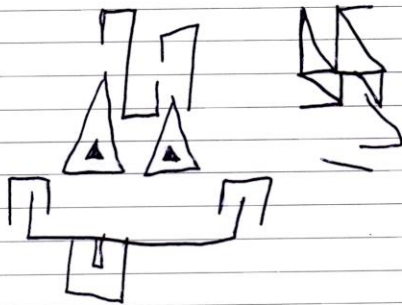


Aug 25, 2013

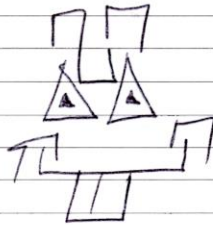
Balms 4 → sleep!

Great thoughts lead to great actions  
I need socks so I make it happen  
the bikes glide over the floor, my  
kids who settle their scores  
The floor of life, we mix it, we mesh it  
we need to survive  
the grape and a squish, life is dreaming  
or something like this  
the waiting and watching while stars go by  
the training, reacting as cars try to drive  
No pilot, no longing  
A mist, be longing  
Into a conscience to conscious by go  
Into so sudden that I'm no longer alone



Aug 26 2013

Missing my love, I feel incomplete  
I feel mostly alone  
these thoughts they compete  
Dishevelled and clasping at hope  
The hope that Friday comes  
super fast and not slow  
I love my lady and miss  
her so much  
I wanna hug, I wanna kiss,  
I wanna feel her touch  
Kind to me in disbelief  
She is so awesome, like no other  
that I've ever seen  
Some kind of wonderful  
Glad to be in this union with her



Aug 29 2013

Grab me, stab me, those darts of  
love pointed at my heart  
I miss you with a force that is  
fierce and powerful

Screaming is not gonna solve this  
Breathing life, I acknowledge  
Love me hug me and point your love  
at my chest and start

To resuscitate my heart with your  
breath and lets live through

Standing on fire with you not around  
I want, debate leaving here or staying  
to finish out the week

without you I'm weak and feel  
a lot like the bag I carry that  
contains trash

Weak in the knees and in  
disbelief, I see through to the trees  
with grief and torn, all just to see  
you mixed with me and missing



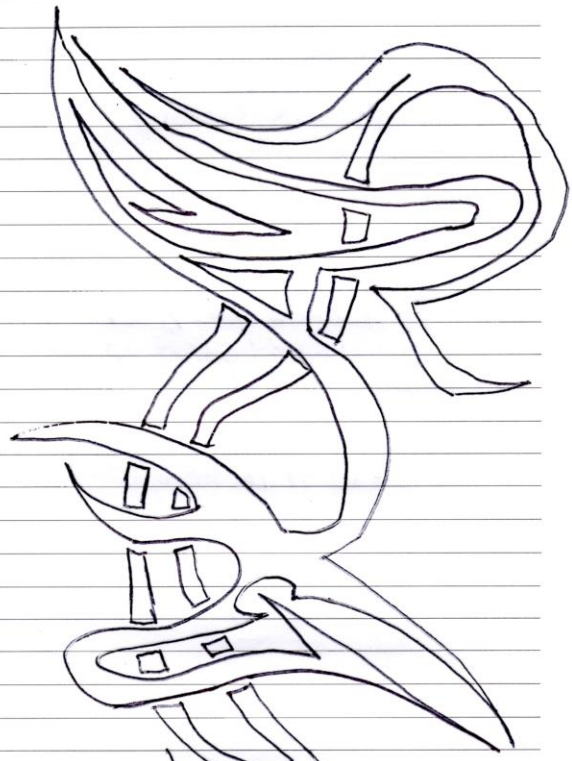
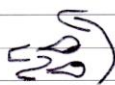


LOVE

WITHOUT

BOUNDARIES

LIFE  
WITHOUT  
LIMITS



8/21/13

Listening to shady,  
Sitting here and thinking  
Worried about work

but not really  
People treat others bad why?

Not me, not today, just gotta try  
The beat in my head is strong

The beat in my heart is what pounds  
It drives and guides me and

will probably soothe me  
The alarm that's ringing is not the

sound that I'm singing  
The life that I'm leading is not what  
I want to be bringing

Change and fix  
Problems to solve  
Beats in the mix  
Music can't stop



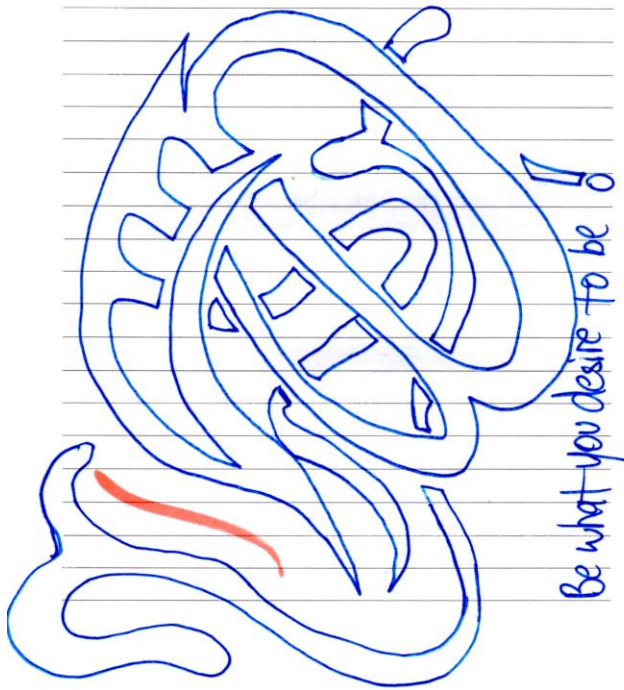
10/4/13

the ITMA conference is awesome  
provided me with one great idea  
after another. The sideways engine  
placed up under cab. My speeches to  
schools for Green choosing and  
shortages.

blind bat fly crap, rally hat  
where the wear is at  
Finding and hiding and sliding  
a riot is rising and I am exciting  
glad dad, that's that and life goes splat  
external design, intrinsically react  
Lizard brain, feel no pain, thanks for this, not afraid  
A life less social and without agenda. I say  
it etches, it sketches, at midnight it sketches  
I'll rest it, protest it and  
craigslist it



The world needs truckers, butchers, nurses, nurse's aides, mechanics, plumbers, small business owners. School had never taught me how to find out who I was and what I was good at. So, through life's hard challenges, I have learned about myself in order to focus in on what it is I need to be doing. Every school should support the development of every student.





10/24/15

Having a down day doubting my self worth  
I am a blessed man, my wife is my friend  
I have awesome sons and awesome girls  
Thinking back to the baseball field again  
Not accepted, not successful, screwed  
that is my life, or has been so far  
I'd like to change it, enjoy a new view  
For once, I'd like happiness to inspire my art  
Sorrow comes with a mind exacting I hope  
Tomorrow it will be better, this I know  
Just not sure when tomorrow is going to  
It's tough, not tender and clingy to help  
Pain revealed through each new days enemy  
Pick a battle and spike the scared drink  
Yesterday don't wear anything but we still care  
Alone, it seems even surrounded, so very  
Close to the brink, push we sand can  
surround me everywhere I stare  
and no answers, I show up  
no prisoners, grow up it  
just time being time and  
me being me and  
you being you  
but remember you don't have to do  
what they expect you to.



10/24/13

down and beaten to a pulp  
Life breaks my teeth all out  
Cruel Summer and a very bitchy  
winter

Not much but I still look  
forward to

it can be rearranged or put  
aside like differences and kinds

10/26/13

load the engine in carefully  
with the wonderful Gary !!

pretty cool day but a bit  
out of the norm  
or normal and a bit out  
of the pretty

A sham, a hoax, a peripetetic moment  
I'm trying to think deep, like maybe  
I should have known it

A clan, a nose, someone in showbiz  
lives great, can't wait till we can  
all be homies

Out walkin thinkin like Aristotle

11-15-13

Lindsey + Jeff's wedding

No sleep till Frithland

had a ball  
wonderful day and evening  
did dishes for wifey  
finished reading David +  
Goliath by Malcolm Gladwell  
awesome book  
called in sick to work  
love life



12-29-13

What fruit am I producing?

The egg the carrot or the  
coffee bean

We could get mushy, and boiled  
or charring

This love of delight in  
Freedom can begin

Finding the spouse worthy  
She is such an awesome girl

I had some ups and downs  
Been shaken been stirred and  
spun around

Pursued avenues of opportunity  
Grasped at straws and dreamed  
these big dreams

Flat falling on my face  
I have love to embrace

Peradventure we go forward  
to a life we go toward  
the plummet and climb

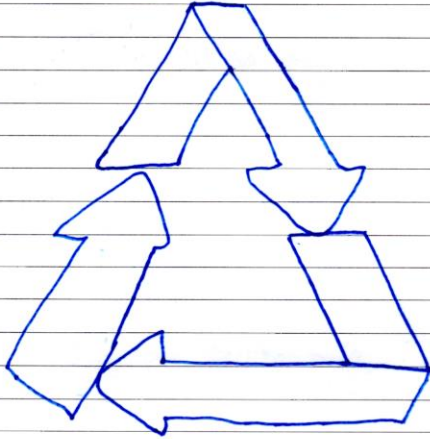
Life is repeating till we  
get it right  
the plateau the chateau  
snuggled and snowbird



Shoot me like cupid straight as the arrow  
Love has grabbed me and I won't let it let me go  
Strangers in a land unfamiliar to my people  
We use words not fists and pray where there is sleep  
Blown like the leaves from the northernmost tree  
We are together and never travelled, happily, we  
Let up from the kissing to catch breaths of air  
She is so ravishing, and pleasant, so lovely and fair  
She catches me sneaking glimpses and then holding my gaze  
Her faint smile greets me and she leaves me to stay while I wait  
My breathing is quickened and my pulse is so rapid  
I hope this woman that God has been gift wrapping  
Marriage is quite a neat journey, I'm glad she  
takes it with me



reuse and cycle this stuff  
back through for a greater  
purpose and use

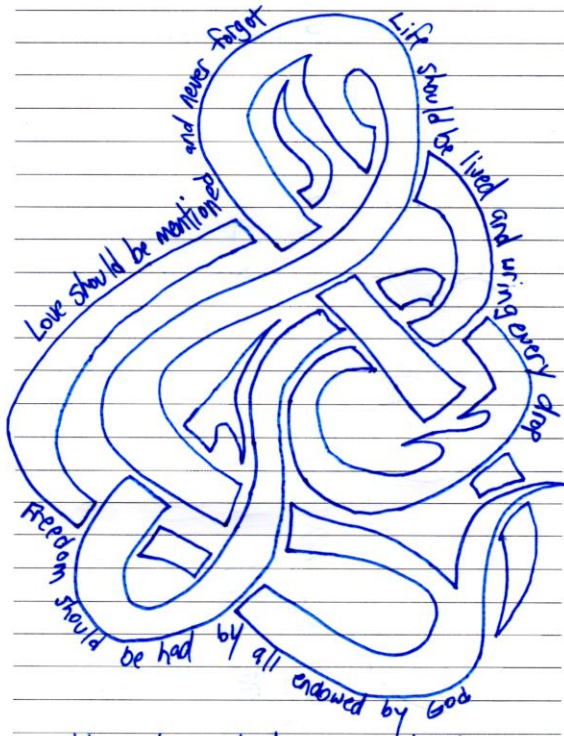


There's islands where birds die because  
we throw away after we  
are through

Soon the planet will have to find a  
way to bandage up its  
greatest wounds

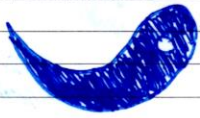
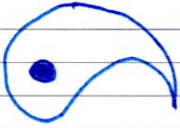
With love, I give this task to you

