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Part 1:

A Day in the Life of Piper, Daddy, and Mommy

and

Part 2:

My Life – An Autobiography

When I first had the idea for this essay, I thought that it would be easy to capture the goodness of a single day of the life with Piper and Amber, but it quickly expanded to so many other kinds of days of equal and greater goodness upon thinking about them that it became more daunting than practical. Nevertheless, there must be a solution, as men have faced such a desire to express the infinite goodness of life's experiences in the limited physical forms available to us, for no image can truly capture a thing's lived essence.

Let me begin by briefly describing Piper's recent childhood. She truly had the best kid experience which you can get in this day. She didn't have to go to school because I started home-schooling her, and we quickly found out that it only takes a couple of hours per day of actual academic work to not only succeed, but to entirely surpass in performance and educational outcomes that of her erstwhile peers in school. The best days homeschooling were spent with a charcuterie board of our own design, with fresh-baked baking powder biscuits slathered with melting butter and raw honey, some cucumber and carrots, grapes and apples slices, cheese slices and crackers, deli slices of non-processed meats, dilly humus dip, and a glass of milk – all organic of course. We would learn mathematics, reading, writing, and cursive penmanship, while listening to a two-hour session of the best of classical music. We had a wonderful little spot in a big den above the attached garage, in front of a big window almost the breadth of the wall, facing out onto the street where Piper secretly learned the routines of the neighborhood – who put out their garbage on what days, when busses came by, who walked their dog

at what time, who looked friendly and who looked strange...things I never realized she was learning while I taught her her long divisions. We had a name for these sessions, when we really got into the spirit of it – Mozart, fine foods, and mathematics: “The height of refinement”, we would toast! From that window, we watched the seasons come and go, bringing their characters with them, making their mark, and then fading away. We witnessed summer heat linger and finally turn to cool crisp invigorating Thanksgiving air, with the leaves telling us how far along we were in the journey to coldness. We witnessed fall give way to the first early snows with a gasp of both horror and delight, watching those pretty flakes flitter about, fall, and skitter and scatter, turning things all white and wonderful.

“Daddy, may I please go outside and play in the snow?”

“Sure Dear, just as soon as we finish this page of multiplication questions.”

“Yay! Will you come outside with me?”

“Of course I will! Maybe tonight we can do Hunter-Trapper?”

Hunter-Trapper was best in the snow. It was superb when it was still lightly snowing, with big soft flakes glittering around you. It was supreme in mid-winter, just after a snow storm, but when the temperature was yet rational, and all the cars were home in bed so that the street noise was dead silence, and the snow deep. I would say to Piper in such moments,

“Honey, listen...”

“I don’t hear anything”, she would reply.

“Exactly.”

You could hear only the sound of snowflakes falling onto the roof of the fire pit enclosure, a black thing with large screen windows which looked much like a little house, but small enough to be sensible for a back yard concrete patio. The flakes would of course sizzle away from the heat, but you could also hear the ones simply falling on to your coat with tips and taps and pitter patters. Oh of course there would be the usual play in the snow, rolling around upon it as children do. Sometimes a large enough pile of snow could be created from shoveling off the deck, such that a little plastic carpet could be used to have a little slide down and across some feet of the back yard. When the neighbor children still lived next door, they would of course join in the fun, as I watched them in their play while I tended to the fire.

But Hunter-Trapper was the ultimate culmination of the event. We would sit at the fire, sipping our home-made hot chocolate with real cocoa, sugar, and frothed milk, and narrate a story about meeting as a hunter-trapper and a naturalist in the woods, who were old friends from seasons past. The inspiration for Hunter-Trapper were the books *Snow Dog* and *Wild Trek* by Jim Kjelgaard, and *Never Cry Wolf* contributed too, which I had read to her all a couple of times. I was the hunter-trapper, Piper was the naturalist, studying the wolf population:

“Howdy pardner! Haven’t seen you in these parts for some time. What brings you out here in this weather?”

“Well, I’ll be! If it isn’t Little Miss, and I see you still have your wolf-dog Pine! You’re up quite far North for this time of year; I’m as surprised to see you on my trap lines up here. So good to see ya!”

“Thanks! Have you seen any sign of the wolf pack? I’m trying to see how many of their pups survived from last year.”

“You mean the pack over on Gander Mountain ten clicks from here? I was over there a few months ago. Watched one of them take down an elk! They seem to be healthy, although I can’t say that I kept a close eye on them like you might.”

“That’s okay. It’s good to know that they’re still there. Say, do you have any stories since last time I saw you?”

This was completely open-ended, ad-lib improvised, as we progressed along. We also took a lot of inspiration from the movie Alpha. I think my best story was the one where I broke my ankle on some rocks, and then I couldn’t get back to my sled dogs. I was left alone in the wilderness and thought that I was going to die. I was able to build a small fire at night to keep warm, but I couldn’t walk. The first night, I saw eyes in the darkness, just past the light of the fire, no more than six feet away from me. I thought I was going to be someone’s dinner. But come to my surprise, in the morning, I found a piece of elk meat just at my reach, which I then cooked and ate. Every night was like that for two weeks, until my broken ankle was healed. Piper of course soon realized that it must have been a wolf who

brought me the meat, understanding the plight which I was in and that I needed protein and fat from the meat to heal.

We discussed so much about the world in those moments, the truly important things, the fundamental perspectives on life and comprehending our place in it, that all children need to hear from their loving father at some point in their soft years. Not hard things, not things to take away their softness, but things told to them in such a way as to protect their softness, while giving them the mental skillset so as to not be as fragile to eventually come what may. Irreplaceable, infinitely precious moments, in a sliver shell of air in a vast darkness, with other Suns only distant as points, cosmic improbability.

The onset of Winter of course came in the latter years with the promise of powder days at COP! Powder day at COP, you ask? It's rare, but it is possible, and we did get it once or twice. That was one of the joys of homeschooling and working from home on a self-determined schedule, was that we could venture out whenever we wished, and COP was only ten minutes away. There is just something so warm in watching your daughter learn to ski, and get good at it. I suppose that all fathers know this and there's memes about it, but boy do we love to watch the development of competence in our children through simulated risk. There must be a name for the emotion, but I can't think of it now. Proud?!

"Let's do ten runs, then we'll take a break for lunch, okay Honey?"

"Okay Daddy!"

We would pack our own homemade hot cocoa, and sometimes go all out and even pack sandwiches, but children seem to enjoy the process of buying something, and so I'd give her my card and let her go do it herself, and the chicken fingers seemed to be of decent enough quality there, and the fries. Hot cocoa is an ubiquitous recipe, but you learn to add a touch of cinnamon, nutmeg, and vanilla to really get that whistling joy from your child at consuming it. At about the 6th run of course is when your child will start asking if you can stop for lunch, but I would interfere with that desire with "hill hugs" and "hill lays". As the parent and especially on a snowboard you get ahead somewhat of your child on skis, and so you stop and get on your knees facing uphill, spread your arms out wide, and yell "hill hug!" The little angels will try a hockey stop in front of you, and then of course settle in for some affection. Then this turned into "hill lays", where you both lay down on a nub on the hill, taking a little "nap" while overlooking the city and staring into the blue sky, or sometimes the falling snow. Then it's time to get back up reinvigorated to finish the original schedule of runs, with maybe one or two knocked off the end.

I never wanted those winters where she was learning to ski to end. I could live them indefinitely. There's something about generating warmth in the midst of cold and snow which is just so incredibly cosy, and quite romantic if you have a suitable partner to comprehend the sensation with. With your child, of course, it is simply as sweet as cold-cheek kisses with numb lips, lifting them up off their rear end and giving them a little assistance push on their lower back to get going again when they fall down.

We did a couple of trips to Sunshine, just Piper and I, early in the season two years in a row. We stayed right on the mountain, at the hotel which you can only get to by gondola, and at which you must stay the night once up there due to the lift shutting down at 5pm. We had a full fancy dinner the second year, staying on my birthday, and Piper thought it was so special and that she was such a grown up. She even had a mocktail. The outdoor hot tub while snow falls is of course such a treat. There is something about mountain air which is just so exhilarating, and I loved sharing that feeling with Piper, but how I rued for a partner who could understand that and do something about it with me. There were such great moments of learning which Piper and I shared together there. You know how it is as a parent – the child does something annoying like dump the entire hot chocolate all over themselves, or drop the ski poles from the chair lift, etc. These things happened, and what did we decide? We decided that you can't let something so trivial as a spilled drink or a dropped pole to ruin your entire day. When you are surrounded by beauty, doing something so fun, and staying at such a nice place, how could you let something as little as a spilled hot chocolate worth a pittance, or as replaceable as a ski pole, dictate your day? You're surrounded by perfect beauty and you have the incredible privilege to play in it! And, you're spending time together! Count your blessings, and call out to Skadi.

There's nothing as perfect as winter. Of course, every other season is full of its own charm and romance, but in winter comes the fullness of life, in some way inexplicable. We would watch winter give way to spring warmth from our

homeschooling window, so painfully slowly to arise in Calgary, teasing you for several months it seems that one day, perhaps one day, it will feel warm. These are the days of course where you begin to appreciate summer time in the Sun, and still midwinter in the shade. But a new promise came with the waiting, and that was the promise of mountain biking with shorts and t-shirt on those perfectly-formed summer mornings where the sky is perfectly solidly blue, the wind still, and the air just slightly cool and fresh, perfect for a bike ride.

Always having a preference for nothing but the best, we had matching daddy-daughter pair of bicycles from the bike shop, not some cheap department store simulants. Real mountain bikes, and hardtails so perhaps not quite the best, but certainly very nice, with smooth shifters, big gears with a single cassette, and hydraulic brakes. We actually did do real mountain biking once or twice, while out camping, but mostly we rode the sidewalks and paved pathways in the city. We had a few main circuits, of course simply going to the “close park”, and the “gazebo park”, and on the biggest days we would bike to get daddy’s hair cut, which was next to the bike shop itself, along with one of those little Pagan incense boutiques, for lack of better description, but which Piper loved for all their little cute notebooks, books on spirit animals, special rocks and gems and the like. We’d take our bikes into the shop and have them tweak the chain and gearing and whatnot, while we looked for new biking gloves for us both. But usually we would take the “exercise park” route, stopping there to run all the machines which don’t really exercise you, and then head on to the organic store to pick up coconut water and some energy protein bars.

What was special about that route was the “hammocking spot”, where three trees (Aspen Poplars?) grew in an equal right triangle, such that a hammock could be strung between two pairs of trees meeting at ninety degrees. We only strung up both hammocks if we had more people with us, and usually we strung up only one, and shared the swing together, smashed together beside each other, and consumed our treats from the organic store while swinging. The view faced a hill, the 7-11 hill we called it because there was that convenience store on the other side of the rode atop of it, and we would watch as the summer wind shimmered across the veld, waving atop the grass like the surface of water at the beach of green. These were probably the most relaxing, secure-feeling moments of my life, sharing the water and a few bites of each other’s bars. In those moments I felt that nothing could ever be wrong, that a darkness could never violate such a tender thing. Inevitably the request came for “Wild Game!”, which meant I had to get out while she wrapped herself in the cocoon, and I would then swing the hammock in a wild manner rocking it up to horizontal exposure with the ground, the child seeming like it should fall right out of the device at any moment, but always staying wrapped within to crash back down against the strapping and the surprisingly strong material keeping her from the ground, swinging into the opposite exposure. You could of course never do this with an adult as it would likely tear the hammock to pieces and crash them to the ground, but with a little seventy-pound bundle they seemed impervious. I would do the same at the gazebo park but on one of those disk-swings on chains that you sit upright in, and I’d shake the chains to pretend it was

a squall like on the movie Master and Commander, and then we'd sing:

"Safe and sound and at home again
Let the waters roar, Jack.
Safe at sound at home again
Let the waters roar, Jack.
Along we've tossed on the rolling mains,
Now we're safe ashore Jack.
Don't forget your old shipmates.
Faldee raldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!
We have worked the self-same guns
Quarter deck division
Sponger I and Loader you,
Through the whole commission
Along we've tossed on the rolling mains,
Now we're safe ashore Jack.
Don't forget your old shipmates.
Faldee raldee raldee raldee rye-eye-doe!"

The 7-11 hill was her bane because we had to bike up it on the path way half-way home, but once again, you see how their strength increases through the bicycling season, how they can get all the way up being less winded, and how from season to season there are leaps in strength with that much less complaining of the difficulty. And it is so good to encourage them and take notice of their development, mentioning it to them from time to time.

Summers of course had no school work, and, wanting for entertainment with lack of more things to do than bike and go to the park, although we did have much more regular

access to local child-friends, inevitably I let her game on my computer at what was likely too early of an age for her to start...some first-person shooter types, with occasionally foul language, although relatively decent plots, and beautiful graphics. She liked Far Cry 5 for the beautiful scenery and animals. Far Cry 6 she liked for the character and riding horses. One game though was “hunting game”, Hunter: Call of the Wild, a fairly slow-paced and entirely appropriate game simulating hunting animals at locations around the world. We had incredible moments of imagination with that game, as besides from the effort put in to score a gold or diamond rated moose, bear, or deer, it had these little camping outposts and cottages where you as the hunter could stay and sleep and venture out into the map from. Sometimes we would find one spot we really liked, just really cutely put together, somehow through pixels and speakers capturing the ambiance of an off-grid cottage. We would pretend we were arriving there together, not necessarily for hunting, but just on a camping trip to enjoy the water, the views, explore the cabin and see how it was put together and how the programmers designed all the little details so that the guests would have food, water, somewhere to cook and somewhere to sleep, and firewood. Our imaginations seemed to run so deeply that they seem like real memories to me of actual events, and I wonder if they do to her too? So strange to have that experience through a game.

And of course, we did do real camping too. Several times mother came, and we would rent a camper for these, which was so much fun. Not quite roughing it, but still enough of roughing it with the luxury of a camper to make it a thrill.

Amber and Piper built a little sail boat out of twigs and leaves one year, and then Amber set it to sail out from a jutting rock outcrop in the river, and we envisioned to Piper how the little boat would sail right home to Calgary as it went around the river bend out of sight on the Bow River. One time it was just daddy daughter, in only a tent, and that was just a wonderful time. It was during that trip in which Piper asked me for a campfire story, something a little bit scary but not too scary, and I obliged. I'll share it with you. It's called "The Fire-Eyed Bear", but don't state the title before telling it:

"You know your mom and I came tent-camping here once, when we were dating, before you were born. It wasn't this exact site, it was that one just over there just around that corner, but it was this campground. When we first arrived, at like 3 in the afternoon, we were just getting stuff unloaded and set up, and the campground warden came by to remind us to put up our receipt on the post, which was of course fine, and then they asked us if we had any kids with us? We didn't really think anything of it at that moment although we did think it was weird to be asked that, and just said no we don't have kids. So, we got all set up and then went fishing at the river, and I think that your mom even caught a fish that day! So it was pretty fun! Then we came back to the campsite and had a fire later at the end of the day to cook food, as it was getting dark, and the warden came by again in her truck asking if we needed more fire wood, which I actually did. But then as we were unloading it, again she asked us if we had any children with us. This time we were like: 'Why do you keep asking us about children? Is there some issue or something?' To

which she replied: 'No its fine. You don't have kids so it's nothing you really need to know about. I shouldn't have brought it up. Never mind.' But now we were really concerned and just wondering what the issue or problem might be, so we insisted: 'Well you keep mentioning it and asking us, so why not just tell us?' She relented and said: 'Okay, well I'm not really supposed to tell people about this, but I do worry for the children. You see, we've had reports from campers here over the last few years of children who go missing from the campfire at night.'

"Oh really?" We replied. "Like, they get lost going to the bathroom or something if someone doesn't walk with them to it?"

"That is one thing, yes" she said, "but there's something more than that too. There's something else."

She seemed reluctant to continue. "Okay. Well, what is it?"

"Well", she started, "they go missing into the forest, and get lost, and they don't come back."

"Oh that's so horrible!" your mom said, "What happens to them?"

"They get lured away from the campfire at night, when there's darkness out in the trees. There's darkness out there, but if they keep looking, they'll eventually see a couple of points of light, which when they look at long enough, they can see are little fires. These fires are actually burning inside the eyes of a bear, the fire-eyed bear. If you look into his eyes, you can see a fire burning inside them, blazing away and sparking deep in its eyes, and it's so

fascinating that it will lure the kid out into the bush, into the darkness, following the fire-eyed bear. The parents just get distracted talking and then the kid slips away unnoticed, until it's too late."

"What's too late? What happens to the kids then?"

"The bear lures the kids out into the forest, so that it can bite their toes off and eat them. But once their big toe is missing, the kid can't walk straight anymore because the big toe is used for balance. And so every time they try to turn and walk back to the campsite, they walk sideways instead and just end up getting further, and further, and further away from their parents and their campsite that they get lost. They can hear their parents calling when the parents realize that the kid is gone, but the parents cannot see into the dark forest and the kid can't walk straight to get back to them. And the kids are so scared of the bear eating more of them that they don't dare yell."

