

A white sailboat is positioned on the right side of the frame, its mast extending towards the top. The background is a deep blue twilight sky with a bright, glowing full moon. The water is dark and calm, and a dark line of trees is visible on the horizon. The text is centered over this scene.

**Symbiotic Psychology:
The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions,
and Consciousness**

*A Memoir Short:
What You Reap
Is
What You Sew*
(rev2020-10-21a)

By: Andrew O. Jackson

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will the power of emotions be revealed.*

Reaping the Past While Sewing the Future

Past, present, and future all exist now but in a different place. The future that exists now is not the future when it becomes the present here. The past that exists now is not the past that existed then when here. A force, like a holy ghost, reaches through time and space and changes the past and the future to match one's emotional being in the present when time is now and space is here. That is the power of emotions through the laws of attraction, karma, and entanglement and the beauty of forgiveness.

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I was mentally insane with delusions and voices flying around my head. I was crying out for God to kill me. I blacked out and awoke with a rope in my hand to make it all end when a voice asked me, "Can you go on?" I got myself back into a mental hospital and stayed alive. I blacked out and awoke in a padded cell. They doped me on medications, and I spent every minute, hour, and day endlessly walking the hospital halls. When I was released, every night I roamed the deserts around El Paso until I ended up in jail, beaten and bruised but still picking a fight with the largest man in the cell. My wife demanded a divorce. A voice wanted me to stay alive and continue my madness in hell. I said, "I can."

The Farm:

I must have been two or three when we moved on to the sixty-acre homestead with the original wooden cook stove in the kitchen, a coal burning furnace in the dining room, and a two-seat outhouse as a toilet. The cook stove was replaced, and a bathroom was built upstairs, but the coal furnace always remained in the dining room. During the winter, Jack Frost covered the inside of the upstairs windows where we slept with a thick layer of leaf designed frost.

During these early years on the farm, I was left largely to my own devices and freely roamed around the farm with my older brother Steve or, as was most of the time, by myself. The animals on the farm were always a source of curiosity. This included the pigs we raised to Mike and Molly, the family of Irish Setters, and later to Bart, a German Shepard, and Blackie, a Black Lab mix. Several generations of cats came and went over the years with each mother catching mice, chipmunks, and gophers to feed and to teach their kittens how to hunt. In addition, there were raccoons, deer, wood chucks and an occasional fox.

There was a connection to the weather and the four seasons that developed because how they constantly affected daily life. Rain was not the sad metaphor of many songs, but it meant life for crops. Summer thunderstorms were exciting and winter blizzards were made

for play. Every spring we had hundreds of migrating geese, ducks, and even some brilliant white swans stopping in our fields. A neighbor once took us into the woods to show us a newborn and spotted fawn in the brush – curled up motionless. Summer was the brilliant green and life of growing crops. Fall was the harvest and the changing leaves foreshadowed the shortened days of the coming winter.

Months were not measured by a calendar, but by the seasons and the moon. Within each season, one day was much the same as another. What did change from day to day, or should I say from night to night, was the phase of the moon and its position in the sky. Each night the moon changed its shape and would have moved a little further east against the brilliantly lit up night sky amass with stars.

The indigenous people have a different and more personal relationship with the earth and sky. They are called Mother Earth and Father Sky. Maybe this relationship exists because they listened and heard the voices of nature and knew and felt its presence. . . as I did. As I grew up and became indoctrinated within the culture of a civilized society, my worlds collided – leaving me imprisoned within the psychiatric wards and medicine of the advanced culture of modern man.

Knock-Knock:

His world was green, vital, and alive with tall fox tail grasses growing in the pastures and rows upon rows of corn in the fields vibrating with energy. Always barefoot, he now carefully climbed the wire fence that held in the farm's Black Angus cattle. His mother wanted to name him Angus, but the eventual decision was Andrew, or Andy for short. He liked those big black cows and he learned that his name, Andrew Jackson, was special.

There was a special trick to climbing a fence barefoot and he had figured it out long ago. The key was to put the wire just in the right spot on the ball of your foot. It also helped to pull with your hands, again putting the wire in an especially thick part below the fingers. Then, you always climbed at a wooden fence post – not those skinny steel ones – because you had to climb high enough and put both hands on top of the post. This allowed you to take all the weight off your feet and swing them over the top of the fence. This was particularly

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important if there was a strand of barb wire running along the top, which, since this fence had to keep in some cattle, it did.

He was only 5 years old and the fence was very big. His efforts paid off as he was now lying on his back on a little rounded knoll in the back-pasture gazing at the white cotton clouds shifting and dancing across the bright blue summer's sky. As the clouds appeared and rolled and churned within their bright blue canvas, he called out the shapes that appeared before his gaze. A dragon with his fiery breath suddenly loomed over the land, and then a mighty horse appeared, just over to the left of the dragon, running to chase it down. There were many characters in the sky but after a while he grew tired of this game and that is when he heard a voice.

“So, what do you want us to make?” he heard the clouds ask.

He thought for a moment, pondering the question. “How about a teapot?” he replied thinking nothing at all about being asked to alter the sky's landscape.