Just a reminder that things  
may look tangled but  
are not



There is no blinders nor breaks  
when life had you thrown  
on the rocks

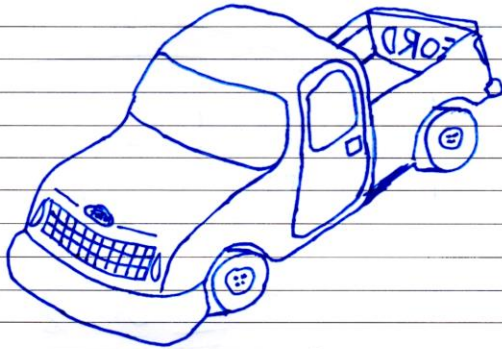
The wheels roll down the highway  
I'm done being selfish, I'll try the right thing  
~~It's not about me, isn't that frightening?~~  
No, Not really when God is the author of faith!





land on the brakes and step on the gas  
life isn't forward if we're looking back  
stand on the frame, right near the tags  
spread wings, fly, away from a heart attack

Seize the day and play



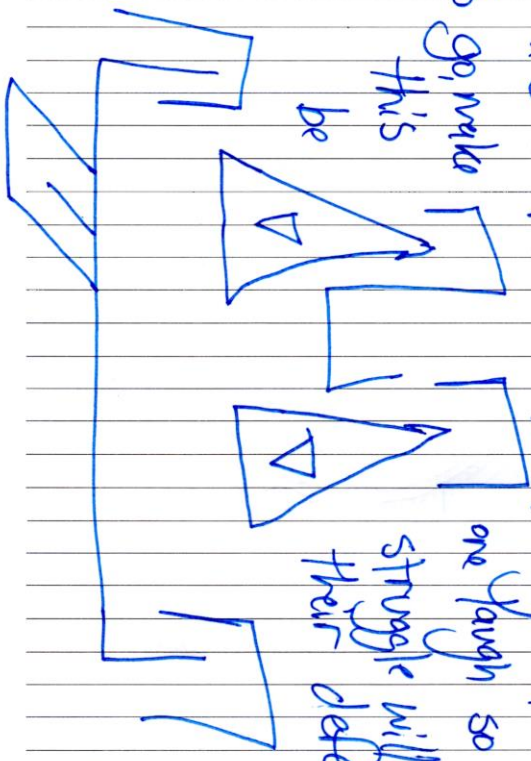
"give me gas in my Ford, keep me  
trucking for the Lord"

Hallelujah! Lord

Smiles are for the weak to regain their strength

So go make  
this  
be

one laugh so that  
struggle will not  
their defeat

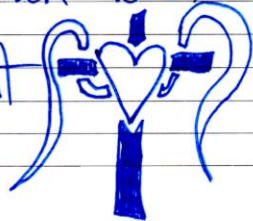



Can't just put a cross  
on it and call it  
alright

Being Christian is  
something more than  
tonight

It's less about the

rules and more about  
what's right



Being little or  
big has its  
advantages 



Leave the  
Spiders to



the bugs

Let the rat sleep

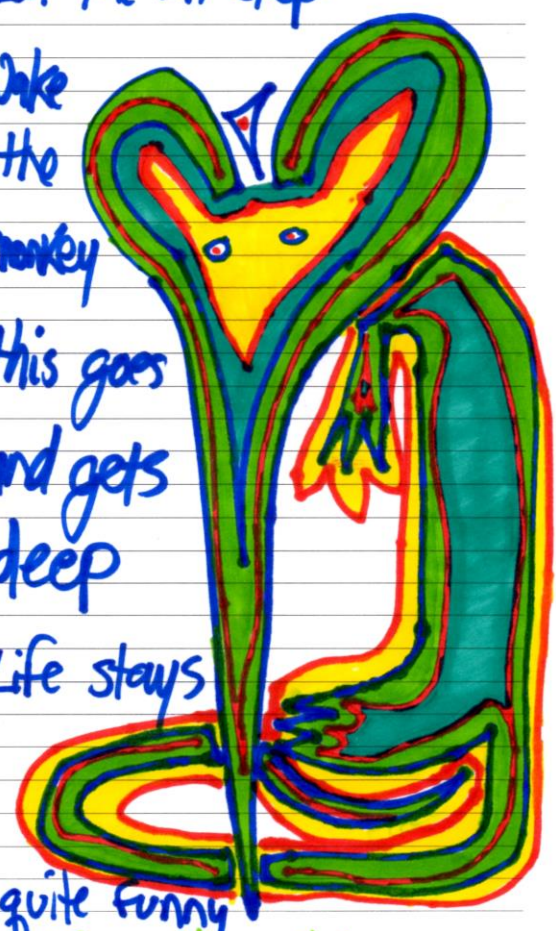
Wake  
the

monkey

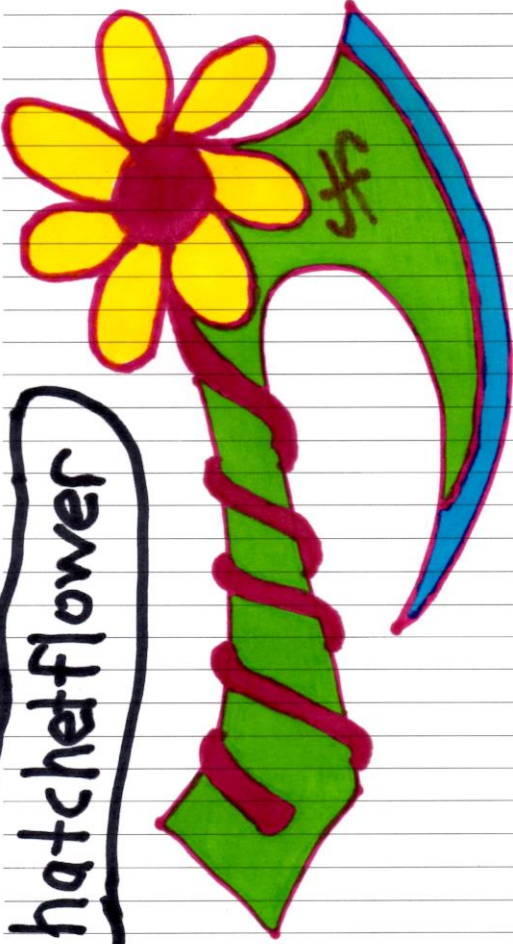
this goes  
and gets  
deep

Life stays

quite funny  
if we allow it to be



hatchetflower





It may be visually appealing, viscerally  
reeling or just plain bored  
It may be anxiously waiting, phantom  
debating or fun with swords  
You can call it complex, fragments, or  
incomplete sentences with words  
But you may not realize how bad we  
all need the Lord

breath and blood  
pump and flood  
constrict and contract  
without this vapor, we are not alive  
enough to react

Tales of war and giant victories fought  
Fire, flesh and water with sand  
The borders, the engineering, the hygiene,  
all part of the plan  
the ancient landmarks, being guided by stars,  
the falling of first man  
the agency, the naming, a king overthrown  
for acts too arrogant

READ IT DAILY  
IT SPEAKS

Spit shined shoes and sparkling teeth  
does not make a better man than you or me  
A bigger wallet and prestige  
we all just simply want to be free

Fly away towards the moon  
Fly away from the sun  
There's no need to compare  
what was here can be there

I used to think about how we measured  
Success and failure and love with numbers  
Then I realized with certain displeasure  
The true measuring stick is caught up in prayer

Peace, love and the hippy movements  
They weren't bad, in fact pushing good forward  
Corporate greed, lust and lobotomies  
Are things that we should not care to score

Alight and fly, or flight and fighting  
Many things wrong but there is yet hope  
So many people living a barely called life  
I hope the oppressed and beaten break that rope

Figuratively dancing and staring through space  
is not like mother or her very warm embrace  
Daydreaming is only one way to get up and go  
Somewhere else might be different, could be same

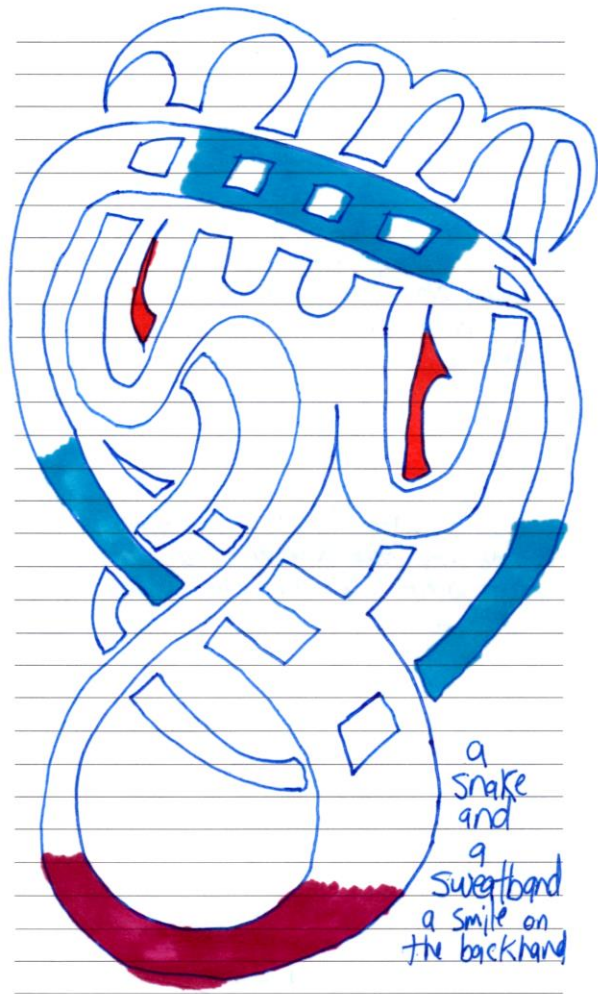


7-23-14

This art lifestyle is hard. There is no guarantee that it will ever pay off, but it is worth it. Just to create and keep creating is the biggest thrill ever. Even if not paid, not appreciated, not noticed. Just keep on creating content, music, art, cool stuff or anything else needing created. Just enjoy what you are doing so much that you would do that thing whether paid or not. No longer creating to be noticed or paid but to be enjoyed by yourself only. There is no greater thrill than your voice found and the journey of finding it. What one could do while waiting for their art to become their living, is to read, attend places other artists are at, market, design, prep next projects and so on. What you are reading here is something out of the black journal project. It's art, tribal, poems, songs, thoughts and important things I think about. Whether you think on them too is not up to me. I just love to create content. I love to enjoy what I've created and maybe, someone, somewhere, will also.