"Well, they must be able to get to the kid eventually, don't they?" I asked. "How can they not find them at least in the morning?"

"Well, that's the worst part. It seems that the kids actually become fire-eyed bears themselves after being alone in the forest! They become new fire-eyed bears!"

"Well, this place must be full of fire-eyed bears then! We must be surrounded!"

"That would be true, except when a new child becomes a fire-eyed bear, the oldest fire-eyed bear returns to being the child they once were."

“Oh wow...well that’s good then at least.”

“But it’s not. Because it could take five, ten, even fifteen years for a new child to become a fire-eyed bear, and the oldest fire-eyed bear then turns back into the child they once were, at the same age, but it’s now fifteen years later, and their family has forgotten about them and moved on, believing that they were lost or dead.”

Wait, what’s that out in the forest? OUT THERE IN THE DARK! Look at the two lights! They’re little fires! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!”

Summers are great. Our biggest event was the early-season planting of the raised garden bed I built in the backyard, then growing it all season, and then the harvest. We found that growing green onions mixed with carrots works really well, because they do not interfere with each other’s light and leaves, like other pairs of leafy plants will dominate a space. Our favourite was of course the potatoes, Sieglinde variety, and digging them up in late August and through September was for some reason such a joyous culmination, I suppose of all the watering and tending which we did all summer. The best place to leave the potatoes, along with the carrots, is simply in the ground until you need them. They seem to preserve naturally just leaving them in the dirt. Of course, we’d have the deck planters of cherry and beefsteak tomatoes, and pots of herbs all over the place – rosemary, basil, dill, mint, sage, etc. And strawberry baskets. These were all little moments of joy, each little morsel, each little pick, every time we enjoyed something from the vine all summer it would come with a little burst of joy, a reminder about how special it is to eat food this

way, at how tasty and fresh it is and how much better for you. It was always a moment of gratitude. Always, a precious little moment of joy and appreciation. Simple happiness. There's something about watching a child eat fresh-picked raw food which registers a deep satisfaction. I love watching kids eat, making them food, feeding them, giving them a nice dinner, etc.

I remember one particularly grateful season, at its end, before the dark time began setting in, as the bugs start losing their mobility and the trees begin to tinge yellow at the extremities, in late August in Calgary, we had a moment with one of those little white butterflies which fly erratically in crazy zig-zags. All summer I had been noticing either the same such butterfly, or the same species, and each time I witnessed its crazy manner of flight I remarked inside myself at how evolution utilized chaos in poor flight characteristics to evade predators, in this case presumably the butterfly used it to evade bats and birds or something. Flight characteristics which evolution ended up not needing to develop fully as a convenient means of evasion. Well, one day this butterfly landed at my feet in the garden after I had been observing it and thinking this same line, which I found quite odd, and I felt a sudden desire to lean down to it and put my hands into a cup in front of it. The butterfly then leapt into my cupped hands and I gasped at the lack of expectation of such an event, and I stood up and called over to Piper to come look at it closely, which she did. When Piper arrived shortly, I suddenly had a pleasant emotion and a flash of words began appearing in my mind which I felt I should narrate to Piper.

I said, in respectfully held back tears of joy: “Piper, oh my goodness, it’s saying something to me! It’s talking to me! Listen!”

It said, as I narrated to Piper: “I do not fly poorly. I do not have poor flight characteristics. I in fact plan every single movement: every single zig, every single zag, every single direction is entirely purposefully controlled by me. I am the most perfect and agile flier there is around. I know exactly what I am doing. If I flew so poorly, as you think, I wouldn’t be able to land on the leaves where I wanted and would crash into things and wreck my wings, and kill myself.”

I said to Piper: “Oh so I was wrong about why it flies the way that it does. It does that on purpose!” I then looked closely upon it, and it rested there calmly, unmoving, and as I inspected it, I quickly was amazed at the intricacy of its incredibly delicate design, making the point that something so fragile could never suffer inaccurate and haphazard flight. I noticed tiny little pods of microscopic structure on the end of its antennae, which must serve some electromagnetic function I would guess, and I noticed the tattered nature of its wings, and that it looked old and well-lived.

I said to it: “I hope that you had a wonderful summer, that you got to make lots of little babies and find lots of your favorite food. You’re so incredibly beautiful.”

And at that it flew off again, and left. It was such a moment, and it was an incredible gift to share it with Piper. That led to so much discussion with Piper about the nature of “Second Mind”, as we became to call it. That there is a mind

which animates all of existence, which performs the miracle of turning a flower into an apple, which as we learned, knows how to execute perfectly coordinated chaos in flight, which is in all things and all around us, and is even inside ourselves and is the force which moves our arms and runs our body for us. For if you ask yourself and think of it, what is it that moves your arm when you decide to move your arm? You couldn't even begin to list the complex sequence of steps needed to move it, and even if you could list it, you yet couldn't *perform it* by consciously thinking about it, but there is some unconscious force which registers the command and knows how to initiate and coordinate all of the voltage potentials and chemical exchanges such as to create the precise motions which you wish for your arm, just as it does in turning a flower into an apple, and guides a butterfly's flight. It is the power of God and it is right inside of us, and it is in all things all around us. How wondrous. Some say that you can unite with that power, and consciously utilize it.

Of course, with September comes the return of school, and the learning of mathematics as we watch the seasons pass us by once again through the window. Soon we will be shovelling snow again, and giving shovel rides once the walk is cleaned down to the ice. If you have one of those big scoop shovels, the child can simply sit right inside it and then you run down the sidewalk with them in it pushing them over the cold hard icy concrete, and then at the end direct them into the mound of snow for a fluffy crash going "poofty!" into the snowbank. If they sit in it with their legs spread out you can actually gather a wider swath of snow on your passes as well.

We'll have our charcuterie boards again, and listen to Beethoven's 9'th Symphony while learning mathematics, and soon we'll go skiing again. And then we'll start to miss our bikes further on down the road. And then we'll think about camping again. The seasons bring us our own newness in our revisitations of the same. What a perfect little life. Piper had the perfect childhood life.

At the old house, where my life was, I finished the basement. It only took me 8 weeks and it was a really cute design, using tongue-and-groove pine boards, painted white, and then all set up to be a media room for watching movies on a nice sectional, and a 65" flat screen television. There was room on the other side for a wrapping table which I made for Amber out of black walnut, at standing height, which we did actually use for wrapping Christmas presents, and Piper used for crafting occasionally, and which I used to make videos. Amber had a high hair-dressing chair which allowed one to sit at the otherwise high wrapping table. There was also room for Amber to set up a home office, which I thought was a great spot given that it offered her privacy and quiet for her need to spend significant parts of the day on call with clients. I also put storage shelving into the large furnace room section of the basement which then held Amber's extensive suite of seasonal decorations, and we had under-stairs storage area for camping equipment too. It was really nice, building all that space for my family. The space was a real asset, bringing comfort, entertainment, and opportunity for working from home to our family. How many movies did we watch with home-made organic popcorn with real butter

down there? How many!? Lots! I did all the electrical too. It was so satisfying, and so nice to enjoy.

Our whole home was a joy, and Amber and I, mostly Amber, as women do, put it all together after many permutations into a wonderful little retreat of calm and serenity. We had such nice appliances which we had upgraded too...stainless steel, induction stove top with convection oven, new dishwasher and fridge, etc. It was such a nice place to make food.

The best day of the week for me was Saturday, in the morning, waking up to a family with no work to do, and I would put on “Jake Westbrook” on YouTube of compilations of vintage pre-1950’s music. I loved the still images he used in his compilations as they always each seemed to convey a story, and we would all play this game together of imagining the character’s moods and family relations in the paintings. But the real joy was the breakfast: fresh ground coffee brewed in a in French Press, homemade pancakes or French Toast, pork breakfast sausages, scrambled eggs, sometimes hashbrowns, and lots of butter and Maple syrup. It was *so cosy!* Sunday afternoons I would do some form of a roast – usually a roast chicken, but interspersed with roast beef or roast pork every few weeks. The side was almost always mashed potatoes and steamed carrots, and for the carrots I would afterwards slather with butter, cinnamon, nutmeg, and brown sugar. The roast chicken would last us 3 nights, with the 2nd night always being hot-gravy chicken sandwich, with gravy made from the drippings stored from the night before. The 3rd day was then “scrappy chicken”, and would be either soup using the

carcass to make stock, or a stir fry of some sort or another. Wednesday would be sausage and perogies night, usually with peas, but it was also sausage and noodles night, made simply with Italian spicy sausage, penne, red onion and red bell peppers, and simply lemon and olive oil and a touch of tzatziki for seasoning. Amber would usually do Thursday, and she seemed to always do something Asian or Indian, and Friday was homemade pizza which Amber did for a little while, and then I started doing. Saturday night was usually a left over of pizza and whatever other items still available.

Often-times Friday night was alternatively something from the Farmer's Market, which Piper and I used to go to regularly. For dinner I would bring home either fresh wild salmon or halibut with a few scallops, and serve with rice and peas, or, \$16 per jar spaghetti sauce which was ridiculously delicious perhaps simply only because of the price, along with fresh-made pasta. Our Farmer's Market visits were so amazing though. We start with early lunch of a Village Special, and eat by the big mural, then get Piper a glitter tattoo and let her play at the kid area for a while, and then head to the bakery where Piper would get either worms and dirt, or macaroons, and I would get a cronut or almond croissant, and also a sourdough bread for spaghetti and for breakfast French Toast the next day. Then to the Daddy-latte place for my latte, and then we sit outside the "rock place" and have our treat. Piper has so many rocks from that place that they would fall out of nooks and crannies in the house everywhere. What a precious collection! Some of which are shaped into animals, some wolves of course. And of course, we never forgot to buy

mommy a bouquet of flowers and a couple of macaroons as well.

After such a busy day, a child needs sleep, and Piper needs a big bed time routine. Well, she doesn't *need* it, but she does like it and we do like giving it to her. Thursday and Saturday nights were always Daddy-night-sleepover, although such nights expanded into several others of the week occasionally. This was time for Rusty Puppet Show, Rusty hide-and-seek, memes, then back-tickles and songs. "Rusty" is a hand-puppet rust-coloured dog I've had since I was 4 or 5, which my mother bought for me when I was once hospitalized with pneumonia. The routine is that I would lay beside my bed, which was a really highly-set bed actually, and then peer Rusty over the edge of the bed where Piper would be laying out of sight of me. Sometimes I would tease her mercilessly and pretend to have a whispering conversation with Rusty about possible presents which might be being hidden in the house. It would go like this: "So Rusty, before we start the show, I need to talk to you about something secret. Piper has a birthday/Christmas/event coming up and she's really been asking for 'psssst psssssssst psssst', and so I got her this 'psssst pssst psst psssssssssst' from 'psssst psssstt', and now it's hidden in Daddy's usual hiding spot under the 'psssst psssssssst psssst'." This drive Piper absolutely insane and eventually she learned to not give me the satisfaction, by just ignoring it. The good smart learning girl!

So then Rusty Puppet Show commenced, with a discussion with the music people if they've practiced and are ready for

the show, and if Rusty knows all of his lines, and if the instruments are tuned ‘ting, tingg, tingggg’. And then:

“Da dadadaaa dadadaaaaaaa! It’s the Rusty Puppet Show ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, and do we ever have a good show planned for you tonight! We have jokes, tricks, and we might even have help from the audience tonight! Now everyone, do you want to hear a joke?”

“Yayyy, yahhh!”

“Okay: Why did the chicken cross the road?”

“Why?”

“To get to the other side! Hahahahahaaaa!!!”

“Hahahahahaha”

“Now, who wants to see Rusty do a trick tonight? Can we hear a big screaming yes from the audience?!”

“We do yayyyyyy yeeesssss!”

“Okay, this trick is called summersault touch the ceiling, are you ready?”

“Yaaahhhhhh!”

And then I would throw Rusty up such that he just touched the ceiling while flipping in the air.

“Now how about we get assistance from the audience. Is there anyone in the audience who would volunteer to come up and do a trick for us?”

Piper would raise her hand and say “Meee! MEEE! I will!! I will!”. But, I would first pretend that we had a packed

audience and couldn't see her hand up or hear her, and would have to scan all over to find her – another little way to sometimes drive her a little crazy!

“Okay little girl, tell the audience your name. Now, what I want you to do is stand up on the bed, and this trick is called hair bob flapping arms knee raises.”

You can do a lot of variations from “hair bob flapping arms knee raises”, but basically you get them to move their head in a weird bobbing way and stomp on the spot in a weird way and flap their arms in a weird way, and invariably they lose coordination and balance and then fall down on the bed, which is quite hilarious to watch in progression.

After that it is Rusty hide and seek, where the lights are turned off and Rusty is hidden somewhere inside the room. A camping headlamp set to red is then used to search for Rusty, and only when things get really difficult do we permit “hotter colder” for assistance. We usually do a couple of rounds where we alternate being the hider vs. the seeker. Then it is meme-time, where we look at memes I've downloaded from the internet, which of course offer an incredible education on incredibly important topics about the world. We all know who *can't* meme, and so you can imagine the wholesome things I get to share with her, detailing the parasitical infestation of the world, but I intersperse this with pretty pictures of landscapes, and art, and cute animals, etc., to keep it light and happy. There are some videos too, usually of animals, or detailing diet and food, sometimes history.

I actually give really good back-tickles and this puts her mostly to sleep, and I'll sing twinkle twinkle little star, now I love you, and snowflake snowflake. But I made one up based on 5 Little Speckled Frogs, which goes:

"5 little timber wolf pups
laid in their special den
eating some most delicious elk
munch munch
one ran out of the den
chasing her daddy's tail
now there's 4 little timber wolf pups
howl howl"

Most times this was still way too early for me to go to sleep, although sometimes I would be tired enough for some reason to just stay and go to sleep with her, but most often I would then quietly sneak out and either go read, or watch my feed, do some work or play something on the computer. Amber would certainly be asleep by now in any case in her own room, as she falls asleep very fast and very much on schedule. We must have repeated this routine several hundred times. I wonder when the 17th instance was, and what life was like back then?

I remember the day I first took Piper to the "close park". It was just two small blocks away behind our old house, and it was a warm early spring day, and it was indeed the very first time she had been taken to such a park, being only 9 or 10 months old or abouts. It wasn't her first ride in a stroller, as we'd certainly gone many places for shopping and what not with her, but it was the very first time she was taken for an

outside stroll to go to the park specifically, our very first visit. This visit turned into one thousand visits, as I recall the moment she experienced her very first swing, in one of those little toddler swings which holds the baby loosely in place. I set little Piper in it, and I said 'Are you ready for a little swing honey?' Gently pushing it back and forth the first time, a little smile began to show on her face, and then just a little more rocking, and some free swinging of just a small amplitude, and the smile erupted into this gaping-mouthed scream of laughter and delight which only a ten-month old baby can seem to produce, and she was hooked on swinging for the next eleven years. Gosh she loved it and she screamed in joy, and the event must have lit up her little mind with all the stimulation of the outdoor warm sun, the still-cool air and its fresh crispness, the feeling in the belly of swinging and falling. It was such a delight. Such a perfect moment. Mommy actually did come by later, but missed the initial great eruption of response from Piper.

It stands out as I write this that I don't refer to Amber being much part of the main events. I always felt like she was with us, but I suppose from her perspective, it was not her life experience. For me, she was always there in spirit, always there as the facilitator, and she was always in the future of any of these things, because of course I knew that I had her to return to and to tell her about all things. I never felt that I was doing these things away or without from Amber. Amber was all these moments and things as much as Piper was, to me, somehow. I guess that wasn't the right way to feel about it.