He then watched the clouds grow here and disappeared there, and with a twist and a churn right before his eyes, he saw a teapot.

“How about a crocodile?” he exclaimed.

Again, the clouds started swirling and rolling around in no observable pattern. To any passerby, it was a warm summer's day with white fluffy clouds passing by. However, as Andy watched, he began to see a familiar shape as a crocodile appeared. It swam across the sky with its gigantic jaws seizing upon a fish.

After a while, he got up, stretched his arms and legs and walked home without a second thought about his artistic friends in the sky with whom he had been playing. He was hungry, looming ahead was a fence to climb and his feet were bare and a thistle may appear from nowhere. He turned his head for one last look; in the sky above his head, a Phoenix appeared with his wings spread half way across the sky.

Another time, he had found a hunting knife used by his parents on their canoe trips to the Hudson Bay. He began throwing and sticking the knife into the ground and then into a nearby pine tree. Unexpectedly, he heard a woman's voice coming out of the magnificent maple tree behind him.

“Why are you hurting Mr. Pine?” asked the majestic maple tree.

He paused for a moment, gazing at the sap running out of the wounds he made by throwing his knife into the pine tree. He walked away and never threw the knife into any tree again. Although, the ground was still fair play.

Who's There?

It was a dark late September night without a cloud in the sky. Pepper was on his way to do some last-minute inspection of the pig pens to make sure they were secure. Pigs were very talented and strong and were quite capable of engineering an escape when it was least expected. The stars were brilliant and the Milky Way with its light hue looked like a giant stream meandering across the landscape. Andy had decided he was going out to join Pepper on his late-night chores.

The night was cool and brisk and so Andy buttoned the top button on his green, wool Army Surplus jacket. World War II had just ended a little over ten years ago and Pepper used the extra surplus as a means to save money. Unfortunately for Mom, or Kathryn depending on the situation, these were dress jackets and she had to sew in an extra button and hole to close off the neck. Unfortunately for the three boys in the family, the wool was scratchy under the chin and the jackets were short and cut off at the waist. There was always a cold gap exposing the skin to minus twenty-degree temperatures and blowing snow in the winter.

As they walked between the barn and the tobacco shed, now laced with pig pens – growing tobacco had once been very common on these old farms – Andy stretched and looked around and found the Big Dipper through the leaves of a giant maple bordering the driveway. He could not always find the North Star, but he knew where to look. Pepper had taught all the kids how to line up the last two stars of the dipper. The North Star was behind him and so Andy knew they were headed South. However, this was just a mental exercise because he already knew how the farm laid out to the compass headings.

“Where are you going?” Andy asked his dad while trying to keep up with his long strides.

“I thought I would go out back and check out the corn.”

It was nearing the end of the corn growing season. It was important for every farmer to go out into the fields and husk out an ear or two of corn to see how kind the weather was that

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year. A good season meant a little extra food for the animals that did not need to be bought at the local feed store and a little extra change in the pocket. Andy was oblivious to the finances and never became privy to them until Pepper died some fifty years later.

As they stood out beside the sow house, as the last little building was named, Pepper looked up at the stars. Andy stared up with him in silence. There was something big, huge, and mysterious going on with all those stars way up there and the Earth way down here floating like a giant marble in space. It was a silent moment of reverence for some great unknown vastness.

“I wonder what is behind the stars?” he heard Pepper quietly speak as if he himself was in some mysterious place.

“Behind the stars?” Andy thought to himself. “Behind the Stars?” Then, it hit him like an avalanche careening down the mountain. There was something behind the stars! He was looking up at a wall, a ceiling, or a floor and he did not know what. Nevertheless, he could feel something beyond and behind.....the stars! It was the Universe. Furthermore... the Universe was alive.

Mania

I was mentally and emotionally broken. My first psychotic episode was in 1979 at the age of 25. I could no longer hold my self together. I stopped.... I stopped at a stop sign. There was “evil” in the car. I stripped off my clothes, got out of the car and started running naked across a corn field trying to align my family and the planets to make things right and to prevent further disaster. From 1979 to 1996, I was in and out of hospitals and constantly medicated. In this time, I was hospitalized maybe 10-15 times for psychotic-manic episodes and ended up on Social Security Disability.

I listened to, and tried to make work, the tools given to me by the many therapists, psychologists, and psychiatrists in my life. It was not working for me. I could not make their world of mental illness, hospitals and medications my life. I was not going to be able to keep myself alive in this hell much longer. Unfortunately, I had been taught to tolerate and to ignore negative feelings and emotions. Therefore, rather than making an effort to feel better, I did nothing. I did not know what to do. This usually meant a brainstorm of more

emotionally negative thoughts that would escalate an emotionally negative situation further along the downward spiral. Like a runaway train down a mountain, there is not going to be a good outcome.

