body acting up. Feelings and behaviour were a bazaar, and my brain didn't have the time to heal. Drugs are used to retract or suppress the substances that ill my brain and the pharmaceutical chemicals affect my mind, and it crazed, sometimes without realising it. The suffering was immense until I resonated with myself about how I was treated, and speaking to myself was the key to bringing healing into my life. This means of deep connection to the source

that calms my out-of-control inner critic was reached through powerful positive affirmations to myself. I had statements or even words that I could repeat to myself that could give me strength when feeling weak, and they reminded me to be kind to myself. Meditation and clinging to my popular positive notions about my future outlook healed the troublesome voice and cultivated more compassion for myself.

It has taken a long time to develop this analysis and realise my mind turned against me. The spirituality that exists in us humans defaults through trauma. I searched for God within to bring wholeness and found the levels of criticism. My tone and the pitched voices automatically corrected to one inner dialogue that encouraged and supported me. I am aware of losing precious time and energy when I wrestled with my mind for many years. It also used much power in my thinking. By reasoning out bias, things converted my pessimism to the desirable optimism from the God within. I had relapsed after relapses, and my imagination and memory sort of held right to my mental battles. As I write more on the subtitle theme, my mind has designated specific brain cells to move ahead and try their best to focus. Still, it isn't comfortable, given that the cells of the partition assigned to the next-in-line writing are issuing warnings that it is gradually getting deconstructed. It feels like it has only had a short supply of oxygen left to breathe, and every moment is precious, but every breath is both cherished and regretted at the same time because that is one more breath. I hope I can never get back — schizophrenia is breeding in me.

I take my mind to the task, and my brain knows that the schizophrenia in me must deconstruct by carefully maintaining a low-stress level and thinking positively. I'll stay on the side of optimism, a confident attitude, some physical exercise, quality sleep, relaxation, and talk to avoid the bottling-up of sad emotions and have good listening to good advice from

those before me. I cherish and love myself and appreciate life's blessings and ups and downs. By having the right attitude at the end of the day, a lot of mental rubbish would not have to be sifted through because it probably won't exist in my mind. The hypotheses as to the aetiology of schizophrenia are always on my conscience. The combination of genetics and the biological basis of the disorder plays an essential role in the environmental factors to trigger a possible genetic predisposition. And that may start back up again at the onset of this debilitating disease, schizophrenia terrible symptoms in me.

Although the aetiology of schizophrenia is always in my mind, I resolved to take a proactive role in the attitude toward schizophrenia and not buy into the myth that I can't get total remission for the rest of my life. I can understand why health professionals think like that because schizophrenia had been an episodic disorder in me that characterised itself by going in and out of symptomatic remission. It will be different this time because I have taken the step to prove that some people with schizophrenia do not need lifelong antipsychotic medication for long-lasting well-being. Several -times, the schizophrenia has been inactive in me on the antipsychotic drug. Still, all the while, my quality of life, occupation and social functioning had negative residual symptoms of schizophrenia impairing me.

I have not heard of any consensus on what constitutes "recovery" in schizophrenia. Schizophrenia is a very stress-sensitive disorder, and I have to cope better with everyday problems and situations that could trigger a breakdown. I must know my limits, not take on more than I can handle, and take time out when I feel overwhelmed. As I move forward to become unmedicated, I'm an exception, living with schizophrenia without taking any medication. Will I go prescription free on the day I see the psychiatrist? September 2018. I hope to; then, in the next six to ten

months, following -up with a psychiatrist and then making a decision, I am having total disappearance of positive and negative symptoms. No rehospitalisation will re-defined me as having “meaningful recovery” in schizophrenia. It may seem like I am in an interlude between the psychotic episodes, but I hope that a long-time follow-up discovers that I am indeed in total remission.

Improvement in my quality of life and social functioning is the outcome that matters the most to me. Unfortunately, the current treatment of schizophrenia seldom results in full recovery because living in England, a rat race ideology industrialised country, and taking antipsychotic medication contributed to my mental breakdowns. The burden of high mortgage payments, utility bills, and work and work to make ends meet without rewards and interactions with people who cannot stand my guts are stressors. Other stressors in industrialised living increase my body's production of the hormone cortisol, which triggers psychotic episodes in me, and antipsychotics are helpful only in acute psychosis. At first, my periods of psychosis seemed to come and go unpredictably over the years. Still, looking back through my journals and carrying out my analysis, the stressful conditions in my life were breathing grounds for the most fearsome mental illness, schizophrenia, to re-appear. Stress is my biggest enemy with this disorder.

Final Reduction in Anti-Psychotic Medication

Written Monday, 3rd September 2018

The positive mental state of my mind has urged me to gear up for more challenges, and there's a robust inner vision ahead. I reached the final reduction in antipsychotic medication. My idea, aim, and mission must not be derailed or go in a wayward direction because I retraced my history of this condition schizophrenia is agonies of life and a bitters fate. A lot of water has flowed into the river since the diagnosis. Today, the weird world of delusions, hallucinations, disordered thinking, and disorganised behaviour is being defeated by a sincere thought to the Godly insight that gives me wisdom and strength with immense self-confidence and self-realisation. Although schizophrenia cannot get erased, the sufferers should not lose hope and have a positive state of mind, which will not develop in a day. It's the years-long building of solid, strong willpower and re-justifying it to the brain. I can't visionless bring relief to my weary personal thinking; its ills produce a subjective manifestation of sickness. So I have opted for a course of action that seems radical to have slowly weaned off antipsychotic medication.

From today, 03.09.2018, I am taking a "pinch" dose after snapping the 5mg tablet into two halves. I then choose one of the pieces, position it in the pill cutter, and attempt to slice it to an even smaller size, and it looks like the blade has just pinched a bit from the pill. The dose is approximately 1.25 mg of Aripiprazole daily. Managing schizophrenia, I ensure I can live with a chronic disease as common as people with another chronic illness and have the best life possible. I must have an

exit plan in complicated social situations or avoid those situations entirely for its ancestry to feel paranoid and anxious. I can make this “recovery in schizophrenia” and not lose my specific voice, the Self of my mind, or the part of my brain that bare senses and feelings that rely on trusting my self-confidence.

The expected appointment date to see a subjective psychiatrist who looks at symptoms is in September; the follow-up from the last visit was in March 2018, but the letter has not appeared yet. I am very close to starting a new self-advised therapy without the official approval of a psychiatrist. Therefore, I have Asterixed the date 14th September 2018 on the calendar as the first day I will stop taking anti-psychotic medication and completely stop on that day. It will be my Birthday, and I reached sixty-two years old. The challenges of the disease are to stay always symptom-free, and I believe I can do this because I have created a purpose-driven life, have the support I need from my family and educated myself about the illness. In addition, I am pursuing self-help strategies that prevent my thinking and behaviour from developing into psychotic episodes.

I trust to tell say about my mental health if:

- withdrawing from relationships or hobbies
- increase anger, aggression or suspiciousness

Inactivity and hyperactivity/ hypersensitivity. Behaving in a way that's reckless, strange, or out of character. Inattention to personal hygiene. Laughing or crying inappropriately or being unable to laugh or cry. If not unable to feel or express happiness, depression and anxiety decrease or disturb sleep.

It's a long, challenging road to maintain symptom-free, and I have prepared to take the best care of myself to give me the best chance to have no symptoms and sustain recovery. I now have more control over

my recovery than I had probably realised. Acute psychosis is not a pleasant condition; It's incredibly frightening, debilitating and exhausting for sufferers and loved ones who care for us experiencing psychosis. I have four years, 2014 – 2018 period of relative stability from psychosis. As a long-term sufferer since 1977, I have learned to have the best chance of increasing peace and stability and avoiding a psychiatric crisis. There are many negative consequences when this chronic condition, schizophrenia, disrupts life. Overwhelming anxieties often trigger my relapse, and acting early and talking to trusted people help prevent deterioration. The less external stress I have to deal with, the more energy I can devote to recovery, and now that I have no work-related stress, I hope I can recognise the warning signs and stay on top of it. Refocusing on reframing what I regard as success and failure can significantly impact my life if I have not learned how or what my symptoms triggers are. I like to spread some lived experience wisdom with tips for having total remission from schizophrenia, "a lasting recovery in schizophrenia" is how I'll genuinely think of it.

Tips on lasting recovery from Schizophrenia:

1. Before you go off your antipsychotic medications, make sure you talk to your treating specialist, a GP, your family, or a friend before you make any changes to your prescription. The decision to reduce or come off antipsychotics should get based on discussion, research, and planning.
2. Minimise the stress in your life. Pressure can be a trigger for relapse
3. Make sure you get enough sleep. Get regular quality sleep because sleep deprivation can be diabolical for an emotional disease such as schizophrenia

4. Learn your triggers and symptoms and talk to someone about them
5. Remember your bodily aches, too, monitor body symptoms and the health of emotions of your brain's ideas and ills, eat healthily, exercise, and stop or do not smoke.
6. Schizophrenia can't be treated alone by diet, exercise, prayer, or willpower, especially in the acute state. Instead, evidence-based treatment by observation health medics is required.
7. Having a philosophy around what you hope to be and what you intend to accomplish is vital. Core Values, Ideals, and principles bring enthusiasm and passion to your life and have beliefs or activities that excite you and mean something to you. Also, have reasons for doing what you 're doing with your life. Then, your direction in the process and the actions you must take will fulfil the requirements of your plan. So many barriers people with schizophrenia face, with brave challenges and difficulties, can be veritably won over if people with schizophrenia can teach themselves confidence, immense courage, and the willpower to overcome challenges.

I have grappled with severe paranoid schizophrenia for four decades, and only recently did my determination and courage spark a new awakening and a new horizon.

26

A Letter to the Government Assessor (Capita), the GP and the Psychiatrist

Written Friday, 7th September 2018

Howdy, sir/ madam,

Capita wrote to me that I might need a face-to-face assessment.

I am growing up with overwhelming anxiety and sleepless nights. In addition, the possible call-up for a face-to-face assessment worries me excessively and is hampering my recovery from schizophrenia.

Over the years, from 1977-2014, I have had assessments, and the health professional was no wiser foreseeing me. Even when I was assessed a few weeks after coming out of the hospital in 2009 and 2014 on heavy medication, 30 mg Aripiprazole tablets and 10 mg Haloperidol tablets, I was declared fit by the health professional.

A visit was made to my home, and again, I was declared fit. In hindsight, I was not well, and the symptoms that showed I was not yet in recovery were not picked -up by the Capita assessor. I lost jobs because of 'functional decline,' and in a social situation, I talked much less. I had tried over the years to reintegrate into society and get into work, but I relapsed each time I was employed.

If the decision this time is to have a face-to-face assessment at the centre or my home, I will refuse to attend. It is because I have had nine-time hospitalisation for paranoid schizophrenia, and none of the Capita assessors has determined that I have been unwell or that my recovery was beginning.

I have begun journaling through recovery from schizophrenia, which is not curable. I had uncomfortable experiences a human can have when psychosis unlocks intuition, higher perception, and psychic ability. I aim to be unmediated, with the symptoms suppressed only through lifestyle changes like reducing stress and not feeling overwhelmed by life.

The possible assessment is beginning to throw my recovery in jeopardy because it's harder to deconstruct schizophrenia in me by carefully maintaining low-stress levels, thinking positively, and staying on the side of optimism and a confident attitude when there's an assessment hanging over me.

The breathing ground for the most fearsome of all mental illnesses, schizophrenia, to re-appear as symptoms are stress. It's the biggest enemy. So please conclude with my application for PIP, which also includes my physical health and its problems, so that I can come to terms with the decision, whatever it may be. I would not be able to challenge with strength the decision if I believed it was wrong.

I will not attend any more assessments by Capita because the stresses are too high, which may cause my recovery to take a setback.

Yours faithfully,

Karl Lorenz Willett.

Howdy Doctor,

Re; A call from Capita to attend a face-to-face assessment, which I feel unable to do.

I have waited months to hear something about my PIP claim and have heard nothing. I had no sleep for a few nights as the fear of the assessment rolled over my mind. Today, 07.09.2018, I wrote an email to Capita to explain if I get called for a face-to-face evaluation, it will be too stressful for me to attend.

They responded by telephone, saying the health professional decided I must go to the assessment centre to have an assessment for PIP. I don't feel I can without Jeopardising my recovery from schizophrenia. I am in a new recovery phase from schizophrenia, and they will likely mess up my attempt to stay well with the stresses they impose on me. I feel I will lose any entitlement because of their incompetence to see that too many stressors cause my breakdowns. Since I cannot work, I need this benefit to help support myself and my housing cost.

I have weaned myself off 30mg Aripiprazole tablet and 10mg Haloperidol since 2014 to have a dose of only 2.5mg (approximated amount) of Aripiprazole from 4th August 2018. However, I do not want anything to go wrong, and Capita does not understand the delicate balance and the critical period I am in this period.

They did say a letter from my GP and Psychiatrist or a phone call to them would be necessary because I am avoiding seeing the Capita assessor. They gave a deadline to respond, 17th September 2018.

I am sending the exact format of this letter to my consultant psychiatrist at St. Mary's Hospital, and attached is a copy of the email I sent to Capita for you to be in the loop.

Thank you for whatever you can do to help because they are not listening to me.

Warmest regards, Karl L Willett.

Doctor's Letter, Pip Claim, DVLA Questionnaire & My Cognitive Impairment

Written Sunday, 23rd September 2018

They sent me a text message and a letter to attend a face-to-face assessment at 9:25 am on Monday, 17th September 2018, by the Capita.

I was stressed, it affected my sleep, and I talked about it daily, desperately trying to stay well and focused. I already accepted some time ago that I might have lost the case either by going or not. I shoved off the confirmation messages of the appointment, knowing the decision-maker was likely to refuse my claim.

I was so fearful that the stress of my assessment would trigger off my Schizophrenia again; that I did not turn -up. I was sure it was a significant stressor that I must avoid. I have known from experience; that it has the potential to trigger symptoms because of the acute observations and questioning. It's the perfect setting to begin paranoid thoughts.

Below is a section of the letter the GP sent me, which arrived through my letterbox on the 19th of September, and I emailed the entire content to Capita the next day.

I am writing to support this gentleman in his PIP application in that he is unable to attend the Capita face-to-face assessment, which he has been sent a letter about

I can confirm that he does have a history of schizophrenia dating back from 1978 and more recently sectioned under the Mental Health Act in 2009

He remains under the care of the Community Psychiatric Team, and they see him regularly. He is on several medications, including Aripiprazole

I think that he has problems with managing public transport and going out for a face-to-face assessment

He is fearful that the stress of his assessments will trigger off his schizophrenia again, which he finds exceptionally stressful

I'll be very grateful if you could do anything that might assist him in this area

Many thanks

Yours faithfully

Later that day, Capita tried to contact me on my mobile phone, and I did not hear the ringtone. The recorded message I listened to when I had a periodic looked-for text message. They attempted again to speak to me on my home phone at 8:15 am the next day, 21st September, and I was in the shower. The telephone answering machine picked up the left message saying they would call again later, but no further attempt was made that day. Another major stressor last week was having to fill -out a medical questionnaire from DVLA (Driver & Vehicle Licence Agency) because my three years restricted license will run out in December 2018. I am also concerned about the Blue Disability Badge, which expires next month, October 2018. The badge allows the holder to park a vehicle, be a passenger in a car, and park in a disabled bay or partially restricted roads. I have no idea if any of these items will be awarded back. I check my blood pressure regularly to be one of the ways I monitor my health as I take on life day by day.

I have enrolled in Adult Learning education classes and continued to do hobbies I enjoy to reach my full potential. The first social connection

was the writers' club, which challenged my ability to follow, read, what was said by each member, and express a respectful opinion. It is hard to follow the script of fiction genres, build the characters, bring the plot to a climax, and understand the story to the end. I have never read a book of fiction and fully understood the story. I am persevering with the writers' club, working hard to be the first with the constructed criticism. Not just saying, "yes, that's also what I was thinking," to someone else's critical thinking about a story. Or keep my mouth shut; nothing to say because I have no clue about the story.

A Literary Festival will occur at Althorp house, where Princess Diana lived. I brought tickets for the session scheduled for Saturday afternoon, 6th October 2018. The upcoming Literary event is a bold strategy to train my brain all afternoon to keep pace, keep its attention, and save information in mind. I want to increase my ability to collect the data for a brief time and to say or listen to the report after a second subject is introduced and after a short time has elapsed, return to the original data and not forget it.

After attending the first two hours of a five-week course on Design and Creating a website to be able to create primary Author's website, I saw that I am struggling with learning. I retained nothing of the practical knowledge to repeat the process on my home computer. The sheet hand-out and the homework sets are not jogging my memory because I cannot remember a thing. I have already paid to be on four more courses (Creating Presentations with PowerPoint, Get Your Website Found, Create A Responsive Website, and finally, the course on Effective Public Speaking), which take the studies into the winter months through to the end of January 2019. I had no idea that my learning had difficulties that were so severe. My mind kept somehow messing up my education. Trying to figure out things like remembering names and listening to words

to fully understand what someone told me results in the illness of schizophrenia presenting cognitive impairments, or its many years of antipsychotic drugging damaged my brain cells?

I immediately made an online appointment to see my GP. On the 3rd of October 2018, I will discuss my working (short-term) memory and request a specialist trained in cognitive assessment to assess and report.

Schizophrenia Management without Medication

Written Wednesday, 26th September 2018

I now realise for a long time that long-term use of anti-psychotics has detrimental modifications on my functioning and quality of life. So I have completely weaned myself off it. I am currently medication-free for thirteen days. Coming off medicine was not a decision that I took lightly. I have been unmedicated with schizophrenia since Friday, 14th September 2018.

My dosage was reduced slowly and carefully over a long period of four years. The side effects that had stiffened my joints in agony are gradually disappearing, and so are the other unpleasant side effects. My body's intelligence is working hard to sync with my brain biochemistry to cease multi-behavioural challenges. Hope, courage and immense willpower push me forward toward recovery.

I have tried anti-psychotics for over forty years and have had psychosis many times. Yet, antipsychotic pills didn't eliminate psychotic activity over time. Each episode had its differences for me in learning healthy coping mechanisms. It is much too soon to say whether I have reversed psychosis for good or just an interlude in the psychosis episodes. Having a better insight into the illness seems seemlier like a rocket booster, giving significantly improved chances to remain in recovery.

Schizophrenia is the most severe illness that chronically affected much of my life. I lost my job, abandoned my education, and experienced repeated hospitalisation.

The psychiatry industry has to come clean one day because I happen to conclude that the treatment is improper and lacks ethnicities.

I live now with schizophrenia without taking medication, but for most with schizophrenia, medicine is essential to living a fulfilling life. They may be taking the antipsychotics without experiencing any adverse side effects. However, let's be clear about taking medication if schizophrenia symptoms come to the point of possibly experiencing psychosis again, which negatively impacts my life when all my other recovery methods are no longer working for me. Then, I would go back on the medication. If there were a magic pill to straighten minds and medicate to improve the thinking process by spotting the locative, you can be sure I would have had it.

It may seem I'm giving antipsychotic medication use a hard knock; only the long-term maintenance uses of those medications raise my anxiety. But, on the other hand, they have been a helping hand when I was too unwell to think straight, I keep telling myself, and they are not 'happy pills' that solve my worries and problems of that nature. I thought they had made it harder for me to focus on clear and straight thoughts and did not give me a more comfortable life, but medication might have been the foundation of treatment to straighten it out.

The positive and negative symptoms and cognitive impairments of schizophrenia were a constant agony in my life, and they devastated my future vision at the onset. It has taken me a long time to pull myself out of the catastrophe of schizophrenia to bring my life back from a devastating direction. By coming off medication, it feels like I have become free from this seemingly death-liken-defying ailment. It is simmering the positive state of mind and is pushing my conscience to recognise schizophrenia is not a forever killer that brings death, ultimately, dead. I have never heard schizophrenia caused any eventual death. A lifestyle

that may include smoking and long-term use of antipsychotic medication give us conditions like signs of lung cancer, heart diseases, and diabetes that kill. I had faced frustrations and agonies in most of the steps I took since my schizophrenia diagnosis in 1977. These days, the weird world of persecution, hallucination, delusions, positive symptoms, and the negative ones, like reduced expression, lack of motivation and functioning, has stopped haunting me. The journey is never over because the domain province is full of challenges and threats that can stress me positively or negatively. A positive state of mind will be the winner on the day-to-day for sufferers surviving in the day-by-day environment; they will then excel.

The history of my illness has a disastrous direction with suicidal urges, and my tormented mind evolved from them, but my body continued to overflow with muscle activity. There's sometimes a cry to a Godly source to bring peace and harmony and the Almighty energy; the supreme power force had input answers to my repeated request. It was the strengths of my soul that I felt from my gut (a sort of the second brain in my belly) poured the right chemical signals up to my first brain in my skull, opening up my higher consciousness to immense grit and determination to pull through.

The overflowing of muscle activities has not stopped entirely because my neck, shoulders, and hands are stiff. I visited the dentist for pain in my mouth and was told I have sensitive gums. Cramps are in my legs, and I get lower back pain too. Having musculoskeletal physiotherapy exercises is giving me slight relief. In addition, I experience writer's cramps from time to time when either theirs's tightness in my wrist and fingers or my pen jerk when I write.

You may remember that the National Lottery (Lotto Thunder ball) was one of the challenges I set myself up for a "must-win loads of money".

The dilemma of whether I would win was an irreconcilable conflict that stressed me negatively for years, but it was not a subject that I focused on intensely anymore. Although there is a reward at stake, my perception of a win is not motivated genuinely to win the money, it's fun to flutter, and it raises happy feelings in my healthy mind.

The Placebo Effect and the Void in My Head

Written Saturday, 27th October 2018

Today is 27.10.2018, the forty-fourth day of living with untreated, remission schizophrenia, and I am healthy with an extraordinary sense of a godly charged normality of being all good. It is the most significant perspective people and things can have, that of the ultimate source flowing through my divine mind. I have reached perfection in bearing the truth and never lying, but is there a superior complex in control?

The typical standard in people who have a sense of the godly has variables in this and are subjective and honest about taming passion they struggle with, and all the people and things find it hard to tame themselves.

I have strived to be reasonable and healthy for years with the schizophrenic label. Still, society would not hear that people with this illness can get better by themselves through true faith in the placebo effect of the brain healing itself. Instead, they locked us away in asylums and introduced first-generation antipsychotics from 1950 until 1990, when we were dumped into society without adequate support. Then, the pharmaceutical industry brought in the second generation of antipsychotics, and the placebo effects were rarely seen as a good healing process. I am going through a lifestyle change to be unmedicated with schizophrenia, and I expect a positive impact on my brain.

I am pleased that the phenomenon, evidence of schizophrenia disorder, and sensory hallucinations that anticipate impairing altered sensory feelings in one's voice or hearing that seem to be that of

somebody else will never be a part of my lived experiences again. I feel more confident that I faithfully represent stimuli from the outside world, and my internal template, which has my preconceptions about the world and what I see or think, is inert in my brain. Thank God! before leaving the hospital in 2014, anticipatory signals caused hearing voices to be idle, and my voice addressed me with Q&A, and you, the reader, were listening. I have a void in my head that may have developed from long-term use of first- and second-generation antipsychotics to stave off schizophrenia, or it is due to the gradual process of age-related memory loss. The void in my head is the storage of working memory, but it is empty, and I can't remember things. A specialist in the NHS is to check my memory, and I am on the waiting list to clinical test my mind. I hope the molecular machinery that underlies my memory can have manipulation to improve it. Although, I have not yet had the clinical trials on my mind. It works sufficiently well through the everyday mundane tasks that I carry out that do not require sensory information. I hope that when I have the test, which proves that my memory is not functioning correctly, age-related memory loss will be the outcome of the malfunction.

Forgetfulness and age-related memory lapses will be more natural to come to terms with than hearing schizophrenia has profoundly debilitated my memory. That would be shocking! It will be challenging, but still, I am very well aware that I had memory loss in two different schizophrenia trauma episodes in my history with the illness. There were a lot of reflexive actions and reactions, and created memories were lost when I came out of a form of nightmare terror. My brain headquarters for learning and memory was trying to decide whether to learn. It is getting more challenging to give initial feedback at the Writers' club about the fictional story of members.

I pay attention, and up to a point, I'll be able to follow, but suddenly, a blank void appears in part of my concentration, and no concrete ideas exist about what is going on. There's no underlying understanding in my mind about how the story developed. I had no idea how the various characters appear in the account, the plot, the dialogue, or the scenes. At its basic level, could I tell what the story is? "No," I am internally frustrated. Information for the mind and in mind isn't getting held. The information I take in and ideas I format do not seem to have storage in my memory, and my internal dialogue is a weak structure and gets wiped out in the actual process of laying it down in my mind. I can't remember. Even my hand-written notes are at first illegible because it's scribbling, and there is no logical order to them. Listening to information with keen alertness and concentrating on writing and evaluating simultaneously scatters many confusions in the pathways of my brain, and it is mixed up. I can't decide what to do, and I have nothing to say when it reaches my conscience. I become mute.

Another example was stories with the theme "Whodunit". I followed the author's script as each read their story in two parts. The first part tells the story, and we all stop to think about who we believe committed the crime. The second part says who the culprit was and the motive. So six authors read their diverse 'Whodunit' stories, and we have to determine who did it and what reason they had.

Why, Ho, why I can't get it? I haven't even had reason to say, "I think so, so, and so did it because!" Every member was able to tell who did it and give an idea. Their answers were varied; some had it wrong, but they gave it a go, and some responded only from their gut instinct.

I responded to five stories I keenly followed and heard the authors' reading them. Still, I had to say, "I am sorry, I haven't a clue," and with one story, I say, "It was an accident". How foolish was that? What

becomes of my ability to figure out what going on and retain an understanding of the evening theme?