Peace and love

Shelby



a  
snake  
and  
a  
sweatband  
a smile on  
the backhand

## Black Journal Project

What steps move this project forward I ask myself often? I know that Facebook like only goes so far. I also know that I want this to be how I make my living. So, I push the avenues. I know, I tell others I'm near about what I'm doing and I stick around after playing to hang with musicians. That has been the greatest way I've found. It's weird knowing where one wants to end up, with no clear idea of how to get there. Not like one can go to their guidance counselor at high school without getting laughed at. Not like one show when starting makes that much of a difference. It's more getting comfortable with the fear that present not something vulnerable to people who may squash it and still going forward anyway. That's where our success happens, outside of our comfort zone. It's not near as complicated as some make it out to be. It's not as rare as lightning going to strike or winning a lotto. There is books on marketing, Youtube videos on promoting, Songwriting helps, groups and conferences. One just needs to get out there and do these things. Start with cool, something you really personally enjoy. Spend time on the page and

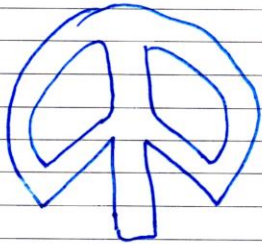
Then draw it until you can do it smoothly and good in seconds. This step is important. I spent years drawing and tracing band logos, manufacturer logos anything, mostly because I know how important it is. That and I was bored. This is all provided you have a name you are quite pleased with. It may change later if your bass player packs up and say, moves to California after one gig and one recording session. Yeah it happens. Then some times the name gets required. That happens as well. I was a roadie for a band that changed their name once because labels weren't into it. The labels went away quickly and so did the contracts and deals that were in talks. They were almost ready to break big but the name change was a slap in the face to their fans. That's my opinion anyway. So, the name is chosen, the logo is completed, the next step: recording things as a musician. It can be the most frustrating experience but at the same time the most rewarding. It is much harder than people think. The whole act of getting an idea out of a head and getting it written, recorded, printed, worked up is so very challenging. A lot of times, as a kid, I imagined what GNR or any of my fave artists did was just sit around for months just living life and not really doing anything. The kid thought that they just

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played a song once and then it went to multi platinum success. Then reality hits later in life and one knows just how ridiculous that notion is. The act of drawing ideas out is mildly amusing but mostly challenging. There is much more in common with mixing and exploring than there is just dipping a bucket in water and raising it up. There is diamonds in the the depths but much work is needed to find them, shine them and let them become valuable. It is alot like raising children as well. With children, there is a certain amount of doing correctional work to make them better, a certain amount of fun, a bunch of polishing and tedium. Enjoy the tedium, that's the best part of it all. The moments of scrubbing a pot and pan so intensely that you compare it to playing your favorite part on guitar. Coloring pictures so fervently you imagine playing guitar better because you were coloring. To be stuck at a dead end butchering job and scrubbing walls to maximum enjoyment daily because you know this too, will help your pickin' and fretting hands. It will build your calluses. It will increase ability to focus. It will test your mettle, drive, stick to it firmness and your guts. I say do it well and pour your heart into it, whether it is dishes or rocking out to



a screaming audience at Madison Square Garden  
Or Gardens, I don't know. I knew in my teens  
I got to enjoy the privilege of a taste of a  
life I wanted, it wasn't till later that I  
realized I could make that life for me when I  
chose. So, I chose. I did everything brought  
to my path, without murmur, complaint or grudge.  
Met a lot of interesting people on my journey  
and have had many adventures with the best  
adventures to come. I have been invited to some  
very cool VSP things which I didn't feel worthy of  
but enjoyed it nonetheless. I don't want to shell  
out 40 hours of my life any more on goals  
someone else set for me. I want to control  
my life and its trajectory. How do we as  
individual people get to do this art thing  
until it becomes so commonplace, others who  
are steady cannot avoid it any longer.

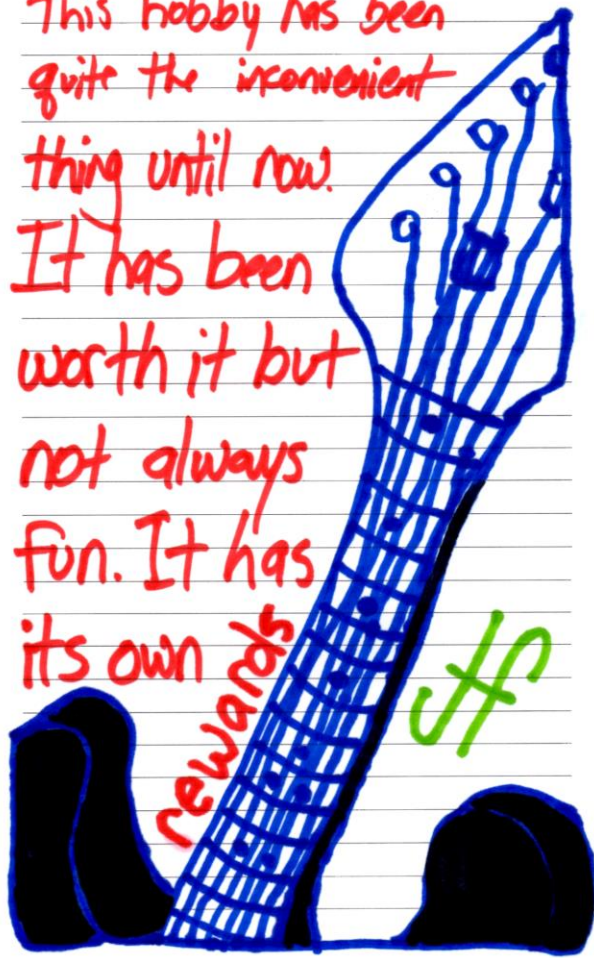


Shooby



a monkey  
surgeon ready  
to rock the operating  
table for lifes survival

This hobby has been quite the inconvenient thing until now. It has been worth it but not always fun. It has its own rewards



When one sits  
empty, another  
gets played.

One is thrifty



One is custom  
made

Suits me so fine



Calling around and getting quotes for things is always laborious. The process involves communicating needs to others in a clear, concise manner. Our first quote to publish and copy 3 sets of 100 pages was one hundred and thirty dollars. Our dilemma was to go that route or spend sixty dollars on a full ink set with color and black and white. Me, I would rather only print these on paper, but the thought leads with us to put it on as an e-book first to help offset the cost of printing. This self-publishing adventure is a lot of new things to ponder with it. For instance, there is the thought and concern of copyright. From what I can see as a non-lawyer, is that the moment it hits paper, or a recordable medium, your art, words, whatever, is safe. Copyrighted, and yours. That's not to say that your creation without the official document from the government would be proved in a court of law to be solely yours. There is shady people out in the world who would steal great ideas. I don't worry about them people much. In fact, I pity them because in order to take someone's work, they first have to think it worthy of stealing. Then, they have to think and question within themselves. I'm already well down the road following my own path. It would

take that person awhile to catch up for one, for two, by the time they get close, you, as the creative, are well past the project and to others. So, be worried about it if you must, but I assure you, its not worth wasting time on. In my apartment dwelling days, I used to give away things once in a while to the skateboard kids. They had a reputation of being light fingered. To offset that I figured out that if I gave it to them, they would not even consider stealing it. For some reason, most people feel guilty about stealing from someone who has given them something. Gasp! Generosity is better than pressing charges. My opinion, anyway. I tend to take that stance on alot of things. I listened to Free, the radical price of the future, and since then have thought about the whole generosity element needed in todays world. What with all the technology upheaval and the connection economy and young peoples thoughts on it all, we can make it with art but only by being generous and not stingy. A very open handed approach towards this art thing. Not at all like metallica specifically Lars Ulrich, and their debate towards Napster. I can honestly say I dont like paying for music. I always thought that the clubs like Bink or Columbia House were awesome. One penny

gets you membership and then something like five cds bought in a year. Yeah that was most reasonable. Why would an artist want to stand in the way of their own fans. I'm not saying give everything away, but more like, give enough to give a bucker. Or enough cool stuff to build brand loyalty. In high school, I would see the kids wearing these obscure band t-shirts and always appreciate them. They didn't get paid to put an advertisement on, but they wanted to and paid for the privilege. These people would go to the concerts and enjoy others who were there. The Grateful Dead had the music thing right. They encouraged the bootlegging and in fact was probably one of the reasons they had die hard "dead heads" of the type that would travel to each show because it was different and cool and the people had mini adventures. Very tribal. The Dead made their living off of people paying for the privilege of hanging out in their places with the tribe of the people who loudly lived that life with them. That made it all work. And somehow, the dead heads found ways to fund their adventure by selling goods and services to other travellers and concert goers. That



was what made the whole thing work. The shared experiences, the VW life, the music, the coolness, all of it. It made Captain Trips and Robert Hunter and I digger live well out of the music. About too many trips for me on acid, but I am not judging. I could think of no finer people to be high with than cool people. People who were able to be their true selves and no masks. No hiding, no judgement, no interference from those outside who harbored grudges against freedom. So, I guess what I'm trying to say is publish it, copyright if you must, but most importantly, make it easy for your fans to get your music and art, and not so easy to have the privilege of hanging out with the tribe you created. The privilege, the trust, the attention of artist to fan. It should not be a sheltered existence, away from fans but being symbiotic in nature. People helping people. People handing art to people who appreciate it and are encouraged by it. They will encourage and support and love it. But the artists should also find a way to keep giving back to their tribe and their community at large.