Of course, this was all internalized. I had learned not to complain about aches and pains. In the cold of winter growing up on a farm, chores had to be done. Emotions were like frost bit fingers. If there was not a medical necessity and the pain could be tolerated, keep quiet and do your job. I had broken my arm, dislocated my wrist, broken my collarbone twice, stepped on nails that went through my foot, and tolerating dozens of slivers imbedded into my hands and feet. I had learned to take my frozen hands and run them under lukewarm water. When the severe pain stopped, they were thawed out. Pain, physical or emotional, was a part of life. You tolerated it and kept working. That is life. Emotional pain is inconsequential – or so I thought.

My hospitalizations were for psychotic-mania. My depression symptoms were ignored, except one time around 1988 when I was in grad school for my first Master's in Industrial Management Technology from the UW-Stout, Menominee, WI. I told my psychiatrist that I was having a particularly hard time in a relationship and could he give me something. A week later, I "awoke" from another black out period. I was in a classroom with the teacher handing back tests, including mine. I have no recollection of going to classes, taking this test or anything else over the previous week.

Another time, after being released from the mental hospital from some psychotic-manic episode, I was on 5-6 different medications. I truly tried to keep them straight in one of those 7-day med containers, but to no avail. My mind and body were truly messed up. My meds were all screwed up. The clock said 5:35 in the morning. My mind was breaking. I reeled in pain, twisting and turning for hours. I looked at the clock. It said 5:41. Six minutes had passed. I blacked out. I awoke with a rope in my hand going to hang myself. A voice asked me, "can you go on?" I said, "yes". Somehow, I got myself back into the hospital.

My basic medications were Tegretol and Klonopin. I cannot remember the others except I was first given lithium. I quit taking it because of the side effects and ended up going psychotic. Another drug, Haloperidol, I called "the death drug" because of its horrendous side effects. If I felt I was going manic or psychotic, I would take some and "die"

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in pain for a day or two. The misery it caused was almost unbearable, but it kept me out of the hospital (most of the time). Other times, I just went psychotic. Hell is hell.

Most often my 'black out' periods were affiliated with a manic episode. Around 1989, I "awoke" once in a hospital and wondered how I got here. The caregiver said I had gone up to a police car and told them that "my friend" needed help. "My friend" turned out to be a garbage can. During other psychotic-manic episodes, I would remember events up to hospitalization and then lose a few days to blackout periods. I once "awoke" at a table in a mental hospital. The nurse gave me a pack of Camel-strights, the cigarette my mom smoked on the farm. Apparently, I now smoked and went outside with the others to have my "first" cigarette.

Another time, in 1990, I "awoke" with my mother in a drug store. Somehow, I was now in Madison, WI, 200 miles from UW-Stout where I had just finished my second master's in Tech Education. We were getting my prescriptions refilled. I carefully started probing about the circumstances. I was on my way to teach industrial management in Xianyang, China. I have no idea of how many days or even weeks had gone by. Apparently, I had "lost" approximately 10 months of meds for my trip. We got my meds refilled and the very next day I was on my way to China.

Psychotic/manic episodes were never a "high". When recalling a psychotic episode, I would describe them as scary, frightening, and even terrifying. I had no control. I was an observer watching somebody do crazy stuff. My reality was a "trip" that "I" participated in. It was like a "dream" events just happened. An idea to do something would come to me and "I" would do it. I had lost all sense of propriety except within some very narrow stream of psychosis. For over a decade, I was in and out of hospitals, miserable, depressed, manic, psychotic and wheeling from a whole range of different emotions.

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The Great Divide

When I was born as the second son, my father decided to leave his job as vice-principle of a private school, to follow his mentor from college, Aldo Leopold, and raise his family on

a farm. (Aldo Leopold was a well-known conservationist best known for his book *Sand County Alamac*. Pepper, as everyone including us kids called our Dad, had helped build the cabin on the Wisconsin River featured in the book.) To my grandparents' chagrin, especially to that of my paternal grandfather who was a famous surgeon, my parents bought a farm. My maternal grandmother was not too happy either. She was Assistant Dean of Economics at the University. Nevertheless, to me, the farm – with Pepper's tutelage – became a place of continuous revelation and the seed of an unknown shadowy being within my psychic.

I was raised on a pig farm and went to a two-room rural school house. Yet, it never seemed strange to slop hogs and clean pens in the morning, go to a ballet in the afternoon, and finish with a duck dinner at my grandfather's, Dr. Jackson, Frank Lloyd Wright House. My dad's sister and Write's daughter were best friends. I also just accepted the idea of wilderness canoe trips in the Canadian Quetico and winter ski trips to the international resort of Vail, Colorado.

My parents love of nature and for each other was passed on to us kids with our many picnics on the Wisconsin River and at Devil's Lake State Park; sailing with whales in the Sea of Cortez, Mexico; the many skiing trips to the Rocky Mountains; and camping and canoe trips to the Boundary Waters and Quetico Canoe Areas of Canada. During my seventh-grade year, they built a camper and took us and our school books for three months of exploring the wester national parks, two months of camping on Mexico's Pacific shore and a month of skiing at Crested Butte, Colorado.