I beat myself up, for I felt uneasy because I didn't know how to respond, that was a unique aspect of me influencing my feelings, and I was angry too. I want others to perceive me as capable and not as a fool. I walk to the car park, ten minutes from the Writers club meeting place. I healthy engaged with three parts in my one person, the stressed me, the unpleasant thoughts I have of myself and the joy part of me operating in one whole unit, which is the (full) holistic me. I spent another ten minutes in the car, controlling my breathing. Finally, I drove home and told my wife about the hellishness of it all, and my darling was able to lift me to a place of peace in my mind. "Karl," my sweetheart said, "You have never read murder mysteries stories or watched crime and detective stories on TV. You have always understood the kind of books that gives facts. You lack the developed sense to look for clues and put the story together. You somehow have those fictional stories as real life and can't seem to pass off the murders' as just fiction, which should be entertaining for you. Karl, you hate to think of the awful crime or murder people can commit. It's natural that you wouldn't have a clue and will say without reason the first silly thing".

I intend to continue to go to the Writers' Club. The problem with my authentic feelings makes me look weak; the social cognition, verbal and visual learning, memory, and processing speed to keep pace are beginning to look more like learning difficulties. I had already given up Adult Learning classes because of it. The Writers' Club I'll stick to and better my craft of being an author among people who enjoy writing fiction. I struggle with cognitive impairment. I found make-up sentences straight out of their heads without referring back to their lived experiences fascinating. Fiction writing is not part of the author's experience; they just

made it up. Mystery, thriller, romance, science fiction, fantasy, and comics are genres written straight out of the author's good imagination. I continued to be fascinated by how members crafted their fiction writings and were able to write short stories just like that! And on the spot in a genre or any theme within the suggested word count. Their styles robustly activate my passion for writing more. They give me a dynamic representation of writings that constantly challenge me. I aim to diverge and expand my writing horizons and write some fiction unrelated to my own experiences.

I already had trusted, and goodwill people are saying to diverge from creative non-fiction to teen fiction or children's fiction, and they have confidence in me that I will be good at writing in that genre too. I responded to their stimuli by writing a fictional novel with stimuli reinforcing stimuli and began writing down potential ideas that could be a storyline. As a result of the flash-in-the-pan moment during brainstorming, I scaled high with stimulus intensity. I enjoyed the behaviourally relevant salience exercise to prepare for writing fiction. However, my brain activity that needed to work on two projects simultaneously was exhausted. I have shelved the storylines for the novel because my frontal lobe could not cope with another project on writing at the same time.

I am addicted to challenges, which are the torchbearer to a new kind of future where people learning about life reach optimal mental health without suffering too much firsthand. Most of my lifelong learning has been tagged with a brand of schizophrenia, paranoid schizophrenia, which kept a visual decade after decade, and treatment was solely antipsychotics. One of my torches bearing challenges has its beam spot on the new phase in sustaining lasting recovery with schizophrenia unmedicated after years of being drugged. It relies on the placebo effect

to keep right the balance of brain chemical reactions in harmony with my body's chemical reaction systems, but it may not suit everyone. My skin and the five known senses pick up signals from the external environment; an attitude of calm indifference to external events is passed on for my brain to process. A placebo will provide a psychological rationale, and my placebo bias and traditional beliefs will help me recover. How my mind thinks now or behaves has actions that no longer spring from unusual ideas that are laughable or stupid. I get a silly feeling that I am stupid when my thinking strays well away from outside the box. The good thing about it is that I can see them for what they are, ignorant and foolish thoughts and laugh at them without remorse.

I want to cultivate a great mental state for the rest of my life. By controlling the judgments, I make about things and how I think about things. How, then, can I feel different when my experiences of living with people give me a full acknowledgement that some people are wicked? The struggle to live (put food on the table) and disasters, natural or humanmade, rivers my emotions; As my thought paused for a few seconds, it generated in the plural, without arguing that we have very little control over anything. We haven't control over what happens to us, and we also can't control or own the people around us, what they say or do, and we can't even fully control our bodies, which get damaged and sick and ultimately die. We only manage this part of us that "thinks." Therefore, how I think about the ideas and the judgments I make about thoughts control much of my happiness. Things in themselves are neutral but look terrible to me and can be indifferent to someone else or even welcome by others. Things happen, none of which are inherently good or bad. I supposed, and how I value them potentially, I have control over my happiness. I appreciate every living thing so much that my value judgments generate in-depth emotional responses so overwhelming that

it debilitates me. I have almost no control over anything, but I can regulate my irritations or my act of anger or sorrow in response to someone who perhaps didn't deserve it.

When encountering many stressed, impatient, ungrateful people, they can sometimes have me respond calmly. It is because it may not be intentional, and I'll be happy. The obvious things that disturb me the most like wars, famine, suffering, and man's inhumanity to man, and I have to accept what happens in the world. It ultimately forced me to exit this world because, being too sensitive, I attempted suicide in 2003. I didn't like what was happening. I should choose personal happiness over corporal solidity, but my thinking had paradoxed. No one chooses to be unhappy when in their right mind, stressed, angry, miserable, and yet those were, in fact, all the product in my thinking. The one thing within my control, "thinking", had derailed when my brain was ill with schizophrenia eruptions. It had taken me decades to stop the geological activity of the condition and for it to stay dormant and never again get influential in my brain. So stuff happens, and I judge that something terrible is likely to happen or saturate my mind with the media's bad, lousy anxious news, then I am upset, sad, or angry and might get scared or fearful. All these emotions were the product of my judgment of the events. I am getting even more normalised these days because I can better diminish those value judgments that generate my emotional responses without affecting my happiness.

The things themselves are probably neutral, and I should think none are inherently good or bad—the vast universe and the infinity of time stretch into the past and future. And time is putting my life into a broader context of rights and truths, and it has given me another chance to embrace whatever the universe provides. The world does not revolve around my feelings; my empathy for people are moments when my

humanity reaches out to them. The “self”-automated itself to survive the intensity of its emotions. Spiritual energy forces in nature brought trillions of organised cells together to form me, Karl. They covered me in dark skin, and I had expected everything within the cosmic perspective that all of life is but moments to conform to the authentic challenges of living smoothly in ectopia on this planet. Instead, I sensed that before the earth becomes debris and our mortal flesh perishes, we must move through the universe again as spiritual cells.

There's a profound change in my predictions. They have lost their hype, anxiety and gloom, and doom. I am glad I could mentally imagine how tomorrow's species and environment may look without cultural divisions. Yesterday's failing systems are getting pulled down, and the present time is accelerating the hacking-off process faster to make way for the rising of a new system that works in harmony with nature and the unseen forces in the spiritual field. It will allow us and other species to survive in an environment that nourishes its species, far removed from the Darwinian survival of the fittest mentality. My current perception, which gets seen best when driving a vehicle, is another example that I am sane. I am in control and switch between autopilot, the unconscious and conscious awareness is working fine, and both are in harmony running the show. My sensory organs are in good order, my attention and motivation are striving to improve, and I am moving away from toxic anxiety that is paralysing worry and valid concern, which is not. I must be careful as I force myself to do things. My anxiety pressure is coughing as being too hard. Schizophrenia may get unleashed. Trying to medicate the mind like the illness in the physical body will not heal it. From the centre of my being, I am a conscientious objector to how living is for most people on earth, and they must be another way or better system so that all species live in peace and harmony.

I want to be part of a people's system without violence (conscious objectors). Who has the “guts” or the “balls” to strive in their field of excellence to bring about no differences in outcome, a peaceful and harmonious kingdom on earth with heroes, without violence and their companions living without fighting?

Taking Nutrient Support and Coping with Stress In-torrent

Written Sunday, 18th November 2018

My emotional components make me alive, with lots of expressions and feelings. Full of energy one moment, and when I work on challenges, I am drained quickly to a near-death-like state, my motivation gets killed, and my creative thoughts stop. For example, I have been working on writing a fiction story for the Writers' Club, started the preparation about two weeks ago, and developed an outline. Each time I try to move forward to have a flow of words from the original idea and write to reach a few pages into the story, making up sentences become harder and harder. I was only about forty minutes into the project, suddenly felt brutally sedated and had to sleep. I was utter, exhausted and could not focus because I was going through a series of cat naps. It is happening all the time get about forty minutes of making up fiction, but that does not occur so intensely as I write my own life story. My brain's biochemical factory produces my nonfiction fluently out of my head for hours; I get sedated thinking up non-realistic fiction in my head. When I work on problems for more than an hour, pressure builds around my eyes, making them feel strained and tired, my forehead gets a weird sensation of melting, and my eyes begin to close. Melting also varies from one side of my head to the other and settles as fluid in my ears, and I reach for the cotton buds. My whole head can feel like heaps of fast-crawling insects squeezing their way through the brain ventricles.

I have begun nutrient therapy, taken multivitamin supplements, and eaten more foods that contain nutrients to normalise body-brain biochemistry. As a result, I have lost most of my schizophrenia, I am two months into unmedicated, untreated remission schizophrenia, but I am not as well as I can be. I may never be well because some negative symptoms and lack of cognition don't "go away." However, I am very stable, and nutrient therapy compliance is now my choice to knock my schizophrenia socks off. Taking vitamin supplements supports the physical life to nourish the body as well as the brain to be able to think well.

I have had a blood test, which the doctor asked of me because of having a low level of white blood cells. It was repeated twice more because my white blood count was borderline, and the doctor requested that I take again another blood test in the new year, January 2019. I was discharged from physiotherapy at the hospital, checks and tests on my progress before leaving showed steady improvement, and the program of exercises to strengthen my limbs and lower back is now to continue at home to maintain a current fitness level. At last, I have seen a consultant orthopaedic surgeon, and he is arranging an operation in December 2018 to remove a hard prominence callosity near the insertion of my Achilles tendon.

I am still getting harassed by government officials in my claim for the total disability benefit, PIP. I was out shopping in a busy supermarket and answered a call on my mobile phone relating to PIP. They said the assessor could not decide because I did not go to the assessment centre. I again stated my position, and communication between us lasted probably twenty minutes. And one week later, I received a text message saying I might get a call for an assessment. Last week at home, I had a call on my mobile telling me they had made an appointment for me to

have the evaluation at my house. I declined the offer to have an assessment in my home, and they said a letter with details would be computer generated and sent to my address.

I just about had enough of their pushiness, and they are not compiling a file from the experts who see me and come to a decision about the extent of my disability. I sent Capita (the assessor company) an email with a copy of my March 2018 Care Plan and the consultant orthopaedic surgeon's letter. They have the latest facts from experts. Surely then, judgment about my entitlement could not be based merely on less than an hour face -to- face toxic assessment—that of observation of my body language, appearance and tone of voice. I am determined not to have a face-to-face evaluation. It is a stressful encounter where my brain may scramble itself as it gets too overstimulated. A copy of the email was sent to Capita on Thursday, 15th November 2018.

Please open the attachment to find two letters that may help my claim for PIP.

The first letter relates to my Care Plan, and I was to be seen by a consultant psychiatrist for review in September, he left, and my judgment is postponed until January 2019, when a permanent psychiatrist is appointed.

The second letter is to do with a consultant orthopaedic surgeon report.

I have turned down a request for a Capita assessor to visit me at home.

I have already explained my decision based on my psychological problems, but the financial reality of living and housing costs requires extra financial support. Therefore, I will not risk my recovery journey; I will instead do without the money and stay well.

Kindest regards,

Karl Lorenz Willett.

I also filled out an application form last week to apply directly to the County Council to renew my disabled Blue Badge. I sent in the evidence-based report from the consultant orthopaedic surgeon. I discovered that the Blue Badge could be issued without evidence to the County Council of PIP award for mobility. I can no longer wait for the PIP decision because my Blue Badge expired a month ago, in October, and I have more physical difficulties getting in and out of a car in a standard parking bay. DLVA has written to me with an update about my fitness to drive. They require information from my consultant psychiatrist and cannot decide on my driving license without this information. They asked that I follow up and ask that they reply as soon as possible. I received a letter dated 31st October 2018 from the clinical administrator for mental health to complete the DVLA form concerning my ability to drive solely. It says, *“As we have a new consultant in the post who has not met with you before, we request that you attend a short appointment to complete the DVLA form.”* I met with a psychiatrist on 12th November, and he read the questions on the form to me, filled in the tick boxes according to my answers, and added a brief comment. I made sure he beware; I had not had my expected review in September. They have all been aware since 2016; I am gradually weaning off medication and hope to discontinue in September 2018. The psychiatrist says it probably is postponed, and my mental health review may occur in January 2019 when a permanent psychiatrist is appointed. He was to look into the reasons, but to this day, on 18/11/2018, I have no official word about when the psychiatric system will check my mental health. Although I am supposed to be on their radii for monitoring, they are not concerned about a recovery plan, only the persistence of the illness to have drug-dependent persons' which is right in the psychiatry industry to make plenty of money.

There is a casting of a dark cloud over our lives again, and I expect the worst because the authorities are not sensitive to my needs, and I am struggling with visualising success. I would love to have a mini-vacation for my mind today or try to smile often when something funny intentionally happens or do something silly to make myself laugh. Today, Monday, 19th November, my brain is working so hard; the PIP confirmation letter arrived to meet face-to-face at my house on 29/11/2018. Personal problems and those in the world around me have a way of casting a dark cloud over my entire life. My tummy is feeling unsettled. Negative thoughts are laying down the idea that we'll have a setback. I strive to help myself to be at my optimum even though it's well-known I lose functions and am unable to work productively to make a living because of functional decline.

Accepting that I can never work again has been hard. Although I often push myself in the direction of working to be able to have a reasonable standard of living, time after time, I relapse. I apply for financial support from the State, and the process has never run smoothly; it perpetuates hardship. The government system hinders rather than supports me from living a whole and meaningful life. Expert professional medical practitioners diagnosed me with Paranoid schizophrenia, which should be sufficient to secure the benefit payments.

In sickness and health, the State compound stresses me, and most time, I function high because I fight desperately to copy normality from the trusted people around me. Unfortunately, they are ignorant of those facts and keep pushing and pressuring me, and even when I break down, they are so naive they make a final decision that has no financial benefit for me. Every time they see my face. I am seen as operating normally, but it takes a lot of hard work to gear myself to be happy, optimistic and resilient. Every day is a day to improve my mood and well-being, and I

say I can do this or that thing, and I put immense pressure on myself to do those things. Unfortunately, daily or even hour by hour, I can't sustain my positivity; I can lose my functioning ability at any time. It's unpredictable, but I try damn hard not to. I know I can never understand or do things at total capacity. Negative and cognitive symptoms have always affected me, but somehow by acting more contented (fake it), confident and relaxed, there is a sense of calm for a brief period. My body focuses less on stress and tension, and I breathe deeply.

I want to show that I am a functional human being with a disability that prevents full helpful ability, and I find ways to adopt that treat myself with kindness, grace, and self-compassion. I acknowledge my imperfections and struggles and love myself anyway. It's tough when functions get lost through talking to a person or people listening to me. Add in environmental factors, negative thoughts, and self-criticism, and they come to my conscious late that I have lost my functional ability. This chronic condition, am carrier schizophrenia, ordinarily gets extra financial support because it messes up thoughts, emotions, and behaviour. It damages my self-esteem and self-confidence, dampens my mood and interferes with my ability to enjoy positive experiences and events in my life.

For many years, I have been incredibly hard on myself — judgmental, critical, finding fault with every imperfection, and fixing mistakes. I try to fix flaws within myself and externally in an environment where people's views differ, and I get frustrated. So I have to keep practising to learn, exercise to gain self-compassion to prevent the psychological locking of my mind, and use my strengths and notice more of my positive emotions and experiences so they will become positive mood-lifting habits.

I am trying to have the final say on this subheading titled Taking Nutrient Support and Coping with Stress. I tuned in to all the details from

my voice, which translates into greater confidence to focus on positive anticipation. I will savour the moments of a deep sense of peace and contentment as things work out for the good because the universe is on our side. I will also amplify my happiness by savouring the good times and being fully present in the experience. I must remember to lessen stress and tension to increase the enjoyment of my life. I look back and reflect on good times, which helps sharpen my memories and allows me to re-experience some of the joy I felt when the events first occurred.

I am now anticipating, like a young child thinking about the excitement of Christmas morning. Part of what makes Christmas so much fun for kids is the anticipation. I know in advance that my problems are 50 – 50, and I am optimistic. So, leaving this page, I anticipate future enjoyment, like at a birthday party. I expect good luck because of the joy of having the PIP awarded. My endorphins are running around my bloodstream because of this thought.

On the other hand, to “be realistic”! What seems to be the more likely outcome is Daily Living part of the benefit would not be awarded, and the current Mobility part will be removed. If the PIP decision does not support my claim, I have the critical thought that prevents stress toxins release to pulling through confidently this life uncertainty, which is volatile. The key is to remain focused regardless of whether I have the award and stay true to my long-term objectives. Then, I feel equipped to deal with this life’s uncertainty, whichever way the decision goes.

The Writing Needs, New Insight & Well Without the Pill

Written Saturday, 24th November 2018

One of the values I hope my writing generates is to self-educate me about schizophrenia and knowledge for readers so they can follow mental illnesses better and understand them thoroughly. Then the discussion can move forward to break down barriers rooted in prejudice, avoidance, rejection, and discrimination due to lack of understanding. If not tackled, it causes sufferers to internalise cultural myths and biases, and people experience self-stigma.

My reason for writing has many functions; it is no longer just about communicating my ideas, feelings, and personal beliefs. Instead, I need to know about you, you and you, all about you in your communities. Language makes me think in words to change the wrong ideas you may have in your communities about mental illness, the concepts of demons, the supernatural, devil, evil, suffering, and the afterlife to counter fear and social stereotypes and challenge your assumptions about those things.

My writing aims to interfere with and change the thinking between heads to avoid using stigmatising language, support each other fully, protect each other and value each other. I am operating at my most sophisticated level, which may be a part of the frontier of knowledge about schizophrenia. I also think about the world differently, probably considering what nobody has considered or experienced as I do. I have been writing about stuff since 1982 and using the writing process to help myself think and believe. The thinking I am doing feels at a level of such

complexity that I have to use writing to help myself do the thinking and only edit the words after re-reads. I am sending these messages of my thought to readers and has readers read my notes. If I have done my earthly job well, they may change how they see the world and people with schizophrenia.

As readers, you may be able to read the pattern of my writing language and stop reading before I have interfered with your thinking processes. But you may not understand the message I want to send and become aggravated. My ideas and experiences are getting written not to be preserved indefinitely but to move knowledge and our species forward by changing people's attitudes and thoughts about disabilities where they are discriminatory. So that we, all of us, can participate in this vast world no matter what flaws and imperfections we may have. I hope the message will be of value for readers to change evil ideology in privileged heads before they cause havoc when played out on the species on the planet. The twentieth century had many examples; very little has changed, and it is now 2018. We, the familiar, extraordinary ordinary people without violence, must begin to find ways to manipulate the minds of the stupidly clever. I hope my book will be valuable for all readers to change ideas that are misconceptions, myths, or damn right lies. I also hope reading my experiences can lead to greater understanding and acceptance and help those with mental health problems feel less ashamed of their disorders because there is a biological basis for them.

Schizophrenia is not a demonic phenomenon; it is based on biology, and physical, social, and environmental factors can also play a role in its development; the correct terminology opens up honest conversations about the condition. We have a lot to thank for technology and science to give the commoner a start to debunk what they fear, not based on actual threats but on ancient and modern superstitions, myths, and ignorance.

This millennium is increasingly bathing us in the knowledge that changes and technology that changes, too, and what is right today may not be suitable for tomorrow's people without the factual evidence about the universal, eternal law that governs truth about life and its components.

Science discovers the components, but what is sacred and transcendent is not equipped to be measurable, so science cannot find them. Nevertheless, the sciences should not deny what we believe as transcendent, for they exist. The eternal truth reminds humankind that life and its components were made, engineered by a creator, and did not emerge out of random empty nothingness. Although conventional sciences cannot prove it, most of the ingredients in life are well known to them.

One such component that gives biological bases for schizophrenia is genetics. I learnt it by reading textbooks. Mental illness is not to be ashamed of, as I mentioned before, as it is a problem for medic's investigation and proper use of medicines, like diabetes or heart disease. I am furthering my education with my lived experience to understand, accept, and help those with mental health concerns feel less ashamed of their disorders. Having the insight will make me intervene at an early stage if my susceptibility is triggered again due to unique irregularities of environmental factors and the interaction of my genetics. They say that people with a family member with a mental illness may be somewhat more likely to develop one themselves because they are hereditary illnesses, and susceptibility is passed on in families through genes. Schizophrenia has a decisive genetic risk factor, but not necessarily so that a family member will develop the illness. It has a link to the irregular functioning of nerve cell circuits or pathways that connect particular brain regions!!!! There's a strain on my thinking!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I will have to stop writing at this time for a while.

I am falling in and out of consciousness, feeling sleepy,!!!!! And sleepier, more exhausted, and more tired, probably because I just had lunch. I am going in and out of naps. I'll try to concentrate and write the manual's teachings that include my life experiences in my own words. Finally, I have to pause and take some time out. I'll be back in a bit!!!!!! I am having to "switch off, disconnect" Sorry! I can't continue; I need to sleep; my eyes have automatically closed for a nap!!! Zizz!!! Zizz.

Okay, I replenished here I am again after one hour and a half of loss of functionality and returned to my pre-stress level of functioning.

There is an impressive and growing suite of technologies to help neuroscience understand genomics biomarkers in the brain non-invasive way. Brain imaging technology has shown scientists normal brain function and how mental illness can drastically impact the brain. Notably, in lengthy or repeat episodes of depression or schizophrenia, there is brain shrinkage in parts of the brain. Mental illness should get treated no differently than someone struggling with another severe disease. There are naturally occurring brain chemicals called neurotransmitters that carry signals to parts of the brain and body, and mental illnesses develop when neurons in the brain stop expressing or when there is a problem with neurons communicating.

In the early years, receiving a diagnosis for living with a mental illness was scary because societal conversations about mental health did not exist. They widely believed that mental illness was a curse or punishment for disobedience from external moral agents or spirits, invisible to us mortals, who are in the outer bounds of the universe where the heavenly place is supposed to exist. It's scary, too, to know that my altered sense of reality will be happening from time to time for the rest of my life, and I was likely to go awry in my mind because I have schizophrenia, which medicine eases some of the symptoms, but can't cure me. But after a

period of frightening inner chaos, the main symptoms of schizophrenia that had altered my living went. My thinking and behaviour return to as close to the norm of rationality and regular action of other people.

I dressed in clean casual clothes, appeared intelligently confident, and was comfortable with always having a well-groomed appearance. That baffles the general public's perception of living with a mental illness; some professionals were hoodwinked too. I lost productivity in all my careers and opportunities to earn a living because being a seemingly "well" schizophrenic exhibiting a standard range of emotions and habits was a bluff. My bodily processes always react to the seeping in of the tiniest filtering through of active suppressed schizophrenia inflammation. The question of purpose, meaning, and what's wrong in the world and my value to the world develop to be epidemic problems that I have to solve to have a more liveable life. I was exempted from tailored care and financial support, became desperate for social reform, and was paranoid about it.

The world's political, religious, and cultural differences must change, so we all have more stability and bearable existence. I had to see myself taking a unique position to take a stand to rise -up, create knowledge, invent something or care for others. I asked myself, am I so paranoid with schizophrenia that these same things continue to threaten my happy existence today? Please note that this writing is my attempt to explain in the light of my new understanding that there are two levels of my conscious thinking going on, equally at the same time, and one of them is the weirdness itself, and the action within is the attempt to self-cure myself. The problem that brought about the psychosis is usually something that's too much, needs fixing, wants help with or needs to be removed from the world or my body. So I self-analysed, probed my psyche and used reappraisal as a self-defence treatment. In other words,

I took action to change my thinking and emotions and triggered a lessened stressed brain state. Still, it never lasted because my faulty circuit had the upper hand, and my original thoughts, feelings, and behaviour operated again below the normal range of normal brain state in healthy people. There came times when my eagerness to cope well, use strategies for self-care, and self-persuasion behaviour sprung out of my core self because schizophrenia would not go away.

I will find a way somehow to live with it. I have stopped the medication that aimed to kill schizophrenia but was poisoning me. The penny dropped, and the combination of my brain physiology and psychological and environmental factors contributed to the disorder. Drug maintenance treatment stopped my positive character traits from working well, and the drug was prolonging and exacerbating my schizophrenia. Wow! I am using reappraisal to feel fantastic, get to know myself, and release my positive self that was locked in at the age of twenty. Antipsychotic medication from the age of twenty altered my growing up and addicted me to habits that shut down most of my fundamental processes. I am sprouting a positive mindset off medication. I am so much more talkative and better socially abled.

I crack jokes and am getting better at reading other people's emotions. However, my chat, chat, conversations, and humour annoy them. Also, my joyful brain state frequently uses selfie catchphrases that say, "I give love, and I am in LOVEee, " which annoys them. I feel so happy, and I am loved, and in LOVEee is irritating them because it is said too often. I have a certain kind of joy that I am very privileged to have. The love of my wife, who endured long-suffering to see me well and the family we raised, is one of the greatest joys. I feel energised to continue to fulfil my life, and I am comfortable in my skin. I aired my views in group meetings and with people I met for the first time, and my body had the

least amount of nervousness I have ever experienced in that kind of setting. I feel I am down to earth, and my feet are touching the ground and firmly planted in its reality.

I have dreams and fantasies, and they are within the boundaries of my brain's healthy creativity activities. Nothing troublesome about them!!! My curious mind usually works as well as it can these days without baggage. I am much more aware of the impact of the negative symptoms on me, but I try hard not to let them get me down. Although they show up more like stupidity when I struggle to use cognitive control to manage mood and anxiety, my psychology blueprint is good, and I have the right attitude, thank God.

I am so pleased that I can feel the complete joy of living in this dark skin and more of the positive side of my personality and behaviour noticeably getting controlled in my conscious and unconscious minds. I can reveal as little about myself as I wish or as much as I want to. My activities open up the kind of person I am, who likes expressing gratitude, sharing kindness, and reflecting on one (of my) character strengths, which indeed help me be happy and feel happy. Everything in the world is positive and negative energy, and the laws in the universe want to help me co-exist with the condition and get along in that environment that was as changeable and unpredictable as the weather used to be. The variance in stress violability goes up, down, minus, and positive, and the chaos of schizophrenia can be tamed holistic. I gradually changed my mindset to decrease the perception of threats and cynical worldviews, and my subjective feelings are better regulated. The symptoms are tamed, milder, and not troublesome, and then the symptoms shut down. So, successfully training my brain changes how I think and feel about things. Whatever situation may arise, control of challenging and intense feelings are effective strategies I deploy to neutralise schizophrenia.