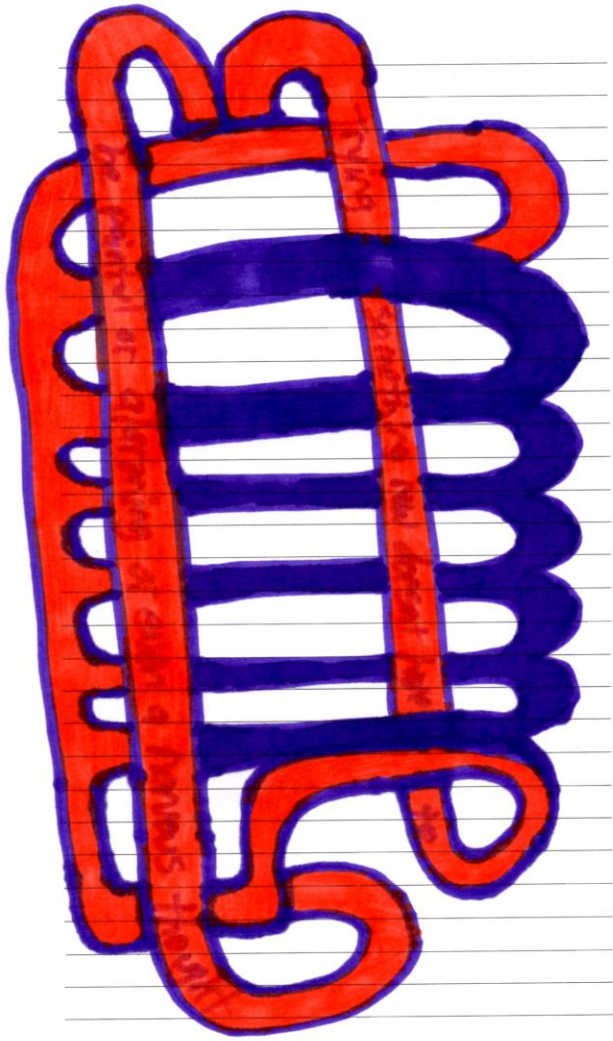
Peace and love





A horse as it's  
leaving





the trouble is not in creating  
art but in making  
even the same

to be  
noticeably different



and changed from a

previous arrangement

All

up



twisted

the freedom of being one and

flowing

Or carefree

and visibly glowing

The calm that comes

from knowing

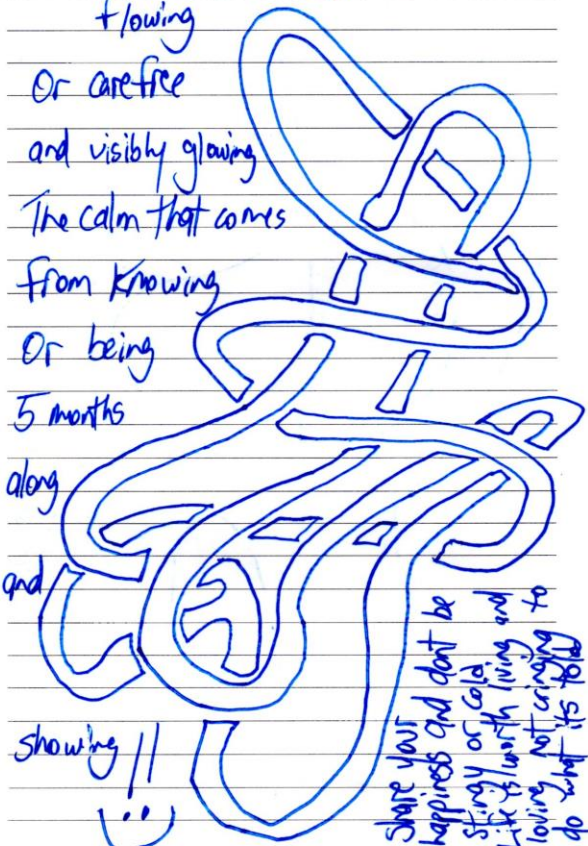
Or being

5 months

along

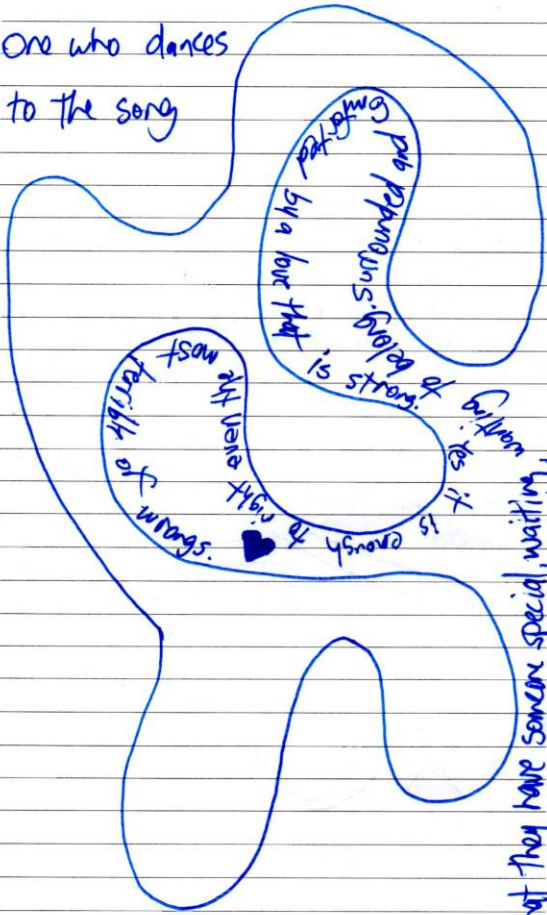
and

showing //



Share your  
happiness and don't be  
stingy or cold.  
Life is worth living and  
loving. Not crying to  
do what is told.

one who dances  
to the song

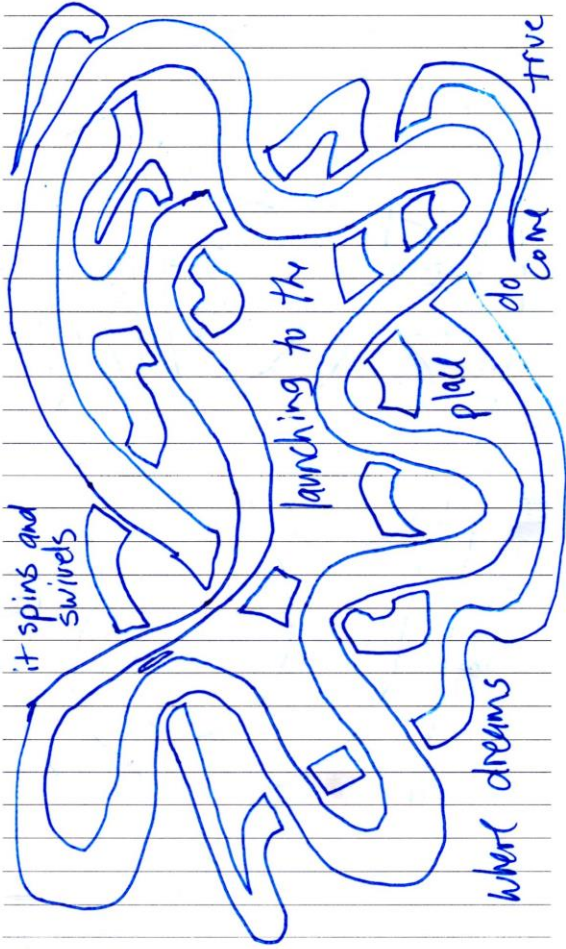


that they have someone special, waiting,

who knows love and has known all along







it spins and  
swirls

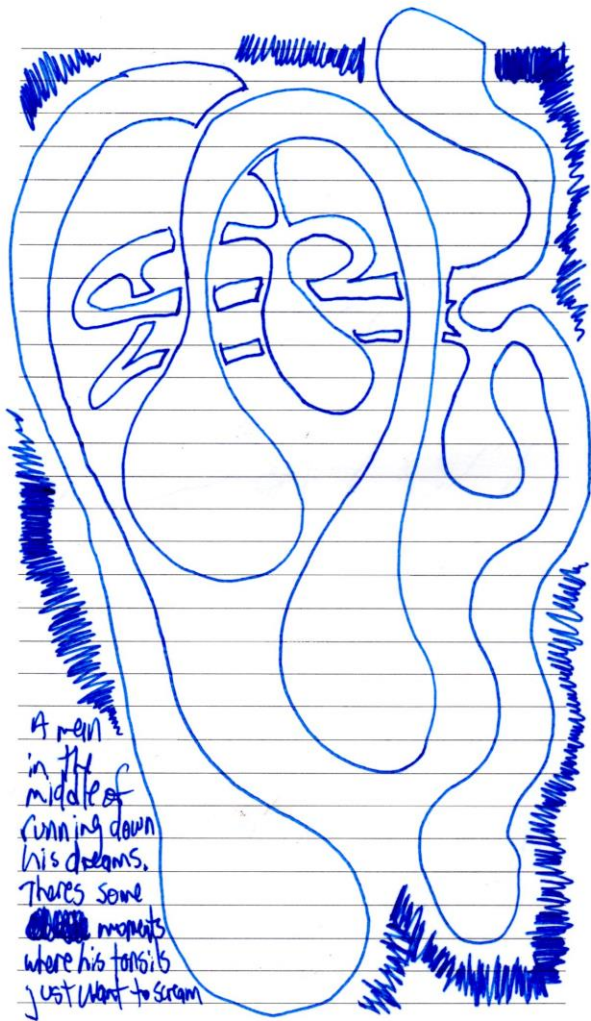
launching to the

place

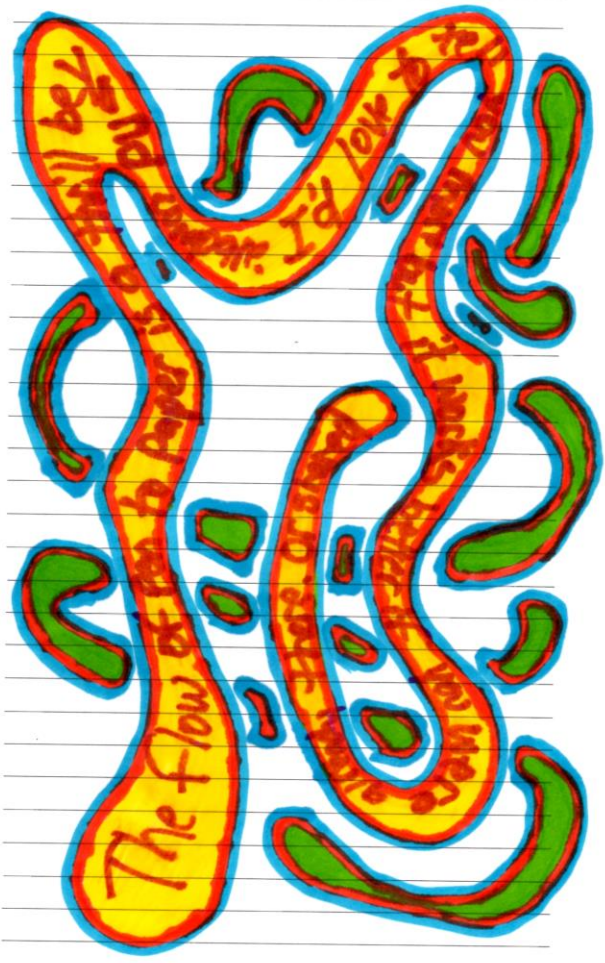
where dreams

do come

true



A man  
in the  
middle of  
running down  
his dreams.  
There's some  
~~some~~ moments  
where his tongue  
just want to scream



7-28-14

Yesterday, I was able to chat with  
someone I've missed for awhile. It  
amounted to one more person telling me  
to put aside this "art" foolishness  
and get a real job. If they hate, then  
let them hate. I've held 40 regular jobs.  
For my personality, I'm better suited  
to the entrepreneurial journey than  
anything. At a certain point, one gets  
tired of working with non creative, biased,  
racist people. So, thanks but no thanks  
if that was the path I was to take,  
it would have worked out. So, instead,  
I move forward to something, I haven't  
done, this notion anyway, that one can  
simply go, get a good job and work till  
retirement is a better today's generation.  
It is far riskier to take that approach  
in today's ever changing economy than  
ever before. Now, there is a means to  
pick yourself and your art as something  
that matters. You don't need a record label,  
a publisher, marketing firm or huge  
contacts in the industry. You can do almost  
all of your creative venture for next to free.  
It is possible now to make a living at art -  
at least until this door closes or it is so  
heavily regulated. So, no the 9 to 5 thing

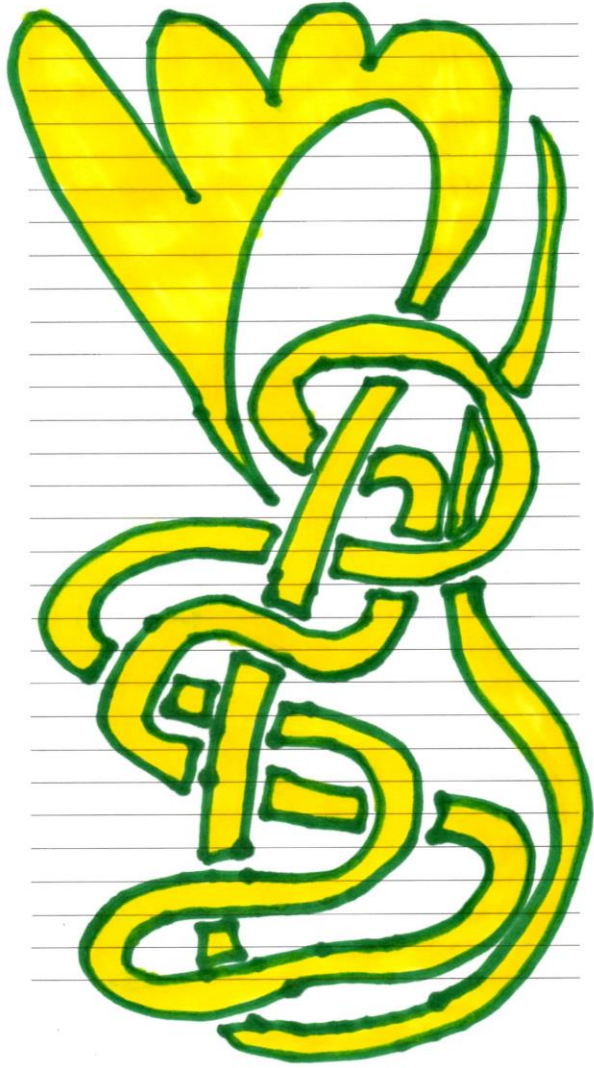
doesn't fit into my future. If it does for you, it's up to you and I'm sure you've laughed at many a starving artist. But now I have the support of a beautiful woman who is telling me to go chase my dreams. I love her madly. I have the little part we both want, now, just to find a way to fund it. I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired. I'm tired of busting my butt and getting fired or screamed at or working overtime with a decrease in pay. I want, in my life, to do projects and paid for projects, not hours. Paid by the hour has led me to pass through poverty and brought feelings of shame and guilt and a low self-esteem. What's worse, when doing art that matters I come alone. So for those people trying to talk your loved ones out of an art life to choose the safe route, I hope you just simply support them with your words. That means enough to make the difference from starving struggling artist to well abled bread winner.