When the subject of heritage was brought up in our two-room country school house (Norway Grove Primary School), I repeated what I was told, "I am part white, black, and red of Native American, English, German, and African heritage" – a challenging declaration in the racially turbulent 1960's. Yet, within my parents' rebellious nature to live on a farm – I considered them one of the first hippies – they had also adopted a very conservative heritage from their parents.

My developmental years on the farm had given me a connection to nature that was slowly overshadowed by a formal primary and secondary education. Proper behavior was simple: know that which pleases the father – Pepper. His law was consistent and offered a relative freedom of thought.

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But my father's fortuitous years of abundant and unbridled love, and joy of his youth were shattered with the suicidal deaths of two of his sisters and the brutal reality of WWII and training in the Tenth Mountain Division. An ulcer ended his military commitment and he never went to war. But the struggles, hardships, and unfamiliar challenges of his early years as a farmer and new father widened the cracks in his self-esteem as a successful scholar and academic. These emotional chasms were passed onto me by his absolute demand of obedience.

The consequences of disobedience were clearly demonstrated by my witness of his demonic anger while impaling a cat with a pitch fork that mistakenly wandered into his basement of his farmhouse. The howls and screams of that skewered cat in the violent convulsive pathos of its death haunt me to this day. I did not disobey my father. Rules and demands were to be followed with no questions asked. While cleaning pens one cold winter's day, I complained about being cold; he gave me a bigger shovel. In my early primary school years, we had to sign out on the blackboard to go and use the bathroom and only one person could sign out at a time. One winter, I could never get to the blackboard before another student signed out. Student after student would always rush to the board leaving me in agony at my desk. My clothes were wet from out playing in the snow; I just peed right there at my desk. Beneath my father's benevolent exterior laid a dormant volcano of unresolved nightmares ready to erupt with uncontrollable anger. Survival became dependent on knowing not my own emotional state, but his.

Continental Drift

I didn't know how fragile my world was until 1971, my freshman year at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. To ace a class in secondary education meant listening and opening a book for a few moments on the bus to school. Classes at the University seemed to only require the one skill I did not have, the ability to memorize. I took the same semester of beginning Spanish twice. Hours of dedicated study and memorization payed off with a barely passing grade... the second time. For one economics class, I went to class, studied the text, and bought notes from a tutor service. I swear the tests covered something entirely different

(which was similar to other classes). Perseverance became a character flaw because a barely passing test graded on a curve meant failing the class when the other, wiser students dropped the class. Then there was the political climate of the Viet Nam War. I was completely ignorant of any conservative/liberal bias because there was only one bias...conservative.

I joined the Sigma Phi fraternity in the historic Bradly House designed by Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright's mentor. My roommate and I had known each other all our lives; our fathers grew up together and are members of the same fraternity. Two months after moving in, there was a fire and the top floor was destroyed. I remember pulling out valuable Emslie designed furniture with water raining down from the ceilings from the firefighting just overhead. We all lost everything and moved into an apartment complex for the rest of the year. The house was to be rebuilt and I meant my first love of my life.

I will say it was a beautiful, heartwarming, lovely Harlequin romance where two young people experience love for the first time. We were young, naïve, and had a wonderfully romantic relationship. I shared my love of the outdoors, canoeing, and winter downhill skiing and she, as a music major, introduced me to the world of music. She surprised me once and got us all dressed up and took me to see some musician that I had never heard of... Duke Ellington. My family took us out skiing to Telluride, Colorado. One of our favorite jaunts was to drive to Gibraltar Rock County Park to watch the sunset, and then on to the Wisconsin River and Cactus Bluff – that did have Wisconsin cacti – where we would camp out for the night to watch the sunrise in the morning. I was too young, naïve, and I was destined to live another life... but those times were beautiful.

On a cold November night when I was ten feet down in a sauerkraut vat shoveling soured cabbage onto a conveyer for canning after dropping out/failing at the University. I decided I was going back to college. U.W.-Stout was originally a manual arts training school. I was going to jump out of the pan and into the fire and become a shop teacher. Classes were no longer a brutal test in memorization and the professors, instead of teaching assistants, overall had a compassion for the learning process that was lost at the university level. A general curiosity in learning had returned and really took a curve when my roommate found out my uncle was Andrija Puharich, a psychic researcher and somebody I knew very little about. (My aunt, Pepper's sister, killed herself after finding out Andrija was having an

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affair.) Older memories, though hidden, of a life long ago and a mysterious connection to a natural world were stirring and eventually erupted with passion to find out....to find out what, I didn't know, but I was driven to find out...something.

I got my bachelors in industrial education from U.W.-Stout and I returned to Madison. I lived with my first roommate at the University of Wisconsin in the carriage house of the Bradley Sigma Phi House, a fraternity we both became members of our freshman year. Rather than get a "real job", I worked at the University's Student Union in the kitchen. I worked the mornings cleaning and washing dishes and spent all afternoon in the "music lounge" reading.... studying.... contemplating.... a mystery. This world was not the world so described by science and physics.