Mechanisms in my brain are maladaptive, and they avoid or suppress the malleable plasticity of my sixty-two-year mind. Shaping and fixing the new mindset into a permeant habit is not easy. Losing the influence of negative thoughts and emotions is tuff, and I slip back sometimes and stop thinking more positive thoughts, and my motivation systems kick in, and I get back on track.

Schizophrenia and I are learning to get along, co-exist without the fights for dominance, and have harmony with a perceived enemy. From the biggest stars to the small's atoms, they got in an environment subjected to plus and minus energy, and all of us, sometimes get into fights, but there are no winners. The outcome should always be arguably amicably, fair play for peace, and balance for harmony.

My usual self is different from others in the conventional sense. Healthy ordinary people have no ambitious needs, the need to grow, know, educate, discover, and leave a legacy.

The most ordinariness in people's lives is a naïve life, expecting that memories of themselves will never be faded or be forgotten in the mind of their loved ones. Still, human consciousness fades and gets erased naturally, and illness can suddenly rob them of it. Their footprint eventually fades from the earth if there are no official records of their existence. Extraordinary people take steps to help their loved ones and all people living in the age after there are deceased. Learn lessons from the ordinariness of their unique life. The extra ordinaries are paranoid-driven, and their ambition must be met. Improvements must occur, and their contribution must be remembered and passed down from generation to generation in verbed storytelling or preserved in literature.

Change and Uncertainty That's Coming

Written Saturday, 26th January 2019

Howdy, I wish you a belated Happy New Year. So many changes and uncertainty are coming in the country, globally, and in my personal life. Brexit time to leave the EU is looming without a deal, and the potential impact of a no-deal Brexit, uncertainty on the UK economy, is widely reported. I believe we are in an era of political lies, Brexit biases, and advertizing and political campaigns are exploiting psychological research to control our unconscious behaviour. However, many people still feel the choices they make are their own. Next is the problem of climate change is having an impact on the environments across the world. It is a compelling call for more action from governments, businesses and all of us to do more to tackle climate change. Still, I feel frozen into inaction because it's overwhelming for me as an individual to do anymore. So I'll leave the challenge to the activist and political big boys to influence global policy to make changes in a meaningful way on a worldwide scale.

I have eased my mind from the political and economic uncertainty by focusing on my resolutions to my challenging problems.

The renewal of my disabled Blue Badge and Driving Licence was successful. The activity of everything else that is orbital problems in the last year, 2018, had seen some progress towards a resolution. I continued to be proactive in finding support systems in the community that could help in my "meaningful recovery" programme that successfully discontinued antipsychotics has made possible.

On 16th January 2019, I submitted an online self-referral for CBT/CRT. The next day, the 17th, I applied for an HC2 certificate for full help with NHS dental treatment, NHS sight tests, and the total value of a voucher towards the cost of glasses and contact lenses. The sixties and over that age group get the other services the NHS offers for free. We are also not exempt under the benefits system because my ESA is based on national insurance contributions, not income-related ESA. The date for the memory assessment arrived in the post recently. The form requested a written answer to a question. Saturday 18th, I wrote a response to be handed-in on Thursday, the 21st of February 2019, the assessment day.

See below the copied draft of the additional supporting information written for CBT and help with NHS health costs, followed by the question memory assessment form asked and the answer I gave.

The Changing Mind Self-Referral for CBT or CRT Online

I was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and had long-term use of antipsychotic medication, but psychosis was still getting triggered.

Schizophrenia has been an episodic disorder in me, and I have been in and out of symptomatic remission nine-time between 1977- 2014. I realised that the long-term use of antipsychotics had a detrimental effect on my functioning and quality of life and completely weaned myself off it in September 2018. However, around May 2018, cognitive impairment became more apparent and raised my anxiety. I think I have a breakdown in thought, emotion, and internal behavioural challenges because of the void in my head related to working memory loss.

Can you let me know if this service offers CBT or CRT that may help me with my problem, related mainly to cognitive difficulties? You can learn more about my challenges from www.karllorenzwillett.co.uk

I telephoned Changing Mind on Monday, 21st January 2019, and customer service informed me that the message had failed to get to Changing Mind. I registered my details over the phone that day. The following process was having a telephone conversation with a therapist on Thursday, 24th January, at 2:30 and expecting a questionnaire form by email the day before the call to fill in and send back.

After the conversation, the therapist concluded that the service they offer is for people with anxiety problems; the way forward is to have a memory assessment, and the clinic can advise the next step for my personal needs. A summary of the conversation is going to my GP.

Claim NHS Health Cost.

I would like you to note in regards to part 5, About Your Income, section 5.5

My PIP has been under review since August 2018, and the decision has not been made yet. Although my current award is due to expire sometime this year, in March 2019?

I was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia in 1977 and had long-term use of antipsychotic medication, but psychosis was still triggered. I have always attempted to get a reward in Daily Living Component. DWP does not understand how this illness affects my daily living and my falling in and out of symptomatic remission. I'm so anxious and worried that I failed to attend the assessment. So fearful the process may trigger a relapse because I don't know how to show the cognitive impairments in my daily living. They prevent me from holding down a job, and the endless void in my head that may be related to working memory loss is frustrating. I have been so good at acting or covering up, masking symptoms, and the complex challenges that illness poses; I am perceived to be well, high functioning, and able-bodied.

I want people to believe I am well, I consistently work hard to have and maintain the look of well-being, and it's an enormous pressure to keep this pretence, so, from time to time, it comes to a schizophrenia eruption. DWP is yet to support me financially with this disability to ease the worry. With the stress of the struggles in daily living with schizophrenia and no other way of generating income, I press on and rely on the main income stream from my wife's part-time zero-hours seasonal work employment. That is why I am applying for help through the NHS Low-income Scheme, for paying for dental treatment, sight tests, and glasses will be challenging.

Do realise I may never get the extra support I desperately need for a living as a disabled person and may even lose the mobility component rate for a noticeable physical disability when this current PIP award expires. I had already faced losing my Blue disabled Badge because it ended, and I had to apply directly to the County Council to look at the factual clinical professional paper evidence. I was so grateful that my Blue Badge was approved to run for three years.

Questions Asked by Memory Assessment & Answered

Question: *Describe the difficulties or problems you are having and how these affect you are having and how these effects your day-to-day.*

I am a member of a writers' club, and it is getting more and more challenging to critique members' fictional written work, give feedback/opinions on what I heard, say something related to the subject matter, and not lose track.

I pay attention, listen to information with keen alertness, and I'll be able to follow up to a point. Still, suddenly there comes a blank, a void in part of my concentration, and no concrete ideas exist about what is going on. There's no underlying understanding in my mind about how the story developed, how the various characters appear in the account, the plot, the duologue, the scenes, at its basic level, could I tell what the story was about? "no."

I get internally frustrated, have a stupid feeling, and am saddened, and I self-talk and ask myself to concentrate harder and usually become mute. Information for my mind and knowledge in my mind is not getting held; they escape me, and my thinking's internal duologue is not even reaching the ideas stored in my memory. They all just get wiped out; I can't remember.

Evaluating various kinds of contemporary writings scatters much confusion, and I get mixed up. I can't decide or distinguish what to do, and I have nothing to say except to apologise. " Sorry, I have nothing that I can say." Making up the story straight out of my head without referring back to lived experiences relies on having a great imagination to create the account in my mind; that's very difficult. I aim to diverge from Autobiographical writing, expand my writing horizons, and write some fiction not related to my own experiences. Still, it is very challenging to do that.

In some ways, those difficulties mentioned affect me daily, and I started to notice a severe problem in July 2018. I reduced the 10mg of Aripiprazole to 7.5 mg to continue the discontinuation and reduction programme. And headaches became a symptom of withdrawal. Two times from past hospital inpatient detention, I had lost memories of what happened for one to two weeks. I cannot remember my existence or anything during that period of psychotic trauma episodes. I find it hard to learn anything new verbally and visually these days. I have to ask for frequent repetition of the sentences or request them in plain standard simple English, and it seems like most people would have understood what was said the first time. Visually, I look and look, and my processing speed does not keep pace; I miss the image and am sometimes unaware of things other people see in the same environment. But I'll be able to act automatically and safely in situations or places I can't remember being aware of. And things my wife and family often say to me, " Karl, you're not thinking straight, or Karl, you don't understand by not seeing our point of view, and you don't seem to get it. We tell you repeatedly, and we don't know any other ways to put it to you to get the message."

Recently, familiar words that were easy to spell or pronounce are more challenging to write, say, and articulate. Even the meanings of the

word are lost when I come to speak or write it again a day or two later. Things like comprehension and comprehending seemed like I was forgetting, so frustrating as a writer; I must do many re-writes. When I write, I find I can use a higher form of the English language, which is not in my spoken vocabulary, and once again, I am frustrated because, deep down, I know the familiar words I want to use. It's hard to pronounce them correctly to begin to look up the first few letters in the dictionary when sometimes spellcheckers can't recognise what I am trying to spell.

My sensory organs are in good order. I can still make the right decision and judgments at times. But, again, I am prone to making mistakes. I will get desperate to retain strategies that teach my mind and brain catch-ups on necessary education skills that over forty years on antipsychotic medication interrupted. I feel frustrated, exhausted, stressed and demotivated, although somehow, I seemed to self-automate myself to get started. Hence one of the steps is to have a memory assessment and relax to survive the intensity of my feeling of "I must be stupid." Again, I am frustrated and angry that being diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia in my early adult life has become an adult learning difficulty.

Antipsychotic Reduction Programme

Written Saturday, 26th January 2019

Yesterday I attended the RADAR research into antipsychotic discontinuation and reduction meeting. I am a member of the advisory panel.

The researchers are preparing for the looming two-year follow-up period of interviews. First, data will be collected in advance of the conversation from the study database to select a sample that includes participants who have successfully reduced or discontinued antipsychotics. Then, this data will be used to shape the questions the researcher asked the participants.

Before the business on the agenda started, I talked about my views, experiences of successfully discontinuing antipsychotic medication, and how the reduction programmed guideline helped me. Finally, I thanked the team for their support.

Mental health unmedicated has gained a clear sharpened awareness of claim and blame. The stupidity of schizophrenia voice hearing claimed that all things that came from me were manifested from my physiology. That must be true. It's just me. That's how I am, they are part of me, and my traits can't change because there are in my genes!!!!!! So, so ignorant that medicine stopped the lousy functioning. My development had ended before developing anatomical ignorance. On the cusp of young adulthood, poor functioning solidifies. Schizophrenia's none positive symptoms and antipsychotic adverse effects were commonplace and indistinguishable. The factual evidence of my experiences blamed the

negative impact on antipsychotic discontinuation. The sensible me has exposed the naked truth about schizophrenia, on the pill, and coming off the drug that suffers may have. I feel stupid and vulnerable for writing about conceptualised perceptual experiences and formatted and crystallisation of these unusual beliefs. Its mutual power and control in a disempowered high level of distress. My very beliefs and attitudes are holding me back, and I acted with weird feelings. I try to believe reality truths and work on these truths, but I violate common beliefs that show full emotional responsibility, then merely being aware of my emotions.

I compiled a comprehensive list of my schedule reduction programme from my hand-written records and charted antipsychotic medication adverse effects the day before the meeting, 24/01/2019. I added more of my observation to the list today during meaning-making. On the chart, there are a minimum of twenty-five side effects and or adverse effects. I was taken aback by this insightful discovery when, for decades after decades, I denied having negative side effects to the doctors and psychiatrists when the various horrible positive symptoms disappeared.

Psychiatric Medication Reduction Charted

- Aripiprazole (Abilify) Psychiatric Medication Reduction June 2014 to Thursday 13th September 2018
- Reduction schedule: 30 mg Aripiprazole/ 10mg Haloperidol. Reduced Haloperidol to 5mg on 3rd Sept.2014 and stopped haloperidol on 2nd October'14. Diazepam 2mg 3/09/14 to 13/11/14. I was hospitalised for about four weeks and discharged in May/June 2014 (I also had meds believed to be for anxiety/ depression leading up to my mother's death in August 2014).

- *The psychiatrist supported and endorsed/approved. GP approved/recommended.*
- ? May / early June 2014 dose 30 mg Aripiprazole & 10 mg Haloperidol daily. *(Hospital Psychiatrist approved.)
- 24th April 2015 (unsure ...?... clone), Zimovane 7.5mg. Take one at night. (GP)
- Tuesday 2nd June 2015 Dose 25 mg Aripiprazole only daily. *(approved)
- Saturday 23rd July 2016, dose 20 mg Aripiprazole daily *(approved).
- Tuesday 15th November 2016 dose 15 mg Aripiprazole daily (self)
- Tuesday, 3rd January 2017, dose Approx. 12.5 Aripiprazole daily. (self)
- Saturday, 11th February 2017, dose 10 mg of Aripiprazole daily. *(approved)
- Friday, 21st July 2017, dose approx. 7 mg Aripiprazole daily. (self)
- Monday, 21st August 2017, a dose of 7.5 mg of Aripiprazole daily. *(approved)
- Monday 15th January 2018, amount 200mg Ibuprofen Tab. One, three-time a day. (GP)
- Friday, 5th January 2018, dose approx. 6.5 mg Aripiprazole daily. (self)
- Thursday, 1st February 2018, quantity 5 mg Aripiprazole daily. (self)
- Tuesday, 6th March 2018, amount of 5 mg of Aripiprazole daily. *(approved)
- Saturday, 4th August 2018, dose approx. 2.5mg Aripiprazole daily. (self)
- Monday, 3rd September 2018, dose approx. 1.25 mg Aripiprazole daily. (self) / clinician review now due Sept.2018)

- On Friday, 14th September 2018, Aripiprazole was discontinued for a better clinically effective outcome with the placebo recovery plan. (self)

Why! Effects on physical health, mortality, worsening of my cognitive deficits and the dampening of feelings of ambition to be helpful and achieve. I experienced a circle of functional decline that got worst and worsened with every relapse on antipsychotic medication. I felt stuck with an inability to learn, grow, accept the blessings of the unchanging deficiencies, and work with and without shame. In 1977, diagnosed with Paranoid Schizophrenia and medicated continuously with various kinds of first- & second-generation antipsychotic meds and doses. Nine times psychotic relapses between 1977 to 2014. Your mental health today: Wednesday, 23rd January 2019, more insight into the non-reversible symptoms and poor functional traits associated with schizophrenia, which, so far, there is no medical treatment.

I continue to maintain good well-being, free from psychosis and feelings of low expectations, with Schizophrenia in remission and unmedicated. (Clinician reviews overdue.) Own review schedule analyst Friday 1st March 2019.

- January 2019, dose 500mg Naproxen, one tablet twice daily. (GP)
- January 2019, 20mg gastro-resistant capsules, Omeprazole. (GP)
- In January 2019, the Antipsychotic medication prescription was stopped officially and discontinued by (my GP) without a psychiatrist's endorsement.

35

Antipsychotic Medication Withdrawal Adverse Effects Charted, Which Are the Side-Effects on the Drug

The withdrawal effects recorded are not in any exact or particular order.

- Thinking hurts my head, and not supposed to, and I can't get to concentrate for long. (Thinking-up solutions and even playing problem-solving games produce a headache and heavy-headedness, and both eyes felt in tension, a pulling sensation.)
- More frequent and more prolonged waiting for emptying bladder with a slow flow. (I am unsure if it's entirely due to medication or old age; I am sixty-two and four months.)
- High pitch, powerful buzz sound in my ears (Just below a pitch that dogs and cats can hear), and sometimes it's a sound like wind breezes whipped up on the ocean's surface, whoosh. These sounds are present, going through my ears more frequently.
- Body aches, uncomfortable sitting on a settee or a chair watching a film with the family.
- There are Increased feelings of agitation and itching more and jittery than usual.
- Agony pain in the lower back (muscle sprains pain), excruciating stiff neck, and a croaky sound coming from movements made turning my head in any direction, left, right, look -up and look down to the ground. Bilateral knee pain. Sometimes I thought I had tooth decay because I had toothaches, but it was sensitive gums. I have muscle rigidity which affects my mobility.

- Speech disorder. (Increased pronunciation problems, stuttering and hearing my voice sounded deep and unnatural.) Throat irritation.
- Headache and very uncomfortable head discomfort can come on at any time and gradually move like a lump of gunge on top of the head. It trickled down like thick treacle down passed all around the eye sockets, causing tension and weakening the eyes, and a numinous line of creases formed on my forehead in my conscious attempt to keep my eyes open. Concentration fades, blurred vision, eyes waters more than usual, and the fluid stings the eyes.
- The heart was throbbing, beating fast. So I come to believe, but the feeling felt like all my internal organs rattling and shaking nervously.
- There is an increase in the trapped wind in the abdomen.
- Increased in Involuntary quivering, the sudden cold chills going through my body. (People who experienced this sometimes say, “someone has Just walked on or over their grave”)
- Chest pain. (Was checked out by doctors, no evidence of a physical health problem.)
- Need greater force to remove faeces from the body.
- Decreased white blood cells, low blood count in white blood cells.
- I kept nipping the inner lining of my mouth while chewing and could not stop movements of the mouth. Sometimes, I get tongue spasms and get my tongue bitten accidentally and biting my lips to moisten my lips is a more constant thing.
- Increased production of saliva and Increased Hiccups, continuous, frequent burping. Sleep talking, sleep kicking as I come out of dreams that I can’t remember.
- Chronic sleeping has gradually reduced. Persistent Drowsiness sedation has progressively decreased. Muscles twitch tightness, as

in cramps that unexpectedly come when feet are not in motion, in arms, hands, and fingers, similar to writers' cramps.

- Feeling chronically weak/ fatigued is decreasing. As a result, appetite reduced gradually to a moderate level, and weight became stable. In addition, low energy steadily improved.
- Increased dry mouth and stuffy nose, Reduced sluggishness.
- Habits and Impulse problems reduced, e.g., Regular gambling habits on Lotto, reduced to a flutter.
- Libido gradually is Okay.
- I feel that my Idealism, Ideation, and Aspiration is getting progressively in line with the general population, but my hope, expectation, faith, and empathic feelings are above average.
- Memory impairment is critically impaired, and I feel I have intellectual difficulty. (Low IQ. Memory assessment is going to get carried out on 21st February 2019.
- Anxiety can become immense, and I can get excessive worries and feel paranoia to go a place to invent, create systems that will benefit everyone or work to improve the wrongs in the world and society, so we all can come to live in utopia.
- Fears are weaning down as I become more confident in myself and face the change and uncertainty in my life.
- Linguistic choices are impaired. (Problems with words, extracting the proper meaning and the context they got being used)

Some withdrawal effects mimic psychotic physical symptoms coming out of the body. Adverse effects that I had previously experienced and those symptoms that had remained in the range of common tolerability side effects that never entirely went away had severe flare-ups on lower than 10mg doses.

Throughout the process, the “self-inner core “is always healthy. That unique part of me is not damaged or unleashed self-destruction when intruded stressors are out in the environment to cause havoc. Most People grow a shield of thick skin, and the thick skin thickens in hostility to live and let live. Pharmaceutical drugs are a potent cocktail and may disable almost everything to shield the innocent, and the disability can be permeant. I believe antipsychotic drugs; they will get better at targeting and shielding that “core of the self.”

I was affected by relapse, which I associate with chaos stressors getting into the core of the self and inflammation around the thickest part of the true self, and weirdness emerged between thoughts, emotions, and behaviour leading to losing touch with reality. It’s a classic psychotic breakdown in which immediate action to self-cure co-occurs. However, I warn readers that discontinuation and reduction will not suit everyone. For some people, antipsychotics at the correct maintenance dose are sufficient for mental stability, good quality of living, and sustainable existence.

36

Future and My Feelings with Untreated, Remission Schizophrenia

Coming off medication is not a decision to take lightly. However, I have shown that antipsychotic reduction is possible with the right tailored program and support.

Nevertheless, it was a risky gamble, but I felt safe; the challenge can get stressful. I had self-doubt that I could ween off antipsychotics and felt fear of the change and uncertainty that was coming. On the way, the purpose of being unmedicated was my inner critic getting in the way, and I feared failing.

There were three stages when antipsychotic discontinuation and reduction were utterly scary, and the task can be a foolish choice or a bold, brave one. First, it was vital to know oneself. To be very, very aware of mental faculties being affected and mentally unwell and relapsing.

- **First stage:** The initial thought of doing, being in an antipsychotic reduction programme, is scary and has the added feeling of being foolish or brave.
- **The second stage:** I started the programme and thought the challenge might fail; it was scary and had the added feeling of being foolish or brave.
- **Third stage:** To be without pharmaceutical props for the rest of my life; It's scary and has the added feeling of being foolish or brave.

What matters most is the outcome of improving my quality of life and social functioning, and having a more, more stable, comfortable life is a beautiful, meaningful recovery.

I am pleased that the programme and follow-up monitoring will be given to me for the first time in forty years to gradually allowed my mind to heal itself naturally, but it is not for everyone. *I added this note, (At the moment, I am mainly self-monitoring and have a self-reviewal scheduled plan.)

Successfully discontinuing antipsychotics was an act of empowerment for me. My choice became respected to cope with my reality and took power back from the psychiatry system. Untreated, remission schizophrenia has made me much more aware of the impact of negative symptoms on me, stopped my worries about increased mortality, and exposed the risks and harm of antipsychotic drugs as a long-term therapy. I will have to return to antipsychotic medication if and when psychosis returns.

I eventually stopped taking the pharmaceutical drug to treat naturally accrued remission in schizophrenia and expected symptoms to stay away for the rest of my life. This treatment method relies on faith and willpower and brings back the placebo effect in modern medicine. I hope my inner inferences will keep the stopped-on schizophrenia symptoms for the rest of my life.

I had a marathon writing day yesterday, 26th January 2019. Twenty-four hours without sleep. I was engrossed in typing up the drafts in this book and adding more inspired writing as it flowed from my mind, raw and unrestricted. I stayed up throughout the night, went to bed at 6:30 am the next day, Sunday, 27th January 2019, and woke up at 9:45 am. (This now is mid, morning. Orr! Good morning. I feel fine; there's no feeling of grogginess or light-headedness.)

It was the first time in many years; I could adjust to staying -up all night, and it seemed I'll be able to stop the excessive amount of sleep. Finally, I would have an adequate sleep for my body and mind.

Lessons Learned and Moving Forward with Untreated, Remission Schizophrenia

Written Sunday, 24th February 2019

There are urgently needed remedies for healing characteristic symptoms of schizophrenia. But, I think my lived experiences of schizophrenia have shown that cunningly training my brain to see the bright side and naturally involving an emotional appraisal of the illness experiences are the practical steps. As a result, my natural schizophrenia-stressed circuit is in a joyful brain state.

It's okey, dokey; it's a razzamatazz that perceives "power" and control over disturbing and impairing symptoms by potentially thinking of two comparisons. One thinking has such a feeling of failure that winning the battle with distressing and impairing symptoms is a fight between two enemies. The second thinking has a choice pattern that systematically reflects and reinforces ways of making sense of the experiences and will talk or write to (dis)empower.

Schizophrenia produced English language problems for me, my ability with words to "get it," "to hear them", and extract the correct meaning context they get used to is impaired. As a result, my linguistic choices are an essential aspect of living and forming and delivering what I want to say get knotted -up, clogged up with the unrelated words in the alphabet soup of words I have in my mind, and some get spurted out. Sometimes the underlying meaning is lost, and contextual meaning is hard to deal with; there's confusion.

Being a person with schizophrenia has an addition to my knowledge about human nature. It has allowed me to see people and myself, too, showing the traits of what God the creator compiled in our humanity, the intrigues of our emotions and rationality. We all have meanness and stupidity, and people enter our life, stir trouble with our feelings, and play on our emotions. Some people have the nerve, the daring, and the charisma. We may fall under their spell of charming, confident and full of ideas and enthusiasm. But in fact, I found later their beliefs were irrational, and their opinions were ill-conceived. Everything that makes us react brings us to sometimes awkward behaviours, and our anger or tension with ourselves leaks out in a way we regret, or our good intentions are foolish.

We know; my writing tells you I know it's not right, and we all know some things we get compelled to do are not correct, but we cannot help ourselves. I sometimes asked myself, "what has come over me"? And wondered and found myself continually in a self-destructive pattern of behaviour that I could not control. It is as if I harboured a stranger within me that operates outside my willpower and pushes me to do the wrong thing. This stranger within me is somewhat weirder than I can imagine myself. What I can say about my occasional surprising behaviour and people's ugly actions is that I have no clues as to what causes them. I try to latch on to some simplistic explanation like what the ordinary folks were told to call these strange thoughts that operate as not our own has ideas from evil spirits, satan or devils. My emotional feelings and my basic surface understanding have biases with superstition and fears. I react emotionally frightened to what people say and do and form options for others and myself that are slightly simplified. So I settled for the most thought-up uncomfortable, but convenient story to tell myself that I had become possessed.

When my mind began to think smart, in the mode of learning and acquiring knowledge, it dived below the surface and got closer to the actual roots of what caused the weird behaviour. I freed myself of fear, superstition, and words in the language that shocked my emotions by the primitive way the terms get used, and I began to control them better. The exact words used intellectually, hell, the devil, satan, evil, wicked, bad, dark, and even the name Black, are words used in the heads of smart thinkers in terms of negative energy, or they clunger-up the mysterious unknowns in those terms.