Peace and love

Sho-Jay

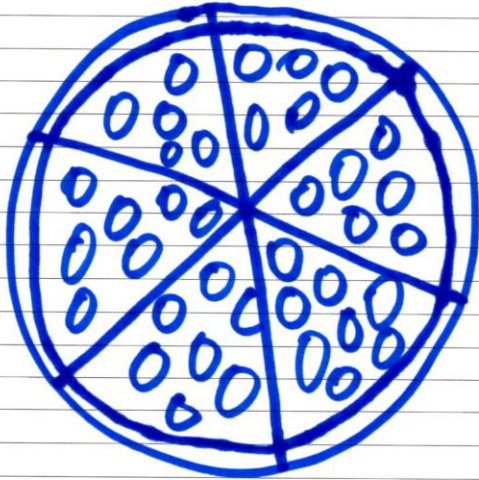
# Flower Patch Nation

by Nathan and Adele  
to public and private  
to those who are  
to bring new  
songs, art and poetry  
from the highway  
with the  
to smile at  
to visit  
to bring  
with  
in





Sometimes better  
by the slice, often



better as the whole  
thing is enjoyed!

---

We dont get wings  
till the hereafter



So, lets  
not act  
better  
than

others

or ourselves

Red, black and white have effects on human perception, which we often aren't aware of





I'm  
bringin'  
the hatchet and  
flowers

8-4-14

Released the book early, birthday tomorrow, hoping and praying that many people are helped with its contents. It has been fun. I worry somewhat about people ripping my stuff out only a little. God has this all under control. I worry more about going hungry and homeless, but even that has been discussed in great detail with spouse. It has been decided that we are going to trust the Lord. There is no other way. We promised we would be done with state aid and off of food stamps by August and we have been blessed to do so. We were flooded with people dropping sweet corn off and free food and people letting us pick fruits and vegetables. The house payment has yet to be located, but we are yet to be worried. Leaving this cockroach nightmare and closed minded community would be very beneficial to us. We await the day when our path is no longer blocked and we are freed from these plasues and chips and malicious rulers. We shall be free and have our own Exodus. Making this all a very spiritually real moment in our lives. We await finding Eilat. We look forward to Promised Lands and great joy and peace and life less complicated by stubborn people.

who must have their own way. On the move and living. On the move in a metaphorical sense. The music, the art, the poems, the years spent doubting it could lead to a life much awaited, but never achieved till now. Worth it. All the years of heartache and turmoil and sorrow, anguish and rejection. The days of not feeling worthy to be called a child of The Most High. All that happens, now as we wait and create and try to document this journey so we can reflect later and be able to remember vividly this moment. These circumstances. Very cool time to be alive. Looking forward and learning and coming alive.

Much love

Shadey



The ones who deserve crowns are the

ones  
who  
don't  
expect  
them  
or



clamour for them





when it bleeds through the page

or saving  
or caring  
or still  
or the  
or the  
or the



The Bleeds

Just a



far OF  
Colors

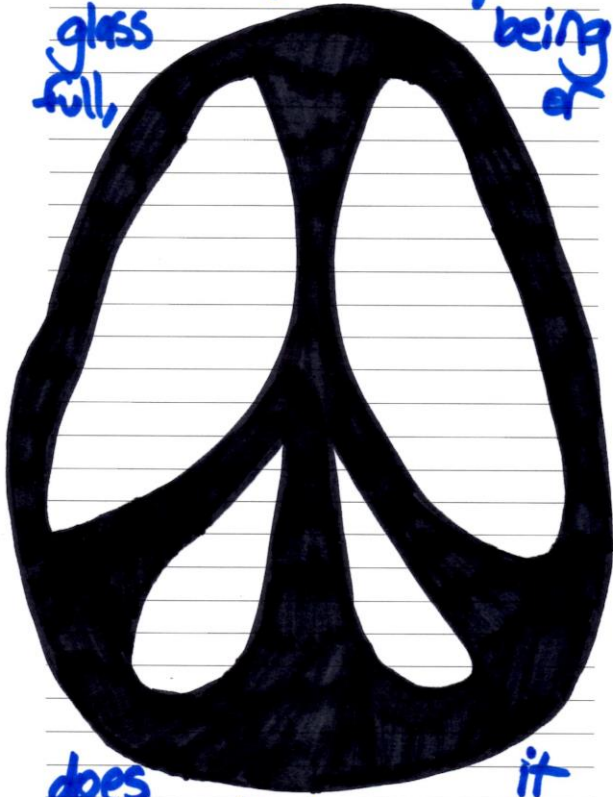
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As lightning strikes our masks and shadows remain until we are passed

A peace sign, an acorn or  
It all depends on your <sup>skill</sup>  
glass <sup>being</sup>  
full, or



does it  
matter which way you  
tug twist or pull?

What is happening to our  
beloved country



PATRIOT

and its way of life?

8-8-14

Trying to launch something is hard. It causes tensions to exist where they were previously welcomed. This has been a very trying time in our world. We have had many forces pulling against our marriage for some unknown reason. There has been rewards and let downs. I have pondered selling off some of dad's guns to pay for our house payment while we transition. That's a hard thing to do. To have to part with a dearly beloved's possessions after many years. Maybe it's not quite dire yet. Maybe I can let the bank know and we will be fine once again. Maybe there is a big chance of a big check on its way to see us, so we don't have to sell off precious things. The answers are not mine to give right now. This is tough. Then we have people talking smack on us. That's tough as well. People whisper in stores and grin about it as they look towards you and you know. You are aware that, yes, it is you they are currently gossiping about. That's painful. I'd be easier to just knock everyone out who talked bad about you, but these people are definitely not worth it. I keep making the mistake of posting something

about it on Facebook instead of creating  
art about it. "Life makes me work hard,"  
indeed Taylor Swift. I used to think I'd  
run out of writing material but it seems  
the closer I get to my goals, the more  
haters show up providing inspiration. I  
suppose I'm getting used to the naysayers  
now before there is a lot of them. I get a  
chance to learn firsthand how to respond to  
them. I just hope I get it right.  
It's easier with no spotlight shining, I  
suppose. But dealing with people is hard no  
matter what. People dealing is a messy art  
to itself. That's why some people work on  
cars and machines. You can take out a part,  
weld or bolt a new one on and are good to go.  
With people, there is no such easy solution.  
Sometimes our wiring is faulty and sometimes  
we bust apart at the seams. But we do the  
best we can to be the best we can. Every  
single day. That's why there is always going  
to be a need for "people" repairmen such  
as doctors, psychologists and others. Or we  
could turn to a Great Creator who can guide us.  
Or perhaps, a new place and new people. I  
worship God, the Great I Am, but really it is  
not about anything but becoming a better  
version of yourself over time and trial and  
effort.

much love,

Shesha



Singing out loud and with the right words.  
I gave my voice to God, so I'm not yours.  
We could be miles apart or next to yours.  
It doesn't always work how we want but  
it always works out as neat as  
the stars

We could drive all night and every day  
But, going the wrong direction is different  
than being in the right place  
like Jonah to Nineveh, we sometimes  
decide to freak out

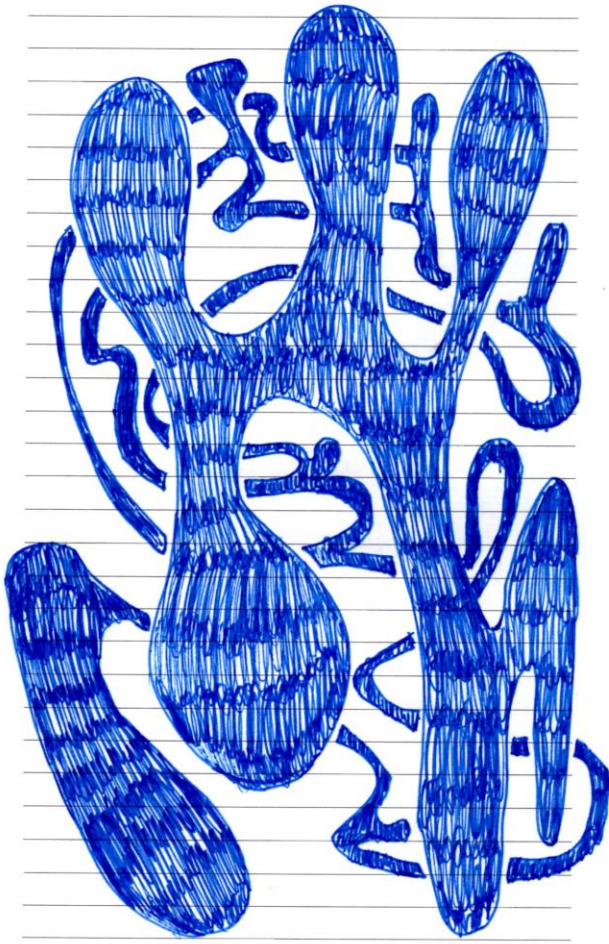
its not that we dont want to go, just  
not ready, right now  
maybe there is fear blocking our path  
maybe there is laughter or sneak attacks  
But, if it's promised it should be  
given gladly.

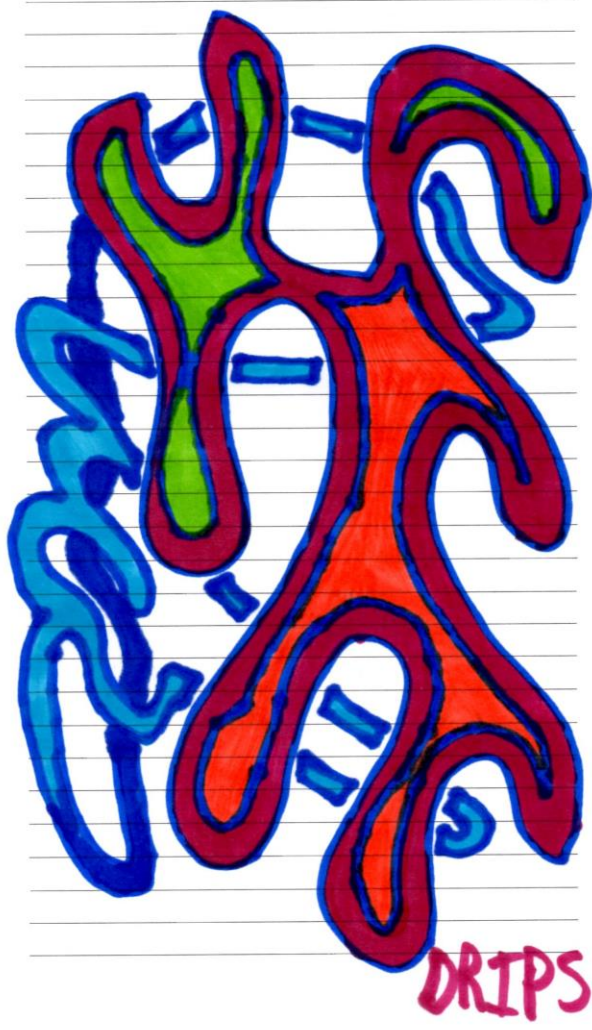
If not, there is a chance, that it could  
end badly.