There was another world founded in the religions of the world and within the Indigenous Peoples. For the next two years I was lost in Huston Smith (*World' Religions*), the teachings of Carlos Castaneda (*The Teachings of Don Juan*), Lobsang Rampa (*The Third Eye*), Paramahansa Yogananda (*Diary of a Yogi*), Sri Aurobindo Ghose (*The Synthesis of Yoga*), and anything else I could find at the Shakti Bookstore on State Street.

I developed a routine of non-judgmental reading and contemplation. If I accept "this is true" or accept "this is reality", then what else would be true and real. And if I accept that as true and real, then where would that lead...etc.... etc. I would read and then sit in a quiet mindlessness for hours, every day, only breaking the silence with a question to myself, "what is my mind reflecting upon now?" I would then contemplate on what thoughts, ideas, and concepts were circling around my head ending with the question, "it this is true, then where would these truths take me?"

The first year of "studies" ended in complete psychotic mania and a stay in the Mental Ward of Methodist Hospital (an association of Jackson Clinic, that is, my great Grandfather and his three sons). This did not detour me from my quest to understand and I continued my daily routine within the walls of the classical music room of the Student Memorial Union. One year later and again I found myself aimlessly, hour after hour, walking the halls of Methodist Hospital.

With pressure from my parents to stop and to get a "real job", I jumped from the fire into the red-hot coals and doped on medications I got a job to create an industrial arts

program and teach at Dominican High School in Whitefish Bay, WI. I was not raised in any church and after two years of religious exploration, I got a first-hand experience of working with the Sinsinawa Dominican Sisters. The insanity of becoming a teacher while suffering from psychotic mania and suicidal depression would have been obvious to most people. Each week I survived to Friday and then got blindly lost in the merriment of fellow teachers and alcohol. My summer adventures went from helping an old friend develop a gold mine near the Salmon River and Buffalo Hump, Idaho to sailboat racing back on my home lake of Mendota in Madison with some fraternity brothers. After six years I gave-up, quit, and moved on.

I returned to U.W.-Stout for my masters in management technology. I was going to go into industry. I was pleasantly entertained by going to class again. After those years of teaching, being taught seemed like a breeze. As the year progressed, I became infatuated by a young Hindu lady from Trinidad and the next year I moved into the house of another family... of Hindu Priests. The previous year I had rented a room, shared a kitchen, and largely lived on my own. Now I was in the attic, but shared kitchen duties with communal cooking and eating. I attended their Sunday Hindu service plus took trips to Minneapolis where I helped with the building of a new place for the community to worship. But any hopes of developing a romantic relationship never materialized.

Meeting my future wife brought on new adventures. She had a curiosity towards life, but a curiosity in living and experiencing life rather than studying it. CaLey was a first-generation Chinese from Rio de Janerio whose family in Rio regularly took trips back to Hong Kong. She had come to Stout for fashion merchandizing. Soon, I was learning first-hand how to make maple syrup and had the honor of participating in a First Nation sweat lodge.

Then she found a woman who was organizing a group for a different type of meditation than I had previously practiced called Synergy Meditation. We meant every Wednesday night. We would sit in chairs and depending on the number of people present, sit in various patterns that made up concentric circles with a main north/south axis. The south axis was usually comprised of someone who was quiet and could “anchor” the group. As the weeks went by, everyone seemed to find their natural place.

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After taking a moment to quiet our active minds, we would visualize first visualize and feel our connection through our feet to and from Mother Earth to and within our hearts. Then visualize and feel our connection through our head and to and from our hearts and Father Sky. And finally, we would connect our heart energy to and from the persons across the circle(s) setting up a glorious and wonderous array of love and light between Earth, Sky, and each other. Our group number varied between five or six to as many as fifteen or more. And there were other Synergy Meditation groups around the Midwest. Periodically, we would all gather as a retreat with “massive” energy formations of fifty, sixty, or even eighty people all working in a synergistic harmony...

In silence we would sit until inspired, a participant would volunteer and convey to the rest of the group a message or what they were perceiving. Then another would contribute: then another until a continuous story would develop:

“I see a forest. There is a deer in the forest. He is going up a path. The path is leading up a mountain. There is a flat area on the mountain top. A cloud is coming by. We are all being picked up by the cloud. We are traveling a long distance over an ocean. I see the Sphinx. There is a door on the left paw of the Sphinx. We are going through the door down a stairway. We are going into a room underground between the paws. I see a library with lots of people looking at scrolls.....”

It was important that each person monitor their own heart energy and cull or censor “inspirations” of an emotionally negative energy or the meditation could abruptly turn dark.

Another person she introduced me to was a spiritual medium from Brazil who lived near one of my favorite places to go growing up and where we got married, Devil’s Lake State Park. She had a little ceremonial room with an alter and some religious objects. CaLey and I participated in an unrecognizable, but Christian service. I got a reading, “You write the book.” I didn’t understand the message, but I had goose bumps all over my body. There was no doubt in my mind that this was real. (Almost twenty-five years later, a book, *Symbiotic*

Psychology: The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions, and Consciousness started coming together.)