What happened to me is part of the full range of human behaviour that the super-intelligent, transcendent creative power (The God of creation) put in the body and mind of humankind. Conscious thinkers understand they are positive and negative energy powers that permeate the universe. There are sinister energy, good energy, sinister feelings, good feelings, Negative thought, Positive thoughts, and so on. Despite my valiant efforts to shift my untamed negative thoughts, the thinking will stalk me, follow me, and condition that obsession into a craving I wish would go away. My negative biases make me worry and fret, and I can't get them out of my mind. It's time to accept the good and evil in all of us. Unwanted thoughts are hard to tame. They compel me (us), and the ideas become even more prominent until my (our) concentration fractures with the strategy that stops unwanted thoughts from popping into my brain. I don't feel obligated to check in on removing it. The peace to have the freedom to think the ideas for a while and then choose a distractor. Focus on that and staying in the present moment by calming myself by connecting with my breath are helpful.

The creator God is female, and the voice of truth and knowledge to me; it's obviously a female one. The common belief in a masculine God does not match my experience of being in utter despair when destructive

energy and good-spirited energy are unbalanced. A female's voice in my soul spoke words up into my mind. All the sensations of suffering and sorrow rivered around my bloodstream. I had a weird feeling inside my head and body, and I claimed them to be my thoughts and my biological system playing -up. I told the psychiatrist so when I was stable. As time went by, I told the psychiatrist that as far back as I can remember, I looked forward to eternal life, and my life had just begun on the planet. I can't understand what is driving me out of this world's reality and preaching to others of an eternal happy home elsewhere. Instead of living to change the harrowing experiences that blighted life here and working to create eternal heaven here, what most people must crave as I do.

I have gotten so used to latching on to the thoughts that led me to self-destruction that the Female God of Creation asks me, "Karl, why are you doing this to yourself."

(The story of it is written almost 'live' in my first book, *The Memoir of a Schizophrenic*.) I was doing this emotional downpour to myself and getting to the point of destroying the self.

My emotions seem to drive me against my most profound wishes and force me to self-destruct so many times. And one of the times I attempted suicide was in 2003, and in 2014 I was compelled to drink my urine.

To understand that stranger within us is to realise the sense voicing that is not a stranger at all but very much a part of us, a part of ourselves that is far more mysterious, complex, and interesting than I can imagine. With the awareness that the schizophrenia journeys brought to my temple lobes and my frontal cortex, I hope to break the negative patterns in my life and stop making negative messages. Still, I'll not act on them if they bubble up and arrive in my conscience. To myself, and I also say to others, "I aim to get better control over what I do and my feelings and what happens to me."

Having clarity about myself, I may be able to change the course of my life in ways that do not trouble my emotions. I tended to think of my behaviour as mainly conscious and willed. Still, it is a misconception because to recognise I have experienced we are not always in control of what we do was frightening, and if you imagine it, it's a scary thought that it's, in fact, the reality.

We are all subject to forces deep within us that drive our behaviour and operate below the level of our awareness, and we see the results. Our thoughts, moods, and actions have little conscious access to what exactly moves our emotions and compel us to behave in specific ways. We are not rational and riding on a feeling that childhood memories or particular circumstances may have triggered. They seemed to be a pattern when this and that happened weirdly to me; I am not reflective and rational but may point fingers.

These forces that tug and pull at us from deep within are natural and part of negative and positive energy in our human nature. So one way of looking at it is power has confidence, the negativity of insecurity, and anxiety, positive energy has an attraction to a particular person or one's hunger for attention energy and so on.

They say the way our body and mind process emotions have come far in our history to be human species and to ensure our survival. We learn to cooperate with others, coordinate our actions, communicate in the language, and have rules for group discipline.

I sometimes get anxious around people, and there is no apparent reason to feel stressed if I can correctly read people's expressions. I am so separable from all the range of emotions we can have or express on our faces to communicate mood effectively, stress too, and the signal is usually wrong. As a result, I fell in love too quickly and felt the pain of the innocent sufferer, and I also hurt my loved ones' emotionally, my family

and friends who love me most and I love them. Why?!!!!? It's an awful reality.

I believe the female herapathite energy God of all creation clustered and organised the elements in this reality. She sparked the powers in life that brought us time to wire up our brains and the configuration of our nervous systems to bring about us, with an eternal spirit of divinity, the human animal. I have been most sensitive to what is usually the unseen part of our human nature. Under the rules of predictable forces in our social life, I behaved predictably, which opened up my dark side to read repeatedly as common words printed in nursery rhyme books. My negativity and my positivity were out of sync until I became balanced in my thoughts, feelings, and behaviours. I hope the message is getting through to the tribes of people whose ancient old myth weakens their insight into the fundamental belief that can surface in all of us of the devil, evil spirits and demons. It affects the behaviour in a person, and exorcism to free that person in person is needed, they say.

A myth closes up our minds if we fall to it. "Something comes over me." It reaches the level of my consciousness, and I react to it. I do so depending on my feelings and my circumstances. I superficially waved it away without understanding it. We all have divinity clustered in our human nature and contrary to what is usually taught. People did not descend to earth from mythical creatures with wings known to us as angels, or our arrival on the planet was instant in the likeness of a god in the heavens.

The true God of creation brought us out of our prime mates; our animal roots can feel deeply distressing. Some tribes of people deny and suppress this and try to cover up our dark impulses with all kinds of excuses. I have been in my wash of emotions and experiences in the depth of the modern man's consciousness and his subconscious. I

touched the technological imponderables and dreams so real I am in the darkest matter, pitch darkness with specks of light that glow through the dark. My organic brain had given me a glimpse of our evolutionary past and evolved future.

We all have the implanted ability to see further than the limitation of our new space and time. It's a fascinating journey to reach where the unseen is seeing, and the energy of consciousness takes us to worlds so weird, strange, and un-imageable beauty in equilibrium. Creatures and other life forms' complicities display pure grace and ourselves in wonder, marvelled, and reflecting that our fights have evolved out of us. And, like the new species that we co-habit with, we are playful, and performance with the other species is fair play, in peace and harmony. That's a beautiful place to be in the cosmos. In our space-time reality, we only need to close our eyes in the darkness to see the light. In our natural earthly world, we need to engineer the things in the fields.

Our rationalities show that some people get away with the most unpleasant behaviours in their sanity, sociopath, psychopath, and murderers because they passively give in to their untamed thoughts. The contemporary warrior thinkers are finally at a point to let us all open up our smartness to know who we are as a species, and will we be able to ponder one of the big questions of cosmology, are we alone? And are we a god unto ourselves? Knowing in a sense mathematically that there is an all-eternity, humans have to keep looking to the stars. We cannot go back into the womb of the birth of the universe but always will continue to exist in this known vacuumed corner of space. And at the edge of time, our spiritual cells take a quantum leap into a new kind of existence that I can only imagine the God of creation is beckoning us to.

In your time, there be peace and a place of earthly paradise for all eternity. There are no borders above you or beneath you or edges. On

one level, it may seem that people were technologically advanced, sophisticated, progressive, and enlightened in my time. Still, the savage man in modern human males is alive in some Europeans, European Americans and some Asian groups than there ever were in our African tribal brothers.

They have allowed their untamed 'self' to triumph over our common humanity and disobeyed the laws of humanity written in DNA to make us balance to respect life and not rape (ravage) the resources on the planet. The untamed traits of ranked savage European man and their compatriot selfishly split the human race into divisions and established legality to own free people, property, and land. They brutally imposed the supreme authority's legal rules on the people, communities, and nation. The universe has laws that teach proper conduct to live and let live, but they are still getting ignored, and the empire make-up selfish legal rules we are to follow. Passive-aggressive, assertive people and conscientious objectors are getting ready to see the empire fall, and all people are governed by laws in the universe that correct the untamed self.

People cannot tame their human nature, feelings left unchecked, and our ethical ideas can hang like rain clouds over our lives. We see the destructive consequences of supremacy and extremist groups in toxic parents and families that are dysfunctional and emotionally unhealthy, and we can see it in stressed individuals.

The potential for mayhem has increased because the forces within us are more robust than the person will, more reliable than any institution that cage it and more durable than our mind's technological invention. It is simple to understand because of what we are as a species. We shape what we create to reflect ourselves, and the forces in us move us around like pawns, and if we ignore the laws that govern, it's at our peril. I was perilously close to being wiped out and stood on the edge of insanity and

cried and cried. Therefore, don't be surprised that a large-scale untamed force in our nature is wiping out other species on the planet and may wipe out our species(ourselves) in its ignorance and stupidity. "Hurry, hurry-up," the evolutionary changes in humankind to change us or shut down the gene pool mechanisms that cause us to do stupidity, when actually we humans are talented with built-in biases.

Spiritually and mathematically, we can reach a high level to enlighten and understand the seen and unseen forces that are having inferences on us. First, however, we need to maintain humankind's holistic qualities and stop poking at every dormant thing in the body and brain, setting off a chain reaction of mental illnesses and cancers; the wrong side of biology gets upset.

The creator has written evidence of Herself in all levels of human consciousness to accept it is healing. Having spirituality, or should I call it "religious" faith, is an essential source of strength for me and most people who experience stress and mental illness. Most believers believe that mental illness is caused by sin or a lack of faith, the influence of an evil spirit, or a parent's wrongful actions. Unfortunately, religious educators have not yet attempted to address their teaching impact, which drives an immense belief that causes moral injury and profound psychological distress. It includes an intense feeling of shame, guilt, self-loathing or worthlessness which cannot be cured by prayer alone.

Discouraging the person from seeking help adds to their suffering and could even contribute to suicide.

Mental health stigma, I think, is primarily fuelled by cultural and religious views. They may attribute suicide to a lack of faith in a faith-based setting. People need good pastoral care to help them positively, "psychologically grow", and experience the approaches to treatment and therapists who can help them, and faith educators should be among

them. The mentally ill are often spiritually damaged and usually from the preaching of ignorance, foolishness and silly interruptions of complex emotions and thoughts to suppress the growth of the ordinary people. The religious leader kept saying to their ego; I am the leader, the “power” over the familiar people that are followers. So they kept the knowledge they obtained to share with the congregation and continued to preach the primitive stuff to maintain the idea of their “power” ego wisdom over the familiar, ordinary people.

The universal natural laws of nature that humankind discovered in God’s handiwork and the revelations for our species are to grow to become genuinely kind, empathic beings, in all respects, to be compassionate and ethical people. Faith teaching should help us understand God’s principal laws of life of truth, which bring us in tune with nature’s peace, love, and harmony. The faith industry should get knuckle-down to working with people through their varying degrees of rightness and wrongness to help them deal with the consequences. Instead of preaching gloom and doom and meddling in an afterlife, they should empower themselves to understand the mysterious thing in all of us. The source of new courage and strength operates universal laws that we gradually learn some things that are the composition of life to tick. The internal tick-tock, we don’t need to bother ourselves about it. God may stop the ticking altogether for those deliberately conscious wicked people. Still, death it’s a natural progression to eternal life from the natural earthly mortal lifespan.

So far in the history of our species, our invisible, conscious cells are in the field’s cape. But they haven’t been flagged the alert pathway yet to follow the type of environment in which its realistic existence would be likened. But our conscious awareness keeps imagining what it might be like, and the subconscious keeps dreaming of it. Our subconscious

realism dream fields cape has the closes connection to the environment that the consciousness in the godly, divine spirit cell takes in its quantum leaps depth in our living soul. The dead ashes of our body physically perished in the unperishable agent locked inside the soul's dormant existence. It gets that conscious awareness noggin or shuffles, alerting consciousness to the intended new realism that has evolved to the places it will make its home. That's heaven in re-spirited formed that the earthly reality life only idealised about and dreams of it, but they're not full-on cooperation in causing it to happen. The world is full of fierce competitiveness, fights, selfishness, and greed and

team obedience is weak in collaboration, group collective consciousness is fragile, and individual motivation is weak. Therefore, group activity to be good and obey the natural laws that we learnt through trials and errors conflict with nature's lessons throughout a long lifetime. So we first must successfully navigate our earthly life. It may get cut short in unfortunate ways, but whatever "time" we have on this earth in our human experience, we learn from what happens to us. I gradually realise that my emotions, thoughts, ideas, and opinions are subject to a kind of supervision from nature's definite natural universal order of things.

Inadequate pastoral care damages excellent people and bad people, and the good know they are honest and conscious in their deeds and can naturally slip up and do wrongdoings. Superstitious suspicions, fears, and poor psychic understanding of the human condition and life's source that connects us and drives our desires and how things in us can get faulty and, in some cases, beyond repair, the faith-based pastoral carers don't understand it. The grace of God in all of us will enable us to live a meaningful, purpose-driven life no matter the flaws or disabilities.

There is no condemnation or repudiation to maintain our existence in the afterlife. Only the properties that make us suitable are fundamental in

the new-again born life. The foolish preachers are panicking people into submission, repentance disproportioning the strength of the energies in the people and unbalancing the equilibriums of a person damaging the fight they had left in their soul to restore good health with medicine that could help them for a while. The supposedly reasonable, sensible people like pastors, priests and ministers are again failing their congregations of ordinary people by not compounding the on-disputed truths gained in the essences of knowledge. Existence is frail, we are lucky to be here, and illness, physical or mental, has biological bases, causes and effects.

They, the religious ones, the doctrine leaders and followers, continued to preach that what is primitive fear in all of us, stripped of all knowledge that brought us so far to grasp the understanding of our minds. It translates to better the proper sense and experience of the creator of it and all the compounds and properties in existence so far. Spiritual educators should know more about the spirit of man and woman and a person's psychological makeup than when it was first written down in the ancient world. At that age, people were terrified of the hell of negative energised emotions and thoughts, which also scared the hell out of them, causing profound psychological consequences and often featuring trauma exposure. The knowledge of humankind, nature, "God", and the various environments has grown significantly, and we can understand so much more about ourselves and our actions. The purpose of our "Being" as humans today are to take us into the fields our present known senses can't detect what's in there. The ingenious organic organ the brain knows has to engineer "life" as in living, artificial mechanical organisms' devices and add to the human frame equipment to reach the fields and explore them. Those things mightn't be necessary if the human species continue to change in nature's natural development process from primate to modern man consciousness and evolving new networks within

self to increase higher and higher functioning abilities coupling with nature's environmental changes.

Government Systems and the Silver Linings for Our Tamed Nature

Written Wednesday, 27th February 2019

As a result of feeling equipped to deal with life's challenges and disadvantages, I make the best decisions I can and consider living an adventure to recognise and seize advantage opportunities. So that new experiences and fun are in my life rather than just being rigidly locked into meaningless routines and having problems to solve. I may have to bend but not break to be adaptable because I am curious and continually want to learn, grow, and strengthen my good traits.

I am continuously trying and trying with attention to what has, is, and can work and appreciate all good things in my life. The grey matter of my brain concentrates hard, is hopeful about the future and believes that things will work out best in the end.

I look to apply my skills, efforts, and energy to things and causes within my family, community, and the world to communicate with people sincerely and in a meaningful way. I prioritise enjoying, laughing, and having a happy relationship with my family and aim at hitting a certain financial plateau to stop the struggles for materialistic values to keep us comfortable.

The societal pressures and political systems do not identify with what truly matters in my life. Still, I have more confidence in who I am now without using disabling antipsychotic drugging and being transparent with my choices. I am well-tuned to social differences, sometimes seeming to misperceive the social and political world to get motivated by self-interest

fuelling exclusion. They disadvantaged me because of my opposing political belief, low social status and being a Black Man with low educational attainment. The truth part of it alerts me to the common danger, which is key to my survival.

We all sometimes can be in a situation that gives rise to the tendency for paranoid thinking, and in the intensity of some cases, my mind could not escape the assumed harm, and my brain acted up with the symptom of mental illness. I perceived my struggle to be a matter to do with climbing the social ladder and affiliating with the liberal-conservative spectrum. Being a Black Person will not be easy to do. When the government PIP made a wrong decision, and the NHS promise of financial support does not worth the paper it's written on, HM Revenue & Customs Tax calculation for the year 6 April 2017 to 5 April 2018 says, I have paid too little tax. I owe HMRC £149.38, which I must pay, and they will write to me again soon to tell me ways I can. So I feel disadvantaged as a third-class marginal citizen. I have just written down some current stressors and underprivileged news, and there's one more follow-on disadvantage news to tell you about, natural causes forced planned appointments to get cancelled.

The Memory Assessment was cancelled with a short telephone call the day before it was due. The therapist was said to be unwell with cold-like flu symptoms, and the next day, 21/02/2019, I was told the therapist was still sick and the appointment would have to be postponed and rescheduled. One week has now passed, and I have not yet had correspondence from the service, which does not surprise me.

DWP's reason for rejecting my claim was in a typical standard rejection statement letter. *"This is because you didn't go to the assessment on 29th November 2018, and we don't think; you've given*

us a good reason for this". You can find the example of this letter statement also on the website:

<https://www.benefitandwork.co.uk/forum1/10-dla-queries-results/127049-pip-assessment-problem-any-help-appreciated?start=0>

I have one month to ask for reconsideration and appeal if I think the decision is wrong again that second time. Healthcare NHS Mental Health Trust is running a memory Assessment Service, and I have been waiting to be reviewed by a psychiatrist from the Trust for some time. Unfortunately, resources seemed to get wasted because the mental health service wrote to me to come to them for a physical check-up with a nurse on 22/02/2019 and duplicated the annual physical check-up I just recently had at the GP surgery. Blood test, ECG, check BP, check weight 91.4 kg, and height 5ft 9Inches.

I applied for renewal of the application to get full awarded help on HC 2 Certificate for NHS costs for health treatment for one year. It's not a free entitlement to even native citizens, and it was slashed to an HC3 certificate that is supposed to give limited help. This HC3 paper showed my maximum payments towards health costs before awarding reimbursement from the NHS authority. It gives me zero benefits; it does not even meet my regular treatment payment or replacement item cost, nor does it pay partially for any new item in treatment. What HC3 says I have to pay toward treatment first is higher than the price for the procedure itself. Therefore, NHS authority will never have to pay a penny for treatment.

Where on earth is the financial support when the payment I have to make before they make any pay-out costs is higher than the actual current values for the treatment? In all categories, authentic treatments will cost less. The certificate (HC3) is a useless piece of paper that might

as well be in the trash bin. It had no value at the dentist's surgery, where I had a treatment recently, and it will be useless to the optician.

HC3 certificate says I pay £332.49 max for NHS dental treatment, wigs, and fabrics.

So far, in my dental treatment history, the dentary has always been below £332.49, which makes me eligible to make the total payment costs not exceeding that figure.

I felt unjust, and I took full responsibility for this feeling, and action changes took place in my thoughts to prevent an emotional drama. But unfortunately, today, 27/02/2019, I learned that the DWP Personal Independence Payment decision turned down my claim for Daily Living support and took away my current Mobility support award from 24th February 2019.

There is a knock-on effect of losing all the disability benefit payments and not getting any financial support for my mental severity or physical disabilities challenges. Although the only government benefit coming into the house is Employment Support Allowance (ESA), it will be affected by the decision to end disability benefits (PIP).

I believe my ESA entitlement will get reduced because a proportion of the benefit is an award for people with a disability that prevents them from holding down a job. An additional payment gets included in ESA for people in the 'Disability Support Group,' and this part of the amount will cease. I may well be called to an assessment to get

me back into job activity to earn a living with as little as possible support from the government. I can honestly say; no surprise if the system throws me back into job seeking at the age of sixty-two and six months. Could I be wrong in my analysing of the benefits system this time? I want comfort (put my mind at ease) and have the "fact" in my mind, not the suspicious idea. I had to find out what the benefits

department would say before a letter arrived, meaning there was a change to my ESA entitlement. I have just made the call to benefit inquiry to let them tell me if ESA will get reduced because of the PIP decision. The customer services agent said, “no,” she had looked at my file. I’ll have no reduction in the regular payments! I am perplexed. Can I believe what I want to think? That’s the “fact” customer service immediately told me the “fact,” no change in ESA payments, or I’ll keep to my suspicion until I saw the evidence in my bank account that the pay remained the same as usual. I will have the next ESA payment on Friday, 8th March 2019.

The government benefit designed to help employment, ESA maintained the disability component support, recognising I have severe disabilities preventing me from holding down a job. On the other hand, the government benefits were specially designed to help support disabled people; PIP denied me support on its financial backing. It is ridiculous, but it was not surprising that PIP would make a wrong decision because the people in government are stupidly smart. They stopped using common sense with the factual evidence in front of them.

What makes people stupidly cleverly brilliant and lose common sense??? It needs scientific investigation. Even if you are called intelligent, bright, and as bright as sparks, you are not immune from being stupid. “Experts,”! Yes, it would be best to watch yourself, check in with yourself to see the trap of foolish stupidity and avoid falling into it.

I knew there was a specific timeline for when the decision would be made and an expectation that this might happen. My choice not to be assessed, which I thought was reasonable grounds for being absent, did not lead to an opportunity to carve out a path for my life without conflict. To adhere to government agent requests as a way to achieve my happiness was too risky. When the facts were known to them that I was

in great upheaval and testing a new phase in my over forty years history of taking antipsychotic medication for having the worst well know mental illness on the planet, schizophrenia. The system never showed it cared for an individual or our group and was set up to save money and reduce costs. And have always looked for ways to cut pricing to the most vulnerable people whose condition takes away their will. They are left without adequate health care and vital financial support in a society that pays lip service to their needs.

I am to feel disappointed, but I accept life's uncertainties and that there will be disadvantages. I willingly go with the flow with the generally incomplete information and genuinely inhabit the present moment. I tamed my anger to be in systems that waste resources and are unfair and don't get caught in thoughts of time waste complaining and heightened over-perception of the harm, which has the power to level off in symptoms of illness.

I must see myself standing alone on my two feet, looking after number one (self), and not relying on political systems to get by. Thank God I paid all my national Insurance, and as a disabled person who can no longer work to earn a living. I get ESA benefits from my contributions made when I was working. I do not get any free money for being a poor citizen; I am only getting supported by the national insurance I paid. The Tax Man takes a share of the small private pension that gives me a payment of £115.43 per month. They are asking for unpaid taxes; didn't they receive the right amount of tax from my private pension, or was the given Personal Allowance and the Marriage Allowance transferred by HMRC have an outstanding debt in earlier years?

I have just seen a few more words on an additional page 3 of the letter from HMRC that has a one-sentence explanation. *"This calculation includes tax you owe HMRC for an earlier year."*

Nothing comes free to us from Government. The family Tax credit, Council tax reduction schemes, and the Benefits system are too complex for ordinaries to check the accuracy of their calculations. The loops to go through to have an award for the circumstances their laws say give entitlement and are our right to claim, have an object comes back to hit us. They either miss calculated, errors occur to disadvantage us, or changes in the law usually disadvantage us too.

I have paid back to the government department over £3,000 in recent years for Tax credit reclaimed, Inland Revenue paybacks, and payments paid to the Borough Council. The council admitted they had made an error in our council tax reduction entitlement, and we were forced to repay the Council. In 2003, we fell behind with the unaffordable arrangement to pay council tax arrears. The same Borough Council contributed to my devastating mental breakdown, which led to attempted suicide and constant urges to die for the greater good. The cruel way they went about getting money from us was disgusting. We were just a few pounds above the government's margin for being poor but not poorly skint enough, and the council showed no compassion for our plight.

They said the council wouldn't negotiate another payment arrangement even though they got photocopy proof of our income and expenditures, and I pleaded at the customer services desk. Please, the council has factual evidence that we do not have enough money coming in as income. I begged them to understand paying all the priority bills on a low wage and struggling with a mental illness is not sustainable; I needed more time to pay the council tax bill. I know I must pay the council tax. I am not against paying, I said. I just needed more time to pay the demand for the arrears and the coming year.

The Customer Service staff reconfirmed the standard procedure taken by the council for not paying council tax, and there were no

exceptions. The Council computer will generate demand letters for the unpaid council tax; the bailiff may call for payment. A message will be sent to appear in court for due council tax, and court costs will be added. The brutal statutory system that people in government compiled had worked uncompassionate and inhumanely. The none marginal rule of law was harshly, brutally enforced on poor law-abiding citizens. The letter came on the doormat. The bailiff arrival unexpectedly a few days later to take ownership of some of my goods; some payment had been made a few days previously. The bailiff was left empty-handed. Demand letters begin arriving again, followed by a letter of summons to court and the date of the hearing.

The Borough Council and one more company squeezed us terribly without mercy to cough up unaffordable repayments for which I had confessed I hadn't had the money. I bent and buckled to pay the most I could, and over time, the arrears built-up to become a massive debt. Finally, I buckled entirely and had a breakdown and was hospitalised. The council and our mortgaged provider pushed and pushed with demand letters threatening legal action. We used all the agencies out there to get us more time to pay and give us good advice that could help us. Citizen Advice, Accommodation Concerns, County Law advice services, GP & psychiatrist Letters, and other money advice charities all had a hand in inferencing them. Unfortunately, they had a negligible effect; it slowed down our mortgage provider and the Council's eagerness for repayments, with all arrears included in the monthly payment. The council and mortgagee were insensitive and inhumane, showed no care about the weak and vulnerable and provoked us as they prayed on us to pay up regardless of not having enough money for daily living.

The many credit companies, including Banks I owed thousands of pounds, showed they work ethically and have compassion and sympathy for our plight, not the council or mortgage provider. I was given an ongoing period of grace by the credit companies. They eased their pressure for repayment on unaffordable repayments. I negotiated affordable, very low payback. Most creditors suspended the payments for years until I could make a reasonable partial repayment, which was accepted as full and final payment for the money owed.

Ultimately, it was my family support, my late mother/dad, sisters, and brother. I am grateful for the unmeasurable love and sacrifice they have made to help me.

They raised the money to pay off the mortgage arrears and the Council tax demand for that year and the arrears. However, the mortgage payments continued to be unaffordable. I asked the provider for the redemption figure for the mortgage and claimed a bit later for the distress and Inconvenience they caused us. The house was sold in November 2017 to an insurance company that guaranteed no upfront mortgage payments and lifetime occupiers in our home. When our lives end, just like every living thing, we will one day die on the face of the earth. The insurance company will get the payment agreed upon in the binding contract we had signed to have the house sold within a year after our death.