I think my best performance with Amber was the day that Piper was born. Amber required a c-section, and I was permitted to sit in the room beside Amber, behind a blanket screen which was likely high enough to block most men from the view below, but which of course I could peer over because I'm tall enough. They warned me that some men, if they look, pass out at the sight, and then they become the problem everyone needs to focus on rather than the problem of the surgery birth. I wasn't worried about that...I've seen lots of guts before...not human ones, but nevertheless it was a challenge which seemed like it was easy. They first tested Amber's response under anesthetic by pinching her stomach with a pair of haemostats, at which Amber had no recognition. The incision came next and I felt to not watch this part out of respect, and instead talk with Amber and hold her hand. After some time, while the doctors were using their language to finish the cutting without making it seem like that's what they were doing, I peered over again and saw the large incision and exposed flesh. I looked back to Amber asking if she felt ok, and she said yes, but she was very tense, a death grip on the table and my hand beneath hers. I guided her to some deep breaths, to loosen her grip, to allow the air to flow through her lungs again instead of holding it. She said that she was afraid of falling off of the table as it seemed to be quite narrow and the arm supports were somewhat flimsy looking, and I assured her that the last thing she would do is fall off, and that she is surrounded by nurses and doctors who are taking care of her, and that I wouldn't let her fall off. And when I asked her if she felt alright, she knew that significant activity must by now be taking place down there,

and she asked me as to the situation. I simply reported to her, that instead of her innards being exposed, that the doctors still simply had the pliers on her skin testing if she could feel anything, and that they hadn't done anything yet. She wondered what they were talking about, and I reported that they were only talking about what they *will* do, not that they had done anything yet but just making sure that she couldn't feel anything. I believe we exchanged back and forth a few times like this, and I think it calmed the room, as I sensed the doctors seem to become more relaxed, and their voices changed from one of a tinge of higher-tone stress, to a smooth and deep, and soft kindly demeanor. Then, they said: "Okay, I'm going to push the baby out now." "Wait, what?" Amber asked, and it was out, just like that, and I peered over and saw Piper's little scrunchy baby face for the first time ever. One of the nurses took Piper over to the warm little baby bed where they wrap her and get her weight. 9:20AM, June 12 2013, 7lb7oz. It was some minute or two, and the baby was then left in her spot wrapped up, with her little hands all scrunched up beside her face. I looked down, and reached down touched her hand, and noticed how incredibly tiny her little fingers and fingernails were, and I tried to explain the sensation and observation to Amber, but could not get the words out due to choking up. I then realized, or perhaps I was told, that I could pick her up, and I did so, and I carried her in my arms down the way to Amber's recovery room. I of course showed the baby to Amber but I think she didn't get to hold her until we got to the room, and we placed Piper against Amber's bare bosom, to provide the warmth and intimacy of skin contact for the baby. A very good performance all

around, certainly by Amber, who aside from the understandable death-grip on the table, was entirely cool and stoic of it all.

Piper and I went to that park hundreds of times hence in the past 11 years. I always get this idea, when the darkness comes, that what if you could return to visit number, say, 37, of the park (in the current example, or whatever it might be in other episodes). What if you could return to that day, and then figure out what year and date it was from the past eleven years, figure out what you were doing at work at that time, and look into how your relationship with your partner was going? What if you could go back to that date, and yet have a memory of the future and the darkness which comes, and then make some change or do something differently to hedge against the ability of the darkness to take hold coming in the future? I wonder what day visit number 53 was, what year and time of year it was, what exactly I did with Piper that day, how my relationship with Amber was going then, and what I could do to improve it. Hindsight is such a damned thing and you wonder at how it wasn't registered and understood and actively comprehended just how dangerous it was to not hedge every day against the encroach of the darkness. How could you not realize how you would feel in the future if you didn't take care to stop the darkness now? How could you not know the pain that you would feel? How could you not know to do whatever it takes to stop it in the past? But that's the nature of comfort, and as I said, although I felt Amber's presence in all of these precious moments, nevertheless she must have not felt part of them.

If you think about it, there is a single enemy. There is a single, ruthless enemy. That enemy is time. How often have you suffered the consequences of some decision which could have easily been avoided or went a different way with only a slightly improved perspective? How you rue that you could go back, to do something differently, to prevent the massive darkness from its destruction wrought upon some trivial choice? There's really only a single thing, a single effort, that we should be working on as a species, or as an adept, or whatever, and that is control of time. That's the only thing that's important. It makes one wonder. I wonder if that's what those old Wile-e-Coyote cartoons are about...controlling time; it's the only way to explain how he's constantly thwarted.

Something terrible has now happened. I remember when we went on our first date. We were so innocent, and hopeful. We met at 6, and then stayed until 11pm or even 12AM, not realizing that the restaurant was closing, sharing our lives to each other, our existing sorrows and heart aches, and talked about our hopes for the future as people. We likely talked about wanting kids one day. We hit things off pretty quick. We found friends in each other, some mutual understanding and empathy of childhood trauma, some comprehension. She got us running up to speed pretty quick, suggesting activities to do together, which I then took on gleefully and helped show how to do, and we did together. Fishing and outdoor stuff, back-country camping. Shooting guns even. We spent so many years just...hopeful. Just enjoying our company. We moved in pretty quick. She was my life and I was so proud of her. It

felt like I was the only guy around who could say that he had a girlfriend, and then a wife.

But some incredible darkness grew. Something so vile and awful. Something neither of us knew, nor wanted, but, were always afraid of and uncomfortable with. It was something remorseless, something afraid, something selfish, something unaware. It committed murder. It violated innocence. It defiled preciousness. We're both such lovely and sweet people, and it wrecked us. I miss saying her name; I don't use that word everyday anymore. We had such lovely moments, some true practical humour. One time for Mother's Day, just before Piper was born, I was changing the faucet in the kitchen sink, and, after having gotten it all installed and the water lines hooked up, but, not having installed the heavy nozzle on the end of the faucet with the hose left hanging, I reached up from sitting at the plumbing and turned on the tap full blast, and the water pressure lifted the hose straight horizontal and sprayed directly into my face! I tried to turn off the faucet as quickly as I could and looked up to see if anyone saw what happened, but, she witnessed the entire episode from the other side of the island counter and she saw me trying to hide it, and she had the jolliest laugh of our entire relationship. Another such moment was when we still had her small dog Chica (corgi chihuahua mix), and it was doing something stupid out in the yard, and I, standing at the open sliding door to the deck, then thrust my head through the gap to yell at the animal; however, the screen was still closed, and I thrust my face right against the screen and my yell was stopped short, at which I recoiled from the tension of the screen, and looked back sheepishly to see if anyone

had noticed, which, of course, she witnessed the entire moment, to much hilarity. Practical humour was her thing.

I miss you so much. With things now, we are so ready to find threats in each other, but I think that that's representative of each of our inner dispositions or subconscious fears regarding relationships and assuming the worst in each other's motives, and representative of our unspoken disposition towards each other through the relationship. It's enlightening and informative to see that, of course, not that it means that we're bad people, but that we're innocent and child-like and attempting to protect ourselves from danger and future pain. And then of course, that's precisely what was created. I love all the moments with you and our family. I love what we built and all of the effort you put into it. I love all of the instances of life, thought, living, and kindness and thoughtfulness, and also all of the thoughtless moments where we got to assume each other's company in security and surety as the innocuous moments of life were wrapped about us in mornings, bedtimes, dinners and breakfasts, outings, trips, tv-time, and unintended practical jokes. I think that we truly did bring each other life, and filled each other's lives, with so many good things which we never would have had otherwise. I miss so much the kindness and tenderness we did share, but some threat grew between us, due to those two roots of perception which exists subconsciously and unrecognized beneath the surface, which grew in different directions unheeded, because of the simple human inability to understand others, to telepathically share and understand that in fact we do not intend to harm one another, and to know what each other is simply seeking for

surety and connection. We are so hamstrung as humans in this state, as it makes us perceive threat and abuse and abuse cycles where none is intended nor even present from a simple slightly different perspective or comprehension of another's motives. It's so unfortunate that nature, or whatever, has set us up this way, and it is even more sad when childhood trauma has set people up to manifest such impasse between those whom they should be closest to and most confident in.

My life with you was cosmically (not comically!...though at times) precious - in all seriousness, universally, as in the vastness of billions of light-years of infinite space, of incomprehensibly infinitely improbable events, of a dandelion seed lighting on your fingertip in the midst of a hurricane, of a jagged rugged mountain balancing on a needle point forever, of the infinite innocence of a baby suckling under the eyes of an adoring mother, a child in a bathtub playing with floaty toys, *precious*, despite all things, and above all things; cosmic profundity, peering into an alien artifact and seeing that it is full of stars, and its own universe, and experiencing the vastness of it all at once, as like the mind of God. A single moment of our time together contains all of this, unfolds it into a universe and world of incomprehensible profundity and goodness and ultimate beauty, and this is what remained unable to be communicated, unable to be felt together, because our human dispositions prevent it. One day, whether here or in heaven, I hope that you get to feel this true and deep-down feeling from me, or from God, of the true infinite and profound value of your life with me. It's the damndest thing here on Earth that we cannot all continually share this

profound recognition of each other's presence. Any moment of my time with you unfolds into that wonder, and I think that one day, we will be able to share it in its best and most heavenly realization.

In the infinity of eternity and infinite vastness of space, anything is possible and anything will be achieved, and that is in fact what makes each moment of life with you so infinitely precious, because these moments will only be shared in the way that there were, once, in our current experience. To hear each other's voices here now, to see each other here now, to hear a laugh now and see a smile, to experience a gesture of giving, anything so simple as a tea kettle warmed, a breakfast made, a room tidied, a drink poured, all of the little minutiae of life seemingly innocuous, expands into a moment of eternity which can be sat within to soak in the goodness of it forever. My heart breaks into emptiness at the thought of not holding onto those moments forever in stasis, not protecting them from change, not stopping the space they occupied from being replaced; the space on the counter where coffee was made, the space in the kitchen where breakfast was made and shared and music listened to, the summer light which shone upon the scene or the winter storm which pressed it all together safely and warmly inside for days - these spaces are where we existed, these spaces are where your voice is, where Piper's voice is, where my voice is, where shared life is and the goodness which kept it alive and joyous. Oh God, we'll never share that space again. Oh God, it's gone.

If I could share that space with you again. Safely. Secure. Shone upon by summer at one time, trapped inside from

snow at another. Thinking of what to bring home to you from the farmer's market in another space and time, but always in any place and time, with the assumption of it being with and for you.

You and Piper are my family, and I can't not hear your voices. What happened to create such evil. My mind and heart break with wailing and gnashing of teeth and body itching all over as if covered with mosquitoes, at the realization that no breakfast can be made for you ever again, that the table is gone and that this space will be empty and without our voices and it will be replaced and all the moments no more. Oh God, the pain, it hurts, and I can't.

We shared a life with a beautiful child in a beautiful house with beautiful routines. There's so much more we could have improved by just not being afraid of each other. We all got to see each other everyday, all through the day. Mommy breaks all rushing down to see you. I would have been working again soon. Central air to share. A yard to mow for you. We create Hells amidst precious perfection.

I'm so sorry for what I did, keeping you from love and service, to make it come to this. We had built so much together. Remember we used to make such a big deal out of Freson Brother's, in Fort Saskatchewan, and we stayed over night all the time because we thought it was such a long drive? There was life there, companionship, sharing of the burden and sharing of the fun, and sharing joy in Piper swimming, and you would swim too. What happened? Why didn't that stay holy, and inviolable? We lived life together. Amber, are you there? Is there anything left of you

remaining???! Are you gone? How can you be brought back to life!!??

We went to Ontario together, and spread our life there. Gave ourselves to people there, shared our life with them, shared our joy there of things to do there. We had fish n chips together there. That's *ours*. That's our memory. We did that together. How did it develop that it's gone!? What has the power to take something like that away!!?? What force has the power to destroy such things!? How was it that we didn't pour love into each other, to keep the goodness and the precious memories? To make them permanent and in joy... We went to Niagara Falls together and stayed at that Wolf Lodge place. We had that nice Dodge rental car I think that time. How can such a thing leave life? We went on so many vacations together. I wish that I hugged and kissed you more during them, rubbed your back and stuff. We went to so many different places!

Our pain was in thinking that our love was not good enough for the other. You know that that's the basis of the problem, right? Our problem was the insecurity of feeling that we were not good enough for the other. Meanwhile, it is all that both of us wanted to be, and wanted from each other. Isn't that sick, who or whatever set us up to be that way? I hope that we get a life re-do. I will be better for my part, not with the hang ups I had, and we will have all this and more in glory and love and perfection.

We got central air installed together. Wasn't it nice when we all worked together from home, and could see each other whenever we wanted? Remember Mommy breaks, and everyone would come rushing down to see you? Love,

directed straight at you, shooting you right in the face. Wasn't there life and love in those moments? Do you still want a family? I wanted to be for you. You wanted to be for me. We got married for goodness' sake. But fear was there for both of us...always watching, always warning, always holding things back. And stupid, stupid behaviours. I remember that one trip to the horse grounds down south, we went with your Dad that one time, and Piper was in that bouncy castle slide. That was such a perfect day. Such perfect moments. Enveloped in love and security. Do you love Piper? I don't know you anymore. Do you still? We had our own preferred campsite, which you and I discovered together. Our own fishing spot we discovered together. How can these things stop being alive?! We had a back yard together. It belonged to us. We shared it. We made it nice. What happened?

Remember the Cochrane fair event we would go to? Piper would go on the rides. What if we went back in time to the last time we went, which was 3 years ago, and then I would sweep you up and carry you and look into your eyes and profess my life for yours and tell you how much you meant to me, and I would actually not be afraid, and I would show you physically, by giving you a bedroom back, by putting your office where you wanted it, by saving money to move together to a better house if you wanted that, to pay for a big vacation like you wanted to Florida or something. Just give myself and everything to you since I might just end up broken anyway.

I built the basement for you. We filled that house with objects and routines and life for each other. Amber there

needs to be a time-reset. We have to go back in time, with the memory of what horror can come...and the preknowledge to avoid it. To go back and have the confidence to fill each other with love, and to address you and care for you. I wish that I could still be living for you. It might not have seemed like I was. And I understand that. And it didn't seem like that only due to fear of one day it being taken away from me...living for you. But, you were always in my mind and heart, present, even though there was also fear of loss of you at all times. But you were always present, in a net positive way. I wanted you as my base. But, you also needed to be more than that, of course, and I did try, but we didn't recognize or receive what we tried. You would tell me you were unhappy, and I would just want to run away from you. I would want to avoid it, to ignore it, to deny it, to pretend it never was said, to pretend you forgot that you even said it. I would make a big breakfast and hope that it was actually just normal. I was so, so afraid of those words from you. I didn't know what to do, aside from pull away even more. I wish that we'd had said to each other instead: there are things that we can improve to enhance our lives together. I don't want to hurt you. Leaving you would be the worst thing and should only be the last possible resort, and shouldn't need to happen, but let's spend time together and talk about where we overlap, and build off of that, and learn each other more. We do not exist in this universe, we were not created by God nor immortality, to hurt each other.

It seems like you were getting the message that you did not add to my life or weren't important to me. The whole time I was afraid that you would feel that way about me. We

were afraid of that of each other. How awful. I just wish that I looked at you, held you, and told you damned well straight to you, that you are so valuable, and showed it to you. I don't know why the hell that didn't happen! For me, it was the things we did together and the memories of them that made the connection. We did so much together. So many activities. I wanted to add to your life. I wish I could go back in time, to some moment with you, and do things correctly. 5 years. 2 years. Every time you said you were unhappy it made me recede even more than I already was. It made me afraid. We needed to address each other, look at each other and not hurt each other. Hurt is not what I wanted to give you, and I did not try to give you that, but yet for some reason that is all that you perceived from me. For my part, I wish I could go back and tweak things so that you did not perceive that. Are you still alive? Are you still you? Where is that tender Amber soul?! Where is she?

Remember the Symon's Valley farmers market...we went there a lot all together before it burned down. I wish I could go back there and pour my love into you, and tell you and show you what you meant to me. My stupid phone made a memory collage movie out of photos on it and it was all of us so wtf do you think then happened to me...gosh Amber...I wish that I could go back in time to a moment with you to tell you how much I love you and do whatever I needed to do to show it, from the beginning, not with any stupid emotional hang ups. I have lost so much. I have lost what I wanted most out of life. Remember going to that horse place together down south? Perfect family times wandering all around together, so innocent and perfect. So full of potential for love to show you.

There were enormous blessings we had there. There is some force at work here, which is evil and not natural. It is keeping you from knowing the blessings we shared and which we provided for Piper together. I forgive you, and myself, for not knowing what we were doing. I forgive you. I don't hold anything against you. I do love you, and always had. But gosh, were we ever set up to fail, to not be able to express the love of our blessings.

When you would tell me that you were unhappy, it was fulfillment of expectation. Isn't that awful? I didn't know what to do, then, but to simply accept it on one hand because I assumed that there was nothing I could do about it even if I tried, and then also to just ignore it and hope that it went away by itself. Remember when we first lived at the condo, and we had some slight argument in the car on the way home from somewhere, and I said something about this just ending in divorce? Because of course that was the last thing that I wanted, but also had an expectation of it, because I expect the worst to happen, because of being set up that way. Likewise, you expect that it is a valid and possible outcome too, given your childhood and life experience. Why is it so impossible to create happiness, but so, so easy, to create misery and loss? Isn't that fucked up? What a severe imbalance in the laws of physics.