Later that summer, other her connections brought me to a “fire walk” not too far from the farm where I grew up. CaLey couldn’t attend and knowing my own mental health issues, I debated if I should go by myself. But there I was staring at a ten-foot-high flame shooting out of a pile of oak logs and I thought, “we are going to walk through *THAT?*”

The next hour was spent talking, socializing, and staring at that fire. Then a person, and presumably leader gathered us together for a pep talk. While his helpers were gathering wheel barrels full of red-hot coals and filling a thirty-foot-long by two-foot-wide pit, he talked to us about our inner strengths. He wanted us to dwell in our power and to have some symbol of that power within our mind as we walked over the hot, very hot coals (emphasis mine). If we didn’t have a symbol of power, he would provide a quartz crystal to hold in our hand. I picked out a particularly shaped crystal that pleased me.

One by one, I saw people walking over the coals. Some walked fast and other slow and I decided I could do this. I got in line and as I was facing this long path to burnt meat, he said “Wait a minute Andy. We need more coals.” And with that more wheel barrels of red-hot coals were taken from the fire and laid down upon the existing bed. I was staring at heat. Hot heat. Red, white-hot heat. The air was dancing with heat. My face could feel the heat. And then I was awakened out of my trance, “Andy, are you ready?”

All I remember was that I did it. I didn’t get burned and I was ecstatic. I doubled checked my mental state and no, I wasn’t going manic....

That night I slept in my old bed at the farm house. My parents were long retired from farming and were now spending their summers on a twenty-three-foot sailboat in the North Channel of Lake Huron. On my way home to Stout, I stopped by “The Medium” for a little talk. I put my crystal down on her alter for a “blessing”. I don’t remember what was said and I drive home to share with CaLey my great adventure. Just as I was turning into the driveway of the house we

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shared with several other students, I remembered my crystal. I had left it on the alter. “I will retrieve it when we meet again,” I thought. That event never happened.

Six months later and Valentine’s Day was coming up. CaLey and I were busy with our last semester before graduation and we were planning on getting married. For a couple of weeks, I was trying to come up with something to give her. Of course, I wanted it to be special. Then one morning I woke up and reached over to check the clock on my bedside table. There, centered in role of duct tape was my crystal. I remembered exactly how it looked and exactly where I had left it; six-months and two-hundred miles later, there it was....

We graduated. I went to Xianyang, China to teach industrial management and CaLey went to England for an internship apparel manufacturing. Upon our return, we got married at Devil’s Lake State Park and I got a job as a quality manager manufacturing equipment lights for John Deere, Case-International, and Caterpillar. CaLey went to North Carolina for another special internship and then got a job at Wrangler Jeans in El Paso, Texas.

High Desert Pilgrimage

Call it chance, call it luck, call it what you will. I left my job as a quality manager and followed CaLey to El Paso, TX where she had gotten a “better job”. Everything kept getting worse. I was ready to die when, through the power and strength of my wife, I met 3 key *healers* who reintroduced me to a long-lost stranger, my joyous self.

Sharon, my new therapist, found my descriptions of my psychotic episodes hilariously funny and she created a path for me to join her in her laughter. We both had a good laugh when I described the time I brought the police over to my friend who was in trouble and he turned out to be a garbage can. She gave me a task, “Can you find something for yourself, today, under these miserable conditions, that will make you feel a little better, make you feel a little less pain? Can you do something for yourself today? And can you do it again the next day? And the next?” From then on, I made the time to bathe in the sun’s light in our apartment’s swimming pool. With my face mask and snorkel, I just stared at the

drifting shadows at the bottom of the pool. She had skillfully led me away from depression's suffocating grasp and onto a path of self-empowering hope. She called it Neural-Linguistics-Programing (NLP) and Centerness Therapy. She saved my life. I call it a miracle.

Another person who taught me self-empowerment through joy was Esther and a friend in her inner circle called Abraham. They introduced me to the power of my inner guidance through listening to my emotions. They spoke of *emotional guidance* as the key to my inner strength and power. From there, I had my *eureka moment*. If I was depressed, manic, or psychotic and I had a chemical imbalance, then when I felt better would my *chemical imbalance* be more of a *chemical in-balance*? That is, in the times when I felt a little better, or actually less bad, was my biochemistry also a little better? My emotions truly became my inner guide to honor, wealth, justice and freedom.

Like a hamster running nowhere on a wheel in a cage, I was caught in an endless loop of being drugged when on medications and going psychotic when off medications. Then, I met the "Salsa Doctor," who was called this because he played in a salsa band in Ciudad Juarez. He actually worked with the idea that I could get better. That is, as I gained more control of my psychotic mind through the guidance and power of my emotions, I would need less invasive medications.

It was 1992 and I was in the high deserts of El Paso, TX when I initiated my "Program to Freedom". I was betting my life that on a new idea that came to me. For over a decade, all my psychiatrists told me I had a biochemical "imbalance". I thought, "If when I am feeling miserable and psychotic and it is because I have a biochemical "imbalance" does that mean when I am feeling better, I have a biochemical "*in-balance*"? I became my own lab-rat.