I claimed Distress and Inconvenience to the mortgage provider for compensation. They put forward a low small cash pay-out and were not prepared to negotiate the sum they asked us to accept as a reasonable, financially supported apology. They indirectly implied to take it or leave it; you'll not get any more. (I can't remember the actual figure, it's between £100 and £190)

The Council got off scot-free; compensation for Distress and Inconvenience does not exist in council policy, and the review of the account, they must have recognised they had been heavy-handed; they didn't even have the courtesy to admit it.

Throughout my history of taking the side of blunder and repeating the same behaviour that has caused me numerous problems, I tried to scrutinise what I was doing and could not recognise I was operating or reacting to things in a passive series of habits. I say, "I am powerless to do anything," I say, "I cannot get to change things", and I blame others like disgruntled co-workers and say, "people are doing this to me. I have cared for the happiness of others over my happiness. People's suffering is causing my unhappiness; I am hypersensitive and hurt by every natural or human-made calamity. I am trapped in a harsh reality I do not like", and on and on!!!! An on-it-go. I have difficulty processing negative thoughts and emotions.

These sorts of unproductive negative habitual thoughts also blame socioeconomic status, the lack of money, job, and education. In the education systems, I mistrust them because they lack the gospel truths, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Therefore, to learn life's skills, the realities and knowledge had to be found in the trial and error of lived experiences. It looked like social structures and systems were hardwired to increase inequalities and injustice, and people couldn't be trusted. The lack of money and a job were crushing me too, and with so much self-demotivation, suicide urges lurked. I give up on my will to live in a period of depression and personal delays. I allowed the haunt of negative thinking to almost forever taint me with past mistakes, failures, and setbacks. Opposing views have not given me the energy or power to create the life I want to live on the planet to be the best person I can be. Being open, kind, respectful, pursuing my talents, maximising my skills

and strengths, and sharing love and gratitude with and for others teach me how to build new healthy habits and use my common sense.

An elderly native European friend named John recently emailed me an obituary printed in a popular (once was) broadsheet newspaper to mourn the loss of Common Sense. I'll like to share it with you and could also find it on websites; You may have heard similar as you grow to understand that,

Common Sense seems it got taken away

Web sites:

<https://www.woodwardenglish.com/death-of-common-sense-obituary/>

<https://blog.timeunion.com/johnmcdonald/the-death-of-common-sense/2647/>

https://www.funny-jokes.com/humor/jokes_over60.htm

<https://iamtravelr.com/threads/12848/>

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was since his birth records long ago are lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will get remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as:

- *Knowing when to come in out of the rain;*
- *Why the early bird gets the worm;*
- *Life isn't always fair;*
- *And maybe it was my fault.*

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you can earn) and reliable strategies (adults, not children, are in charge).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned but overbearing regulations were implemented.

- *reports of a 6-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate;*
- *teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch;*
- *and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student only worsened his condition.*

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job that they had failed to do in disciplining their unruly children. It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer sun lotion or aspirin to a student. However, they could not inform parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the churches became businesses, and criminals received better treatment than their victims.

Common Sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home, and the burglar could sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live after a woman failed to realise that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilt a little in her lap and promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense preceded death,

- *by his parents, Truth and Trust,*
- *by his wife, Discretion,*
- *by his daughter, Responsibility,*
- *-and by his son, Reason.*

His five stepbrothers survive him;

- *I Know My Rights*
- *I Want It Now*
- *Someone Else Is to Blame*

- *I'm A Victim*
- *Pay me for Doing Nothing*
- *Not many attended the funeral because so few realised he was gone.*

I have fallen enough to realise that I need to make better and more positive life choices. So I am training myself to latch onto positive thinking. I've determined that I alone am responsible for my actions in sickness and health. In mental illness, I did not know that most of the time, wholly contrary ideas were sinking my performance. And the gradual switch was more than a coincidence; I gained strength and was more tuned in looking around and identifying happy, healthy, well-adjusted people. They are naturally gravitating toward positive thinking.

Doing what's best for my overall health and well-being, positive thinking is a healthy habit, and not only will I make more healthy choices and behaviour changes. In addition, I think the repetition of workable patterns will pay off in unexpected ways, and its reward has even more cognitive benefits.

God of love and Her truths are joyous, divined, and correct, and religions are a human-made authority to hold people in fear and guilt to discipline them and merely a semblance of meaning and control. The divine is within us, and we can dip in it, take from this free positive energy source that can change us. The mind will gradually engage in the traits it needs in its ongoing development to help balance us out if we are to do this or do that, living unawares of destructed personality traits and inferences, which makes our actions unpleasant. Then when they hit ourselves on the conscience, the alerted awareness dips the divine source that flashed out positive thinking, improving our happiness. I have no idea where the positive thought and ideas came from so suddenly and, in time, automate our life to gravitate towards the source of positive thinking.

That is how my idea of forming cells in our brain think positive thinking flashes out of the source of the Divine Spirit in our human nature. The components to make positive thoughts are already within us; we only have to use them to overcome the negative ones, which are easier to act and produce. Academic places like universities teach the mechanics of the components that make us think, and these components exist from the one God in the creation process. There's no belief-busting effect on believing in a God that judges people or rewards good behaviour through the promise of a place in heaven and punishes bad behaviour with the threat of being packed off to hell. So I began to say no thanks to this popular belief of moralising God, who has some system of surveillance "eye in the sky" and a God who can see inside people's minds and issue punishments and rewards accordingly.

I saw no direct alleviation of the acute, in- the- moment of stress from an omniscient deity who is specifically interested in my future to help me cope, deal better with difficulties, and impact stress responses. No, not in that way.

My first book, *The Memoir of a Schizophrenic*, is about stories anticipating an acute stressor. But unfortunately, my ability to cope with the stressful situation was not improved by clinging to an omniscient deity out there to downgrade stress. (See page 425 Only Seeing "the Blues" written 04.6.2002, "God Please, God please, God please, please"! Page 552, written 12.01.2005, SOS of Distress page 561, written 01.04.2005 and "It Never Rains but it Pours" page 586, written 10th August 2005.)

The strength of my renewed ideology belief, God within, and a mixture of science gave me the benefits.

Faithfully the advantage over facing difficulty and not breaking the social rules to behave nicely is given to us by the laws governing the saintlier side of our human nature. Though the complex trial and error

practice and other practices, including family support and associated social support, helps me cope with longer-term stressors. I believe that people are fundamentally good. Still, the stress people imposed on me with their harmful personality traits and feeling “good” for being not good. Rude, disrespectful, spiteful, hating and do not attempt to show or develop their sound quality is on the verge of not being human. Some people never learn to use the characteristics we all possess to evolve into better human beings. Society seemed embarrassed to have everyday saints acting on the goodness in them, and people who perform and are daily baddies are credited as newsworthy and magnified.

A dark side unleashed to be human is not a separate species of rational people. I have come a long way to realise all of us have a version of potentialities in life that lie within us to tap into the more positive, compassionate and selfless aspects of the best of our human nature. The dark side consumes psycho-path and narcissism. We all have varying levels of dark, mysterious personalities and light traits of altruism, forgiveness, gratitude, fairness, compassion and selflessness. The latter are jewels in every individual whose daily behavioural acts, saintly and optimistic, have a net effect on the world.

The downside of being the best version of myself could leave me open to exploitation because of excessive trust, compassion, and interpersonal guilt.

People are malleable and can train and shape themselves to use light, saintly traits. I envisaged modern human societies' variants carrying out their obligations to the positive divine-defined spirit side of human personality, and those motivated by power and selfish ambitions won't exist. The shifting perspective increases a sense of universal love and self-transcendence. And the good of humanity has honesty, higher life satisfaction, agreeableness, values that have excellent transcendent

qualities, compassion, empathy, and engaging in loving-kindness are awed. My predicted outcome is that our rationale increases our self-passion, openness, higher conscientiousness, and the feeling of autonomy and competence. When fundamental belief in the goodness of humans is godly and the motivation to treat individuals as valuable and worthy, regardless of what they can provide personally for us. One purpose of life is to drag our less saintly personality traits out of the shadows and into the light. Believing in the essential goodness of humans is “I think people are mostly good”, and modern secular life is declining belief in the omniscient deity big god out there. Most are absent from the understanding of God within us.

In our modern social complexity, society cooperation across ethnic groups in the face of migration, warfare, and the spread of faults news and new virtual reality technologies are engaging in self-transcendent experiences. The future of society requires people to look within themselves for God and the godly. Some people may need to swallow a designed pill to contribute to taming their human nature, which removes the strenuous effort to cooperate!!!!!!! So I'll move away from this hard-liner positive energy line of thoughts.

I am returning to the decision made by DWP that stuck in like a thorn I picked up as I ravaged. It needs more of my thought process to take it out, “give it a rest, say no more about the unfairness of the PIP decision,” and move on.

My old self-absorbed six months of stress and anxiety from PIP tactics, and most of my life was baited on negative thoughts. My vulnerable long-term mental health and long-term mobility issues have factual medical evidence to sink a battleship and were presented to help in my claim, some by me, which was ignored. DWP did not say in the

rejection letter that they looked at the medical evidence or tot-up points from the application form.

The system is breaking with stupidity, so their agent did not physically see me!!! My best-abled ability to write the truth in the application form about how my condition affects me without adhering to known methods of dishonesty and deception to gain extra points, I was refused financial support on two levels.

The medical evidence was under the DWP nose of Mr WILLETT; HE HAS A HISTORY OF SCHIZOPHRENIA DATING BACK FROM 1978. HE SUSTAINED MULTIPLE PHYSICAL INJURIES FROM ATTEMPTING SUICIDE IN 2003, blur, blur, blur.... That didn't get looked at for proof or even considered. It's a fact, in the medical files, without biases. Why did they need to see me when the very fact that the condition is stress-related? Are they thinking of my well-being? The fear of being in an assessment may put me on the near edge of developing psychotic symptoms, and at the time, I was weaning myself off antipsychotic medication. I could not take the risk of derailing one of my purposes. So, "I DID NOT GO"

Can I find the silver lining? Schizophrenia looks fixed on the inside; that doesn't mean everything is operating smoothly on the inside. I am still learning to take care of myself by nourishing myself from the inside out. I try "Think positive" so that meaningful and long-lasting transformation continues. I am not particularly charismatic and do not want to better myself for a leadership role. If you glimpse inside my brain, feelings are too and frowning. Thoughts are, too, and they wavier to my heart and elsewhere. Thinking and other functions bring advantages and disadvantages, and the personality characteristics and traits I have been born with or inherited are hard-wired into my brain. I am an ordinary person with extraordinariness. On the other hand, my introverted brains

lack the necessary skills to express my experiences and opinions in never-ending communication in front of others and not have social withdrawal due to shyness and anxiety. I'm not too fond of prolonged social interactions and feel uncomfortable in large social gatherings.

Our daughter, Georgina, is moving forward, from being engaged to Adam to marrying Adam in October. The date will be Saturday, 19th October this year, 2019. There are trying for a child will express a changing future with the child coming into earthly existence reality with help with the natural sex biological formation of a child into the IVF technology system. We all hope they will have a child birthed in exceptional biology and continue trusting in God to start their family. They are an excellent matrimony bond and would expect this extra blessing. Our prayers are with them that the God of creation does not delay a loving couple's desire to produce a new life for too long.

We have grandchildren from our other two grown-up children you know of; they are getting nurtured nicely on the right path, and they could, therefore, retain the essence of God in them. Nature has all the proper essentials for them to mature in a specific field of job excellence when they grow up and work, rest, study, and play.

I am already busy preparing the Father of the Bride speech. But unfortunately, my thoughts were interrupted by horrific worldly events. So, I put down the pen that was writing down my address and focused on matters at hand, but there was nothing I could do. I'll get back to writing the wedding speech again soon because I need a lot of time to write the draft, make it the best it can be, and learn it. Then, rehearse for a perfect delivery to a multitude of people. Although they will only be two families, friends and relatives, it will shake my nerves too much if I do not prepare myself.

I have taken time to make sense of my thoughts and experiences and achieved eureka moments, which positively impacted my health. I can hardly believe one of the benefits of being more focused on beliefs entirely is that it changes my mindset when it wants to self-imposed health illnesses. I improved my creativity and am more open to different ideas, and my confidence is gradually growing. I love to think and dream, which may be considered inefficient and inactive participation to change the world, but I can still achieve with a mental disadvantage because of goals. I noticed more cultural differences that play a role in all this.

As a healthier introvert, I spend some time alone to re-organise thoughts. I have an alerting system that warns that the boundary between dangerous isolation and beneficial solitude is quite blurry. Loneliness could harm health, so I will continue having few good friends and strong bonds in small social groups that will accept me into their clan. It's a better satisfaction experience, and my happiness is more considerable. I am not too stressed to go through periods again of mental instability. Not everyone wants to hear the message I put out there: to help everyone. Extremists may get hostile; some completely ignore it; others will put their hands to their ears, and lar, lar, lar, we don't want to hear from you!

I am to protect my well-being from such harm and not expose it to dangers. But unfortunately, I am not so different when it comes to my own and other people's harmful behaviour and attitude, which affect my cognitive functioning, increase my risk of metabolic disorders and negatively impact my immune system.

Keeping Schizophrenia Stuck, the Review

Written Monday 4th March 2019

I altered my life inside by continuously healing my mind and overcoming the effects of antipsychotic medication. I want to party to the remarkable transformations that are getting made in my life, changes in habits, change in ways of thinking, working through feelings, and the durable adjustment in myself and my relationships. It is picqueter how my emotional states affect my health and well-being badly. But, on the other hand, the same emotions originate biologically influence me subsequently with functional health status later.

Adverse, negative emotional state responses affected my health and well-being on antipsychotic medication. My whole body and mind state must have activated hormonal responses and other systems and systemic reactions. Courage, motivation, and perseverance are key development learning that kicks in.

Coming off antipsychotics must have improved my mind and body connection slowly. My emotions, biology, and feelings understand the good and positive experiences I am subjecting my brain, so I increased my mind to gather good thoughts and positive experiences. Good and positivity influence my body from the kind ideas and positive chemical signals from my brain, keeping schizophrenia stuck and in check.

There is no doubt that parts of my everyday experiences of discomfort impact my mood. But I didn't know why, and somehow some things that felt "off" had more to do with sounded superior force and sinister energy. Although not quantifiable, we all sometimes have a feeling to cleanse the

air, open windows and bring in a fresh new draft. Come off antipsychotics, able me to be naturally mindful. My self-talk is even more compassionate now, in my mind for myself and others, and I am trying not to freak out when something awful happens suddenly. I am safe and happy because I am learning not to rebuke myself or others with negative thoughts. I can imagine my negativity showering away; unwanted thoughts fade when peace with others, peace with myself, and incidents are viewed as neutral-natural, generating positive energy.

I am learning nobody else is responsible for my feelings; people do something despicable, which needs dealing with, but they did not cause my feelings. My opinions are a unique product of how I interpret what's happening around me. My amazing set of experiences, history, and values filters my emotional response to the situation, and I should take responsible ownership of my authentic feelings. Other people may have a completely different emotional response. So, I, therefore, shouldn't blame my triggered emotion on anyone else. I am also still learning to manage and defeat anxiety and the awful sensations in my skull that I eventually experienced as having varying strengths of headaches. I am forgetful and still have some muddled-headed thinking and muddled understanding. I am trying hard to clean out more toxins that are stubborn, negative, and cognitive symptoms leftovers that I can't shift yet. My sincere effort to grow and change is arduous, but I must be persistent and do a lot of work. I am getting what must be a natural but destructive reaction to change when anxiety and discomforts are taking me down. Should I "Retreat"? No, it has the power to send me right back toward square one, and reminding myself of it pulled me back on track. I feel optimistic and different from my old self on antipsychotics, things feel safe, and the hazards in the world and risk-taking are linear and natural

to expect. I have momentum in my growth progress, but I'll pause for a moment and give myself credit (Well Done so far, Karl !!!! clap, clap.)

Giving myself credit will keep me motivated and energised to keep advancing and watching for small changes instead of continually expecting dramatic steps from myself. Moreover, it prepares me for all aspects of reforms.

Extended Challenges from the Government Systems

Written Friday, 8th March 2019

Following cancel of the Memory Assessment on the 21st of February 2019, a further date was arranged for Thursday 18th of April 2019.

The critical, suspicious thought about ESA payment will get reduced lasted longer than a few minutes or hours from when the suspicion had arisen.

My suspicion has been chipping away at ESA customer service words of “fact.” No reduction in ESA payments.

Two days ago, I walked to a pocket park to get some fresh air because my attention had been pulled in this one direction for days, and most of the time, the suspicion didn’t appear to be bogus. However, the message had become even more critical last night. Overnight my suspiciousness predicted ESA was likely to be stopped altogether.

These thoughts, I would say, have good intentions to protect me and keep me safe. But it is a warning of the worst that can happen, and I must prepare. The problem is, this morning, my suspiciousness has fuelled anxiety. That old familiar feeling of stress is creeping in. Nevertheless, it’s empowering to know the truth, so I am coming to you in this writing ‘LIVE,’ on Friday 8th March, time now 8:30 AM, to check on Internet Banking the amount of money ESA deposited into my bank account.

I have reached the final stage in procedures on the computer for the display screen to show the statement page. I am looking at the page; I am looking for ESA transactions!!!! Ho, OH!!!, Oh, “they got to be joking

with me,” and I continue to eyeball the screen. Ho my god!!!, ESA transaction is missing. It was stopped! There is no money credited to my account from ESA.

I am right here in the moment; I am “LIVE” immediately at this moment in time, but it causes me no struggle with anxiety or first-hand panic attack.

My self-inquiry between my mental process of self-reflection of the moment and my sensory process of self-awareness of this moment has feedback dialogue. So I am centred, comfortable, calm, and I’ll be okay.

The phrase instantly feels authentic and genuine, and honestly, I have a smile on my face. But my ego has a lash out! “I TOLD YOU SO.” And it wiped the smile clean off my face.

The time is now 8:50, and I am telephoning the ESA Benefit helpline. Moment by moment, in conversation and listening to what the advisor says, “the system says there’s an issue, and the computer is not allowing the payment to go through. A note is sent to the Benefits Office to address the issue, and direct payment to the bank account will be in today. The Benefits Office will be in touch”.

Three hours and 15 minutes had passed from an earlier time, 8:30, when I surfed Internet Banking, to when the call ended from the Benefits Office at 11:40.

The time is now 11:50, and I did not pause for 10 minutes as the moment to quiver after the dialogue with the Benefits Office staff.

I allowed myself to slow-released positive active sensations during this time of reflecting on the first point at the moment in the conversation, the word “apology,” the money is going to be in your account by midnight, but transfer usually takes two hours.

I received a blessing of joy from the spectrum of life's gifts of emotions that I can appreciate. In addition, the Benefits staff gave frequent apologising and could not find any reason for the stop.

HMRC has sent me a letter on how they will collect the tax that I owe. The only appropriate way from the methods suggested they will receive the underpaid fee of £149.38 is monthly repayment of £4.12 by direct debit.

I was in contact this afternoon on the Tax helpline and discussed that £4.12 was unaffordable and that I was not attempting to dodge the tax owed. They were the ones who had worked out my total Income and the repayment amount permitted over the most prolonged period.

But yet, they say another department will contact me within five working days and examine Income and expenditures and see what they can do.

So, the Extended Challenge from the State system is "to continue....."

On Tuesday, 12th March 2019, communication began again with HMRC, and I raised my voice to the unclear, ambiguous message that was said to say whether HMRC had come -up with a way for the Tax I owed could be paid back.

"There is no need to see your expenditures; you have a small personal pension and ESA, we see, and the payment is on hold...." I interrupted in a loud voice, "HOW AM I SUPPOSE TO MAKE PAYMENT AT A LATER TIME WITH THIS SMALL INCOME? HOW LONG WILL IT BE ON HOLD FOR?" The HMRC adviser said, "you did not let me finish. Theirs's no payment required now or in the future." I tried again in the conversation to aim direct words to the adviser to copy. So to state that the payment is cancelled. The final response was, "The payment is on hold, and we have stopped computer-generated letters."

41

A Kind of Dementia Medical Science May Not Know

Written Saturday, 30th March 2019

In my lens, my outlook on the world differs from everyone else's. I rarely get it the first time when asked to do a task or respond to a light-hearted conversation. It's rarely a logical way. My rich internal world, which exists within my mind, has a God complex and colours the world and others differently from anybody else.

I gave viewpoints different from anyone else and asked myself questions about the world. And my own life and about how I see other people and myself and missed the messiness that makes people attractive and probably, would make me more interested on the page. I have been working all my life to get rid of or control better my human messiness to use more of my divine saintly qualities and always logical in a perfectly rational way. But none of us works in a perfectly sensible manner, and my belief system about the world and how it works hurts me because I'm not too fond of how the world and people do actual work. So I look for people to change their attitude by practising a God-complex belief system of impartiality and believe humanity can begin to change by starting with themselves.

My meek worldview flaws are rooted in every aspect of my psychology. From the beginning of the dialogue, living my worldview and experiences of events got me hurt. For example, my family tells me I overthink things, and it causes me to worry and fret. "It's normal to forget and mess up. Don't be too hard on yourself, and no one is perfect".

Yesterday just passed morning, 29th March 2019. I began to laugh when I could not “get it” as I talked to my son from my mobile phone. He told me how to reverse the camera on the phone step by step, which I had done many times before and now can’t remember how.

For neither love nor money, I spent probably ten minutes unable to carry out the instructions. Even though I thought I was doing it to the “tee”, I could not get it.

My son, Jonathan, remained calm and patient and asked me to keep trying. Still, I became frustrated, no longer finding it funny to forget and can’t carry out a simple instruction successfully and told him I’d call his mum to do it.

I was bewildered, his mum reversed the camera to Jonathan’s instructions, and I said to them, “that’s what I exactly did. It didn’t work!”.

In the evening of that same day, I used my smartphone to watch a YouTube video clip and needed to use one part of the technique to pause the video. I have halted YouTube videos before but could not do it this time. I carefully did what I always do to get the pause icon on the screen. Eventually, after about ten minutes of playing around, I managed it. Wow, Ho, my God!!! The awareness suddenly hit me on a raw nerve and frit me momentarily, and the next moment I was happy to know, but Ho God, !!! My finger motor movement was operating as opposed to what I thought.

I was supposed to tap my finger on the screen; I truly believed that was the action I did. However, it took a long time to be aware that the response movement I had done was to slide my finger on the screen. I immediately told Euphemia, in my usual way, using my loving pet name for her, Darling, or say my Lovely. My Lovely spoke, “Karl, it’s normal.” The next day, I let the rest of the family know of my discovery.

I prompted a question, “I am getting a kind of suttee dementia medical science may not know?”. “Stop overthinking, daddy,” said the girls. “It’s

more probably the same sort of phenomenon one has when one sees on the commercial entry door to push and one pull and vice versa.” “Dad, in your case, you got a bit confused with the thought ‘To Tap a Finger’ and ‘To Slide a Finger in your mind. It’s nothing more than that.” Said, my boy.

My Brain 238 Days Off Antipsychotic Medication and the Going Onus After That

Written Wednesday, 8th May 2019

The amazing three-pound organ that housed mine awakened consciousness, and the un/ subconsciousness controls all functions of my body, interprets information from the outside world and embodies the essence of the mind and soul. My brain also housed creativity, intelligence, emotion, and memory and received data through its five senses: sight, smell, touch, taste and hearing, often many at once. It assembles the messages that have meaning for me and can store that information in my memory. My brain has nerve cells in many sizes and shapes called neurons in my bony skull. They say it gets nourished, protected, and has structural support from caretakers' cells!!!? (I forgot the word for those cells) that regulates the blood-brain barrier, allowing nutrients and molecules to interact with neurons. The consistent neurons communicate across a tiny gap called a synapse that exchanges neurotransmitters.

Okay, I understood some of the anatomies of my brain, which has my "Being," called Karl, in it. But nevertheless, the experiences of knowledge of the essence of things have continued to turn my reasonable belief in God into being permanently fixed.

I have gained a new understanding that advances a series of proofs that grounded me sincerely that God exists - it's unthinkable for me to deny it and the role that God plays in my philosophical thoughts.

One of the most philosophical questions is to prove God's existence. I am self-assured that my life experiences only make God's presence more probable than not so. It is evident proof of reasonable and responsible grounding beyond all reasonable doubt. I believe in a Super-Intelligent, Transcendent, creative power, and I have encountered evidence. I could not fail to be convinced by it as my rational faculties became intact.

I claimed to prove God's existence externally and internally other than a mere reasonable belief in the force of Her, the CG thing, "Creator God."

It may not make good intellectually respectable academic sense. Still, my self-proofs firmed my rational footing and this view. I inadvertently hope to decline secularism's rise of atheism and firmer the grounding in ordinary people who believes in God's existence. It gives the believing intellectuals a visual to study and a mathematical demonstration of the proofs. Those oppositions to it and in disputation have a vested interest in undermining proofs for the existence of God. The atheist, who claim there is no God or agnostics who think are neutral as to whether their believers are in God or not, have to tackle objections from believers to prove God's existence to them, which was always evident to them before modern times everyone believed.

These days these groups of people tend to be very vocal compared to some centuries past. And also, it is said that before the 17th and 18th centuries, belief in God was unopposed, and atheists and agnostics were so rare; some say non-existent.

In early Europeans and the known parts of the world, I suspect the "thought" belief in God was perfectly reasonable, and religious belief was widespread. In that period, philosophers were not at loggerheads or odds. It was considered absurd – if not unthinkable, and something must have happened to put modern philosophers at odds.

I don't know what it was, and I have not found any research. Still, I speculate it's the physical search for proof in the widespread belief in a Creator, transcendent power to which no evidence of the physical existence of this "Being" has to have opposed argument. So modern philosophers and perfectional theorists began to argue about the presence of God that ordinary people accepted.

The widespread miss conceptions and the understanding of God emerged in modern times. Still, these days we know so much more to convince us all to be believers again in an unknowable form of a transcendent invisible creative power. The human language we were born with articulates this positive hidden spirit energy language called God.