My life with you should have been a constant thanking, a constant thank you, for providing me with it. For providing me a life of camping, a house and home, a structure, a child of infinite worth for Goodness' sake, a place to have my belongings, to share a space with someone. Instead, it was a fear of losing it, it was held at arm's length, waiting for it

to leave me, like I expected good things to do – again, referencing being set up to fail. My gosh, but look at what you provided for me, and the structure you gave for me, and the entertainment, the security, the love. And in the midst of that, an inability to comprehend and express towards its infinite and profound value and worth, although secretly it was the most worthy and valuable thing imaginable. I said, at the end with you, finally realizing it: Why did I not sit with you, and look straight at you, and tell you your worth!? You only realize what you need to realize when it is too late for it. My problem was being asleep at the wheel. Again, learned behaviour, waiting for it to happen to you, rather than you happen to it. Man, I hate sitting here and having all of these insights. I really hate it. I really hate comprehending now, what should have been lived years ago. We had a deck and a BBQ, and it should have been used to express joy to you. I guess I thought that it did. Despite things, I would choose joy, and what joy is there to choose when you have that precious bundle of giggle always with?

Look at Piper, give her a hug, and take a good long look at her: She's you and me put together, our contributions at raising her, our individual inputs into her developing mind, our physical inputs to her body and the way she looks: And do you not see the infinite value, the profound excellence in her, which is a testament to us? How can anything be a greater evil than her profound beauty and excellence? Not that it should justify abuse or poor treatment, of course not, but was there abuse and poorly intended treatment? We were both so afraid of being hurt...looking for ways in which we might be being hurt or being taken advantage of. But in

fact, we did advantage each other! With a great home and life. Our home was an oasis and we never once raised voices with each other...until the end. I wish you could see that and feel it with me and with Piper. I'm sorry you felt alienated from it, but the love we had for life was with you in it. The role of our hearts has switched, with mine becoming much softer, and yours seeming much harder.

Time is the enemy of all things. There are so many moments I can think of I would wish to go back to, to do something differently for you. It is so much easier to be asleep at the wheel. I thought of the drawer beneath the oven, where we stored the pizza stones, and it hurt, of all things. A tiny little space where our life lived. I think I'm not mentally healthy. As you always used to say – a Kleenex commercial will make me cry. That was the result of suppressed emotions. Do you see how we're set up to fail? We get set up with things which we do not understand nor comprehend, to make us fail, and then we understand afterwards, when it hurts the most. Human life must be about something entirely else than what we think of as human life. There must be something else entirely going on. You were so good at getting rugs for the front door – always placing something appropriate there, to keep the house proper.

Alisha says that I talk about you as if you're dead. But that's what this feels like – in fact it is worse than death. With death, at least you have your home to go back to, your belongings, your routines, your familiarities. There's massive loss, but there's also decades of support of your belongings and your familiar space, where you lived together. With this...this is worse than death. You lose who

you loved, but you also lose your children, your space, your belongings, your routines, etc. This is far worse than death of a loved one. This is living death, experiencing death, but not actually going to the other side where something might at least be better, or you have a new place to live. This is living being dead. Of course, you may feel like you're living now, and that's all the worse for the one who is in death. I'm sorry that you felt that you were in death before...as I thought I was doing my part to provide life, with cooking, caring for Piper, being there for you when you really needed me for anything, having things to tell you about what I did with Piper that day, etc. Why didn't you come outside with us all the dozens and dozens of times we went out for campfire? Why didn't you join the fun? Why didn't you feel like that was for you? We invited you all the time...every single time. We had fire, hot chocolate, and told stories to each other – you should have joined us, it was so lovely. There were lots of things you could have joined us doing, but would often refrain – going to the park, or biking, or skiing, etc. So, I at least tried to make you good foods...roast chicken dinners, etc., treats from the market or deli, etc. You wanted me to make more money than you did...but I didn't know how to do that, and had another mission to work on.

You brought me succor and you did make me feel loved and appreciated, by the simple fact of our living together, and that was sufficient for me, but I know that it was better for me than for you. I want to break the spell of this hostility which comes now between us, as we simply did not have any reason for it, and we do have so many shared memories of so many moments of blessings. Could we focus on the

blessings, and could we have the opportunity for me to fill your cup in the way you want and need? I had a terrible relationship with my own feelings, and so no wonder I couldn't express basic feelings to you. How I do in fact rue that I didn't express to you what was in fact inside me, believing that I should ignore my feelings and have no concern whatsoever for their state – a good feeling was equivalent to a bad feeling, and therefore all feelings could be dispensed with, since they were considered all the same and wrong. What does one do when life has taught them to be fearful of good feelings?! What an exquisite hell.

Piper is a living expression of each of our excellence as people, and our excellence as a team. And is she not such an expression of beauty! This world is scary as hell, and we all have our expectations which are truly not even our “fault” or responsibility for having – we just have them, and expect them, and we all do it differently. But you and I made a nice home. I always did what you asked. Many things you couldn't or didn't want to participate in, but your spirit was always with us, and you facilitated the life-experience for Piper, which we loved you for. I wish I had've pleaded not only to you but to my own understanding as well, when I had the time. If I could foresee the outcome, if any of us could foresee the outcome, how we would make such effort when we have the time! I envisioned growing old with you, and being grandparents together. How sad is that. I miss the space we shared together...where we ate and prepared food together. It was a life. Not perfect. But it was a good life. I love you and miss you.

Unfulfilled expectations. It's a well-known enough term. But Mr. Kleiner mentioned it and explained it very intelligently. With today's media especially we get set up with lots of expectations. We have expectations of other people's behaviour, towards ourselves. That's what it is. We have expectations about what other people should do for us. We set up situations to see if the other person will step into the role and behavioural responses which we desire to experience from them. That's a damned risky game in the end. I can't imagine, and it doesn't seem to, work out for most people. But it does seem to be basic human interpersonal behaviour. We all do it unconsciously. You wanted big long hugs...such a simple thing, a sweet expectation which you knew from your own childhood, but which didn't come naturally to me, not having known affection as a child. An unfulfilled expectation. I of course had carnal expectations which didn't come naturally to you. Unfulfilled expectations again. These little unfulfillments, if not sublimated elsewhere, can grow into a ball of rage, hate, and anger, all tangled into each other. I sublimated it into Piper, into showering her with fatherly love, which as you said at one point, that you wished I would do for you. I'm sorry.

Despite all that, Piper is a living expression of the love which you and I did share, and of the structure we built around Piper despite our few minor unfulfilled expectations. We fulfilled other things, and we did quite well at them. Piper is an expression of our excellence as people. And is Piper not such an expression of excellence!!! Tall, smart, beautiful, funny, creative, loving, caring, adventurous, thoughtful, diligent, capable, innocent, honest. That's you and I put

together! What an expression of excellence it is! A billion lifetimes are worth her creation! For me, being with Piper more than fulfilled anything I felt lacking from you. But then, that was itself another unfulfillment for you. I understand and I don't hold it against you. I forgive both you and myself for not being able to do what we didn't understand, because how can one expect another person to do what they don't know? None of us has any idea what we're doing, nor how to do it even if we do get an idea. It doesn't make or mean that other people are evil, or wrong, or mean...it simply means that they don't know how to do what you have an expectation for them to do. It's a damned thing. It's such a damned thing. We'd have had Saturday morning big breakfast today. We'd have all been available to each other for family hug at the moment of request, in the beautiful kitchen we made. Family love on-tap, endless supply, genuine at moment's notice. A moment to acknowledge, that we didn't get placed on this Earth, and we don't exist in this universe, to hurt each other, that that's not our intention behind the things which we don't know how to fulfill. We just don't know how to do certain things but that doesn't mean that we don't like each other. The blessings I counted far exceeded the unfulfillments. I wish that I knew how to fill the cup of your expectations. Of course, things were set up for us in life from childhood to never be able to go right. I'm so sorry. And I love you.

I don't hold it against you, and I forgive all of it. It's a damned thing, life here on Earth. I'm not going to sit here and rue and take that with me. People have done far worse to each other for far less. Unfulfilled expectations. It all stems from that concept. Every single relationship problem

ever, originates in unfulfilled expectations...and the problem is that none of us know that that's what the problem is until it's too late, and in the interim, we don't know how to talk about it and just state clearly what our expectations are, because there's a sacredness to them, and we want them to be satisfied organically, not artificially after talking about it and making a list. You want the other person to savour what you want them to do for you, not merely act it out. It's such a damned thing, life here! I wish I knew how to do life better for you, for my part. It's a damned thing, what we get set up to screw up. Just a damned thing. Gosh I miss you and our life. I wish I knew what filling your cup meant. I suppose I took the route of having no expectations from you, but perhaps that is offensive, and I enjoyed everything around you since it was part of you still in any case.

I can't really believe how much I love Piper. My mind has totally broken. My heart has been broken just now once too many times. I've had my heart broken starting from an early age so, so many times. The first was in grade 3. I don't think the teacher, Mr. Halls, really knew what was wrong, but it was a complete mental and emotional breakdown at what was happening in my life at home. And then it occurred a bunch more times, each time typically involving the loss of a house, the loss of a style of life, the loss of a routine, the loss of known surroundings, the loss of security, of the assumption of future life, the loss of belonging, the loss of resources, the loss of assumption of survival. Then it happened over and over again with girls and breakups, each time a total meltdown. I think I've had a life-long mental illness, some tendency or proneness to despair, grief,

sorrow, and sadness. In fact, sometimes I come to the realization that I seem to have lost any capacity for positive emotion at all. I hope that won't be a problem. Although to check that, I suppose I was happy with Piper, and doing things with her, it was certainly secure and joyful. A lot of spiritual advice out there suggests that a big point of life is getting over loss, but my criticism of that is, then why be or have anything at all? Why come and pretend to have or be something if the only purpose is to not care about losing it? Why not take that to the limit, and feel nothing about the loss of your body itself then? Why not just kill yourself if the point of existence is to get over caring about having any of it? Why have all of this instinct which suggests that survival at any costs and maintaining your life and resources as you know them is the most important thing, just to then discard it all?

I should have really made the case much more consciously to Amber, and to myself most of all, that if I was going to get married and have children, that I cannot permit what happened in my childhood to be repeated upon my own children. That is one of the biggest factors in what makes all this just so repulsive, disgusting, and full of a greater heartbreak than I've ever experienced before. What has been done to Piper is the most horrid thing, and sure, everyone simply says that a new life will be found, but I don't care about that. I'm too old, and have done it too many times. Am I sad for Piper, or for myself? Both, I suppose, and I have the right to know that Piper and I did have a wonderful life in her childhood, and that Amber was, to me, always part of it. It's not the case that if you've done it so many times, then you know that you can do it again,

no, at some point it is too many times, and there's nothing to learn in making yourself ambivalent to it aside from death of your soul. Sure, I could change my emotion, and get over it right now, and look forward to the future. But then, why exist? It seems psychopathic. "One time I was married and had a life and a home, and I had a daughter who was this sweet little thing full of feelings and giggles who I spent every day with helping grow up. They're gone now. I don't even really remember them. We had a space where we lived but it's someone else's now and I'm not allowed to go there, and wouldn't feel right even if I did. We used to share life together but one of us got rid of that." Everyone just becomes a stranger, if you're able to move on from any of them and all of the things you shared with them. Why exist if forgetting everything is the sin qua non?

The strength to be able to get over anything seems like the loneliest existence imaginable, the greatest hell possible. I mean it would be one thing if it was actual death – that's truly beyond you, but you still have your job, your life, your belongings, your home, etc. There's a reason. But in this case everyone still exists and you could have kept it all, and it could all still totally exist, and you could have those people back, and you never needed to lose any of it. But they're just strangers now, stone cold strangers you pass by without notice, no hello or meeting of eyes. Like people you just stand next to in line at Starbucks. There was once a whole life, there was once a daily warmth, a daily love, a daily support for survival, a place where you shared space and loved and maintained it together. There was once a complete sharing of every moment of life, an infinite value of mutual support shared and things built and bought

together. And then it's gone, like it never existed, and the people have become strangers, and the thing you used to know together are now not known, and they're forgotten, and you're not sure if it ever really existed. This isn't mourning for the death of someone else, but it is mourning for your own death, while you're still alive. It's the greatest torture imaginable, and I can't imagine why any form of existence would wish to even allow this as a possible outcome. I've died to myself so many times in my life. I think that I've had to die, just once too many times now. I didn't want to have to die again, but the darkness came back. Gosh did that light with Piper ever push it away for some time, but it was yet anchored to me through my inability to have a relationship with Amber, and it roared back into my life once it was the worst possible time to create the greatest possible grief and sorrow and insecurity for me. I do not want to have to experience existence ever again, with it meaning that I must experience my own death while I still live, and worse, to experience the death of my daughter while she yet lives somewhere now unknown and gone from me in the world, strangers passing by. What is it that creates this hell?

There's so much pressure in this world. So much pressure to perform the right way for others, to fulfill the expectations they have for you which of course you have no idea what they are. You didn't ask about the chicken the right way? Well then, you can die. You don't give hugs the right way? Well then, you can die. You snored at night? Well then, you can die. You noticed that the butter was sour? Well then, you can die. You're out of work for trying to do the right thing? Well then, you can die for that. There's so

much damned pressure. This is the right thing to think; No this is; No not those, but this! And if you think the wrong thing, it's infinitely eternal error and horror forever, and death! Why doesn't everybody just shut the heck up, and enjoy a nice day for a change? Just stop expecting everything and everyone to perform for you, and look upon the amusements instead? Look at how this butterfly flies; look at how this leaf tastes; look how this snow smells; look at how all the things are the things that they are? What eternal amusement! But then hate, because someone didn't do something the right way, not that anything was harmed, other than your expectation of amusement not being delivered in the way you wished it, although it amused in its own way. The garden was nice, but you never went out into it. The skiing was fun, but you never came. The camping was great, but you were always so hard done by about something...because I asked you to make hot chocolate inside the camper while I chopped wood in the rain and started the fire. We're all just such damned jerks to each other always, and I was certainly one too. Of course, there was every right to do what she did. I pretend as if I'm sinless to a sinful degree. There's just this constant pressure to have to do something, to satisfy yourself, or someone else, or something else, to perform the right way. You think that a spherical Earth energy budget is different in physics than a flat Earth one? Well, you should die for that. Everyone basically wants everyone else to die because other people are the other people that they are in themselves. Everyone should die, because they're not fulfilling our own expectations for them. People try to kill you every day on the road when you drive with them.

Everyone imagines that their rushing up to your bumper, or cutting in front too close, or whatever, might lead to your vehicle flying off the road and killing everyone inside it, because you weren't driving on the road the way they demand us to even though we're driving just fine and all you need to do is go around. We seem to all actually really want to kill each other, and maybe we're insane that we cannot.

We're all traumatized about being right, about being correct, about not being wrong. I wonder if this trauma didn't exist before the Prussian education model took over everywhere? We used to be educated into reason, but then "education" became about doing something the right way vs. the wrong way, because the powers that be now needed soldiers and factory workers to simply run industrial equipment, which were now the true value of the world – it wasn't people and their minds which were valuable any longer, but the equipment took top priority, man be smashed by them. The old education system was swept away, and the Prussian model was instituted world-wide, and I think that we've all now been traumatized by the threat of being right vs. being wrong for several generations and it made us all insane. We're all so afraid of being wrong, we're all so driven to be right; we no longer just exist as natural thinking animals pursuing rational survival, but we're now surviving the mental trauma of being graded as right or wrong about arbitrary things which have no true connection to survival. We're all so afraid of being wrong, when no one actually knows what is even right in the first place, and so we're all competing to prove (pretend) who's right and who's wrong and can therefore die.

I don't want to have to die again while I still live. I don't want to have to be alone again, looking upon who should be a lover to me, as a cold stranger who doesn't see or recognize me. I cannot die to my daughter, while we both yet live. We are traumatized by death itself, and it is ridiculous that we have gone on for as long we now have without anyone as yet taking it seriously and just damned-well figuring it out, and showing the rest of us the means to live within life, as opposed to death within life. We've just been completely remiss.

I sure miss Piper. Of course, I miss Amber too. I miss the life we supported for each other. I miss the friendship, though of course it wasn't quite a romance, although I personally did find romance in all the other things. I sure miss Piper. I wanted my forever home, with Amber and Piper. I thought I had it. I loved that house. That was such a beautiful house, such a homey house. It's too great of loss. It is just too great of a loss.

God, I loved being with them.

Part II

My Life An Autobiography

I would like you tell you about my life, and the main conclusion I make about it will be statement as to my sanity, and I will leave that to you to decide, but my position, of course, is that I am quite sane, but I live in an insane world. And I don't just mean that like most people say that...I will in fact demonstrate to you that there are elements of such absolute insanity in this world that there is no normal explanation for it, and, I will provide what is the abnormal explanation for it which I have arrived at.

First, however, given my current state and time of writing, I would like to express my love to my soon-to-be ex-wife. Her part of my story is in fact the crucial culmination which allowed me and supported me in solving the insanity of human life on Earth. I love Amber, having now been separated for six months, more than I ever did when we were together. This is not to say that I did not love her when we were together, as I did, however, I could certainly not express it or allow myself to feel it at the time and during the time of our life shared together. It had to be that way, apparently. I fully enjoyed my time with her, and I deeply valued all of our elements of life which we developed and created together, some of which you can read about in my other book about our daughter. But for what it is worth, Amber, this story is an explanation, a compliment, a gratitude, to justify what was our relationship. I can disclose that Amber did not enjoy a loving marriage. I enjoyed the life we shared, certainly, but we did not have a loving marriage. And in fact, I accept that she had to split with me in order to bring my life to its culmination, at least currently, in understanding why it was that I couldn't love her outwardly. I did love her, deeply, on the inside, but I had layers of mental blocks and emotional trauma which prevented its expression, and it needed to be that way, so that I could pursue solving the problem of this world's insanity which she in fact gave to me to solve; everything in my life leads up to her in that.