I started applying an idea of using my emotions to guide my behavior, especially to guide my mental behavior of what I was thinking, dreaming, imagining or even contemplating. It was obvious to me that my emotions correlated with my mental activities. I was betting that these cognitive activities also correlated with my biochemistry. I began to use my emotions to guide my mental activities to improve my "biochemical imbalances." If a thought brought about an emotionally negative response, I would make attempts to "eliminate the negative." If a thought brought about an emotionally positive response, I

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would make attempts to “accentuate the positive.” I was becoming more confident with the success of my “Program to Freedom” and its path to my recovery.

Every time I had previously stopped taking my medications, I eventually went psychotic, only to prove my doctors and parents right that mental illness was a lifetime sentence. I always felt that they were wrong and this time I was going to prove it. I worked very hard over these next few years to change my mental-emotional state to change improve my biochemistry “imbalance”.

I must admit that 1995 was not a good year. A couple of manic episodes had me end up in a mental hospital and the last one ended up in jail with my wife asking for a divorce. I understood completely and I was very sorry I could not be the person she married. That person was alive because of the medications he took but he was also dying because of those same drugs

The “Salsa Doctor,” my psychiatrist, continued to work with me to adjust my medications with others that were less invasive as I learned to control my mental-emotional state. I was becoming stronger and I was more effective at using my own emotions to guide my mental activities.

I had been off any medications for about eight months though I still depended on cigarettes to ease my turbulent mind. I was rolling my own...Bugle Boy tobacco. I couldn't afford the commercial variety. I had gone a “little” manic and was spending my nights walking the desert mountains around El Paso. I emptied a 2-gallon coffee maker daily trying to keep up with my mania. Eventually I came down, though with a couple more tattoos, but I was able to stay sane enough to stay out of the hospital. That was my last manic episode. In 1996, I stopped taking my meds permanently. I saw my last doctor.

In May 1996, I left El Paso, TX and returned to my roots in Madison, WI. I sold my grandmother's prized secretary desk, which I had inherited, to pay for an airline ticket home to Madison, WI where I had family. I shipped what few other possessions I had. My 'ex' drove me to the airport and I never saw her again. I was going home to start a new life. I heard years later that she had died of cancer. I was truly pissed at her. I had gotten her citizenship and a divorce so she would no longer be constrained by my illness. Finally, she could live the life she deserved. She becomes free and dies....

Homeward Bound

Over the next few years, back in Madison, WI, I was still not in great shape but getting better. My mother helped me find an apartment and bought me a car. My father would not speak to me. I went from Social Security Disability to packing grocery bags, cashier, quality inspector, and to a drafting and computer-aided-design (CAD) instructor in a local college. I visited a good college friend of mine. We were roommates before my nightmare into mental illness began. Our meeting was similar to the story of Rip Van Winkle. Mentally, it was twenty years ago and I was back in college talking to my old roommate. However, he was now married, and had children in college. Tears came to my eyes as thoughts of my last twenty years flashed by, my god.....

It took me about eight years (from 1992 to 2000) to “regain” some semblance of mental-emotional health and well-being. It took me several years after that to quit smoking but that was an acceptable transition for me at the time. In 1992, I began attempts to change my biochemical balance by correlating my emotions with my biochemistry. I was on my own. I was exploring unheard of territory, a territory forbidden to me by an industry dependent on medicating mental illness and my well-meaning family who would not listen to my “insanity”.

It is now 2020. I saw my last therapist, psychologist, and psychiatrist in 1996 and I have been medication free and without disassociation, depression, or mania episodes since those days of mental insanity. I am happily remarried, retired from mechanical engineering and living a good life...sailing with friends in the summer, football game parties in the fall, and winter skiing trips with my wife and our cats to Colorado (I was once a ski instructor and daredevil doing flips and ‘helicopters’ off any little mogul) with spring as the time of the earth’s great green revival from a winter of sleep, reminding me of my youth on the farm.

Plato’s Cave

I believe I can now relate to others my experiences that resulted in leaving the endless ideas, theories, paradigms and beliefs of the mental illness industry behind. I now live and believe in mental health and well-being. I work at my mental health every day. Mental

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wellness is no longer a mystery to me and I wish to share the many ideas that I used to bring my life back to the living. I wish to explain the methods I used and that everyone can use to improve their mental and emotional well-being.

For the past fifteen years, I have been working on a paper explaining my return to well-being. I have written and rewritten this paper 100's of times. These ideas have now evolved into a psychology of their own.... "*Symbiotic Psychology: The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions and Consciousness*" which presents a scientific argument and logic identifying where the mental health academia has gone wrong. Yes, there is a correlative relationship between cognition, emotions, and biology; but instead of emotions changing the body's biology as modern psychological theory professes, emotions are a sensory awareness of the biological states/changed precipitated by cognitive activities. There is now a new world of cognitive-emotional therapies where evidence-based practices are based in science, reason, and evolution instead of a secular and religious literary linguistic dogma. With this paradigm change, an idea of self-empowerment where anyone, with work, can better their lives and some can return to a life of wellness and well-being free from doctors, therapists and medications.