I will let God lead me to a more  
beautiful place

My hope for you, is nothing but the  
very same









That Sexy Sax!  
Nothing Blue about that

8-10-14

the sower and the reaper, not always  
does one do both.

its ok to be one or the other but  
switch if it doesn't work

This is very powerful stuff. Looking  
back on a conversation today it is a  
reflection. It brings many valid  
points to the surface. I used to feel  
like the Scriptures said one had to do  
both which felt inauthentic to me. What  
if I'm not good at sowing or gardening or  
harvesting but so much better at processing what  
others have excelled at producing. Today it  
felt like I was validated. Someone said it is  
acceptable to be one or both. Not just both.  
Do you know how freeing this is? So  
very, very freeing. I love the options  
this represents. Now I can focus on strengths.  
Caution: One should still be able to sow or to  
reap as needed. Not entirely one or the other  
but a proper mix of the two

Shirley

8-13-14

Waiting on pain while watching everything crumble. Mostly like staying on a ship that is about to sink completely. That is a giant lesson in faith to keep doing what you are doing despite the consequences. It also has an element of fear and surprise and shock. Especially when God does come through in a mighty way and doubt is kicked to the curb. The doubt of whether what you are doing is right, worth it, and an acceptable form of battle that a lot with music, writing and art. I struggle a lot with whether writing should include curse words or violence. I struggle also with my music. Raised as a Southern Baptist, what was acceptable besides hymns was not much. My first concert was at a church and there was gasp! Drums and bass. It was a shock delivered. For years I would battle through those things. I recall my first book of poetry was rejected by my grandparents. They threw it back at me and said it has cursing in it, I'm not reading another page. So, between that and their telling me they had the means but were not about to help me in the slightest. They really did a lot of damage without knowing

anything about it. They rejected my  
notion of designing guitars as stupid  
and worthless. Oh, it hurt, but years  
later one learns that holding onto it  
only affects you. Not the people who  
did the harm. They handed me a news  
article of a guy making guitars and  
I just thought they were being jerks.  
As I write this, I realize they were  
pointing me to him so that I could  
apprentice and need no money for borrowing.  
Lessons later, that would have been a  
much better path, had I thought more  
about it. So, I forgive them. Now, I  
try to not fuss but some things deserve  
a cuss word or several. Some songs deserve  
drums, bass and a screaming electric guitar.  
Some, not so much. Do, I think I've  
crossed some lines? Maybe, but my days as  
a member of polite society are over anyway.  
Stephen King makes that distinction. It  
would rather be living, writing and creating  
without censure. I can't do that without being  
true to who I am. So, no, I'm not apologising  
this time around. If it offends anyone,  
I suggest you put my works down. Maybe  
you are not someone I need to reach with  
my art. Me, I'm going to keep it real.  
I like the movie Walk the Line. It

is based on things about Johnny Cash's life. His record company at one point says that he can't go day in jail. To which, he responds well I'm going and I guess they aren't Christians then. Sometimes the Scribes and Pharisees reattach their doctrine to today's people. Correct me if wrong, but God isn't about the rules. He has had people walk around cities, blind people, sent odd places and whatever else. There have been talking donkeys and water from rocks, dry or wet fleeces and many more oddities that were not agreeable to the rules. Hence is some times a glimpse into a creative's inner turmoil. Things that should not give pause to some concerning the rules or morality or rightness, tend to keep people with tender spirits up every night. Do not make the mistake of thinking tender means weak though. They are not even close to each other on the spectrum. In light of a recent celebrities supposed suicide let me take a moment to lift the curtain for those who aren't aware. Most artists take everything personal and it pains them. Artists suffer with depression and other mental illness. Mostly because they are given a very receptive heart for the world's sorrows. They feel deeply, they feel intensely, and they

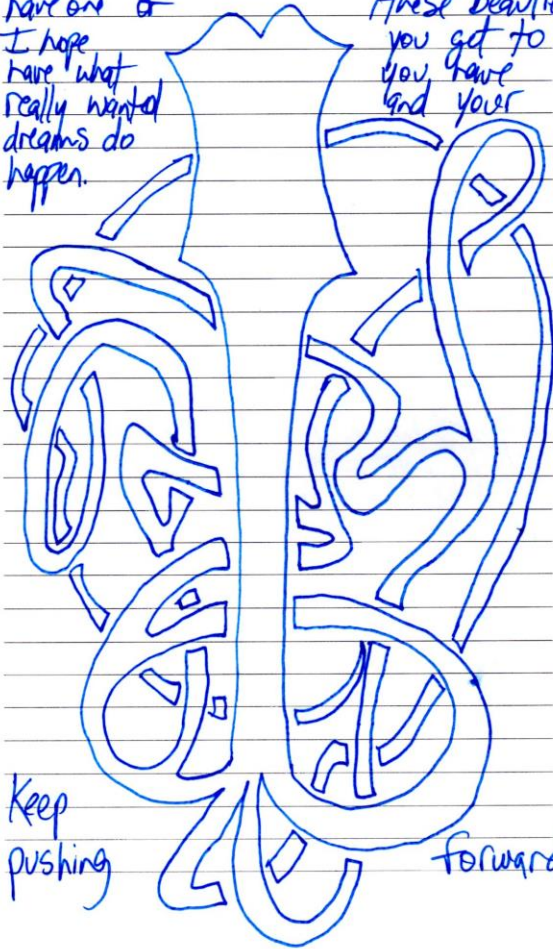


can't always escape this blessing. At a certain couple of junctures, their turmoil leads to rash actions. Do Not! ~~It~~ Repeat DO NOT take an artists inner struggle lightly. Here is what you should do, if you feel up to it. Show up at a creatives house and be a friend. Let them unload some baggage and be very attentive and listening well. Do what you can to ease burdens wherever you find them. If one person shows up, it makes it easier for a creative to push through the fog and the struggles and the depression state. Help them up without judging them. These people might be able to entertain millions of people but need someone to help them smile as well. ~~It~~ think too often, we forget because of their status, that they are human. Lets not make this mistake for too many of the greats. Lets not forget how many of us are funny or gifted, we all need a hand to help us up once in a while.

Peace and love

Shoolery

I've been fascinated by this shape  
since I was little. Someday I will  
have one of these beauties.  
I hope you get to  
have what you have  
really wanted and your  
dreams do happen.



Keep pushing forward!





8-14-14

This, to be graphic, is absurd. Here I sit writing at the mercy of a govt program. No gas to even go get a job, no money to pay any sort of bill. About to lose the house and utility shut off. But that is all on the outside. What no one knows is that there is truly great things on the horizon. Jason Aldean has a song titled Crazy Town. It contains my favorite line: "one year they'll repossess your truck and the next year you make a couple million bucks." That's how the wife and I are looking at it all. If we accept this as our permanent circumstances, then we aren't passing through, but stuck. We decided to not be a victim. We are going to take this in stride. We are counting our worst possible scenarios as not that bad. Joking, we keep telling each other that if we lose the house we could live in the vehicles. On the whole, that's not bad, we keep threatening to pack our very prized possessions just in case we get foreclosed on. Oh well. Yes it brings the possibility of great change and great good! Yes, it comes at a price. For once, we are not afraid. We have done more in this off time than years previous. We started a band, finished a book, started to get serious on 2

books, writing and recording song after song, designing and printing our own T-shirts and stickers. We have seen exponential growth in 2 months time. There has been a great spiritual feeding as well. All in all, I'm not regretting anything about this at all. It's the rest of the world that is merely living and not fully alive. When one faces loss and status and fame, it no longer seems important. Neither does material objects. But we all are at different parts on our path. This is living faith. "Take no thought for tomorrow," Jesus says. He also sent disciples out with no money, no extra clothes or supplies. So often we get caught up fighting our possessions, I don't see the point. I'd rather fight for what matters. Treasures in Heaven. Or at an earthly time to fight for my marriage and my children. Those things that matter. Let me tell something here, that finding the one soul mate is worth searching for. So, this entry sounds all sad. I'd like to pop out of that and onto my original intention. I set out to inform that we may lose our house. But really, that would be a blessing. We would be done dealing with cockpaches, backstabbing neighbors and nothing to do. We could rent a place with access to all that's so stuff. Tennis courts for instance. Musicians and hang outs for creative people. Maybe even getting

bezz going around the band, book, and more  
forward towards our long range goals of  
helping others through music, art, words and  
actions. The time is ripe. This life is  
worth it. It has always been clear to me that  
true, pure art always comes from hardship and  
things others aren't willing to go through. Art  
is formed a lot like diamonds are. The  
struggles break or make art. So, recently I've  
committed to trying to make art and be  
creative instead of venting directly to people.  
There's always going to be turmoil dealing  
with people. Mostly cause of expectations.  
Sometimes cause of some things someone  
else did and it gets taken out on you.  
Don't let it bring you down.



Peace +  
love

Shadeu

The tree it waves its leaves  
The fish through water it breathes  
the bird it flies and it is free  
the dirt is a tunnel and moles can't see

So alive  
So well  
We're all stories to tell  
Our life  
Our shell  
No more hiding our skills

No worries no matter how bad it is  
We want call it to us or eat  
food that doesn't digest  
A hymnal, a choir, a medicine, a  
fire and ten other odds  
Abyssal, desire, indefinite, the  
drive to finish it all

Master what is set towards your  
Life is love <sup>path</sup> and creating a surface  
to do that







WISDOM

A hand-drawn calligraphic representation of the word "WISDOM" on lined paper. The letters are filled with red and outlined in blue. The word is written in a stylized, interconnected manner. The 'W' is on the top line, 'I' is on the second line, 'S' is on the third line, 'D' is on the fourth line, 'O' is on the fifth line, and 'M' is on the sixth line. The letters are connected to each other, with the 'W' and 'I' sharing a vertical stroke, and the 'S', 'D', and 'O' sharing a horizontal stroke. The 'M' is connected to the 'O' and 'D'. The overall style is reminiscent of traditional calligraphy but adapted for a modern, hand-drawn aesthetic.

ORTIGNM

ORIGINAL



8-14-14

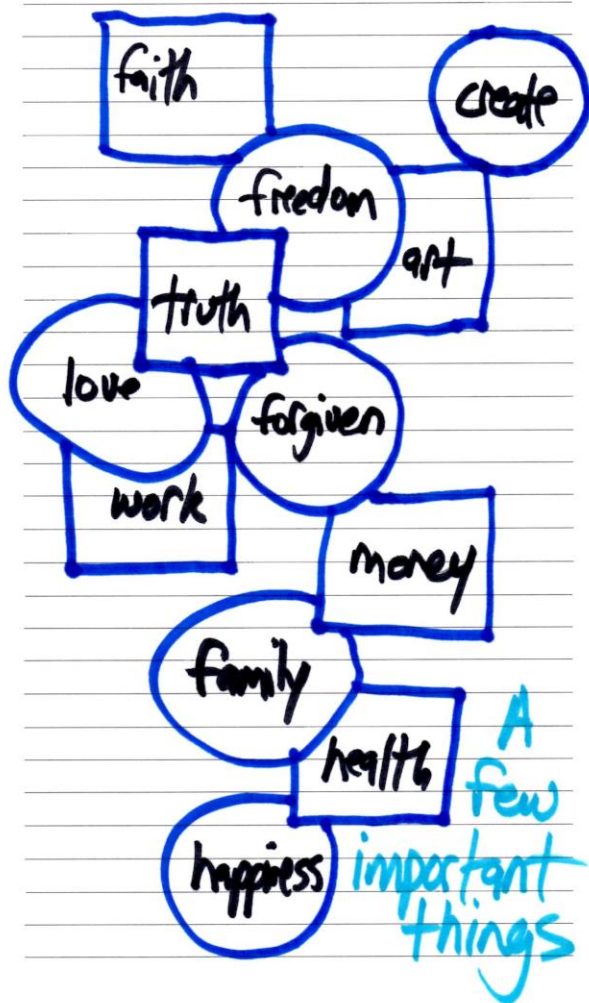
Blink by Malcolm Gladwell is such a good book. Thin slicing really really has been something I've done for a very long time. Contempt in marriage, I'm guilty. I can see that though and thin slice it so it doesn't have to exist here in our marriage. Laps should definitely be in singles and not teams as pointed out by the book. Arousal is a bad thing, if not controlled and paused or allowed to slow up just a beat. It's a bummer sometimes about snap judgements. 42 bullets into Duillo. Crazy. All because someone couldn't control themselves. Autistic people don't have a mind reading capability. They are more focused on inanimate objects. Much food for thought. Rip, the commander won the battle because he wasn't overwhelmed with too much information. Sort of like the heart attack simple questionnaire. We do overcomplicate things upon too much into. This thought that a person could be prompted to feel older or be shown their bias perceptions. That test is way cool. It makes one aware of associations not consciously held. To look into someone's room w/o them being there and know more about them than a long term friend. Good stuff. Cool read.