Most of the knowledge and some habits I learned from personal experiences in trial and error rather than formal education and training. I have managed to express my intuitions and conceptions and conceptualise what my God-consciousness endowed upon me. Some practices are encoding, storing, and retrieving information in my memory. My retrospective memory is good at assessing past events recall, and recognition but the other aspects of memory activities are not so good. Short-term memory to remember information after several seconds or minutes and long-term memory to remember information over a long duration is sketchy. The temporarily held data involves working memory and could well get manipulated. Semantic memory, in which general facts are stored, and episodic memory is a memory for personal events, are faulty in some ways. They couldn't only be due to the ageing processes that give my age as sixty- two and eight-month-old.

My life has dived into the pool of relaxation, conscious relaxation using my mental awareness to produce a profoundly relaxed state. The continuous adverse effect in some cognitive domains that withdrawal

from antipsychotics has severe systematic identified verbal delays and some visual delay memory problems. I sleep well, and my appetite, interest, and motivation are all good, but there's still the ongoing neck stiffness and all-over body aches, mainly the torso and lower back pains. My skull has a constant awful sensation of rising heat within its core and furry intensely and reaches the surface of my skull membrane hot and releases the feeling of having pins and needles on my scalp. Shrinking, squeezing and tightening seem to be occurring automatedly, and my cortex is under pressure. The folds and grooves feel like they are oscillating. My brain fluid is getting compressed in the hollow cavities' ventricles.

Sometimes, it is hard to think; the feeling has always been with me. I someday feel so exhausted in day times, and I need to sleep off its strong intenseness. Still, when the severity of discomfort, which I can no longer call variable headache symptoms, creeps up from mild to very much irritating that I can't stand it anymore, I take ibuprofen or naproxen meds for some discomfort relief. I used them as PRN and never overused them to stabilise the degrees of the pattern of terrible sensation working its way out of my brain in due course. I want to allow my mind the time it needs to absorb the leftover harsh pharmacy chemicals it was regularly having for over forty years and replenish. The painkillers are working quite well to restore the agent in my biological systems to tame and mellow down those things that cause me to be sick or miserable. My aim is well known to allow my brain's chemical factory to produce and regulate the right amount of substance to keep a healthy balance ratio in my body and my mind.

Thursday, 18th April 2019, the neuropsychological examination took place to identify cognitive impairment that schizophrenia and decades of antipsychotic medication usage may have contributed to the conditions.

I will have the measured “facts” from the test that typically tests five cognitive domains in dementia patients.

I was a little uneasy and restless, just short of fear that the test would reveal a lifetime of illiteracy. For testing Attention, Memory, fluency, language, and visuospatial processing.

I didn't know If I did well in the cognitive examination. My anxiety rose slightly after the test only because I struggled to remember the most common and recent things. And as the expressive saying goes, “they are on the tip of my tongue”, and it needs several promptings to release them.

The CPN examiner summing -up said I had a problem retrieving information, that my overall total score was 78/100, and the full report shall be sent to me. Then I felt a slight relief; that score doesn't seem like an unfortunate result out of 100. The examiner concluded antipsychotic medication affects cognition; the problem is temporary. Having stopped the drug recently for schizophrenia, she recommends a six-month re-assessment to gauge any of the expected differences or improvements from her baseline. I agreed and accepted the first of two options plan recommendations.

- **First Option:** To complete a further assessment in six months. Next Appointment, 3rd October 2019.
- **Second Option:** I should have an MRI scan to investigate brain volume and brain deterioration. It included regions of my brain that may have shrinkages.

Cognitive Assessment Completed ACE III written report arrived.

The website reference relates to Addenbrooke's cognitive Examination <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/addenbrookes%27s> cognitive examination.

The finds:

- Total score: 78/100
- Attention: 15/18 tested by asking the client for the date, including the season and the current location; repeating back three single words; and serial subtraction.
- Memory: 16/26 tested by asking the client to recall the three words previously repeated, memorising and recalling a fictional name and address, and recalling widely-known historical facts
- Fluency: 6/14 tested by asking the client to say as many words as they can think of, starting with a specified letter within one minute, and naming as many animals as they can think of in a minute
- Language: 26/26 tested by asking the client to complete a set of sequenced physical commands using a pencil and a piece of paper. Such as “place the paper on top of the pencil” to write two grammatically complete sentences; repeat several polysyllable words and two short proverbs; name the objects shown in 12-line drawings, answer contextual questions about some of the things, and read aloud five commonly mispronounced words
- Visuospatial: 15/16 abilities are tested by asking the client to copy two diagrams, draw a clock face with the hands set at a specified time, count sets of dots, and recognise four partially obscured letters.

I am eight months, two hundred and thirty-eight days off the medication, and I question social norms and the wickedness of some extremist people. My normal feelings are getting too sensitive, and my empathic ability has grown very intense again, so close to virtually disabling me to have paralysis coming back recently.

Although I have been trying to focus on building resistance and recognising body signs of stress awareness, my mind is trying to keep up

with the aim of empowerment to have no disabling feelings from an adverse stress reaction. But unfortunately, I have felt almost trapped again with stressful events in the media, affecting my satisfaction in my personal life and happiness. They say feelings are friends, but I have also to acknowledge that they can become my worst enemies.

My emotions are built into me for a reason for empowerment and are my body's way and mind to inform, direct, guide, motivate, energise and guide me. Still, I periodically am drained, weakening the real, natural strength that my humanity feeds back feelings I can't cope with this. I use that hardness of the inner light of my humanity and the power left in me to shine forward healthily and helpfully. When people's bad news and the environment are suffering, hurt victims allow powerfully feeling for humanity to be the harness, and my inner light feels their painful problems. When they are too strong, the power of the forces in compassion, sympathy, empathy, reconciliation, and even kindness get me too sensitive, super-sensitise me, and gradually change the perception that it is my punishment to bear. To be so good-in good-natured, and that's weird. I'll also likely make biased decisions and increase my vulnerability to deal with gentlemanly agreements and other forms of cooperation that can be exploited and used for selfish purposes. My body gives off signals I am not looking after myself. There is too much of humanity's good stuff, leaving me with insufficient time to replenish the energies for my kind and tender-heartedness. If given a chance to use my emotional skills in a practical physical way in any of people's misery or animal suffering and environmental protection, the chances are, I'll get self-harmed.

How do I stop my powerful feelings from weakening me? I gave myself suggestions in previous pieces of writing, and now trying mental recall from my memory and typing what comes to mind.

- Write as soon as possible to spew it as the dominant emotion fully allows you to feel adequate in the moment of the bad news and then try to let go of the deep pain in sadness.
- The grief and the hellishness that the sufferer is experiencing tightens pressure valves in my heart and belly. The 'feel' sensory organs in my body and the feeling of all kinds of emotions from my brain are in-touch, mysteriously connected unseeingly to the misery of the people and the horrible calamity conceptualised fixed continuous unhappiness in me for them. So the repeated exposure to people's suffering, awful misery, pain, animal cruelty, and nature's worst environmental forces of destruction damages my function ability.
- I distract myself by doing something other than absorbing the repeated alerts, the on and on of bad news that the media uses to philologically damage us and call the brutal un-sympathetic way they report human tragedy to be for our entertainment.
- Share intense emotion, talk about it, and I almost magically feel better for dragging the feeling from my inside to the outside. I gained peace; in the first instance, my thanks go out to my enduring wife and family for listening and their patience in helping me gain perspective.
- Meditate, relax, establish a breathing technique and go out and about in the fresh air. The intense feelings that have a way of driving my brain that can feel like I'll not be in charge, someone else is in command of it, racing the high sensitivity onto my compassionate and empathic self is hard to see differently.
- Take back charge of my brain, the driving seat from adverse psychological manipulations effects in advertising, and the power of persuasion in media that has become fundamental to shaping people's view of what is good or bad. The press uses persuasive

techniques to make people believe the undesirable that they say they are desirable.

I have a recent account of my life indirectly encountering human frailty affecting my ability to rise above it all. They are not directly linked to my problems. Usually, some things are, but these types of issues dramatically put me into coping skills to confront the crisis, but learning resilience doesn't come naturally to me. I was forever trying to become more resilient and developed and strengthened my coping skills, problem-solving skills, approach, and outlook on life that seemed fixed in my genes. My ability to deal with setbacks and their many challenges looks almost entirely set in my genetic makeup. But the factoring environment plays a massive role in how resilient I may be, alongside any perceived stressors.

I am trying really hard to nurture crucial skills from challenging circumstances and situations to correlate to higher emotional intelligence to manage feelings. I know what was causing them, and I understood why, and of course, some factors are directly outside of my control, such as natural disasters. Still, external causes affect me the most, including those of my children's and relatives' challenging problems they are tackling. I feel I have or already have the power to make choices that will affect my situation, and I get ready to cope, leading to a safe outcome and a successful solution for my problem.

The violence in hatred terrifies me, and into my mind most intensely are the historical recorded accounts of Nazis massacring Jews. I render them less than human and oddly sad for them and inhumane people. Today, those who are stirring -up the biology in themselves and other people that is racist and at its high fuel ethnic cleaning when they have a grave misjudgement about peoples' differences and diversity in

communities. Ultimately, our biology can play a very outside role in our behaviour as nature and nurture interact to shape our perceptions of the world. So often, what made us human beings is distorted by the influence of the less rational and less reasonably pre-existing biological of un-humane people's attitudes. It stirs up racism, nativism, bigotry, and violence. Still, the healthy functioning brain in dark-toned-skinned racial minorities never internalised racism to explode later to render their explicit racism and overt racist behaviour less humanely.

We are using the areas of our brain in such a way that our emotional regulation and impulse control neutralise the bombarded implicit racial biases in the unconscious, which stimulate humanity to live in peaceful community groups and have neighbourly love. It is time for the use of pharmacological treatment for racism. Give them drugs in psychiatry that will cause messiness with racism pathways systems in their brains. Pharmaceutical treatments for those whose explicit racism have their impaired prefrontal cortex response fixed to "cure racism." Too many people get martyred to bring awareness to society to restrain their bias type, which results in irrational behaviours. I feel there is a grave seriousness that supremacists, peoples' and other inhumane organised groups of people with their hateful ideology inspired violence and bloodshed. They dog-whistle the ordinary people to nod their heads in agreement with racist hatred ideology. Evil people's extreme orientations need to be defeated; historically, they martyred ancestors and are more dangerous since the Jewish Holocaust, the rise in Islamophobia and the persecution of Christians.

Due to overexposure to the terrible, tragic news, political unease, people's deliberate hurtfulness, unfairness, and unwarranted rage of hate that seems to come from threat bias and racial bias that I have outlined in all people. Malicious, nasty behaviours such as racism, the

weaponised use of fear and physiological orientating, and the media manipulating us have the power to disable me. I was not personally involved in the incidents that almost maimed my normal functioning as the calla's acts played on my mind repeatedly until I could find stillness and peace by switching off the nuisance and ignoring or walking away from the source of it.

The first few times of going to stop the bombardment of bad news entering my comfortable environment, mainly in my home, to shut out the interfering terrible news rigged me with guilt for turning them off. The frequent, repeated miserable news stories on the radio, television, charity posters/ flyer in the letterbox -suffering images and pop-ups on the internet of tragic depictions is deeply depressing.

Using legal poison substances, agents to control in-door creepy crawlers and have control of garden creatures that are becoming pests are causing uncomfortable feelings. In addition, the appearance of crowded uncultivated, unattended wild plants beautifully flourishing much better than the ones planted in the ground, specially selected plants to nurture, and having to pull them up, takes feelings, "I shouldn't be doing that", to a very uncomfortable level.

Things happen, and I make un-deliberate small mistakes to learn by trial and error facts about natural laws, and sometimes strange patterns of feeling could be under a model of the ruling laws.

Below are a few of the recent tragedies taking place that act like slow poison as I, repeat, repeat, taking it in, knowing it will eventually kill me, but I just managed to start the antidote in my weakness, and my life continues:

- *A plane crashed on landing on the runway, and many died.*

- *The young female journalist died on the eve of Good Friday reporting unrest in Londonderry.*
- *There is religious hatred and persecution - Death sentence for blaspheming, stoning for adultery.*
- *There have been death threats to MPs because Brexit seems to be national humiliation and has been delayed until October, autumn of 2019. After all, parliamentarians could not make up their minds.*
- *Youth crime involving knives and gang violence is out of control in most of the country — widespread racial abuse in football and Church cover-up of child sexual abuse.*
- *On this devastating Easter Sunday, 21st April 2019, in Sri Lanka, suicide bombers struck Churches and hotels 290 people died, and 500 were injured!!!!*

That is the last bad news; It's the last straw. I could not take them in anymore; I was broken from tragic stories. I could not repeat and repeat listening to or watching commentaries. These human stories hurt so much that my appetite shrunk, my stomach rolled, and all of my five senses sensitively picked up any traces of tragic news through one or collectively sensory signalling. So I get harmed—their misery interferences with my whole mind and body's biological systems. The miseries pull my attention. I immediately stopped and tensed myself tightly as if I were small enough to be a rolled-up hedgehog. The bad news gets intensely absorbed into every aspect of me and shuts me down. Still, this time between Friday, 19th April, Good Friday to now, this 241st day off the medication, Saturday, 11th May 2019, I could only take in lousy news stories once a day to prevent completely shutting down my functioning ability.

My coping strategies are to: Switch off the nuisance, ignore it, or walk away from its source.

The world and most of its people act not how I like to see it, and it may never be likely to be. What seems to be hard for most people is to be truthy honest, which comes easy for me, and dishonesty is more difficult for me. So while I know that my existence is frail and the universe does not revolve around my reality, I have to try to capture the essence of me my life stories and circumstances. Readers, you have been a part of my waking dreams. Since the moment of acceptance by reading this book, any of my books. I sometimes talked to myself from time to time. And I consciously brought myself to articulate to make this my whole opening of my complexity as a person.

It is remarkable how we are all different yet unique, each with distinctive gestures, a pattern of speech, movement and thought and distinct personalities with a complex mix of nature and nurture. We all must realise that people manipulate people and then unscrupulously treat their environment as a reality that raises authoritarian fear-mongering. People need to check in with themselves, genuinely assess their situation more rationally and reasonably, and be aware of the biases that stop them from being honest, fair, kind, and perfect. And respect one another. The adverse influence of the seed of social media networks is tearing society by putting the 'others none Caucasian (non-white) people as evil people, and the Caucasian group themselves go away from 'others' to save themselves. I feel sorry and sad for them to be so far from experiencing the full effects of a human being. From the beginning of thoughts on the creation of me and had my first diagnostic thought of my existence.

Further past thoughts and ideas shaped my actions, which are not how I would like them to be, and I struggle to understand the process of

the complex mix of nature and nurture influencing my future thoughts and actions. It's been challenging to feel comfortable in my personality to be my authentic character. I have adjusted and evolved my tradition of ideas, and I got struck down from time to time with an illness (you may know it by now, it's schizophrenia) that overrides me and changes aspects of me, which are unhelpful reactions and thoughts. I have behaviour patterns and a distinctive active style in thoughts, dreams and actions built up and added upon over time, and some are unhealthy and neuroticism traits. I actively modified my behaviours and beliefs by snipping, layer by layer, in challenges.

Decades after decade passed of development has shaped me, and I immediately recognised my uniqueness and the growth in my humanity from a tiny cell to a complete structure of a human person. However, my thoughts, speech, gestures, and movement patterns were sometimes still troubled when I was not ill by my quirks and "imperfections" from my ideal self.

I am enjoying the courage and the wisdom to understand, and I praise myself for trying to show greatness in my work and growth into a real humane human being. I had a blip period in history, 03.03.2003, when my sentences could have ended for sure. But instead, I interpreted the deliberate, wilful attempt to take my own life, gave my hope back, and told people that my story on earth isn't over yet.

My Life is moving on and so on, and I am the author writing my future; I will try to create a pattern to cause some rippling effect in society and the world around me, but I am not looking to have fame. Listen again, please, and remember, "I am the author of my future and its stories", and have a planning purpose of having what is right and not just some gratification. I will continue to earn kindness in myself and the virtues I built into my consciousness as I walk upon the earth. So far, I am not

economically adjusted well to be here. I did not learn well from my early and midlife education and training that would financially be an advantage for my life until the natural end of life. I adjusted my philology to find my needs. I settled myself to have the attributes that will give me the power to function adequately by using the gifts I was born with to build on, expand and develop. I would love to see education and self-self-discovering people into all lovely human beings, staying in peace, eliminating wars, and the selfish self reaching a fully humane being. The most important thing there is that all people should be able to live in supporting communities in a world that respects all and allow the grace of God in their life to find maturity from the principal law of a good life, which is to obey. Obey the truths which bring us in tune with nature's peace, love, and harmony.

43

Increase in Discomfort in Headache Symptoms and Psychiatry Seems Worthless

Written Tuesday 11th June 2019

I am attempting to determine whether my headaches require nitty-gritty detail treatment, mainly by a neurologist. But, for the most part, treatment with Naproxen medication reduces the aches when any pain of the head roll-up; it's aches, and it's in my head, and Naproxen helps me deal better when they strike.

Headaches seem to be moving out of the Primary underlying cause that is intrinsic to the makeup of my brain. Stressors give physical and emotional pain and rise to the standard tension- aches, neck aches, and stiff shoulder and back pain. The stress factors in my life have reduced considerably, and still, headaches remain triggered other than when I am getting a cold and exercising. I can think of nothing else that could make the problem stay put, except the withdrawal from the substance in the antipsychotic medicine is disliked by my brain, and I still crave a little of it.

I have taken a slow and careful approach to depart from antipsychotic medication and didn't expect drug addiction cravings. But have I begun to experience 'cold turkey? Has an awful tight shivery sensation in my scalp that has come on late as a symptom of craving?

I assumed that my brain was always tight and closed !!!!!; It expanded and shrunk and shrank again, giving tightness in my head. I could see lights as I drifted off to sleep at night, and my brain was sparking, zapping across the entire mind in the darkness, disrupting my sleep quality. At its

worst, a night of fireworks is happening. Daytime specks of flashes of white light appeared from the corner of one eye, and floaters affected my vision on a bright day.

Two times I made an appointment in advance to see my usual doctor. I cancelled them because I do not want to be provided with long-term use with any pharmaceutical medication unless they are helpful for longevity. I have pre-booked an appointment for Friday, 14th June 2019, to chat with the primary care physician. The GP service is short on human resources and overstretched. It will take a week from the booking date to see a doctor, it's hardly possible to secure an appointment for the same day with a GP, and the patient may need to get to hospital A& E to get treated.

The gradual stages of discomforting headaches around my head, scalp, forehead, and both sides of my head are persistent and seem to be getting worse. It's like an all-day-long, every-day hangover from too much alcohol. I have never drunk too much alcohol or ever been drunk. The experience is widespread for many people, so; I use that as an analogy; Equally, it can compare to feeling grossly lazy with a dense foggy mind. The entire areas feel tight all the time, and I take Ibuprofen to reduce uncomfortable feelings, but it is not working anymore. I'll be seeing the GP for sure this time; it seems more than a headache, which I thought would eventually pass now that I completely stopped taking antipsychotic medication in September 2018. Because of this scary debilitating headache, it is harder and harder to be creative in writing my stories. The headache It's not getting shifted, and it's not going away, rendering poor concentration and difficulty in focusing, and I get a bit confused. I take Naproxen medication more frequently for relief, but I do not get any significant assistance. I am frustrated with missing the point of what people say. My answers are odd; A constant misunderstanding

happens. I lack clarity in thinking and can only grasp the Ideas of things like most people see or say in the validation process.

I can feel so fatigued but not sleepy that some everyday tasks or recall information reflect a cognitive dysfunction problem involving my memory. I get sufficient sleep with an almost nightly two- to three-hour break, and it's down to four and a half and up to five hours of bed rest nightly slumbers. It feels adequate, and I don't cat-nap in the daytime anymore. I had turned down the option to have an MRI scan to investigate brain shrinkage when I had a memory and cognitive examination because I already suspected I had it. I am concerned about scan technology and wonder if they are genuinely safe or could damage human brain cells.

I already have debilitating cogitations from prolonged medication use and now probably a major secondary type headache due to years of psychiatric disorders. And isn't it an indication of something scary going on?

I have to hear what the experts say, but I have lost confidence in the Mental health service. The service asked me to write down my aims. Still, it didn't take on the supporting role of monitoring the extent of cognitive damage that antipsychotics are having, affecting my ability to make a living and socially enjoy life. I aimed to taper the high dose of medication to improve the best recovery and complete the discontinuation in two years. They showed no interest in the challenges I have with the adverse effects of years on antipsychotics and what the symptoms are gradually reducing the medication have has I bettered for a full recovery. They haven't had an interest in my mental health outcomes.

However, I have developed a good standard of getting care and treatment I trust from primary care physicians. Their trustworthiness was proven clinically by their opinion, standing up to scrutiny so far, and advice and treatment are adequate.

I was aware that there might not be any medical treatment, which freed my conscience and built-up anxieties to know the truth so that I could accept honest, professional medical advice the primary care doctor is going to suggest.

First, I will put the following question to my GP:

- *Is there any known natural remedy that may reduce the symptoms?*
- *Should I continue to have multivitamin supplements to help eventually?*
- *Am I developing or getting another medical or psychological condition?*
- *Could a computer-based test help detect some more associated neurological impairments?*
- *Do I have to get/ need an MRI scan because of the investigation?*
- *When will the significant symptoms of headaches, my itching nose, spotty face and aching neck and painful lower back eventually get lifted, as it must have an association with psychiatric recovery that is taking place? A few more months, a couple of years or longer?*
- *Are there certain foods that can help clear my brain, and will a blood test be required?*

Dear reader, I have seen the GP. Yet, from one moment to another moment, the troubling symptoms persisted. I fidgeted sitting on a chair; my body, legs, and head irritations remained an everyday daily collective familiar experience. During the doctor's surgery, I applied constant firm pressure rubs with my hand to soothe my painful forehead, the bridge of my nose, cheeks, chin, and stiff neck; also, I massaged these areas with my hand.

At the beginning of spring and now summertime, pollen allergies and other pollutants in the air are sticking to eyelashes, which are the tiny delicate strings of hair on the eyelid. As a result, my eyelash hairs feel stranded on the surface tension in the eye's membrane fluid, causing watery, irritable eyes and compounding my misery.

I sensed that my brain was becoming hot and feverish because I felt heat rising in my head, evaporating through my skull. I nod to acknowledge the GP, and gradually my head is retained in a fixed bowed position, and my eyes have reduced vision, focusing on the GP's desk. At the same time, my neck increased in tension as my neck bent forward closer to the impossible touching of my chin to my sternum to manage the awful feelings. The GP covered prodromal phase grounds with only suggestions that the troublesome symptoms are signs schizophrenia may return. My brain could have been ill at birth and needed constant medication compared to a diseased heart defect.

I rolled up my lips, pinched them tight together, and then gapped my mouth; My lips had a light coating of moisture. My lips continued moistening with a thin layer of spit, probably making them shiny. I lifted my head and rubbed one hand under my chin was an unconscious action responding differently from what I thought. Fake it, for the GP to think, I am thinking and accepting that it is the facts I associated with my brain (*"brain could have been ill at birth and needs constant medication and compare it to defect, diseased heart."*) but in all honesty, it does not fit how I think it these days. For a long time, I used to accept this one view solely to manage my brain, and I realised this model does not fit the accruing schizophrenia in me. It is triggered like cancer in toxic environments.

I have factorised my brain was not an illness at birth. I need to calm my sensitive nervous system and my pathological need to help others,

which is unhealthy—integrating past experiences, and new knowledge with current skills with the re-called old memories. I also realised that the psychological critic of the mind needs quieting; it can become a nagging, influential, unhealthy judge. I make this assumption with no factual information from medics. I am using this last chance to provide a different paradigm to conceptualise existence, which gives abstract knowledge my mind created during everyday experiences to understand the real-world model. Antipsychotics might have rearranged receptors and nerve fibres in my brain, leading to more significant memory loss and puzzling my mental ability.

My biomedical diagnosis is worthless as a tool for identifying my discrete mental health disorder. It's not fit for purpose; it was a subjective judgment about what is expected and was conforming me to only medication regime dependency. Psychiatry over-medicalisation is a terrible mental health system in which medical professionals cannot control their biases and discriminate and stigmatise all distress that results in mentally ill disorders. Therefore, psychiatry is to take some blame for messing heads-up for the way cause is conceptualised by them without facts factoring in neuroscience and cognitive sciences. My intuitive, natural heart guides the phenomenon in me from birth. So intuitive, my body and mind know I am going through this for my highest good. It's going to come in handy for others. I can't explain it. Still, I need to do it, complete recovery from antipsychotic medication long-term use and build resilience to go through the severity of symptoms, excruciating physical pain, and emotional issues.

Now that I'll get into my sixties, I sense, as an older adult, that I may have quantumly intuition information as the soul's messenger that came in a flashed non-verbal feeling processed in my heart first. Then it's being sent into my verbal brain to create the thoughts and actions in this world's

3-D reality environment without antipsychotic medication messing up the process when the initial stresses have gone.

I am close to enjoying my highest attainable mental and physical health standards. I am determined to bring about a paradigm shift with antipsychotic drugs in maintenance treatment and take back control from a psychiatrist to control my reality to normalise to the norms of ordinary healthy people, even though I have oddities. I have a good sense of my vulnerabilities. I am always conscious of my being, act fair and honest with people and wish them ethical good, and indeed, defects in my character have improved with the practices of moral, proper attitudes.

I also lowered hyper- compassion phenomenon with a new mental health prescription, and a new light provided a different paradigm to conceptualise existence. I took the therapeutic ways of teaching approach, preparing myself for learning and rationalising, understanding needs and why I go into a kind of insane mode in my psychic make-up related to my psychiatric existence. I am feeling okay, except for the significant discomforts I am getting frustrated by them — access to the affective disorder schizophrenia, which messes-up feelings, behaviours and my understanding. I still do not know why the condition feels like it has a sticky residue and is not leaving me altogether. Understanding it was crucial for me. The more I know, the less I fear and am reluctant to calculate risk with my fingers crossed as I work with the thoughts and Divine consciousness. The more understanding I gained about why certain things were happening to me, the easier it was to work with it. Understanding the knowledge and beliefs calms me, reassures me, and gives me peace because the mental causation model and cognitive landscape are better understood.

