

Coming
Outa
Darkness

**Thaddeus
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This book is dedicated
to the
living. Period!!!!

WEIRDING WORD®

July 11, 1973

The Long Experiment

Life is the longest
experiment that
man ever undertakes.

For each day,
information which was
once unknown,
becomes known.

And each,
in its turn,
must be dealt with quickly.

It's kinda like any work,
the slower you go,
the longer it takes,
the farther behind you get.

And when you discover,
how far behind you are,
and discovery is generally
ve_____ry subtle
and sudden;
You say with a lot of excitement,
"Shit!"

Then you panic for awhile,
a few moments or hours
a few days or weeks,
a few months or years.

But somewhere,
between life and death
You realize,
that in order
to deal with the issue at hand,
you must first deal with
everything you haven't
dealt with before,
each in its turn.

July 15, 1973

I know the end to this
had come.

'Tho' I have trusted,
still, the end,
has come.

But somewhere,
on the other side
of now,

I know that the Lord,
in whom I've put
my trust,

Will relieve me
of my pain,
And once again,
bless me
with the gift of joy.

Praise forever be
thy name, O Jehovah,
my Rock, and
my fortress.

WEIRDING WORD®

September 9, 1973

I had to tell myself ___
so that I would
understand the matter ___
"You don't look for
things to write about,
Just write about the
things you see,
you feel,
taste,
smell,
hear,
Or any otherwise,
that you find self
experiencing; what
you are __ Right Now.
Only then can you say
you're a writer.
For only those things
which happens in
the circle of your
being (and only you
are an expert
on the circle.)
can you write about,
for __ awareness
can never exceed self."

And after understanding that,
I said, "Oh.
That's simple.
I can do that."

But!
What will people say!
Why they'll say you're
crazy! And
they'll be right.
And if they ever get to
seeing themselves,
They just might discover,
that they are, too.

Aren't we?????
And I said to my-self,
"Oh" !!!!!

People can disagree with
me,
call me all sorts of
names.
Threaten me,
That's fine.

But when they object
to me being me,
to me doing the
best I know and can,
To my right to my
Mistakes, whatever a
mistake is.

When they object to
me! Whatever
me is!
And then try, or in fact
control me,
That's when I'll fight
'til I die.
However long it takes.

'Cause with controls
the more I breathe,
the longer control
will last.

Plus, like everybody else,
I'm gonna die,
whatever I do.
And you can bet
You will too. . . .

September 10, 1973

I try to stay away from
 most people now.
'Cause when I'm talking
 to them (and with my
 ego, I must talk the most.)
I get the feeling that
 they think I'm crazy.
And when I check
 it out with myself,
I say,
 Now, let-me-see,
Wonder what being
 crazy means?
And keep on trucking.

WEIRDING WORD®

September 10, 1973

When folk love
each other,
They don't expect to
get their feelings
hurt.

But when you accept
someone,
You see what they are,
how they are,
And what they do
makes you
feel good sometime,
And other times
it hurt.

But you accept them
because you know
that if they
did what you thought
should be done,
or act the way you
think they
should act,
they would not be
themselves,
they'd be you.

Sometimes, what we dis-
like in others, we
also dislike in us.

But then, I like all of me.
Even my hang-ups.
Whatever I do is me.
And likewise, with you.
You don't have to like
what I do, nor I,
what you do.

In fact, I don't want
you to be like me.
I accept you because you
are.
Even if that's different.
And I love you,
Because you Breathe.