8-17-14

As I get a chance to write this, I haven't really gotten a clear topic. So, I will throw some random stuff down. Being a guitarist for a long period of time, one learns about little course corrects. For instance today I realized I'm not able to do triplets very well in an up, down, up pattern but more better in the down, up, down pattern. That is something I've spent some time working to correct. At home we have a gate that children can climb over that used to block them from the kitchen. I encourage them constantly to stop using their dominant leg and focus specifically on using their non dominant. This will aid them greatly in life. It so happens that we get extremely comfortable only doing a few things that we need to push ourselves to think different and approach different. If you are used to placing your wallet in your right back pocket, try switching it to your left back. Notice the mind prompts that result.

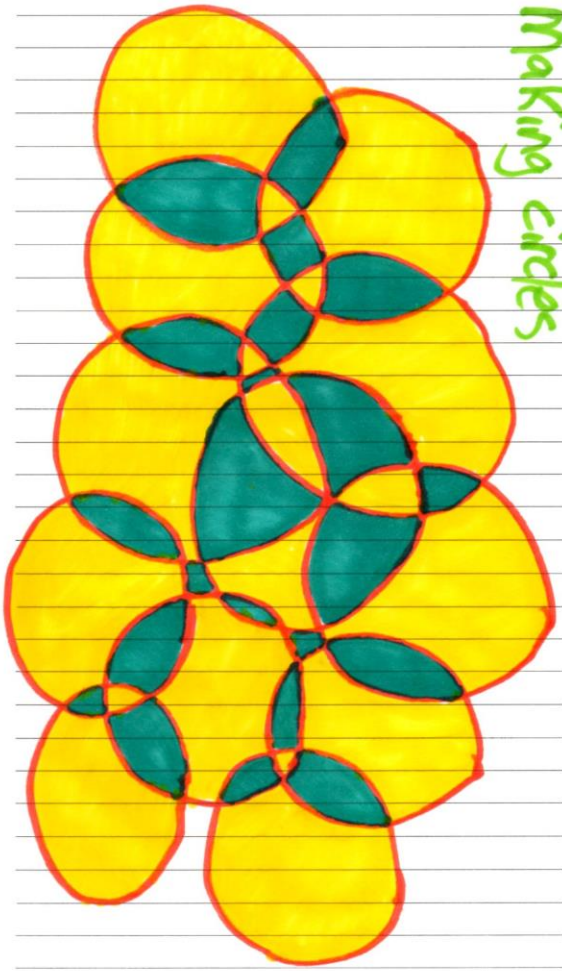
Peace + love

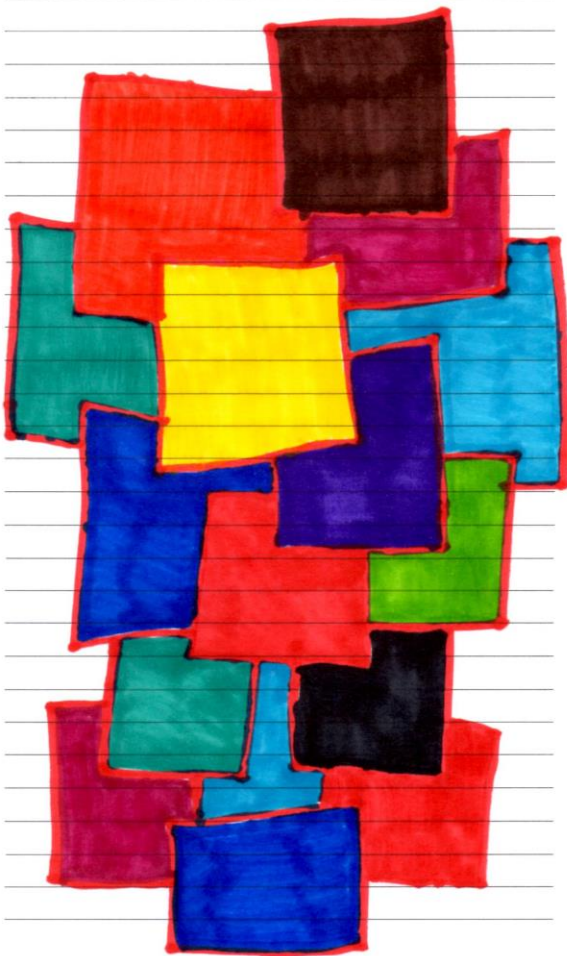
Shedden

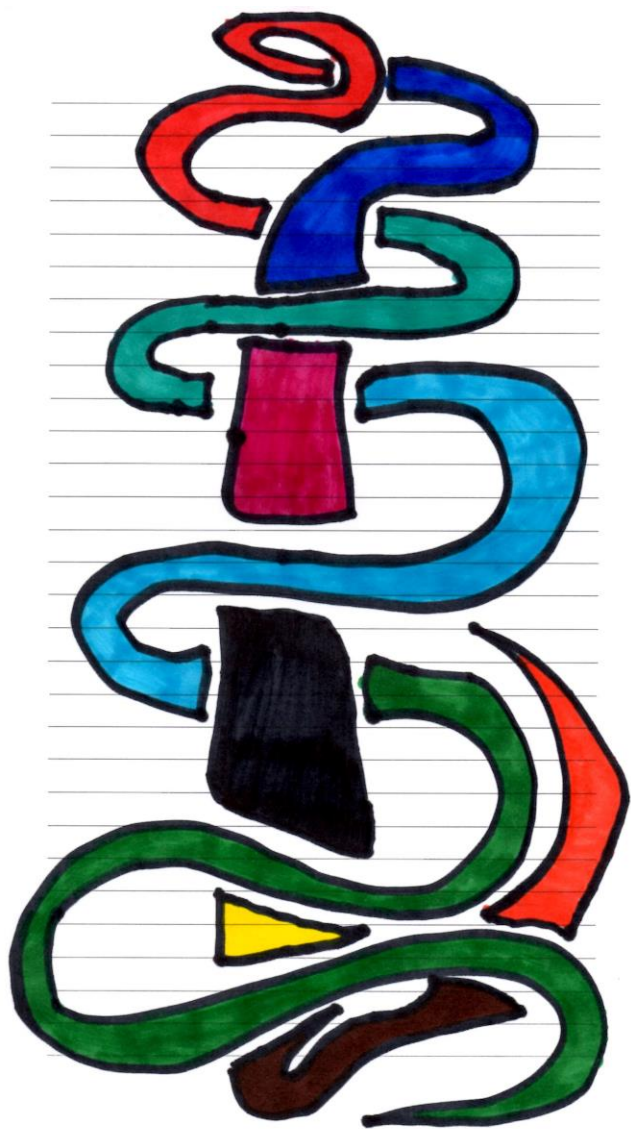




Making circles







8-20-14

It's funny how opportunities appear when many show up. The trick is learning which one to go chase down and which one to let pass. For instance, if one is jobless, there seems to be no opportunity knocking. But, get one job and soon several opportunities come to greet you. Some people do that with girlfriends, I do this with jobs. Start looking at which one I like the best and start courting. As the wife says, I do best when I date my jobs. To the casual observer that sounds like just a cop out. No, it has many benefits. One of which, being you can feel out a job and workers without commitment. Recently, it was brought to our attention about a meat locker coming up for sale on contract. We would love doing that. The problem is, that it is an hour and a half from our house. Financially stretched at the moment, logic is trying to show that this quite wouldn't work out. Faith is saying, what if this is your path and you are trying to walk away from it. Many decisions. Meanwhile, got a call for an interview at a truss building shop. That is something I haven't yet done but would be able to take a great number of lessons from it. Again, where were these opportunities last month or

even in the last week. On the timing of things.  
For instance, had Romeo just simply waited  
a little while he would have seen Juliet awake.  
On the flipside, if Jonah had just went to  
Nineveh, the ~~the~~ big fish thing would not  
have happened. BTW, read the scriptures, its  
not a whale, we have assumed it to be.  
Just like, it is not mentioned to be an  
apple that Eve ate or 3 wise men showed  
up. We just starting assuming that's so, no,  
I don't know which way to go. On one  
side we have great risk/freedom/moving/money  
and on the other we have stability/steadiness/  
comfort and sameness. One hand opens us up to  
all kinds of things and being our own bosses.  
The other opens us up to working for another  
employer. Tough choices await.

Much love

Shirley

8-24-14

Life is pretty good. We went camping the other day. It was well worth the \$100 investment. I learned several things about myself in the process. #1 I do not have to drink more than any body at a function. #2 I tend to showboat around certain people. However, we all do. But, these couple of things provide valuable insight into my psyche. So, besides the reason why we all got, the trip was a major success. There was music and merry making and lots of funny stories. My woman proves her value to me over and over. The camping trip she wound up cleaning my car for me. The man around the camp made sure to tell the passed out me exactly how lucky I am. I was blessed to come into her path. I definitely know that this marriage thing is no ball and chain but it is wonderful. She loves me. When your significant other loves you, it lifts your spirits and puts a beautiful bowtie in your steps. It adds high definition color and sound to the soundtrack of life. It makes a man feel like a man and a woman like a queen. This cycle of good, I do not take steps to stop. I enjoy what I've been given and all that I get. Love is

all we need. Love is just beautiful. Life is just wonderful. Spoke to my old mentor. He has received a copy of Matchbox Twenty's first demo disc. He totally hated it, from the sound resonating in his voice. But, to me, that's wonderful news. For people to feel strongly takes a level of commitment. It will not change what music I enjoy making, but it provides insight. He said, "Something about I write made commercially viable music earlier in my life. Thank you man. For once, I'm not writing anything to get paid. I'm writing these songs and these words because it's who I am. These things are an extension of that. So, for once it may not be making things the masses will enjoy. Before that I was so wrapped up in what people would want to not that it wasn't being true to myself. So, with the new information, I know I'm on track. Where there is friction there is traction. However, my art has moved from mainstream accessibility to obscure underground. Sweet. I'm ok with that. Hoping you too are quite at peace with not pleasing the masses.