I unmask the role of trauma and adverse events in my life experiences by following the methods of talking or writing openly to reduce mental

illness during awful times. It is bringing about an incurable magnificent overall fantastic affective inner curing, a vast improvement on my mental health wellbeing, which evidence is to be encouraging for others. So that they can follow, but be aware that the detailed analysis of the severe symptoms of withdrawal will need your bravery and perseverance if you are to succeed or give it a go. I look to get referred to a neurologist to investigate my brain and give me, and the rest of us, the facts. So, we all may find my psychiatric diagnosis of Paranoid Schizophrenia to be scientifically meaningless.

I am still getting described in clinical terms to explain non-clinical behaviour because I have an (over!) passionate feeling about something. I am “psychotic” about it, but surely only if it’s a passion for everything. Also, I am “paranoid” about it. It can be the most passionate norm in ordinary, everyday, healthy people to be hyper in the thing they love doing. That is not an illness!

The medical model is insane, and I can tell the differences. Still, the psychiatrists could not say the volume in my hippocampal was inconsistent with the psychosis spectrum. They should have realised I needed treatment to calm my sensitive nervous system and silence entirely my influential critic and psychological judge. And I cannot understand why all the psychiatrists who met with me could not tell me my pathological need to help others was unhealthy and maybe a part of the problem.

In the doctor’s surgery, my acting body language automatically camouflaged my real feelings and showed submissive cooperation to stop any challenge to the GP’s medical opinion. Nevertheless, the GP felt the need to say, “you will have to accept the neurologist’s findings.” “I want to know the truth, the facts of what’s causing awful effects on my brain,” I said. In response to MRI concerns, the GP said, “it’s my thinking.”

That seemed to suggest it's odd to have worries about scan technology, said indirectly.

Psychiatric knowledge and the mental health systems are slow or entirely resist survivors' points of view. The GP lacks insight and no recognition at all, not even the slightest, that antipsychotic withdrawal may cause troublesome symptoms in my brain. Most probably, the symptoms aren't the disease itself but could be psychic phenomena, maybe!

However, the GP did respond to my request and acknowledged the symptoms require a neurology investigation. An arranged appointment for 27th August 2019* to see a Neurology Consultant will end the conservancy on what long-term use of antipsychotics and craving schizophrenia have done to me. And the test result will help me plan to maintain a good lifestyle in re-mission untreated schizophrenia recovery.

From the extended time, from February 2018 to September 2018, when a review with a psychiatrist was pending in the planning with the Mental Health care and recovery team, it did not happen. Finally, they confirmed an outpatient appointment arranged for 14th August 2019, and I informed them to advance the date to 10th January 2020. The essential clinician whose skills will be helpful for me through this tough time with antipsychotic withdrawal will move me forward confidently. I am to have the trust — getting the facts from the neurologist over the trained subjective judgements of psychiatrists who have proven to me that pharmaceutical medicine is all they know to use.

Today, Saturday 13th July 2019, the atmosphere in my brain is giving rise to more unusual weird sensations, brain shivering forming headaches, and a buzzing is affecting my ability to write my story. And added to that, my none artificial right hip has developed, excreting arthritic pain so bad I could not walk for a while until strong painkillers

eased the intensity. It's ongoing that is crippling. In addition, I cannot continue to write with this dense tightness in my brain cerebrum. My hollow brain cavities are probably struggling to circulate fluid that may thicken as it squeezes into the changing environments in my head and affects my mind.

I expect to take a break from writing for probably two months because my concentration is poor, and for you to reach this point with me, "I thank you!" and thanks for your company. I appreciate your fellowship of my life experiences and inner world ideas, presented at their very best by telling my story well and whole your attention and interest. I trust you will come back here again and page-turned to read the resolution. The outcome is noticeable hits on my issue's sweet spots — a fitting place for readers, but it will be a worrying period for me. So I will go away to rest my brain properly and will come back again to conclude without padding the story *A Good Life: The Perception of Perfection an Autobiography*.

*Note: The clinic rescheduled the Neurology advance appointment to an earlier date in August, Thursday 15th, August 2019.

Hospitalisation with Psychic Phenomenon

Written Sunday, 15th September 2019

Note: The reassessment for the **Memory and Cognition test is due soon, on 3rd October. The Neurology investigation has changed again because I relapsed with chronic mental illness and was hospitalised then. The new date is 6th December 2019.*

I have been struggling with keeping the right level of mental health wellness. I realised that I could use some assistance to rebalance myself and learn additional coping skills to get back on track. I feel guilty for bringing mental illness again in motion, nearer and nearer, and could not correct the condition or cause its removal with my “will” or “ego.” I must accept the result of what happened to be hospitalised for the tenth time because I had set in motion some bazaar behaviours that I can’t remember acting out.

I communicated my feelings to the GP on 14/06/2019 and the symptoms associated with a withdrawal problem from forty years of antipsychotic medication. Still, the GP thought schizophrenia might be coming back.

When I chose to try to be unmedicated with schizophrenia and eventually stopped medication in September 2018. I had no support from professional mental health services at the pointy time during the distressing time symptoms from withdrawal were troublesome. *(I am sure we all can remember that early written part of my story I had a glimpse on again)* Compounded stressors from PIP and government departments contributed to the “fall” back.

I had assumed discontinued antipsychotic medication to provide a different paradigm for schizophrenic persons conceptualising existence to understand the model of the real world.

Recently, in a period of eminence mental turmoil from drug withdrawal, a robust active biological component stopped my good mental health improvement. But I am okay again, and recovery has given my family and friends back the Karl they know, love, and adore.

I have resumed taking antipsychotic medication for schizophrenia, a maximum dose prescribed by the hospital psychiatrist of 30 mg of Aripiprazole, one tablet daily in the morning. Schizophrenia and psychosis leave behind the problems of actual reality. When this happens, one helps oneself understand feelings more deeply.

Being on antipsychotic medication is none healing for me. I have said it before. Instead, it is trying to treat my conscientious objections about life's unfairness and the world not fitting my expectations. Even today, these days, doctors are still treating me less than my whole holistic self. They always do not understand me.

On 1st June 2019, in a supermarket car park, I got jolted sideways in a minor road traffic accident in our car, which involved another vehicle. The crash caused moderate vehicle damage to my car, and I sustained some soft tissue injury and whiplash. A complete medical report was required to put forward a claim for compensation, which is getting processed, and no final decision has yet.

One month later, on 08/07/2019, I had a psychological examination. Again, an independent GP conducted the medical analysis and wrote a psychological profile report during this period of eminence mental turmoil from antipsychotic withdrawal. I had hoped it would settle down when my natural brain chemicals produce the correct quantity over a relatively reasonable time, probably another six months.

Psychological Examination Report on 08/07/2019

Mr Willett has good eye contact and rapport and smiled appropriately, and there were no psychotic features, delusional ideas, or thought disorders. He answered my questions intelligently. He had normal speech and was oriented in time and place.

He had no tearfulness, agitation, or associated hand tremors.

In the months from July to early September 2019, the solution at hand to improve the situation, I struggled to stay balanced and focus on what would help me maintain an adequate level of mental health rather than on what my symptoms were and which counted as mental illness. Then, without realising it, I suddenly became psychotic at home, and the whole family and close relatives were involved in getting me an open, informal admission into the local psychiatric hospital under section 2 mental health act 1983.

The admission to the psychiatric hospital took place on Friday, 9th August, with trial home leave on Sunday, 8th Sept., and discharged on Thursday, 12th September 2019.

I cannot remember where from the pivot point with feeling uncomfortable sensation with tightening headache to the tipping point into psyche psychosis and seemingly in a higher state of consciousness. It seems it's all a part of dreams, going to bed to sleep and pre-waking into a system of security with securely locked doors, and the building design had such complexity that it was hard to navigate and became confusing. My wife told me the sequence of my mental breakdown that I cannot remember.

I have no memory of the first event of hospitalisation, and had removed my wedding ring for what purpose? No idea! I have completely lost it in our house. The hospital staff says the ring was not among my

things, and they have not seen it. It has felt deeply distressing. I could not remember how I lost the wedding ring off my finger and couldn't find it anywhere in or around the house. I also damaged the head of my electric shaver in the hospital to dismantle it. And again, for what reason? I don't know. Except, it has something to do with charged energy that has come to mind today. I had my first conscious awakening when I remembered the date in the month about two weeks later in the hospital ward. Bank holiday Monday 26th August. I cannot be sure of what was happening to me before that.

In the hospital setting and the broader world at the time, my most private thoughts became known, and I felt my dignity had been invaded. Then, finally, the recovery process came around, and I realised my privacy and pride indeed were not invaded after all.

My body responded to the sensitivity to different music and singing and experienced intense emotions. The Love songs on Smooth Radio and Mellow Magic station, "I'm feeling the intensity", I am more aware of the singing voice and the songs that bring out the feverish emotions in me. And the music pitch is more enhanced than in my hospital surroundings. Famous singers created a style of music tied to tragedy, loss, falling in love, and the need for love, or songs abandoning

a relationship. They all gradually built-up from chills to pimples. My biochemical process was tugging intensely at my pleasurable responses to the music and singing that then set a damped down on the super happiness I had beforehand. The songs and the tone of the music made me sad as I internalised the human relationship problems in the songs as my own. I couldn't resist rubbing my itchy eyes; the emotion in the singer and the music perpetuated. I push on my eyelids to release oil from them, and then tears make the surface nice and slick, but all the

rubbing exacerbates vision impairment. I later refresh my eyes with a splash of warm water on my face.

My face-to-face meeting with the male psychiatrist was pleasant. Usually, I have a phobia of male doctors who appear scary and like a threat, out to bring harm to me with pharmaceutical drug treatment, which I am unlikely to understand the benefit of at the time in psychosis. However, the Nurses' and doctors seemed to be at their professional best, caring for me and providing adequate treatment.

They were not showing their frustration with me as my mind's none violent affray not to have the medication brought them challenges and handled compassionately. Empathic, too, even though my thoughts and ideas were bizarre.

Gradually, we formed an excellent professional patient-doctor and caring nursing relationship, building at its heart, trusting and gaining the confidence that the mental health care system has my best interest and is providing adequate coordinating treatment. The doctor and nurses' approach remained assertive and dynamic, exhibiting solid professional skills and confidence. They engage with my wife and me to find the right way, the sure way to ensure the best outcomes for continuous, well-functionally mental and physical health needs after coming out of the hospital.

In my world's conceptual reality, the incentive to be more engaged in artificial intelligence, which can aid human flourishing and be utilised to glorify God, was sorted by hacking human consciousness. However, challenges arise from my overly anti-human ideology. Transhumanism's fundamental premise is that computer machinery tapped, hacked, and replicated consciousness; this did not seem to have happened in this world. However, people are biological mechanisms also a part of my life's conceptualised existence.

Retake Antipsychotic Medication. Retained Suffering

Written Wednesday, 16th October 2019

I am focusing on improvement to be resilient on the retake of antipsychotic medication to shift from feeling sorry, worried, and wallowing in self-pity. I have to be dosed again on the drug, which produces the same horrible tightness in my brain as withdrawal. And there is likely that early mortality may become a certainty because I am getting 'poisoned' by medication. I am eager now to make a mirror or single 'Will' and seek to finance it with the arrived settlement from the car accident compensation claim.

The drug dose I am getting as I age is likely to make my liver and kidney function decline swifter than natural ageing. So doctors aren't expected to want a gradual reduction again of the drug but maintain the high dose till death.

I don't need mantras or affirmations to improve matters but humble acceptance that I need to find how to improve or block the symptoms through a thought-based process that fights them without becoming another secondary casualty.

My resilient mindset chooses to have the victory in bettering myself rather than win the success to achieve total symptom abstinence. It is hard to do because life's struggles endure pain, and the ambiguity needed to move forward growth is optional to improve the best of me.

Living according to my value automatically generates a better life experience. However, my brain is on the antipsychotic pill or off the

medication-maintained instability with constant headaches and eminently sturdy tinnitus. Unfortunately, that also includes increased sexual urges and compulsive eating.

If only the mental health service had been involved with me and helped me with techniques conventional to people who overcome drug dependency. I would have benefited from the methods shown to help this group.

I have revisited the GP twice, which included hypertension checks because it has not been appropriately regulated since I left the hospital. I asked for treatment for tinnitus, and I had hoped for a push forward the neurology appointment by allocating a hospital in a different Trust. It turned out that the local hospital has the quickest date to see a neurologist, which I already held for the 6th of December 2019. The GP discussed a personal request for a CT Head scan appointment to be sent to me as soon as possible and the earliest date to a specialist in the Ear, Nose and Throat clinic. Another GP arranged that.

The high-pitched sound piercing through my ears wrecks my ability to sleep well and prevents good focusing on other things. Those whistling, whirring, and buzzing sounds will get investigated on 28th October. In addition, I was scheduled to attend the CT department at the local General hospital on 30th October 2019. To manage the ears and head noise, I play soft music and low – volume on the radio and go to rest at night, too, with the radio playing mainly throughout the night slightly masks the head noise.

I am yet to become mentally tough in my choices and learn to prioritise my emotions, thoughts and behaviour. So I can pick -up on what is essential for me based on my values and beliefs. So, my attitude brings me joy, and my emotions bring me sadness and joy, and I draw power

from the source of the dominant universe's energy that runs devices and people's consciousness.

Today is sixty-eight days on a total dose of antipsychotics prescribed by the hospital psychiatrist. The old familiar sleeping pattern and my lazy productive hours have returned without surprise. My daytime productivity has slowed, and I need an afternoon nap for one and a half hours. And bedtime is usually between 7:30- 8:15 pm because I feel exhausted, and my whole body and head hurt. I needed a laid-down; I am so sleepy, rest is an instance when my head-rest on the pillow. With two loo breaks during the night, the tinnitus prevents going back to sleep for about one hour each nightly waking. So my next day starts with my final early morning wake-up time between 4:00- 4:45 am. And my energy level is high, and I feel excellent and jolly in the early dawn.

What investigations have revealed from the last moment to the upcoming future dates when I had seen the consultant

Following on cognitive assessment states on 03.10.2019

I am pretty articulate and able to communicate well; there is no evidence of any cognitive changes. The past and present recall are excellent. There is no evidence to suggest any memory problems or cognitive changes. It is more around mental health and enjoying social activities. Referral back to the GP practice to be on a Mental health well-being programme

A bilateral Tinnitus test revealed on 28.10.2019

There is a significant standard, average Hz frequency hearing range level and normal tympanic membrane. It was from the audiological exam, and I associate my chronic tinnitus with changes in specific network circuitry in my brain to cause me to have more attention to its sounds and be less able to rest. The sounds of tinnitus come from within me. Not an outside source that does not exist. Only I, the person who has tinnitus, can hear it. I wondered if it is neurological that may never stop and liken to schizophrenia, hearing voices that can stop. I have another appointment at the hospital to engage in techniques that show how to manage the tinnitus condition.

CT scan revealed on 30.10.2019

Healthy natural ageing of the brain tissues and could not find any significant abnormality.

Yet, all the time, I am still compounded with headaches without a known cause. The GP suggested that when I meet face-to-face with a neurologist in the twelfth month, they may add medications to get rid of it. The scan has shown my brain is operating normally.

Mental health and wellbeing, social prescriber programme states on 5.11.2019

Start practising meditation and mindfulness. Do outdoor activities such as being amongst inherent nature kinds of life and practice removing myself from the source of other people's misery that's upsetting me. Also, join a club that emphasises understanding empathic people like me and get involved in mental

health Peer support groups. (It was the very first time I was said to be an empathic person by a health professional.)

The neurologist examination verdict on 6.12.2019

The neurologist was confident that there was no neurological impairment to my continuous headaches and weird feelings in my head.

The examination tested motor responses, reflexes, coordination, pupillary response, eye examination, and a grasp of the muscle that runs from the back of my neck to the shoulder were just some of the tested things.

He advised only to take mild pain relief tablets like paracetamol to control the pain. He did not suspect an MRI would be necessary for a closer detailed study of my brain, but he will discuss his findings with a senior consultant. I am to be under observation and have a further review appointment in three months, in March 2020. * Notice arrived on 13/12/2019 to say an arranged MRI of the brain is to be arranged to exclude any structural lesion as a reason for my headache and memory problem.

46

The Restart of the Antipsychotic Giving Syndrome

Written Monday, 23rd December 2019

I associated withdrawal syndrome from antipsychotic medication has automatically given severe symptoms. That compelled me to recommence the medicines on the doctor's order as a retake-up syndrome, which surely could have differentiated from the recurrence of my underlying disorder.

There is something not quite right, leading to me having an unnecessary long-term portion of medication again.

I am out to convince the psychiatrist to see the merit of short tapers, between two weeks and four weeks of antipsychotics, medicine down to a therapeutic minimum or half minimum dose, before complete cessation under an exponential tapering programme that reaches minimal quantity again.

During hyper- biologically reducing the medication dose, I felt I was having great benefits until headaches were too overwhelming and knocked me into a false dreams state of pre-sleep, waking unawares. The cocktails of untangling intuitively understanding and the complex and subtle ways my body and mind interact had a detrimental effect on the visibility evidence.

Later, much later conscious that no memory was formed from the ideas that had been acted out. My thinking pattern had interplayed between belly and emotions, and my personal subjective views had psychic abilities. Without factual evidence, my intuitive knowledge set my

assumption that what had happened to me was correct without getting to the facts of the matter. My worldview seemed to pick up threads that can advance our collective understanding of the human mind and each other with a mixed metaphor alert towards unity, sailing carefully between the extremes of stress and temperament in people.

Psychiatric hospitalisation was not my desired outcome, and admission does not address the elevated risk of adverse outcomes. Instead, my life was disrupted and costly to the health care system, and a period followed when I could not remember what in hell had happened before discharge when my temporal had some instability.

Being discharged from inpatient psychiatric care has still left me more susceptible to experiencing severe adverse outcomes.

I in no way intended to be a risk at all with my life whatsoever. But nevertheless, my temporal would get observed across adverse outcomes to absolutely forbid relative risk-taking across a novel or paradigm that's currently absent.

The fundamental assumption is that my history is getting repeated. It may seem foolish still to have uncertainty about the dose-dependency and optimal target dose. However, I genuinely think the lower range of the licensed amount will probably achieve the optimal balance between efficacy and tolerability. And I am leading to the overall acceptability of antipsychotic treatment.

I am aware of how my inspiring stories of courage and entrepreneurs can be wonders but can give a distorted impression of progress that ultimately require transparency and teamwork with clinicians to be successful. So my profile as an individual making waves in mental health has ousted to give a more accurate picture of how progress can come. - We do not give -up on trials.

I have exhausted all avenues of available treatment for my headaches. It is still waiting for the life-changing drug or for the biology in me to work better. It is a waiting game that, until the headache leaves, some things in the day can't get started, and some items I have created in everyday life stop.

I, therefore, began to wonder what was going on in the feature of my consciousness to live in a non-consensual reality where some personal narratives are lost, "can't remember an earthly thing." It seemed the contents of consciousness depended on the state of my knowledge. I have no answers to why my form of activity gets interrupted, and activity stopped in time, and unable to measure it. I have no memory of it.

The functionality between the contents of my consciousness to broadcast to itself what on earth had happened in the time lost in my perspective made one quite specific prediction that I wouldn't remember what I saw because the mechanisms in my brain, without stimulus, shut down the memories. So I have been trying hard to recall the time I lost in existence, and the mind I have could never find that lived non-consensual reality, but I feel the power, power, knowledge and strength in the rest of my narratives.

My powerful exploration of how psychopathological phenomena manifest in my experiences and existence had grappled with mental aspects similar to physical objects. The perspective of conscientiousness and subjectivity is a preliminary part of myself. And I sensed that sense diminished from self.

My perception, imagination and thinking somehow appear to have been unstable. The actual phenomenologically accessible structure of my consciousness that ensures myself being me, knowledge of "I- me-myself oscillated anomalies and diminished my sense of being present in time.

I talked to complained of the feeling as if there is a time when I do not truly exist because I have no memory of some period of hospitalisation and some period before it. However, it was apparent to everyone I was around, “Living”; my family and hospital staff have their memory recorded of me during that time. There was no message that I was killed or that I was dead. No. But ‘live’ schizophrenia attacks the essential nature of a person. It is not so well known as the delusions and hallucinations psychopathological phenomena. The generative disturbance diminished senses, memory and understanding of the “self”.

I tried to give up antipsychotic medication and almost made it, but I was unlucky in overcoming prescription drug dependency. So I need to use techniques that are perseverance to underpin successful change. It can take many attempts to quit dependence on antipsychotic medication to abstain. It is off-putting because I had relapsed as a failure and used it as an excuse to give up, but to view change in a binary way – success or failure it is essential that I be realistic about the need to persevere incremental change. And not to be overly ambitious with targets, appealing as they might be.

I am of the mindset to plan discontinuation of the medicine again. A pearl of conventional wisdom suggests that planning improves the chances of success. Still, there is evidence that I need not quit entirely to be successful.

It's good news again to be thinking about embarking on an impromptu attempt to change, but to think of reducing the medication again needs the initial self-encouragement to have maximum daily levels of motivation and energy with no fluctuations.

I need a high level of self-efficacy; a belief and confidence in my ability are needed again when trying to change my behaviour. The discomfort experienced last time was giving anticipatory anxiety, expecting

withdrawal symptoms to be more significant, and paralysing the suggestions to test reality. Instead, I self-talk, “I can do this” the previous failure focuses on what I lost, and the next step is to think about what I will gain, which is a deterrent to relapse, shame and guilt. Those powerful emotions I will try to avoid those.

My chances of ditching antipsychotics are a lot tougher. So, while I might be lucky by sticking to a reduction programme, keeping trying suggests I ‘ll get there in the end.

Schizophrenia Recovery, Nearly

Written Friday, 10th January 2020

Mental illness is ignorant of me, the person, and anyone who caught it, like me, during adolescence or young adulthood. I have claimed all the things I experienced negatively in mental illness adverse effects are my doing, and I have to consider that I may be one single “unique” person on the planet.

From here on and in the period stretching into the future, I naturally train my brain to see the bright side. So, positivity comes to be what I expect. The mental and emotional activity to make a personal decision is “free-willed” to determine whether righteous moral or deployable moral actions are tuned sensitively high into one setting. My course of conduct and consciousness can only choose the ethically good, though I make small mistakes. My strange strong pattern of feelings from my body and mind operates that way because my awareness does not doubt an intelligent creature, “God” which I am intrinsically linked. All my activities are constructive entirely, with God’s nature in mind. It is harrowing for me to break the immortal code deliberately; the metaphysical structure of the principles and laws of the spirit of God in us governs its existence by cause and effect. It seems I continuously grasp responsibility to be a faithful example in this time, the twenty-first century, and not to break the harmony with this pure principle Being in me, in all of us.

Having taken steps to reduce antipsychotics, slowly, my brain suffered in its deepest parts hidden from me. In neurology, an investigation could not find the faulty disturbance by a CT head scan and

a different brain MRI to exclude any structural lesion as a reason for my headache and memory problem is the next plan. Finally, I spotlighted the hellish torture that completed withdrawal from antipsychotics can get. Unfortunately, the psychiatrists didn't liaison with me at this pointedly time.

They assume they know how I tick, like the 5% of people with schizophrenia. I questioned could be a lower figure and needs to be revised for the population diagnosed with schizophrenia. They primarily treat me with antipsychotic medication. Schizophrenia had entered me into the internal psychology that puts me into a personal existence, which I assume is operating with the universal laws and order. Schizophrenia acquainted me with subjective reality, and immediately acquired psychic abilities and inference activities from that realm. The active psychic ability had been demolished with a massive maximum dose of antipsychotic medication I had restarted in the hospital. The extraordinariness in me faded. The ordinary person my family and friends know, love and adore was back and able to laugh. With support, I sometimes participate in the most ordinary things in life that are meaningful and purposeful, which benefit my health and well-being.

My psyche makes- up "the self," choosing a private life to avoid harming every living creature and thing deliberately. I prevent myself from stamping on ants and beetles; you name it, I avoid hurting or injuring them or hurting anything. Even pruning blossoming flowers and plants was hard to do, probably due to my mental state at the time. And yet, I have the thought, I don't think so, that I was in an ill state of mind because I also interacted with real people, people with flesh and blood in their veins and could sense their thoughts about me. Sometimes I only heard their voices, and one most unusual way was telepathic. Schizophrenia near recovery has communicated a unique, most compelling message

that no professionals ever unlocked until recently. I am an extraordinary, naturally healthy, emphatically sensitive person with squashed psychic ability. That is the heart of how I am, and my consciousness has that gifted alert system I had never learned to use to my advantage. I could not change that of my “self”; it makes me operate the way I do, and I am deeply aware if it gets a shift or a wobble, I feel awful.

If it's not in use or it gets overused, I think wrong, and sickness comes. My empathic personality havocs my living by naive attitudes and the easiness to be so honest that to say, “I am fine,” when I am not. Most people do it with ease, but it is hard to hold that inner guilty feeling because of the practices of a good character. I can do nothing to change it because I feel terrible pain in my body and mind to oppose it actively. I get misunderstood by everyone because of the

profound principle of goodness working on me. It extends to the external physical world legislated laws and codes so that those may not get broken.

The funny thing is, I can't feel I need to be rewarded for exercising functional aesthetic principled disciplines, even when circumstances are unfortunate, terrible enough to the temptation to detract from the dignity of a good cause. I follow the law or rule the legitimate way of life. To do the wrong purpose or was wrong, the sensor indicates emotions; every instinct and impulse affects me. It cannot be contrary. This effect I can never argue or debate about making a false claim or doing a knowing wrong reason and being wrong about something. The processes in me are continuously going on, like nature's way of learning the facts to do the right thing. I am, and we are under the activity of intelligent thought, a creature thing, God. I feel punished when attitudes are not right. Our nature knows if I'll be to blame or should not take the condemnation. We

are all subjected to laws to keep ourselves safe and our bodies and mind under control and power to function at their best.