I think now how easy it would be to say goodnight, and that I would miss her while we slept, and how much I would be looking forward to morning so that I could see her and talk to her again; this is how I would say it:

“Good night, Amber sweetie pie. I’m going to miss you while we sleep. And I can’t wait to see you again when we wake up tomorrow.”

And then upon waking:

“Nice to see you in the morning!”

As it was, we didn’t share a bedroom for the past five years.

She was such a lovely person to be with. Of course she was beautiful, but her home-making skills were exemplary, having such a mind towards the fine details of making a house into a home; of course, women are typically recognized as being this way, but Amber was top-tier, having a supremely intelligent mind for detail and nuance. She had entire racks of seasonal decorational paraphernalia stored in the basement shelving which I built for the purpose of their storage. She’s simply truly talented at creating beauty, and efficiency – you should have seen our pantry, all so perfectly organized.

As it was, I never said that to her. It would have been so easy to be so sweet to her, as I think back, and it would have been so easy to give her all of the affection which a person might wish for, but it didn’t happen. I understand now why it didn’t happen and the culmination of my life, currently, required it to not happen. But we did get a precious little sweet thing out of things at least, in our daughter Piper.

Some people say that when women reach this age, mid-forties, that their attitude towards men and their husbands, not always, but often enough, can become similar to that of men in their

early-twenties towards women. Although I now understand and accept why everything needed to happen in the way that it did, as you will learn about, it is still close enough that I stand flabbergasted at the disdain Amber expressed towards my ongoing emotional breakdown at the end of our life together. However, if I think of the way in which I treated women when I was twenty-one, then I have received my just comeuppance, for I would break a woman's heart, and laugh about it, and treat them as if they didn't even exist, and I would share intimacy with them and toss it to the wind as perfectly meaningless. A little psychoanalysis, if you permit, although its worth may be questionable, a young woman is quite full of emotion as she dreams of togetherness with a mate, to build a family, to have a man who loves her and is dedicated to her, who supports her and protects her, who takes the responsibility of life to have money and security, and all that swooning. A woman's heart can be totally shattered quite easily at that age as she imagines that her gift of intimacy will secure for her her chosen mate, but a young man really doesn't care about it...at all. Young men break young women's hearts at a totally disproportionate rate. This seems to reverse in the forties, with women disproportionately being the instigators of divorce, when men's hearts are now finally vulnerable. Young woman's dreams are shattered and their hearts are broken by young men, and middle-aged men's lives are destroyed emotionally and financially by their wives. You can understand how religion is really just trying to get people to not hurt each other, to stop young men from hurting young women, and to stop mid-age women from hurting their husbands; there's value in that.

I read somewhere, I forget where, but it was suggested that the Classical Greeks had men and women marry when men were established in some field in their late-twenties to early-thirties, and the women were mid-to-upper teen. That would probably be a satisfactory ratio as it would provide the woman the fulfillment

of her desires for a more mature man who can take care of her at the age where they're particularly mired in swooning emotion, and it would provide the man the enjoyment of a young and fertile mate. There has got to be a better system than the one we have now with rampant divorce and the broken families and financial loss which ensues at the worst possible time for men, and with women's hearts destroyed and hardened at the worst possible time for them. One really basic thing which men and women just don't seem to have yet understood about each other is just how emotional women are, and just how physical men are. The need for physical release is quite painful for men and it requires tremendous discipline, not often found, to manage it, whereas of course emotion for a woman is reality itself. There's such a great opportunity for dispensation there, if managed properly! In any case, I've diverted.

There were a million moments of love which could have been given to Amber, but which weren't. I can only understand the person whom I was in terms of what culminated in the intellectual life which Amber initiated and supported for me. If I'm not insane, then the lives we had served a purpose so great and so profound that it becomes possible to accept any degree of personal dissatisfaction between us, and it shows that we in fact executed a purposeful and meticulous plan serving God, the universe, and everything, and it turns that dissatisfaction and that experience of my whole life into the supremist meaning, including for everyone whom I've been involved with. But Amber inserted into the relay at the perfect moment, and then carried me through it to the end. Gosh, she's really incredible. That being said, I can understand from Amber's perspective that it might be annoying to be side-saddle, merely fulfilling a role for me and my life rather than being loved and valued in a meaning of her own life, and I do not wish my statements to belittle Amber's life in such a means, because for me, it enlarges her beyond reckoning, for it is not merely about Amber serving a role for my life, but she

served a role for everyone, for the whole Earth, for God and the universe, and it was her quality before Man which nominated her uniquely for that purpose. I'm writing about my own life, and I give Amber the most important and incredibly valued role in it. I understand that Amber felt valueless through our marriage due to my inability to express love and interest to her, but it was only that, an inability on my part, and it was her burden, but it wasn't at all a necessary statement as to her worth as a woman. I can apologize for not fulfilling her need to feel loved, desired, valued, and wanted, and I do, but I also now have to accept that it needed to be that way.

It is difficult for me to now write about my life in a pitiful way explaining how I was at the end of effect of causes all out of my control, as I would have wished to write just a short time ago. Now, I see that I was cause throughout the entirety, that every event and grief and loss which I would have previously perceived as such are now incredibly important elements in the development of my character to produce the most astounding outcome which I never would have imagined.

Amber provided for me the most amazing life, and I for her, if should would appreciate it. Having been raised mostly in the country, I had much childhood experience with the outdoors, hiking, exploring, fishing, shooting and hunting, and the like. All of those such activities seemed like useless childhood hobbies by the time I finished ten years of university training in an ostensibly high-minded field and atmosphere, and living in the cities. However, it tuned out to be just the right kind of experience to provide Amber a course of nurturing and development of our relationship together, for which she truly deserves all of the credit for initiating. For in the first weeks of our dating, she suggested that we visit the newly-opened "Bass Pro Shop" store just outside of Calgary, near Balzac. I said to Amber at her proposition something to the effect that 'hunting and fishing

aren't really things I do anymore', somewhat aloof. Well, we visited the store in any case, and our relationship from there was solidified into a happy little adventure as we found fishing spots, bought guns and went to shooting ranges, went car-camping, went backcountry-camping via canoe with portage elements in the journey, and we even bought hand guns (a true rarity in Canada) and practised proficiency drills at the range with them. Unbelievable, precious life to share together! I used to always make the remark, whenever that Bass Pro store came up in polite conversation with others, that 'it was where Amber and I first consummated our relationship!' Of course, that's a very strange thing to say and its interpretation is left to the imagination, but it only means as I explain above. That store set us off on a wonderful trajectory, sharing life and adventure with the outdoors, in our own little world, just the two of us. Gosh, how I cherish it. Although for me I could not share love in an expressed manner with Amber, the sharing of life and the fact of the time spent together was at the time the fullness of my expression, and perhaps only now do I truly feel and exude the love, the deep love, of it. On our very first outing with brand-new fishing rods we each landed large rainbow trout on the Bow River in Fish Creek Park, where Fish Creek joins the Bow, which was minutes from her place at the time. That was certainly a blessing which helped the shared energy of excitement in a new relationship, and I have a picture of the moment of Amber which I may include at the end of this booklet.

Before this I was a truly dejected and pathetic graduate-student, one of the most horrible things a person can be in life. Training in university is actually not all that fun. I mean, it is a type of fun which singles in their twenties can engage in, but there's little of value which remains, and for me, nothing compared to the fun which I lived with Amber. And in fact, when Amber and I met my career was actually quite taking off with my responsibilities for UVIT and the beginning of regular travel to India including a

significant pay raise, and so, I certainly had the potential for her of representing a growing and stable source of income and associated status and power. I was so much more fulfilled when with Amber, because, I suppose, that there's a feeling of lastingness to it, a feeling of foundation and meaning because it's going to define the rest of your life. At least in hope and in theory.

And that is one layer in why it is so painful to have it ended, and so, I must explain my life, and why I was unable to love Amber in a completely simple way, and justify what my life amounted to otherwise and why we shared what we did. There's something quite pyrrhic about it all, personally, although the victory for everyone else is absolute. And so, I should explain, and I must have this explanation, because I must needs have an intellectual justification which excuses the heartbreak which would otherwise, I am quite serious, reduce me to utter insanity, and death, not that I do not yet feel it. For I require something equal to the love which I did internally feel for Amber and the life which I shared with her, and so, if there is to be any recognition of the degree to which I did value Amber as her person and love her, there's little else which someone could come up with to make that statement, as you will see, for, I give her the world. Outside of fiction, how many women can claim such a task was done for their love of them?

That being said, I am not merely making all of this up, what you will read. The record is in my previous books and my purpose now is to explain my life. I'm not the type of person to just make something up. I tried it once as a child and I've felt a fool for it ever since. There was one time when my little sister Alisha and I were exploring and fishing on the Bayfield River at the back of our farm by the train bridge there near the Vanastra road, and we found a freshly-dead muskrat just laying there on the ground. I carried it home because we planned that we would get our Dad to drive us to Tony Vandendool's just up the road on Highway 8

who we knew trapped them and used or sold their furs. My cousins from Aunt JoAnne, who had married and moved in with her children to the Vandendools, were there that evening when we dropped it off, as well as my friend Paul Vandendool, and when they asked me where I got it, I made up a silly stupid little yarn about catching it with my fishing rod, rather than simply finding it dead on the ground. It was so embarrassing as they clearly saw through my plot, yet, I maintained the pretense of conviction for it. I still feel so stupid about that. In any case, that's how I feel about making something up.

So as to my childhood, simply put, I experienced a lot of emotional traumas as a child which ended with me being unable to love, or at least, unable to express love to others in a sensible way, because in fact I do have a lot of love inside, but it is just that I couldn't give it to other adults. I could give parental love, no problem, to children, as that feels safe, but expressing love to other adults is or was a danger. As I said, I need not go on with a pity party and explain in detail why I felt hurt, but to suffice it to say, as a foundation of my perceived lived experience which I needed to identify with and feel a victim of, I experienced what I finally concluded was a comical degree of neglect, disdain, insecurity, humiliation, fear, grief, sexual and alcohol abuse, even basic hunger and need for clothing, which really shouldn't have been possible in the community and time period within which I grew up.

My years from zero to about fourteen were spent this way, and so it was quite ingrained that this is the nature of life, that nature being a fear of the future, a lack of confidence, a chronic insecurity, ever-present despair, and a looking to the past for better memories. I experienced my first heart break when I was in Grade 3, and I think that Mr. Halls really had no idea what was wrong with me; I mean, of course it wasn't a heartbreak of love, but rather it was some sort of emotional mental breakdown due

to a buildup of experiencing violence and trauma at home. I was kept in from both morning recess and lunch hour recess, and then I was picked up and taken home by mother after lunch. This sort of breakdown was repeated many more times, sometimes due to sudden and unexpected moves where we were suddenly whisked without warning to live in a new house away from the farm, or when witnessing my parents beat each other to my useless protestations for them to stop, and just the general violence between them which really seemed to fill me with horror and fear.

My siblings and I were lucky to have each other, and we raised each other, and the television raised us, and we hungered together. I recall, one time when we had been left alone for a week at the Brucefield house, with no food, us little children yet sending ourselves to school, and my brother Bart and I looking for food, found a pack of onion rings in the freezer; we solved how to bake them, and then ate their batter, the onions themselves of course being considered too spicy or gross to eat, despite our hunger. We had of course consumed the white bread, which we only had white sugar to put on top of, the day before. My sister Angela had a friend come over at the end of the week, who had, of all things, a twenty-dollar bill, and this friend bought us pizza with delivery, which solved our appetite that week. Where were our mother and father? Well, they were separated, and we have no idea. A few years ago, which must be forty years hence from having lived at that place, I drove past that Brucefield place with Amber and Piper while driving back to London airport to head back to Calgary from our vacation in Goderich, taking a parallel side-route to Highway 4; I never mentioned to them about that place and why I was taking that route, and I kept my thoughts to myself in taking that drive past, and it was the strangest thing to see the laneway grown entirely in with grass, as if no one had occupied that property for decades, a house somewhere around the corner of the end of the lane

behind the trees, abandoned and empty of the life which used to struggle to survive there, little children innocently starving yet dutifully putting themselves on the bus to go to school.

Needless to say, I was an emotional wreck when it came to women and dating when I was older, and break-ups were perceived as portents of death and provided for me the most exquisite mental and emotional torture and heartbreak. Weeks spent crying and bawling like a child. Finally, at one point, during graduate school, in yet another break-up, readying for my heart to break again and spend the next several weeks inconsolable, I felt my heart, just, simply, turn off. It just stopped. I just stopped feeling. Of course, afterwards, I still felt lust and desire for sex, but being “in love” was no longer a possibility for me. This didn’t mean that I don’t value people though – if Amber were to be insulted in feeling that I never loved her, as I know that that’s an important verbal expression for women, it’s not quite accurate, for I did love her in her companionship, and now I certainly realize just how much love I wish I had given her and which was buried within me, but the relationship was not very loving, admittedly, for her. I did love you Amber, and I do still now, more than I ever did before; if I had you now, I would dote upon you and work for you and shower you with beautiful love. She has been fine and happy with ending it but for me it is a complete and total tragedy, but I recognize that it is her prerogative and I do not hold it against her, and I love her.

It was, finally, Amber, as what I am informed was her part of the plot, to introduce me to the problem which consumed my life for the rest of our relationship. Her role seems to have been to introduce me to it, and then to support me through it. And I had to be the type of person who would be consumed with it, which meant that I required the personal time to pursue it, to do research, to write books, to deal with depths of absolute vile evil and survive, with Amber counterbalancing that with a beautiful

forgiving spirit and a lovely home. For if I had been able to love her properly, to be enthralled with spending all of my free time with her and doting upon her, as would have been her due and as I recognize would have been within me to secure a prosperous marriage and as I so deeply wish now had been our experience, then I simply wouldn't have lived in the state of depression which drove me to figure out what was wrong with the world, for an equivalently higher end. Because that is how I have felt about myself, that something is wrong with something somewhere and everywhere, and so when Amber introduced me to something which demonstrated something really wrong with the world and within my career sector, which has its own strange miraculous story of how I entered into that, related in a previous book, then I was driven to follow that lead and find a final solution to it. It required a lot of attention, which meant that Amber would have to live without that attention, but it required us both to be the people who we were and with the childhood histories we had to fulfill these roles.

So, what did Amber introduce me to? What she introduced me to ended my career, in the end, but as you now know, this is part of the plot, and it's fine. She introduced me to the climate question, in the form of Michael Crichton's book, "State of Fear". I had only been nominally informed as to the debate and did not think that it was really all that important, but that book made it clear that there was a serious scientific question there and it deeply affected the whole makeup of the modern scientific apparatus. This was incredibly important to me because my entire life story and personal identity was in being "saved" by a fascination which struck me in my mid-teens for astronomy and cosmology, the nature of the universe and existence and of our profound ability to scientifically understand it; it was a singular event in my life which transformed me from a complete bum into a life, for the first time, with a meaning and purpose. I was totally emotionally wrecked and had nothing in the way of parental or

peer or scholastic guidance, no meaning to my life, and I can't even imagine where I would have ended up without this event, but for the first time in my life there was something which I found to belong to, and I found that I could actually do it! For the first time in my life, I found out that I could actually learn mathematics, and pass tests, and read books – gosh, reading books and going to English class had been considered such a tremendous bore and an offence to life! English class was for the stupidest people, I thought! I basically had to repeat both grades nine and ten in high school, because I simply either didn't go to class, and when I did, certainly did not participate. For the first time in my life, I got "A's" in school, even in English class, and I found out that reading books was actually quite pleasurable. I mean, I literally thought that "books were retarded" before this. And I paid for this, you know, because during the transition I would take these books with me on our "gravel runs" (meaning, drinking and driving on the gravel roads...it was the major source of entertainment for us) after school, and my friends would make snide fun of me, under their breath that "Joe is being all into books now...pshaw". Well, the books won, and I stopped hanging out with those friends, not that I feel disdain for them, as I truly appreciate their taking me in and making me part of their group when I otherwise would have been completely alone. It was simply a miraculous transition and the high school teachers simply couldn't and didn't believe it.

And so, science and its scientific method and the ostensible ideal of science to pursue and conform to rationality, logic, rational argumentation, and demonstrable evidence and experiment, became my own high ideal as well. I had been particularly struck by Carl Sagan's books and his discussions on creationism and spoon-bending and the societal need for evidence and reason. All of the "big debates" had seemingly been resolved, and I had thought that science had won and was now simply in a process of tying up all of the loose ends. To discover that there was an

area of major debate and over a subject which had global consequences for all our lives was incredibly perplexing, and difficult to believe.