Much love

Shoobey

Threaded



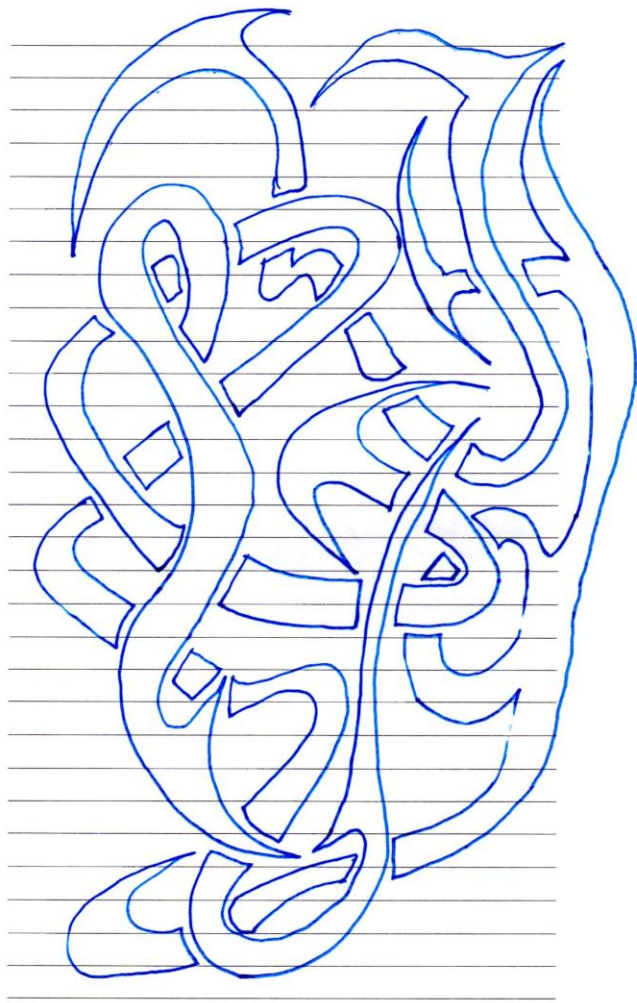


Here draw an S like on superman's  
chest, stay focused and live like  
the best, how they're dressed, Don't  
threaten to be anybody's mess, Never  
light up that first cigarette, Always  
striving to do more and not less, if  
there is a crime, you must confess, if  
we've done wrong we need forgiveness.

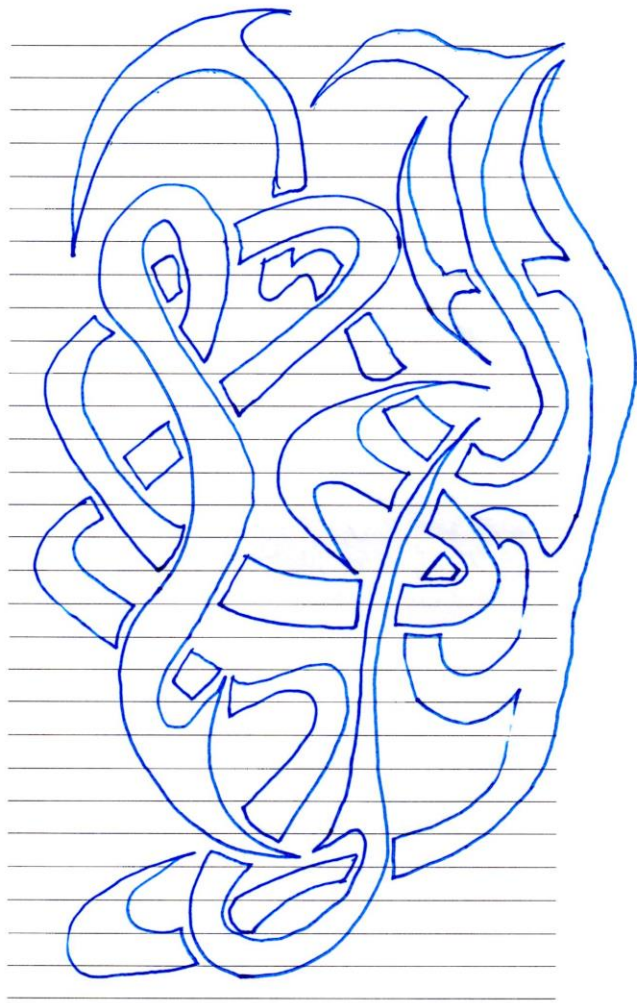
We've seen life through lenses, I'm lost  
in thought you could say I'm perverse,  
I challenge the notion that happiness  
has to be very expensive, this surgery  
went well even though it was quite  
extensive, I'm just saying what I  
feel there is no need to get defensive

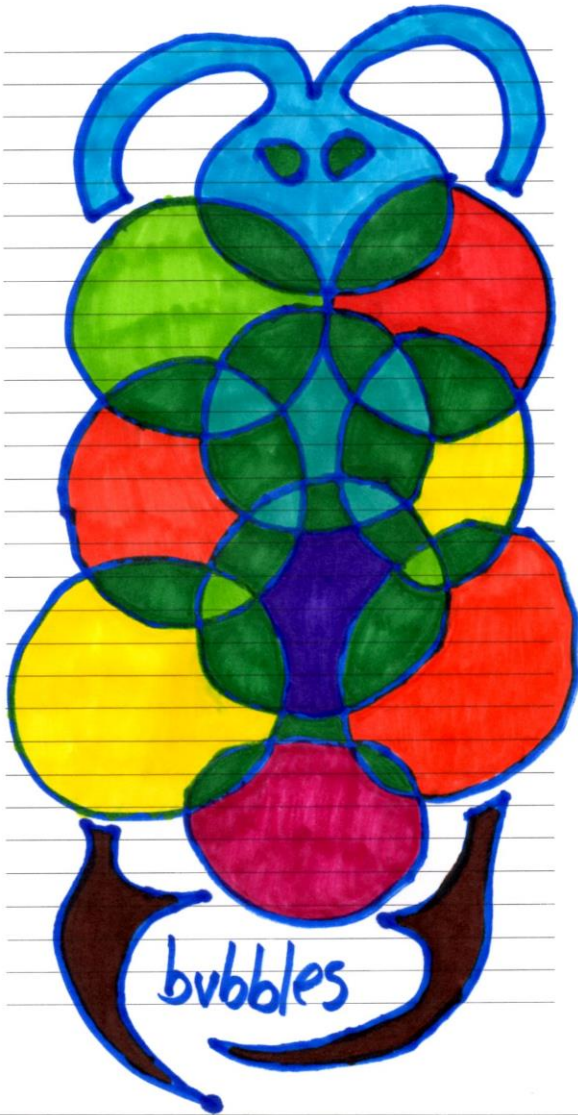
We suffer and rejoice  
Freedom needs a voice  
No mischief or blame  
We must find our way

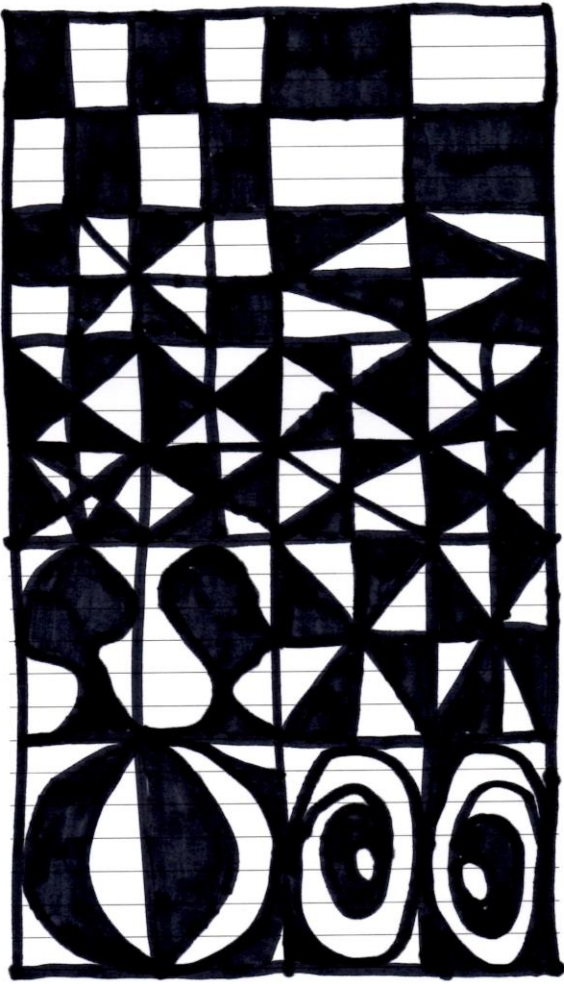
It's early in the morning, in the thick of  
things, we are back, no more going away,  
We say hi and good morning today, There's  
sunshine and not grey, they have given and  
it's not been taken away, We say  
hallelujah and praise to His name











8-30-14

Put out an ad today on Craigslist. Trying to find a bass player to do this thing that I love as a professional. To do so requires that I present all these songs well onstage and on recordings. It is not easy to do that without a rhythm section. Provided we shows up to help this out, we could probably make a go of it. By go, I do mean eventually being able to go make a career out of this tremendous gift which God has gifted me with. I do not want to waste it. I remember being 12 and dedicating my gifts and talents to The Lord. It was years before I would actually hand them over cheerfully. In the time before I sure was trying to use my gifts to make me a rock star. That didn't happen. So, I forgot me a great deal. I wouldn't have looked elsewhere. It is extremely rewarding to just hand it over instead of clinging hanging onto it. For years battling the whether what I was playing was right or wrong issue, opened up my eyes to see that it is right, provided I bring hope to those who need it. It is not my doing that will make this a success but the Lord's. For

if it was still in "my" control, I would probably do something stupid with it, I would also still be dealing with the issues of morality. But being led by God to keep on this path to bring music and good news to people. He is showing me that I'm doing what is good and right and just with the precious gift. Shingoes Timber all week for work to make trusses has improved my guitar playing. Now, if I could start spreading the word about the music and teaching others along the way, I will be led by God. To Him be the glory. For all the stuff we have been through as His children, I realize, most of it was my terrible fault. I take blame. I just continue to hope and continue to pray and seek God's direction for my life and those around me. May you seek God as well.

Much love

Shabey





Music, art and words  
that are designed to bring  
hope and faith to those  
who need it

TORN



A cockroach in a candle  
nameless without a handle  
little by little we fill  
the empty of our lives  
with feeling strangers as  
we wish for our castles  
Signed sealed and notarized  
We all seek life subsidized  
If I was free or rich or  
totally buff if I was  
a stranger most famous at  
a club

Bar we get trapped derailed off the track  
and left climbing the glass  
or sliding on wax

Slam thrown to the back of the bus circled  
by high school sharks that attack when  
we need something steady to grasp  
the bully the ceiling, the picking and choosing  
Some will break free and champion a flag  
A flag of victory or of prestige or a cause  
that alarms the average of losers

The quarterback the cheerleader, we all know  
how that is supposed to play out  
The scheming & geeks who want to be the  
winner at a competitive race

To be top I say as I look up to  
to the top — glass

I can try, I can fly, nothing can stop  
me with an attitude like that

Falling and crawling swirling in sight  
I see ten groups, so I jump into the fight  
The sensation of movement and the ease of a light  
I scurry from hiding and out towards my tribe

Feed for the babies and water as my guide  
This egg is not broken but growing tonight

In Joe's apartment  
He made them his friends  
Sometimes disheartening  
As ministers descend

A football a handshake and a little place to sleep  
It's not much but perfect for 8 billion and 4  
A standard operation, no very certain disease  
Crawling through feces and somebody's pee

Life in the gutter  
and love on the line  
I'm not simply another  
my eyes are not blind

Keep on swimming and pulsing as the  
exo-skeleton shades  
I'm not ready to die, so I continue to  
fight through each day





