

None of this freezing, fleeing, or denying myself was of any direct use. But they did help bring everything to a boil.



I found myself back in Oakland. In my mind It felt like Winter, rain pouring down. I'd had bronchitis for months. And there I was Painting

an endlessly dark murky trap of a canvas hacking away in a unheated studio painting little penis bombs being dropped from a grinning skull.

Something finally cracked, something gave, I found myself in Point Reyes crying and yelling at the cows and had no idea of how I got there.

This was one of those moments in a life when you experience a unity that is so much greater than the egos illusion of a bounded self.

I became the world's agony.

I could no longer keep from dissolving. The duct taped ball of self that had been limping along was falling apart. Many of my closest friends were dying.

I knew I needed to ask for help. I was tired of crying in the dark.

It was during this moment that my father gave me his greatest gift. He acknowledged me. In this circumstance, referencing a war he'd never talked about, straight across man to man. He said: "This is your Korea isn't it."

And it was at this moment also that I was sent to a famous homeopath who handed me a magic pill knocking the bronchitis-that-was-leading-to-death out of me. Was it she that said: "get tested."

Or was that the voice of my new friend & healer, my acupuncturist, who helps tune me. Be in tune? With mind & body to this day.

Or was it my Buddhist friend, who found me the teacher/ therapist to begin to integrate the black confusion inside.

Or maybe in was the voice of my dying best friend who had brought me to a new community formed by the back to the land gay hippie shamans who had come out of the woods to battle the plague at that very moment was enveloping us.

In any case, I got tested. reached out. Found Healers, a Path to follow, and a community to join. it was time now to do the real work, to slowly unfreeze the balls of fear and find out why I was really here, and who that I really was.