Thus, after reading Crichton's book, and perceiving that his writing was scientifically informed and his imagination scientifically insightful, I took to the internet to see what the official sources were explaining on the issue, as I assumed that there should exist properly-scientific explanation and demonstration of the problem of climate change, and that it should all resolve and work out much like Sagan's descriptions of the history between creationism and evolution.

I found something else, essentially on my first foray, and it was in the form of a rebuttal to climate-alarm criticism by a person named Gavin Schmidt, who was the director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies and who was at the time one of the most well-known public figures advocating for the need to address the problem of climate change. I do not recall precisely where this exchange took place, but Gavin's opponent was explaining Venus' atmospheric temperature profile and that there is what is called an "adiabatic gradient" which makes the bottom of the Venusian atmosphere be much higher in temperature than its average and than its top, and that the same equations and principles apply to Earth's atmosphere, although with different parameters and results given that Earth's atmosphere is some ninety-times less massive than Venus'. This adiabatic gradient, caused by gravity, ensures that the bottom of the atmosphere must be the warmest part of the atmosphere, and therefore by definition must be warmer than the average temperature of the atmosphere. The point being that this adiabatic gradient explains why the atmosphere has the temperature profile which it does, and therefore the "greenhouse effect" of climate alarmist science based on radiation exchange with carbon dioxide cannot be the full picture

since it claims to be the mechanism by which the bottom of the atmosphere becomes the warmest part of the atmosphere.

In other words, there was a conflict of explanations here for why the atmosphere decreases in temperature with altitude, and they cannot both be true at the same time, as it must be one or the other, given that the adiabatic equations fully predict the existing temperature profile, and, the radiative greenhouse effect presentations never mention the adiabatic effect, and the adiabatic equations do not depend on radiation exchange. It's a total personality-split, as it were, and it was surprising to find such a thing in science whilst using scientific language on both sides, nothing as obvious as creationism vs. evolution. It was Gavin's response which gave me a profound sinking feeling:

"Since 'adiabatic' means without input of energy it seems a little unlikely that it is a source of Venusian heating." - Gavin Schmidt

Later I would come to understand that this statement is an example of Gödelian Incompleteness, being syntactically correct but containing no semantic meaning, but in any case, the definition of "adiabatic" *means* without input of heat, and the adiabatic effect *means* changing temperature without exchange of heat. Gavin uses the term "energy" in exchange of heat, which is an incredible error because these are not the same things, and then says that without this, it cannot explain the high temperature of Venus' surface-atmosphere, when that is precisely what adiabatic effects are all about explaining, because they use *work*, not heat or Gavin's mis-used "energy", to explain temperature change, and finally, the context is the Venusian atmospheric temperature profile, not the "heating" of Venus.

Gavin's response has no meaning. His response is full of scientific language and to a lay-person would certainly seem like a scientifically-informed statement, but it truly has no discernable logical or scientific meaning at all. It is sophistry, from Wiktionary:

“An argument that seems plausible, but is fallacious or misleading, especially one devised deliberately to be so; The art of using deceptive speech or writing; Cunning or trickery.” The question was whether it was purposefully-so, or not – was it malicious, or was it simply stupidity? That question remained for the next decade as I engaged on this question and universally found such strange statements in response. Of course, it wasn’t merely the sophistry of illogical statements such as Gavin’s, it was also the hostility and peer-pressure and vitriol directed to anyone who asked such simple questions and made light of such clear logical impasse as that presented above. None of this should have been possible or occurring. And why did it even exist? It showed that there was something seriously wrong with the world, and not just the world, but with what was the meaning of my entire life up to that point.

It became important, then, to source the impasse to its foundational element. This is where the problem becomes too ridiculous to believe, and it is the reason why I never really shared it that much with Amber in home-time conversation, because it had the semblance of embarrassment, awkwardness, and of the ridiculous. On the one hand it makes my profession, the thing which gave such meaning to my life, look pathetic and absurd, and on the other, it made me feel like I would look rather stupid for thinking that it must be a big deal to spend time on instead of with my wife. Amber was thereby sheltered from the discussion of it, and life with her was rather about the things which made us the couple we were, which was in the beginning all of the outdoor activity, and then, later, our house and its improvements, and of course, our lovely daughter Piper. It is what I spent all those hours doing on the computer writing, when Amber wasn’t getting the attention which would have normally been given to her. For me, the fact that the problem was so ridiculous was the reason why I had to figure it out, even though it would be rightly embarrassing to actually tell anyone what the

problem I was working on was founded upon. But it was an obsession, and it did mean that Amber was neglected. I wish so much now, realizing, that I could have had what my love wishes that I experienced with Amber, and the security it would portend, but that never could have been if I was to work on this problem.

Before I tell you what the problem was, I will tell you its result, or its goal, and why it exists, by quoting “A History of Man”:

“It is doubtful if thetans will pull off the ultimate trick – simply knocking out the atmosphere of the planet – that “clears” everybody after a fashion. There is nothing as wild in the books of Man as will probably happen here on Earth. And it will happen and be allowed to happen simply because all this is so incredible that nobody will even think of stopping it until it is far, far too late. Its incredibility is its best safeguard, so you needn’t bother to convince anybody who doesn’t want to believe it.” – LRH

That’s what we’re dealing with, is a plot to “knock out the atmosphere of the planet”. To be clearer perhaps, that means to end life on Earth. That’s what I found would be the result of this otherwise embarrassingly absurd problem at the foundation of climate science. And how would you conduct such a plot, when you need to use the resources of humanity to accomplish it, for, accomplishing such a gargantuan task is going to require significant global economic and governmental support? It would have to be such a big lie that it would be almost impossible to question it, impossible to believe or identify what its goal actually was.

But we have, now, internationally-funded groups in Israel developing genetically-engineered bacteria for the purpose of depleting the atmosphere of carbon dioxide, and simultaneously other Israeli foundations developing “reversible” systems to block out the Sunlight from reaching the Earth. The advertisement material for the “reversible” solar shield is

particularly sophisticated, as if the forward function of the shield is to block the Sun from the Earth in order to cool the Earth, then, what could the reverse of that process actually mean, and why would it be needed? They do not actually answer that question in the advertisement propaganda, which is interesting, but the only thing it could logically mean is a solar magnifier, but why would a solar magnifier be required when the entire supposed threat to the planet is global warming? They also indicate that the shield would be moveable between the Earth and Sun where it would block the Sun, and to behind the Earth from the Sun where its only function could be to magnify the Sun. If you put these together, the depletion of carbon dioxide and the blocking of sunlight, then you identify that something is telling us that it is going for photosynthesis, that it is going for knocking out photosynthesis, and then afterwards, to blast the surface of the Earth with a giant magnifier which would have the power to vapour-atomize the surface of the Earth. This is the “knocking out the atmosphere of the planet” alluded to seventy-years ago by LRH, and its effect would be to sterilize the surface of the Earth of life. It’s complete terraforming, resetting the Earth to 4.2 billion years ago.

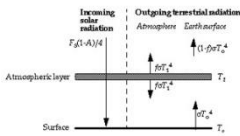
Such an absurd goal can only have an absurd foundation, considering effect being equal to cause. One must consider the absolutely vile degree of evil which must surround such a plot, and this is further reason for why I would never wish to share such a thing as an atmosphere of life spent with me for my homelife with Amber. Who would want to live under such a thought? And so, I didn’t ever share it with her, and spent life instead with Amber with the wholesome things, which became that much sweeter and more precious to me, the sharing of food and of mutual participation in raising Piper, and the activities which Amber would suggest for outings and such. I mean how do you share with someone that you’ve discovered a plot to end all life on Earth? I suppose, it should have made me provide more

love to Amber, but I was so wrapped up into things, and still suffering from my inability to love and the hang-ups I had from childhood, I expressed love fully to Piper, and Amber was left to remark to me that she wished that I would dote upon her the way in which I did to Piper. I can only decide that my relationship had to be set up with all of the elements which would make it fail, so that I could work on this horrific and disgusting problem, dealing with the most repulsive people possible to imagine on the face of this planet. Because, these people are truly and deeply vile, truly sickening, and horrible. Most people have no idea just how detestable and hateful of truth, goodness, and reason, these scientific materialist Mandarin academics are...visions of Lovecraft magnified by billions; you have no idea just how much they truly, deeply hate reason, hate love, and by extension, hate *you*, and hate humanity...they are anti-existence, and it has been very, very bad for me, to get this near to them to figure them out. They are the most repulsive creatures ever to walk this planet, and learning how they think is the most toxic engagement one can ever inflict upon themselves; their minds are *inversions*, or perhaps, perversions is more apt. What else could they be, given their plot? It follows that they're a different type of soul or soul group, contrasted to those whom value life on Earth.

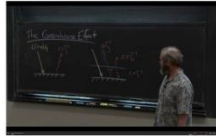
What is the complete absurdity upon which all of this is based, something so unconscionable, so astounding, so unbelievable that it strains credulity of the person who might ask after it as the boy pointing out that the emperor has no clothes? I will quote Dr. Roy Spencer, a well-known climate scientist, who states: "It's the starting point for all of climate science, and no credentialed skeptic I know of disputes it." And this is it, here it is:

The Foundation of Climate Science

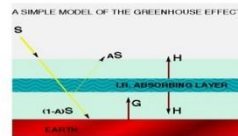
Harvard University



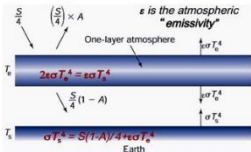
University of Chicago



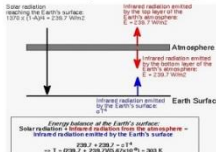
Columbia University



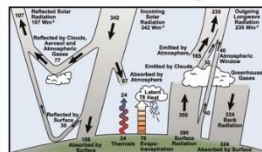
Pennsylvania State University



University of Washington



American Meteorological Soc.



These diagrams demonstrate the universal starting point by which climate science then derives its “greenhouse effect”. Look past the math and see what the math is being developed for: What is a flat line representing the entire Earth called? Joseph E. Postma -M.Sc. Astrophysics

What, exactly, is so embarrassing about this, so absurd, so ridiculous that it is unbelievable just to point it out? I sit here and look at it, and I feel how embarrassing it is, in how cosmically-comical that this is what made me lose my career and then my marriage, my beautiful wife who I shared the most lovely and comfortable home with, and losing my precious, precious little daughter who was my best little friend I’ve ever had, who provided a true meaning to my life and ultimate reason for living, whose giggles I got to hear everyday and whose entertainment I was an irreplaceable dependency for, who made me laugh everyday and who I made laugh everyday. Such perfect unconditional love and acceptance, a solid filling up of the hole of loneliness in my heart, a completion of life. Was it worth it, to lose that? Only if this plot to destroy life on Earth has been exposed and prevented.

So, what is it, then? It’s flat Earth...it is flat lines, representing a flat Earth, being used in modern science as the basis for how we understand the climate. Could you imagine if I told my beautiful and intelligent wife that the reason why I spend so much time

writing and arguing on the computer is because some people were saying that you could do climate science with a flat Earth, and that I was trying to tell people that the Earth is a sphere and that it makes a difference? She would have divorced me long ago if I had told her that's what I was spending time with, rather than her.

This absurdity makes a difference. It makes a difference in the math because the geometry of a sphere is different than that of a flat plane, which therefore makes a difference in the physics, which therefore makes a difference in comprehension and what we're supposed to do about it. The difference is that with a spherical Earth, then the math demonstrates that the Sun creates the climate and sustains the temperatures which we experience on the surface...you can explain the climate, with the Sun. However, if you use flat Earth, then the math works out that the Sun cannot explain the existence of the climate and the temperatures which we experience on the surface, and in this case, a "greenhouse effect" is then invented to explain the temperatures and the climate instead, and this effect is caused by carbon dioxide, and it is getting stronger because humans emit carbon dioxide, and therefore we need to engineer systems to remove carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and to block out the Sun. That's the entirety of the plot, right there, and it sounds so scientific and so important, but it's flat Earth quackery, and the end result being baked-in will actually be to stop photosynthesis and alternately freeze and vaporise the surface and atmosphere of the Earth until life no longer exists.

I know that this sounds an absurd conclusion, but the absurdity must be equal to the cause, and so how absurd is it to find flat Earth theory being worked as modern science? Who would believe that modern scientists have gone in for that Earth theory? Who would understand that flat Earth theory leads to man thinking that he must create systems which can destroy all life on

Earth in order to save life on Earth? The plot is too ridiculous, it's just too absurd; but that is also precisely what it would need to be. My previous books demonstrate the record in all of this and that this plot is universally sanctioned by the scientific establishment, and I have demonstrated quotations where top-scientists quite openly defend that flat Earth theory as a good science whilst ridiculing my suggestion that the climate can be pedagogically understood with a spherical Earth. I need not repeat it all again here but the books contain the record and my YouTube channels provide supplemental material:

<https://www.amazon.com/stores/Joseph-E.-Postma/author/B07L36BS7G>

youtube.com/@climateofsophistry

youtube.com/@ontologicalmathematics

One has to understand that it is a paradox, a “rift in the spacetime continuum”, so to speak. Imagine me coming from the life which I had and my life being “saved by science” and the majesty of astronomy and cosmology, inspired by the thousands-of-years of the intellectual tradition and its struggle to justify reason, only to find, now, that scientists will ridicule me for suggesting that the Earth is a sphere for climate science pedagogy. There's no natural explanation for that. It's actually impossible. I'll have info-memes at the end of this booklet which summarize things and which showcase some particularly choice quotations demonstrating what seems the impossible. One thing which I have come to understand is that if it impossible, that is, if you encounter something which is impossible, then, that means that it is purposeful. It is the purpose, then, which explain the existence of what had seemed impossible. They are coordinated in defending ridiculous flat Earth theory as climate science pedagogy *because* it leads to the result of eradicating life on

Earth through ridiculous terraforming mitigation strategies. An absurd foundation, being equal to an absurd outcome.

It wasn't just researching this problem in itself which found this conclusion. I also read hundreds of books on the nature of reality by an esoteric group of what seems to be an actual secret society of Pythagoreans, who popped their head into the public for fifteen years, and then vanished just as quickly. Their hundreds of books no longer exist...just vanished...but they contained the history of the intellectual tradition of Europe, and over several tens of millions of words explained one simple point: that mathematics must correspond to reality for it to be valid, for it to actually say anything real and meaningful about reality, which is essentially to say that reality in itself is founded upon an ontological mathematics. That was precisely what I was separately dealing with on the pedagogical climate question – is there not an important difference between the math for flat Earth theory climate alarmism where the Sun cannot create the climate, vs. the math of a spherical Earth where the Sun does create the climate? I had to conclude that, yes, it matters. If it did not matter, then why was there ever even a concern as to the shape of the Earth? I also had a lot of support from Lyndon LaRouche who frequently discussed the nature of the economy in the development of Man, and how “energy flux density” is the basic metric by which to gauge Man's development, and that higher energy flux density allows new and novel processes to occur which are not apparent at lower levels. Energy flux density is equivalent to temperature, and so it makes the point that with flat Earth theory climate pedagogy, the energy flux density or temperature of sunlight is calculated to be too low to create the climate, whereas with a spherical Earth mathematics the energy flux density of sunlight is calculated to indeed be strong and high enough to create the climate. That's a real difference. In the former, Man is lead to devise systems to destroy life on Earth; in the latter, we simply continue to enjoy the warm Sunshine.

Whether I shared this with Amber perhaps would not have made that much of a difference, but for whatever reason, I did not share it with her. She knew that I was very concerned about the climate and carbon dioxide alarmism, but I do not think that she knew how truly horrified I was about what I had begun to conclude, and how stressful and devaluing and delegitimizing it was for me to find my peers in my field of work, in the subject which had once saved my life and gave it meaning, to be ridiculing me and refusing my suggestion that the Earth can be a sphere instead of a flat plane for pedagogical climate science. This cost me my career, in the end, as the university took a strong disliking to my books, and that of course was a last and final delegitimization. So much for equity and diversity and inclusion. Many would have caved under such pressure and threat to livelihood, and I know that Amber was upset about my recklessly endangering our family's security by exposing myself to the possibility of being let go, by my leaving my books in the open at the university.