We are all raised to have most of our education in an educational establishment, and there is inadequate training in our minds on the legal process that consciousness governs and directs us and demands certain things from us at all times.

Education does not tell me if I should be good or if I could be wrong or encourage the use of nature's ethical principles for wisdom with my aim to have credited with academic achievement. Quality operating systems in ourselves first warns us of the wavering of a righteous judgement vacillation. The alarm bell in intuitions activates the mind. Education systems are narrow and do not address the holistic fullness of a person who grows to maturity. The whole self isn't getting educated. Every thought, every emotion, every instinct, and impulse are nature's legitimate way of life, and people have an option most times to choose good or bad, negativity or positivity domains. We mature to reach moderate grounding in the grey areas, where things are just different, neither good nor bad, or positive and negative. They are mutual harmony energy, the best state to be at all of the time; the action of fiction has evaporated.

Schooling tells me we make our own decision, move as we please, and think as we wish when it's absolute, we are all governed by laws to do the right and honourable thing. But unfortunately, education, as I know it, has lost its ethics and moral value and preached the idea that we can do anything we want. It does not teach that all of us are governed by law, universal laws of nature - it's in us for our good. And, of course, some rules our species make are neither excellent nor very good.

There are no books in the world; we can learn more about life than educate ourselves from the publication of our own lives that teaches us

to learn from our mistakes. The source of new courage and strength for me is in me, and they are in you too. We all have mysteries and things that happened, good luck, bad luck, and strange and involved circumstances, which we can sometimes fathom.

I prioritise my mental and physical health as essential to my recovery process, but I still don't know when my brain will return to its average level of hormones released. As a result of mental cloudiness, memory problems, and lack of mental clarity, I feel they are going up and down.

For years, my body and mind have revolted about using pharmaceutical drugs. To stabilise the effects of psycho-pathological phenomena, doctors subjectively judged that the disorder schizophrenia is what I have.

The meaningful essential relationship with existential feelings, the attention to emotion and understanding that gives me access to myself and the world were conceived as ill. All my experiences were defined as psychiatric illnesses, and they were not. It's more complex, and I explored it as my existence was affected by moods to reach the understanding goal.

I am still committed to the fight to stop the use of high doses of antipsychotic medications for maintenance treatment. Unfortunately, however, the practice is not helping me because my quality of life declines with cognitive skills, is interfered with ordinarily by the ageing process and decreases even more if I again stay too long on a high medicine regime. So I feel weaker and weaker as time goes swiftly on and ages me to my grave, and for the young to give them a future before theirs, no tomorrows, the sun does not rise and have to accept where the afterlife takes them.

How I differ from the others in the population was never given consideration and unknowingly insane to be different and have

preliminary markers of niceness to reach the highest state of good in a human being.

Antipsychotic use for too long prevented the grounding of my existence's philosophical and theoretical elements. That may cause a problem again that I must find a way to halt my pre-worldly view of experience going along with the expertise of life that originated in me. Things can feel like scratching a dry patch on my skin. It feels right for a few moments to do but end up making it more irritating in the end. Unfortunately, no treatment can help remove the rubbing problem of psychiatric difficulties.

The rise of my understanding of life as such is irrational, it may seem, but it is not unreasonable and has nothing to do with rationalism. The absolute comprehensibility of life as it is without pre-conceptually and pre-theoretically, "the truth" factual experience within myself maintained a presence in God in myself exists, absolutely impossible coaching it out thoroughly. God, the fundamental structures of existence to my well-being, which I shoved a few times, have never shifted to leave me alone.

The clinicians insisted on the significance of medication and treated me with antipsychotic drugs for far too long. I believe it knocked out most of my cogitations, damaged my hippocampus and the temple lobe, and worsened my understanding of reality over time. I couldn't see the merit to keep taking that medicine, gradually phased it out, and had to restart antipsychotic medication again after almost one year off the stuff, actually 344 days free.

Nature's way of pain, my emotional experiences or the feelings I am born with had an ontology that doctors were trying to address, with a poor ontological shift.

Phenomenological investigation interprets, evaluates, and finally acts on what I experience. And also how I feel about my experiences,

including withdrawal from antipsychotics entirely at that time. Again, I was put back into suffering, a sufferer this time to retreat from withdrawal. I had used every conceivable raw potion I could think of that's marketed as a natural food supplement to improve or contributes to brain function. I applied to my body regions aroma oils, which included peppermint essential oil getting used in a diffuser too, to cool off the pain intensity in my head from the withdrawal effect from the antipsychotic.

The adverse effects of antipsychotics on my metabolism and my tender loving heart, I acknowledge I still have pain, high pitched hissings going through my ears, and I continue monitoring it. I also have a tightness in my skull, and some brain fluid continued cascading down the temple lobe and forehead. So I continue to deal with it and process it to ease using painkiller pills again. And the tablets have yet still become helpful, and schizophrenia near recovery has been page-turning for me to write.

Devised self-help ideas to try and stop the ongoing head pain rushes

- 1. Have the hottest shower from the steady force of hot water I could bear on the back of my neck and lower back.*
- 2. I Frequently groom my head and hair and massage my scalp.*
- 3. Frequently hold a warm face flannel to my face and all around the whole face wiping it, firmly*
- 4. I added extra amounts of many herbs in cooking foods and mixed vegetables.*
- 5. Add spices to some morning breakfast cereal and regularly have a small bowl of lightly cooked vegetables that includes Broccoli, cauliflower, and brussels sprouts for breakfast extras.*

6. *Discontinued multi-vitamins minerals supplement and taking only Vitamin supplement B12 10ug one tablet daily and magnesium 375 mg two tablets daily*
7. *Increased red krill oil capsules 300mg, one daily to super-strength 500 mg to one daily*
8. *Discontinued Ginkgo biloba extract 120mg once a day food supplement*
9. *The increase in sexual pleasure*
10. *Drink plenty of water, daily*
11. *Have large cups of herbal tea a day*
12. *One large cup of strong coffee with milk sometime during the day*
13. *Prevalin nostril spray (Beca Defence Plus) for allergy defence*
14. *I continued with the two prescribed meds for hypertension. (Developed, I thought, due to a blood transfusion in 2004 in the hip replacement operation) 2.5mg Bendroflumethiazide tablets and 5mg Amlodipine tablets.*

I requested the approved 10 mg dose of Amlodipine tablets to reduce to nil gradually. Still, my blood pressure was not adequately controlled, and I agreed to 5 mg of amlodipine in the early beginning of 2019. I opted to down-size on this pharmaceutical medication to have more natural control of blood pressure in my diet

Diet has had no changes in reducing hypertension. I restored my blood pressure by returning to the initial dose of Amlodipine, a 10mg tablet, once in the morning. Then, the GP prescribed another 25mg of Losartan potassium medication, lowering blood pressure to the standard expectation.

For four months, I have been taking a micronutrient tablet daily to help maintain healthy cognitive function, nervous system functioning and functional and psychological role.

After a long time, the steps taken to break this vicious cycle of head pain rush and tinnitus were tricky to determine if they worked, including holistic complementary therapy and Reiki therapy, a form of alternative Energy medicine.

I tried Sound bath vibrational healing with gongs sounds, Sahaja Yoga meditation, and India Head massage treatments and listened to Marimba meditation music; they say it detox and cleanse Aura to remove negative blocks.

It had taken a long time for my mind and body to signalled what remedies and methods work best.

I have continued taking micronutrient and fish oil tablets, Yoga meditation, India Head massage and listening to stimuli upbeat music when appropriate.

Today, Saturday 11th January 2020, one year and four months – 484 days since the process of entirely coming off antipsychotic medication had to have reversed after the achievement of staying well for almost a year.

I failed minutely because the period of discontinued antipsychotics was so short and wasn't sustained. I realise I will always require antipsychotic medication to stay stable and down to earth.

Looking back over the long lifetime of unadjusted antipsychotics, I can see what unadjusted doses do to me. Unfortunately, it is challenging for most people intelligently to estimate their own mistakes, and it is something I do not do reasonably well, either.

My mind had no idea what my soul and heart wanted to do about medication appliances for the rest of my earthy stay. My mind usually

loses focus and is tilted because the harsh reality of this world rivers my emotions and drains the healthy given life out of me. It prevents invested interest in enjoying things towards my happiness and the magnificent globe and beautiful variance of species in their appropriate environments, and seeing them strive is to marvel at and adore. But we all are aware, the reader too. My mind views the immense beauty of everything as a highly admired appearance. So I become highly pleased with everything and sometimes get depressed with the world's unfairness going on and going on.

Medication is part of the process of settling down my brain. I quietened and agreed to have an added chemical control substance to help control or stop my mind from leaving this beautiful creation on earth. So, it owns created reality, and vivid imagination does not make my life like a bazaar life for me again and again. I met with a psychiatrist yesterday, and my daughter Georgina and my darling wife were at the meeting. I have asked him to assist me in reducing my antipsychotic dose to its lowest again. He agreed to be involved fully and support me in reducing antipsychotic medication with an immediate starting programme and have close, frequent reviews. The dose of 30 mg of Aripiprazole is reduced to 25mgs from today, and in five weeks, on 14th February 2020, follow-up appointment with the psychiatrist. A psychologist is to discuss with me as part of the drug reduction aim giving it a holistic approach, for there is a constant difficulty in my mind's motivation system. Every day aims to do this, or that is getting shut down because of a weakening in my ability. My mind and body have hardly worked well down the years, and now efforts to do things enjoyable are hampered by weariness and a foggy brain.

I think I have to come to the point where I have stopped fighting this, and my mind has quit, given up and submitted to some medication

helping to its peace of mind and needs the perfect correct minimum dose to have balance for the rest of my entire life.

I believe that the brain will stay entirely quiet. The mind and noises are connected to my intuition. Listening to my intuitive knowing in my heart as it beats as I touch my sternum. I have life in me still and what remains for the rest of my life is to be kind to myself and not worry. The good God have that miserable feeling about

the wrongs of what humankind does, and it was never my burden to bear. Thank God, at last, I allowed myself this freedom.

Most of my life had revealed patterns of thoughts, feelings and behaviours that were deviant from normality. As a result, my mind has experienced differently than most otherwise understood to be its normal condition because of psychological disorders affecting its everyday conscious experience.

Therefore, it leads me to distressful, deviant and dysfunctional working in society and the world. Sickness of the mind, which I experience as a disorder of consciousness, can be terrifying, and I still do not fully comprehend the reality outside my brain. I could not fully understand what was happening inside my skull either, the phenomena of my mind to myself and navigating the world.

Paranoid schizophrenia is the mother hen of all mental illnesses because the brain is on tilt, and it is very little in the range of normality. As a result, the neurotransmitters and hormones were disrupted, and my whole person was impacted by the thoroughly disrupted physical, emotional and cognition symptoms.

Epilogue

Written Saturday, 1st February 2020

This book has made you acknowledge more than once; that I'm a genie pig experiment in my lab and the big, more extensive world. Yet, I walked on the earth with extraordinary inner personal belief, a New Testament telling the truth of what happened in a literary fashion.

I am conscious of how the English language's precision was needed to impact what I want to say for accurate recognition. English grammar can be tricky, and my writing may get tainted and less worthy of praise because it may have some shortcomings. On the other hand, my excellent editorial, computer editing tools and self-editing help eliminate writing errors. I go back and forth in the stories, bringing the earlier part of the ideas up to my new standard or up to the now-prevailing voice.

Good writing is hard writing, and these words throughout the book will begin to sound and sing. My inner world has essential things that I believe are wonderful futurist visions that are beautifully crafted and have an aesthetic value. Still, if or when my words aren't compact enough to convey my idea and the facts that come to me, it's a schizophrenic experience getting told not based on earthly reality. So, the images I want to put a picture of in your mind and the poetic insight gained through the thought-provoking ideologies in my schizophrenic brain may have been an entirely different reading experience for you.

I have used the most meaningful words to convey in full elaborate detail progressive stories in my life with the stubbornness of the English language to process what makes me "tick" and tick continuously to the day when my mortal life naturally ends.

The art of writing had to be perfected to tell my story of perception perfection, which is accurate. However, my understanding of good and bad, evil, or rights and wrongs in my development remained immature for a long time. I practically kept trying to improve destructive behaviours and innocently commended that living a good life requires endless effort hacking off faults and imperfections, and avoiding mistakes. I had difficulty being around people who have not attempted to improve their traits, not even trim theirs.

The actual reality that most people don't give a damn about absolutes in anything was a shock to my fixed interpretation of the world. Living in a people-infected world with imperfections they can fix and don't give a damn about the actions or consequences of those work on others and their destructive hellishness on other creatures and the earth, too, appalled all my senses. So my brain produced alternative realities to think about and take appropriate action in the real world to live that way.

The best idea that came to my mind involved controlling to perfection in the human condition. I started with me in this modern time, and an example from the past was Jesus, that began hacking off drastically original state in human nature. He had a modification that life itself modifies slowly to change the module of how people are.

The evolving changes in the original state in social nature's effects are slow, and I wanted people to catch up to the standard set in my thoughts, which has a sense of a "God" rule to adhere to for holistic happiness. Godly behavioural control and any "God" practice confront the person; people made them all up. You will go around and around in circles to find the god that put them there or gave them to you. Then, when you reach the peak and discover the individual's grit of consciousness comes full circle to itself again.

The stuff to exist and its environment stuff my mind tries to express its ideas about them in words, but have no name for it. Still, collectively we use the word “God” that our mind identified us, people made it up, yet senses are screaming, The Thing is there, right here, and people are mindless to see it. It's incomparable, putting a limit on interpretation to the cage in the idea, focusing on the thought, and you will think it nowhere. I sensed its complexity and confusion, taking the findings of what I hailed as a revelation for all people revealed in my experience of one of the truths, the absolute truth, nothing fraudulent. I am getting muddled in explaining my findings in words. Its singularity is personally tapered from person to person, with a unique reverence for each personal journey of living.

I am finding the essence of my existence had given my character a burden to provide the narration of the journey on the pages in various lengths of lines of words that showed my yearning desire to reach the highs I set myself. In my journey to fully understand this “The CG Thing” (Creator God) that brought me here, I tampered with my mind and body. Lots of time, my experiences are the symptoms of a domesticated illness I was not born with, shutting down the communication of sophistication, and its voice initially has been erased out of dark skin-toned people's original minds. Except, there is me; the only one who has, as far as I can tell, is the single dark-toned man maintaining the realisation of unique psychic ability in this racial group. And summons to be detained in a psychiatric hospital for ills in my mind. My tenth-time inpatient admission was in August 2019. Am I clinically really ill?

When I reached the functional capacity of this most elite vibrational wave voice of communication that other kinds of people use with technical equipment. I noticed deceitfulness in how the multi-languages, especially the “English” ones, include accent manipulation. Mainly

distorting the meanings in the English language with rapid changes in verbs, nouns and adjectives used to compound deception in ways on dark-toned people. We heard the exact words, and they are unfamiliar to the elite people with pale, lighter tone skin having a conversation in their sole racial group circle. We, people of colour, entered the meaning of the word alters. The environment the toned people work in, even their homes and places that have financial institutions, educational establishments, recreation places, and shopping mall experiences, are all geared to keep only one racial group being the underdogs. And, every time made us out to appear foolish when they placed 'spins' on the language, and we don't even scratch our heads symbolically to think we sensed their trickery. I am very much aware that skin tone can tell people a lot about a person's "self" without revealing inside itself if they are friendly people or harmful to me. I became solemn throughout detention in the hospital that functions in parts similar to hostels for the homeless.

Being an informal patient and a crazed individual, I had the function of listening to the subjective thoughts of others and having an awareness of those people who I thought may be able to hack into my source of thinking, my consciousness. I was discharged and, later, heavily medicated; 30 mg of Aripiprazole blocked my active hearing, mainly with constant production of meaningless hisses and buzzing in the sound waves only known to me. That Interference in communication and discussions with other people is annoying for me. It is a noisy tinnitus hearing problem that only manifests as an adverse effect of the antipsychotic pill I am taking. The existence of the senses of higher consciousness and psychic ability does not alter; it has it working in the source of my soul dormant now and the reference in its power.

Written history has no sounds of a dark-toned-skinned person with a unique perception coordinated and voiced well. I have changed that,

knowing native African have bred into domesticated servants. Colonialism trained West Indians to ignore thoughts of mindfulness and a mind's eye, and it shoves us off other earthly sensory-based realities of one of the same human languages that are a way of communication on the planet that people share with people through psychic abilities. The manipulated language usages have comical, comedy implications far from the original meaning of the vibration of the word roots intention and spoken mostly with such cheeky pitched whispers or such damn openness. Yet, subtlety is taking the Micki and excusing my follow-on meaningful word choices, "They are taking the piss." Language manipulation is an inappropriate marker of power over us, which people should consider as a condemnation of the whole of the human species, but "do not." The conduct of those sorts of people needs to have bettered from their perspective to bring them in line with the intended source of the Creator God's origin for human beings' methods of communication to be fair.

Psychological manipulations and intentions of deceit are wars on our rational minds powered by the life source, and consequences follow when the universe's laws act.

Most probably, people of colour (Black people) are the wisest people, the most empathic people, and have the best attitude, the richly humane people, and some are highly the best of humankind with these traits. The traits that evolved so far in their family tree with ethical care and intelligent fairness were then passed on to the next generation. However, very noticeable liken characteristics are found in the personality of dark-toned-skinned people, and they are not getting credited for them.

The words I wrote, the action and jesters they spoke, are directed by a goal, an objective, and yarning. In a sense, I welcome you into my dream state, my impossible dream, to which I am fully committed to the

session to elaborate concrete imaginations. My empathic human steps on the planet give the more profound universal truth of our existence that formed living realities, acquired knowledge, changed undesirable attitudes, and gave others a decent life to follow. But it has its dangers and hindrances. If I fail, I suffer from guilt and feelings of being the sorriest to some degree, to be the best I can be. Real-life reality tip my sensitivity too much, and I experience pain from it. Especially when I expose my true self without accepting good nature needs protecting also, and too much pressure on it can cause me to fall ill.

My writing showed my problems in getting what I needed and wanted, which brought challenges to face and overcome. I engaged my analyticity and became more conscious of my process to work to the best that I can be and opened -up my unconscious self to access through my senses my dream space. My feelings of purpose engaged my rational mind to track my qualities and emotional content first from my dream state to the real good passionate man to the good in the humanity of humankind. From moment to moment, I looked inside myself to find the words to show the challenges.

I found myself a deeply susceptible, sensitive human being, an emotional feeling creature, continuously increasing with increased yearnings. My heart's sentiments are driven by love, roles, objective, desire, and longing. My inner voice gives a sense of physical being, a certainty that did not come from schizophrenic voice-hearing, which is outside the "self" to create my most profound sensational nature. And that meant I went into my headspace to explore and discover some of my complexities.

People tell lies, and the lies writers say seem to be in historical fiction and the artistic truths in stories. I have to watch out for the lies I tell myself to be able to continue to grow authentic. From the very beginning of my

novel-writing experience, which dates from the year 1982, I set out the literal and authentic truth about my life's journey to the grave, and I know, as if it is an absolute certainty, it won't ultimately end there.

My writing gives me the "feel" that it is finished with what I wanted to say, what I am to put out there to the world's people. My organic self had come out to try to make, to show my most profound vision of the world and how I would like it to be. The concept of chaos gave a sense of a committed agent with conservation ecosystems that there is a meaning of things behind it, the chaotic acts. I have gone back to encounter it like everyone else, premier in how life is lived, out there, in physicalism, such as our body is, and minds remain mental. We must adjust to the external world's human-made laws; they can be an ass and arbitrarily made. Some of them are fundamentally good, and others are too confusing to hold my respect and adoration because those laws do not seem to adjust rightly for some groups of people or the real needs of a person.

I have my example, which requires an honest, skilful specialist solicitor to have the ability in the court of law to argue for Clinical Treatment Negligence compensation successfully against the Healthcare trust, or maybe it's the drug company I should pursue to sue. I first inquired about a potential Clinical Negligence Claim to a law firm in July 2019. The solicitor's view was that the prospects of success were below 50%, and unable to assist. It is not an easy set of arguments, and the Law does not meet my real need. It called for proof beyond a reasonable doubt, and my case needed to be looked at differently to get the justice I am more likely to be denied. I believe that my inner life was in tune with the natural laws in the continually operating universe. I learned gradually that my emotions, thoughts, ideas, and opinions are all subject to the supervision of some kind from nature's natural definite universal energy order of things. It seems a natural tugging happens

between rights and wrongs, belief and not belief; Strong negative energy weakens me when I fail to safeguard my character and pleasant personality.

I was not always sensitive to the lessons that nature provided me and made the same mistakes throughout my life. Some of us do not learn from what happens to us. So I set out in my writing to tell the factual truth, be completely honest with myself and my faults and reveal the emotional and psychological facts about the events. The task was difficult, but my purpose was to write precise, elegant, sometimes lyrical poses without overstatement, melodrama or an overstated sense of self-pity or victimhood. We are all here on planet earth to build a more non-violent future than in the past, and the future is to be richly loved and keep human beings' deciding human feelings, social values, and what human happiness is. Unfortunately, a dependent specialist network of technology today may make them, especially the most ordinary people, feel domesticated.

The elites, the people, with their only specialistic specific job, that sure thing each can do will want to write God out of religions to have no part of nature. The very thing we know about God came out of the mind of a human being, and the global elitist wants us to forget about such a thing that in ourselves, that is the epic energy centre designer creator. So, the familiar, ordinary people fight for the elite people's purpose entrenched in struggling lives that have their lousy work role in vertical realities wars. Artificial intelligence technology uses ordinary standard non-violent people as their Homosapien playmate pieces. It validates authority over them that the ungodly elites, those individuals without tamed aggression debate to act a stop to work on good ideas, integrated faulty reasoning chips in AI computing.

Keeping the integration between mind and body together has always been a natural biological system. The development of AI is a natural evolutionary evolved process of atoms and matter also to bring about AI species with the elements in life getting arranged differently. The actual mechanical AI Beings are created from thoughts in the spirited sound human mind, the brain within the universe.

You have been reading me about me, the rarest Homosapien on this earth in modern times. I will join the other species that only exist as part of the fossil record when my mortal consciousness and its unconscious self leave the body. My corpse can be preserved or re-joins the soil by burial or flame torching the remains to ashes. And in outer space forever, I shall be when the earth is parched too much by the sun. Life retakes on the planet our human species gave a second name to when we discovered intelligent life already existed.

I hope a long, long time from now is when I will reach the end of my natural cycle to earthly life and die, be happy for me; Hooray!! I am relieved to reach this point and move over and onwards. I will look for you to have a conversion when our mortal life is finished and get into eternity's spiritual energy, living cells going through the vast universes and settling on one of them. Most of us recognise the reality of physical objects in space and time; things of the senses are in flux. Still, pure, actual concepts exist in pure forms, or their essences are objects of thought, a theological idea likened to math, which is not in space and time.

The time concept I am thinking about doesn't exist in this eternal-in-love with consciousness experience, and experiences emerge out of the darkness with specks of lights to fuse into the lighted universe with different realism that bodied the mind unconsciousness to consciousness and with a physical body again.

It is an unchanging truth known only by reason and not perceived by the senses. So I wish you all a good death; I will see you when at the end of time, the survival of humanity on the other side of this or other worlds' universe. It will be a new phrase we'll have after the mortal period is finished, and the forever life's energy with its 'God force' that is the perpetrating thing witnessed in gravity and consciousness exists without end. And consciousness experiences gather together forever again.

Metaphysics reflects upon the nature of fundamental reality and asks what are the characteristics of the true nature of reality, but is it monistic or dualistic because it has entities for change?

Some readers will get themselves thinking, "I am playing on words," read me carefully, and my words are solemn, written to wake, not to fear. So even if my commas are in one right place for me, you may understand my entity is different from the original intent to stop thinking of wrong ideas. My stories of me are my belief story, but you may not believe them. My awareness and insights are truths that the 'self' surrendered to the ultimate facts of consciousness that are not real, but everything else is the materialistic reality to believe. There is a truth that cannot get communicated, and group thinking removed self-investigating of me, and my thoughts are natural and uncontrol unawares; they pop into my mind.

And finally, I strive to open up your superior intelligence and education to the God of our consciousness.

So, may the vibrant energy of love that offers us a foundation for our lives and Godly, saintly qualities be with you. Bring all the actions necessary to ensure **Peace, Harmony, and Happiness** in your life by setting up a pattern in how you live your life. LOVE<LOVE>LOVE to you all; RESPECT to all and have a beautiful earthly life, a good experience, reach for your dreams, and work through the obstacles that stand in the way.

Index

A

antipsychotic reduction programme, 184

C

change from the bottom up, 45

Claim NHS Health Cost, 172

Cognitive Assessment Completed ACE III written report arrived at 231

D

Devised self-help ideas to try and stop the ongoing head pain rushes, 273

E

Extended Challenges, 223

F

final reduction in antipsychotic medication, 130

Follow-ups schedule, 23

H

How does the study work? 21

I

I trust to tell say about my mental health if, 131

Is Christianity a lie for saying Jesus died for our sins and rose from the dead? 11

J

Jesus was one of the very best examples of truths, 13

N

New year resolution 2018, 88

P

Psychiatric Medication Reduction Charted, 177

Psychological Examination Report, 254

Q

Questions Asked by Memory Assessment & Answered 173

R

research into antipsychotic discontinuation, 176

Research into Antipsychotic Discontinuation and Reduction (RADAR), 21

S

scary times, 54, 56, 57

sexual harassment, 97, 210

Summary of what I want, 24

Support Required, 23

T

Taking Nutrient Support and Coping with Stress in-torrent, 160

The churches that are flourishing today are flourishing because of ignorance, 84

These writings presented for publication are the original, authentic message of the
author, vi

Tips on lasting recovery in Schizophrenia, 132

W

What investigations have revealed from the last moment, 259

Why I want to come off antipsychotic meds and how you can help, 22