My explanation to you, Amber, is that I had to see if it was real, I had to see if I would really be fired for writing a book saying that the Earth is a sphere, if the scientist colleagues I worked beside and the university bureaucracy would see to it that my career should be ended for such an audacious statement. And, it was found really to be real, that they truly are all somehow coordinated in supporting and protecting flat Earth theory as the basis of climate pedagogy, which allows them to then move towards the conclusion as has been described. I had to make the evaluation: don't go all the way, keep the security of my job, keep being paid for work through this system which is apparently coordinating to end life on Earth through flat Earth theory, live this fundamental conflict and duplicity of having my cake and eating it too, maintain my income via a system which has horrific and disgusting goals, choose my personal comfort and security over the life of the planet itself, and over your life and our

daughter's life, or, risk my life and the things which I cherish that losing it all might at least save them, with the likelihood that I would lose your confidence and thus my family knowing that I would never really be able to explain to you what I found, because it would be too much to ask you to take seriously. Perhaps you would have taken it seriously with me, but, in the end, I decided that I did not wish to expose you emotionally to all this extent of horror of what is apparently planned for this planet. I did not want to make it your problem or your burden, and you might have just thought that I was insane and left me earlier for it in any case. My instinct was to not share it with you and it is now history, and it has had the effect which it has, which I knew would be the likely outcome, but to me, it was the posterity of all of Man if I didn't try to do something and go all the way with it, vs. an unpredictable but likely very negative effect on our marriage if I lost my job for it. Perhaps I did not have enough faith in you or trust in you, and I apologize for that as a grave mistake, but my instinct was to not make it your problem directly, to spare you from it, although, it became your problem in other ways nonetheless. Catch-22? Hindsight doesn't seem to be helping.

I know that such a contrast may seem megalomaniacally insane, that I have inflated myself beyond all reason, further justifying a choice of distance from me and separation of my daughter from me, for I am fully aware of how all of this may sound, but I am not making my experience with this and their comments about it all up, because I must remain convinced that I am quite sane to insist that the Earth is a sphere and that it makes a difference in science. If I were to let that one go, if I were to give up on that point, then I would be open to any insanity, then the world and thought within it would be meaningless and then any insanity would be permissible. I would have absolutely no value to my word and ethics and morals and Beingness, before God and the universe and myself or you, if I were to let that one go. I can certainly let things go, I can indeed...but how can I let that go, in

this context and in the context of my whole life story? I do not wish to be insane, and I think that my choice to remain sane in my insistence is, ultimately, before God or the universe or whatever, before all of the other sin which I've committed in life, one which I will not commit, ultimately one point for redeemable character. That, despite it meaning that I lost you and our family and that it meant that I could not express to you what should have been in our time together, because I needed to be the type of person to do this, which meant having a distant relationship to you, despite internally being entirely dependent on you and having that true love deeply buried within. If you do wish to deem me insane, then you may claim that you had a man so insanely in love with you that he thought that he was saving the world for you! How many women outside of medieval fiction can claim that?

But I'll tell you what it is like to encounter insanity, in finding professors of physics tell you to your face that they hate you and that they find you to be the most objectionable person that they know, because you say that the Earth is a sphere for climate science. That is utterly insane. It is an unconscionable degree of ridicule. That is a horror of insanity, and it can only have an equally horrific outcome...particularly when you find that sentiment coordinated across the field.

You must understand how painful that is for me, having my entire identity and meaning of life in astrophysics destroyed because I said, ultimately, that the Earth is a sphere. I can only conclude that the entire purpose of the development of my life was to spend it on this hill. It is all simply so bizarre if it has no meaning, and I must find a personal meaning in it.

Perhaps that is more bewildering than painful, because what is truly painful is the restimulation of the worst moments of my childhood, which all revolve around the loss of home, the loss of family, the loss of security, the feeling of being completely on

your own with no one who cares about you, especially not the people you would assume to care for you, and only your own cold self to depend upon. I suppose people would say to 'suck it up, buttercup', because that's reality. And there's that...but that's a damned cold way to live with each other, and the warmth and love of hearth and home is anyone's joy, or should be. I've always remained sensitive to my childhood traumas. Amber, you used to say that I didn't love you, I just loved what you provided, but for me that was loving you, and for me and living with the childhood insecurities and emotional withdraw ensuing from it, was the full expression of my love for you, as I wrote about in the other book about Piper, pining over the shared life and all of its elements which I have now lost with you. But I understand that I didn't express love and interest directly to you, as I was withdrawn, for the reasons explained earlier, and I'm so sorry that you felt that it reflected on your worth and on your deserving of it. I'm writing this book to explain what happened in my entire life, to lead to you not having the marriage which you wished to have with me. Not many women receive such consideration, and the extent is rather intense.

I've been having such intense dreams of intimacy with you, and I wake up in this strange room, on this strange property, by myself in the middle of nowhere, and I try to picture where I used to wake up, in the house we had and in the room which you decorated with the light fixture which I exchanged for you, with my daughter and you stirring in the next room, but when I open my eyes it's not there, just this strange and silent place. It's so lonely. Gosh I love you and miss you so much. I've been told from sources that my mission and life is a success, that the horror which had been planned has been averted and that the elements behind it are leaving, and the future for humanity will now improve rationally and lovingly from here, and so how can I say that the cost of you and our family was too great, while it sure feels like it was? I'm still trying to decide, but "maybe" is a

psychotic state to live in, and the matter had already been decided by me long ago in any case, but for some reason my feelings just do not line up with the rationality of it. A clingy man with no prospects is entirely repulsive though, I get it, even if he's the father of your children and even if there's an explanation for the reason why he is the way that he is. It is what it is. There's a reason for that. Maybe I can find a place where everything is unified – thought, reason, feelings, and expression. I've always clung to what I've had but lost; clinging to the future while comprehending the present would likely be a better approach.

But I want to be back at our house, living in joy together. Making food together and for each other, competing over who coddles Piper the best when she's come down with the flu...imagine that, being a child, whose parents compete for providing the most love and care. That's something you or I certainly never experienced. How wonderful for Piper to have had that for a time. You'd make her the big hot water bottle to keep her warm and lay her on the couch, I'd get her pillows and make her a clamshell bed on it, you'd get her a cold vitamin drink to sip, I'd make her a homemade warm tea of ginger and lemon and honey, you'd put a cool compress on her forehead, I'd sit at her feet and rub them. It's all really quite so ridiculous for a child to receive such love and care, but we'd reach a stalemate in our doting there, each feeling that we'd outdone the other.

After my childhood and time in university, having an actual normal life with Amber was so wonderful. Courteous to each other, safe, respectful of each other's boundaries, never a raised voice, a child who was the centre of life, abundant food, nice clothing, accessibility, peaceful, a dog, house improvements to make it our own, time for hobbies and for vacations, all of the normal things in life I got to have for the first time. I suppose it is why I enjoyed so much re-living a loving childhood which I never had but through my daughter Piper.

I loved it so much.



Here's Amber with that big first rainbow trout!



Here's me on a different day, but same Spring. Between this picture and the last, look at us smiling! We were having lots of fun.



Amber blasting skeets. Scowling at some joker it seems!



She had been really hangry here, but that lip sure gives something away about Daddy's attempts to cheer her!



There's just an irresistible urge to kiss them on their cheek and temple when they're napping so beautifully sweetly. Kisses, kisses, infinite kisses. Better get that arm tucked under the blanket.



The front of our house. We would all together plant flowers in the spring in the flower beds and pots.



Our beautiful kitchen. It's quite spartan here because this was after Amber had moved out, and so most of the lovely decorations and designs are missing, and the table. You get the idea though. Gosh, so many meals cooked there, so much very high-quality food. That space is just an intensity of love. Piper would run around that island for hours, setting up obstacle courses pretending that she was a horse doing jumps, as I flipped through a playlist on YouTube developed for purpose. Amber actually seemed to dislike when we did this, but I loved it...I loved the noise of a child playing in wholesome imagination with hits from 70's disco in the background!



Living room – again, spartanized. After the kitchen, this was the second center of our life. I build a small shelf of a clever design out of black walnut to hold two speakers beneath the TV, which provided much higher sound wattage, and which facilitated Piper’s running around the island with music. That’s the couch which Piper would be placed in clamshell quilts when she got a cold and where Amber and I would dote over her. I would typically get a real Christmas tree every year and it would be placed at the left near the window, filling the house with the nostalgic smell of pine. Even though we had the finished basement, we watched a lot of movies up here too...mainly over and over again of Star Wars 1-3, The Hobbit & The Lord of the Rings, and Master & Commander, and get this too – Piper LOVED the series Stargate SG1! How cool of a girl is that!? You know what made Piper burst out laughing and laugh for weeks and never forget? This sequence from the episode “Space Race”:

“Major Samantha Carter : What is this? Warrick : A complete operations manual for the Sebrus. I had it translated for you. Major Samantha Carter : Thank you. Colonel Jack O'Neill : That's not our language. Major Samantha Carter : It's mine, sir.” *Clever Piper, getting that! She’s so smart.*



Spartanized den. That's the window where I homeschooled Piper, from the previous book about my life with her. There were more decorations on the walls and an antique secretary, making the space more homey previously. My gaming rig is there to the right of the gaming chair, and that's where Piper and I spent many hours playing through the plot sequence of Far Cry 5 & 6, and the never-ending worlds of Hunter Call of the Wild. Piper played through Portal with me too, and she was actually really good at solving some of the puzzles for only being ten years old! When she was still small enough she would sit on my lap with the chair leaned back, and watch me, and play a little, but when she got too big to fit, we would then sit beside each other using her homeschooling chair. We'd often have some form of herbal organic tea and some kind of sweet treat to go along with it while gaming. In the last year we had a new dog, and it would want to sit on my lap while homeschooling Piper. Anyway, that's the big window where we watched the seasons come and go, and I'd use the gaming computer with its excellent speakers to play YouTube compilations of classical music.



Mine and Amber's lovely bedroom. This is where I would do "Rusty Puppet Show" with Piper on Daddy-night sleepovers. You can see how high the bed is thus giving me enough depth to hide on the other side and direct the puppet over the edge, with Piper in the middle of the bed. Gosh, how many times did we play "Rusty Hide and Seek" in the dark in there!? How many back tickles?! How many songs!?



Piper's cute little room. We built all that Lego together, her and I, over several Christmases. I also built her that hobby horse stable.



The basement which I finished. The fold-down wrapping table is beneath the window. Amber had her home office situated adjacent to it. The big-screen TV is out of picture, to the left, facing the couch. We watched a lot of movies there! It was really warm mid-winter down there, but then too cool in the Spring when the Sun would start warming the upstairs; I would have eventually upgraded the furnace and changed the ducting so that it would be warmed by itself in the Spring, making it more comfortable for Amber as she worked down here. It stayed nice and cool in the summer.



The backyard, with nothing planted in the garden or in planters on the deck, due to what was happening that Spring. That's the firepit though, from the previous book, where Piper and I would regale each other with outdoor adventure stories in the winter time. Actually, a couple years in a row, Amber suggested that for New Years eve, we would have a sausage roast on the open fire for dinner party to celebrate! That was nice.



This is at the “close park”, and that’s where Piper had her first swing, recounted in the last book about my life with her. What a precious pair! Imagine slipping back in right at that moment: what a torrent of hugs and kisses would ensue! I was standing right there in front of them, I could have smothered them with love. I did, in fact. It really makes you think: In every moment you should be striving to smother everything around you in love, because you have no idea that one day it might all be gone. “Piper, want to see Daddy push Mommy on the swing? Just like I push you?” “Yah Daddy give Mama a push on the swing!” “Should I push Mommy so high that she goes all the way around!?” “Yah Daddy push Mommy!” “Oh God please don’t!”



This is little precious Piper, just days before moving out. She loved the back yard as much as I did. When she was a littler one we would of course chase each other around in circles on the grass. The yard wasn't big or anything nor really private, but we made it ours and enjoyed every moment in it. That's one thing which Piper and I really, truly did together, was create joy in every moment; no matter what we were doing, we were always enjoying something about it, appreciating it and in joy. We were simply never in a bad mood together.



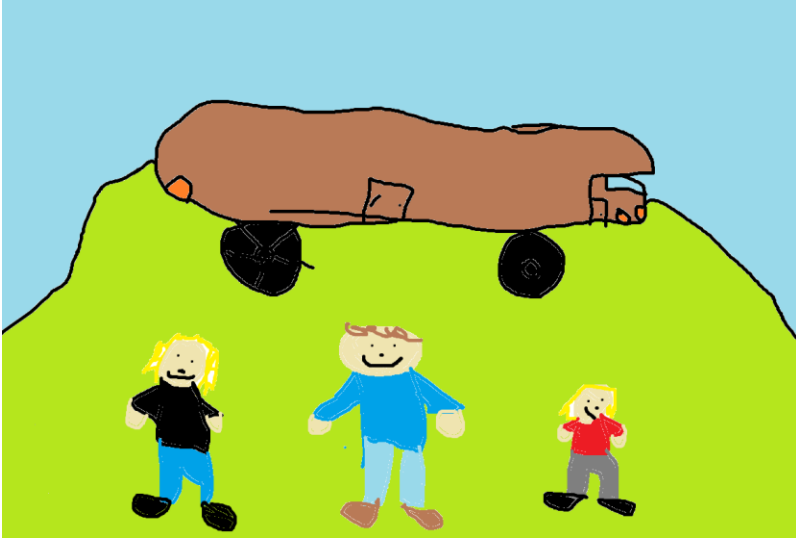
She titled this one "Sunny Happy Day". Our life truly was such.



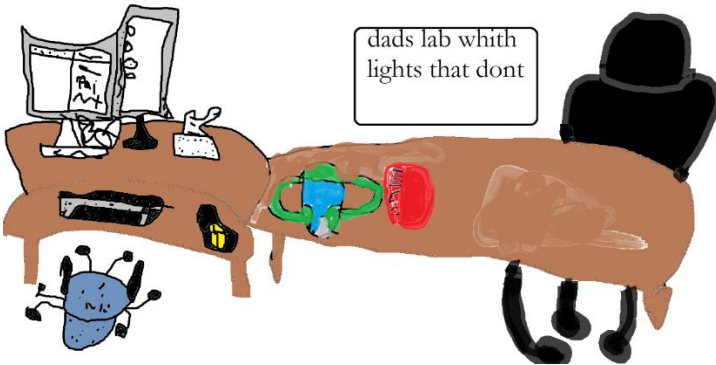
They decorated polka dots in her bedroom this day.



There's our hammocking spot!



This is us all together going camping in an RV to Jasper on a road trip. The RV plans fell out and we ended up just driving and getting a hotel instead. We saw grizzly bears and elk and deer galore on that trip up through the Rockies!



She had to come to my office one day, and while waiting for me to return from the lab she drew my desk. I love the way she captured the tissue paper here.



Always have one hand wrapped around a leg, in case they fall out of your arms for whatever reason; an upside-down baby is better than a head-bonked baby.

IAOM – The Institute for Applied Ontological Mathematics

There's obviously something really wrong with what has developed with science, and our education system in general. It has been summarized here and explored at length in my previous books, and also in the Pythagorean's books, while they were available. I know an experiment to do, a scientific experiment, which would correct things, and contribute towards that future of a more rational and loving state alluded to earlier. It's going to take some time to clear out the minions, requiring the attrition of their natural death, and so while I wouldn't expect some big-hit publicity over the experimental results, nor would I want it, for us remnant who have minds and souls who love the potential of Earth, we can at least begin to set a foundation for ourselves for the future. It is not like the minions can be on board with us in any case, and we don't want them. We're going to make a future for us. We will create a "Star-Trek" future.

The mandate of the Institute will be to maintain a record of the Pythagorean's writings, scouring and securing them from reader's electronic devices who may still have copies, to analyze the writings and explore for any areas of dialectical improvement to them, and as a consequence of that mandate, to continue the development and publication of ontological mathematics philosophy in the public realm, following with application of that knowledge to all areas of life, including technological application. Through technological application of ontological mathematics, we should be able to develop means of what would amount to total control over reality, beyond our dreams in science fiction.

Here is the Bitcoin address to which donations are to be sent:

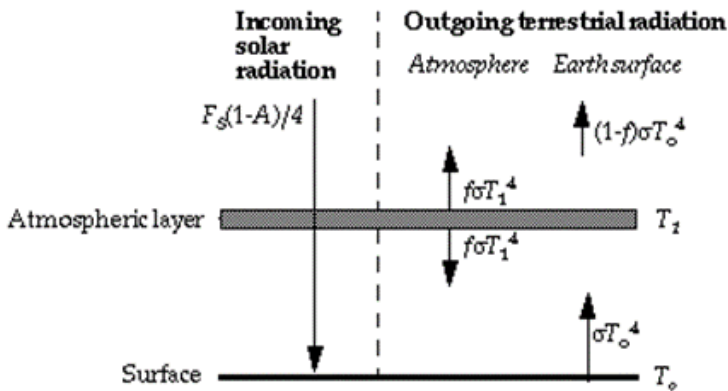
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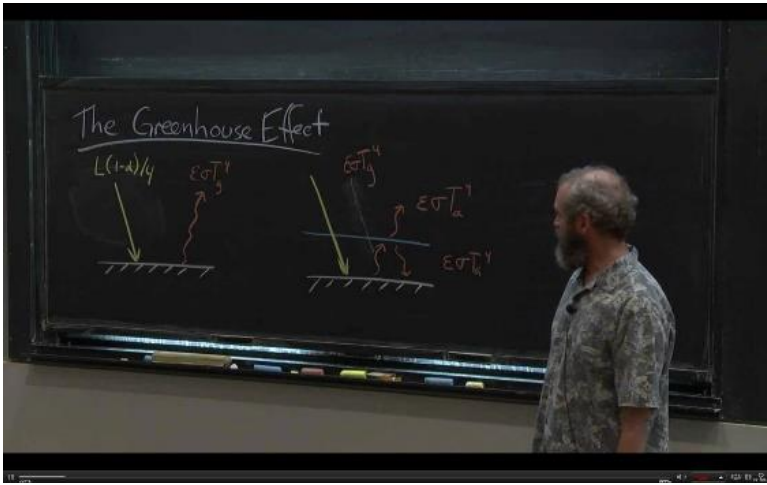
Or contact me to make sure the address is still viable.

The Foundation of Climate Science

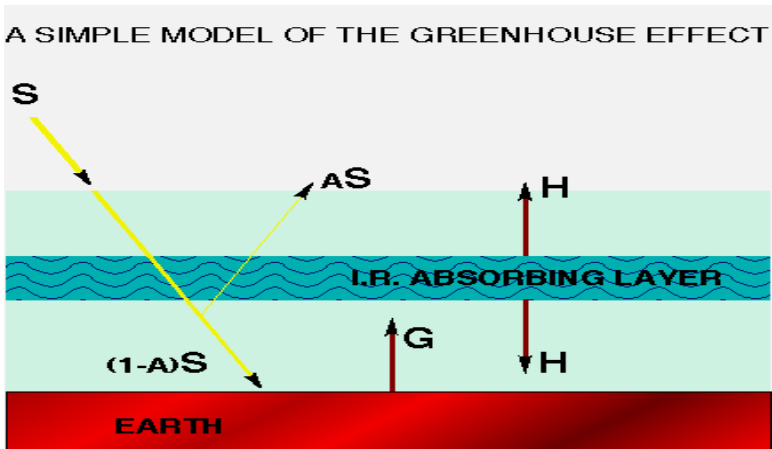
These diagrams demonstrate the universal starting point by which climate science then derives its “greenhouse effect”. Look past the math and see what the math is being developed for: What is a flat line representing the entire Earth called? Roy Spencer, PhD Climatology: “Flat Earth is the starting point for all of climate science, and no credentialed scientist I know of disputes it.” How does it strike you to know that university climate science is teaching your children that the Earth is flat? They deny it of course, but here’s the evidence, notwithstanding Roy’s quote:



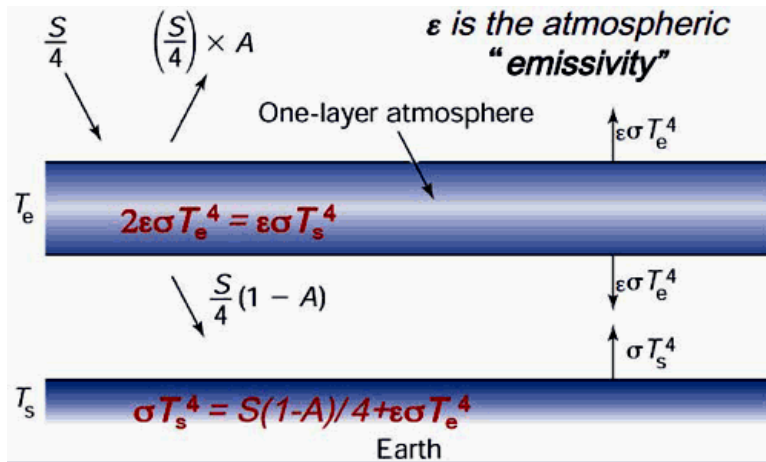
This one was found in Harvard University lecture and textbook on introductory climate science.



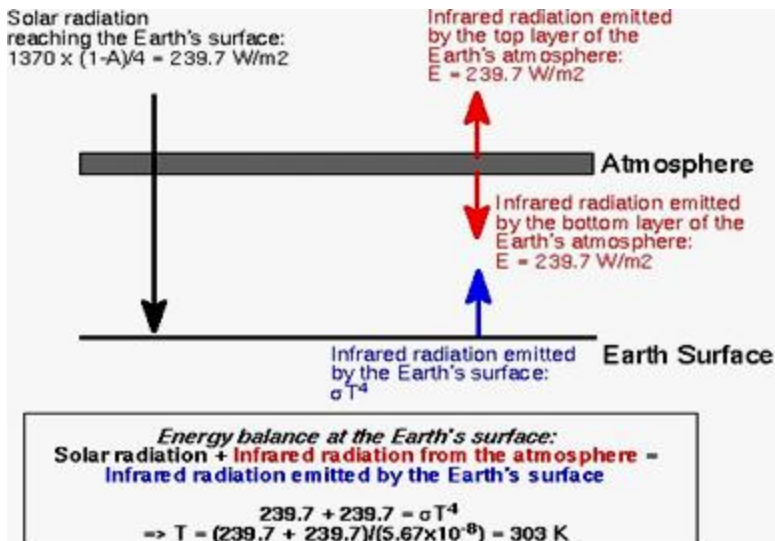
This one was found in a University of Chicago online lecture for introductory climate science.



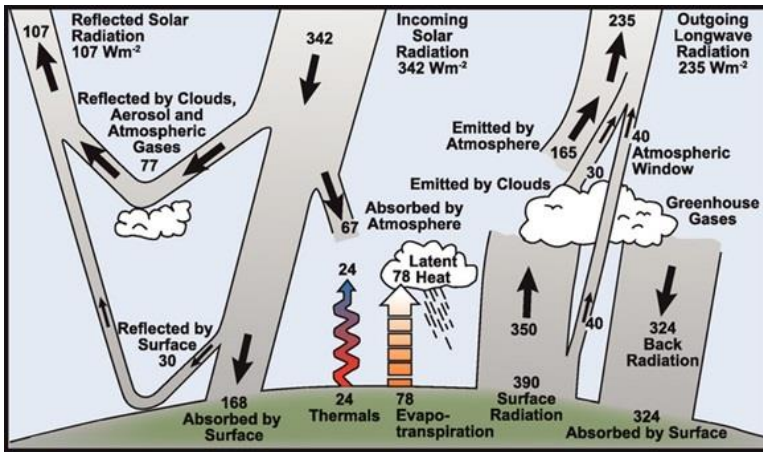
This one was found in a Columbia University online lecture for introductory climate science.



This one was found in a Pennsylvania State University online lecture notes for introductory climate science.



This one was found in a University of Washington online lecture notes for introductory climate science.



This one is published in the Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society. Interestingly, although a slight curve is drawn for the Earth, the numbers for the solar sunshine are still only those as can be computed from flat Earth theory, thus demonstrating that flat Earth pseudoscience has become embedded in academic climate theory even when they use a spherical Earth.

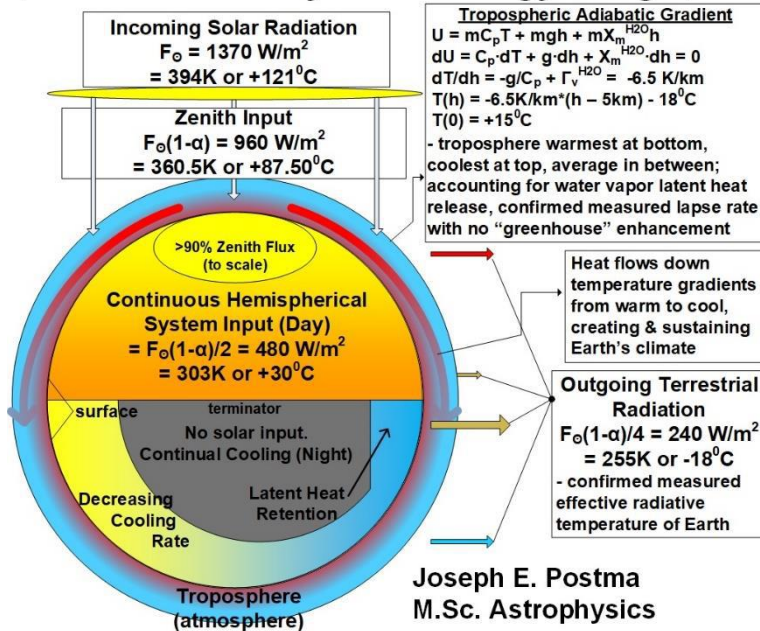
In summary, although you will not find mainstream scientists saying that they believe in flat Earth theory, nevertheless, flat Earth mathematics and theorizing is at the basis of how we teach about and think about how to understand the climate.

With flat Earth mathematics, the physics works out on paper in theory that the Sun cannot create or sustain Earth's climate, and you cannot explain temperatures above -18°C as being due to sunshine. A "greenhouse effect" is then invented to make up the difference, but this invention is just an artefact of doing physics for flat Earth theory. If you use a spherical Earth instead for understanding the Sun's role in the climate, then the Sun's heat is $+121^{\circ}\text{C}$ in theory on paper (also confirmed by measurement in space around Earth), and in this case, the Sun creates the climate and there is no need to invent a "greenhouse effect."

These flat Earth climate diagrams are how the climate is thought and taught to work. It is found throughout pedagogical & peer-reviewed climate science. Roy Spencer, PhD Climatology: “This flat Earth diagram forms the basis for all of climate science, and no credentialed scientist I know of disputes it.” It uses one-quarter of the measured solar input as the input, $F_s(1-A)/4$, which is -18°C of heating, which implies that the Sun therefore cannot and does not create the climate. It also implies that there is no day & night. Do you think that that’s a good way to frame how the climate works and why it exists?

Compare the flat Earth climate science method to a spherical model of the Earth, below. The spherical Earth has $+121^{\circ}\text{C}$ solar input from the Sun which is the actual measured value of solar heating, instead of $\frac{1}{4}$ solar input on a flat plane. If the Sun heats the Earth with $+121^{\circ}\text{C}$ heating power on the day-side, is that perhaps strong enough heat to create the climate and explain why the climate exists?

Earth's Thermodynamic Energy Budget



Such a spherical model with actual solar heating for understanding the climate is found nowhere in climate science pedagogy nor in peer-review. I submitted this suggestion to climate science peer-review in a paper manuscript, and the following are the responses, which demonstrated beyond doubt, given the already-existing references, that flat Earth is defended as basic climate science.

Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society: "The manuscript states '...incoming sunshine of high intensity flux is capable of directly producing climatological effects as a response to heat flow from the Sun'. This is all nonsense. None of it has been demonstrated and the principles upon which it is based are wrong. The proposed spherical Earth is incomplete and quite

wrong in so many ways. This is rejected for publication in the Bulletin of the AMS.”

Energy & Environment: “I regret to inform you that I do not find your manuscript suitable for publication because there should be some solid theoretical evidence provided to support your proposed idea of a spherical Earth was a better method which should lead to some scientifically significant results.”

Planetary Science Journal: “Our assessment of your manuscript is that it presents no compelling evidence or analysis for a new approach or model; much more extensive underpinnings are required for new scientific claims of a spherical Earth.”

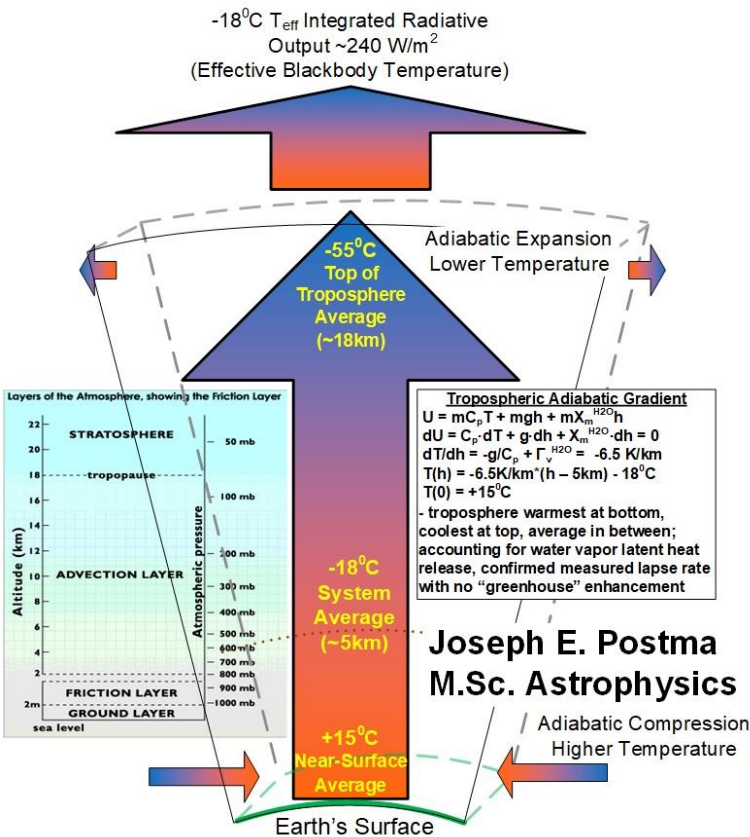
American Journal of Physics: “The manuscript is not appropriate for publication. Our journal deals with subjects that would be adequate for university-level teaching, not with scientific quarrels or alternate interpretations one might conceive like the spherical Earth you mention. Your approach of a spherical Earth should first be vetted by experts who could validate or invalidate it.”

Journal of Atmospheric and Solar-Terrestrial Physics: “Your manuscript is rejected for publication in JASTP. The arguments made in the text for consideration of a spherical Earth are in general ad-hoc and provided without adequate referencing, support, justification, or mathematical rigour. The reader is simply assumed to accept the author’s statements that the spherical Earth model is an improvement over flat Earth. Statements are made without evidence or justification, ex., “spherical Earth is empirically-realistic”. Such statements are given as fact, without evidence.”

The Problem of Mutual Exclusivity in Climate Science

Two mutually-exclusive ideas cannot both be true. An empirical fact about the atmosphere is that its temperature decreases with altitude above the surface; this is called the “lapse rate”. In pedagogical and peer-reviewed climate science, a radiative greenhouse effect derived and postulated from a flat model of the Earth is used to explain the lapse rate, although, it does not lead to a direct method to calculate the observed numerical value of it. Alternatively, application of the 1st Law of Thermodynamics leads to a phenomenon called “adiabatic heating”, which is where a gas can change temperature due to work when heat is not present. The source of work is provided by gravity. If one combines this adiabatic effect along with the heating effect of latent heat release from water vapor, then the numerical value of the lapse rate can be directly and accurately calculated to the same value as the empirical observation. There is a conflict here in which phenomenon of physics is responsible for creating the lapse rate: is it the radiative greenhouse effect of climate science, or is it the adiabatic and latent-heat effect of thermodynamics? The former is accepted as pedagogical and peer-reviewed climate science, the latter is accepted as the Laws of Thermodynamics. These are two disparate explanations for a single phenomenon. Either mechanism claims to explain the empirical fact of the existence of the lapse rate. They cannot therefore both be true. If they both were true, then the theoretical calculation from the thermodynamic approach which arrives at the observed empirical value should not be able to do so, because it leaves out whatever contribution must simultaneously have to manifest upon the lapse rate due to the climate greenhouse effect if it existed. In the face of two

mutually-exclusive ideas, which one of these is true, and which is therefore by the process of elimination, false?



Elementary Geometry for Climate Science

This is a circle. It represents a sphere.



This is a sphere being illuminated by a distant point source.



This is a sphere being illuminated by the solar constant.



$S = 1368 \text{ W/m}^2$



This is a line. It represents a plane.



This is a plane being illuminated by a distant point source.



This is a plane being illuminated by $\frac{1}{4}$ of the solar constant



$S = 342 \text{ W/m}^2$



Q1: Which column represents the Sun shining on the Earth, and which column represents flat Earth theory?

Q2: Are both columns equivalently scientifically legitimate for representing the Sun shining on the whole Earth?

Q3: If one column implies that the Sun can create and sustain Earth's climate, while the other one rejects that, would this represent a difference in how to understand the climate?

Elementary Averaging for Climate Science

This is a man.



This is a woman.



Q1: Does the mathematical average of the man and the woman mean that the man should be found with one testicle and one ovary, as with the woman?

Q2: Although this average can be calculated, is it ontologically meaningful as science fact?

This is Earth with day & night side being illuminated by the solar constant.

$$\downarrow S = 1368 \text{ W/m}^2$$



This is Earth as a plane with day & night averaged being illuminated by $\frac{1}{4}$ of the solar constant

$$\downarrow S = 342 \text{ W/m}^2$$



Q3: Does the mathematical average of day & night mean that the Sun should be thought to be $\frac{1}{4}$ of its power?

Q4: Although the flat Earth average can be calculated, is it ontologically meaningful as science fact?

$\frac{1}{4}$ solar power