Currently this book is split into three separate publications and laid out as a website for anyone to download on <https://emotional-evolution.com/> as a PDF:

Jackson, A.O. (2020). *Emotions-as-effect theory: The linguistic semantics of emotional vs. cognitive regulation*. Symbiotic Psychology Press.

Jackson, A.O. (2020). *Cognitive-emotional wisdom, education, and training: A primary and secondary school overview*. Symbiotic Psychology Press.

Jackson, A.O. (2020). *A memoir short: What you reap is what you sew*. Symbiotic Psychology Press.

Over the years, I have developed an academic email list of over 34,000 addresses to whom I send emails explaining the flaws and dangers of current psychological emotional theory. An

acceptance of the cognitive-emotional process flow of emotions-as-effect theory will strengthen the efficacy of current evidenced based therapies. That would be a good thing.

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Epilogue

The Force had become a myth and had been written out of the history of a vast spiral galaxy by the Powers of the Dark Side (Foster, 1976). The Force that inherently permeates everyone and everything in the galaxy became but a fairy tale told by few and renounced as heresy by others. Hidden and obscured, any remnants of a secret power and knowing became subliminally characterized as aberrant and destructive to the planets and citizens of this of this galaxy. So was the will and demand of The Empire and its brainwashed followers.

Misinformation, lies, and falsehoods permeated the planet instilling a foreign thought process within every child as they grew and developed. This invasive thought process created an alien mind which overpowers the light and true mind and being of the soul. This alien mind insidiously prevents the power of emotions – through the law of attraction – from coming to light. The birthright of every being in the galaxy, a birthright that brings freedom, well-being, wealth, and above all, a joy, wonder, and connection to a living planet and universe became silent. Instead, an impoverished and imprisoned alien life of toil, hardship and pain became the norm.

Quietly, the truth and reality of emotional being, that which makes a person real and alive, that which was hidden away within the soil of each planet began, like a seed, to grow and emerge within the writings and stories traded throughout the galaxy. These writings, with their own vortex of power and attraction, have serendipitously been coming together as teachings of a hidden reality that lies within. Wisdom of the future, past, and present began returning to the hearts of all living beings in the Galaxy to revive their resistance against the Empire and its alien mind. Slowly everyone is reawakening to their birthright to the Law and to the Power of the Force.

The ancient wisdom of a mysterious force that was spread across time and space within the formation of the Universe had been slowly coming together within the many writings and authors throughout the history of an unknown blue planet hidden on the far corner of the galaxy called Earth. Then in calendar year of 1977 of that planet, these teachings came together with a bang across the cinema screens throughout the cities of the planet. A new tale was born telling the story of this ancient Force.

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The following pages are another man's story and translation of how The Force, that had been secreted away within every heart, mind, and body, came into his life. This is the story of a boy born on a pig farm who had... and then lost his connection to The Universe and its mysterious ways. The Dark Side imprisoned him in a world of psychotic insanity and suicidal depression. But, all through his years of hospitals, doctors, and their medications, his reading and studies were reawakening a new image in his mind of a different emotional reality of being. The life of emotions driving behavior first inscribed 3000-years ago and carried to this day throughout the dark caves of academic science, literature, law, and philosophy...this teaching of emotions driving behavior that imprisoned him into those same dark caves...came from the Dark Side. This is a story of how he escaped those Plato's Caves and then returns to offer a new hope and wisdom of The Force....

I am that boy and that author bringing my syntax to the founding teachings of the Jedi Knight (Foster, 1976). Through my books and writings and within the context of my time and life on this planet Earth, The Force, through the power of emotional being, comes into a new light. That too is my insanity.

Foster, D.A. (Credited to George Lucas), (1976). *Star Wars: From the adventures of Luke Skywalker*. Ballantine (USA), Sphere Books (UK). Retrieved from:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Star_Wars:_From_the_Adventures_of_Luke_Skywalker

The greatness of the human life experience emerges from the flames of individual desire arising out of hell's fiery conflicts on earth. Intention is forged in these fires. An evolved emotional biofeedback system aligns our journey with these new intentions. Each succeeding generation will have its own mountains to climb and waters to cross with their own stars to navigate towards. Intent is that guiding star; and it is our emotions that perceive its light. The more joyous the feeling, the more harmonious and powerful the wonders revealed through life's journey.



Andrew O. Jackson suffered from psychotic mania and suicidal depression and was in and out of mental hospitals from 1979-1996. Once after another “blackout” period, he “awoke” in a mental ward and wondered how he got there this time. The nurse said he went up to a police car and told them that his friend needed help. His “friend” was a trash can. Another time he “awoke” with a rope in his hand ready to put an end to this torturous life when a voice asked him, “Can you go on?” “They” wanted him to continue this existence a while longer. He replied, “Yes” and got himself to a hospital.

Around 1992, in a moment of inspiration that has now led to his emotions-as-effect theory, he began a self-directed healing program using his emotions as feedback for his biochemical, neurological, and physiological state of being. After a couple more psychotic episodes – one that landed him in the El Paso county jail and led to a divorce from his first wife – and after seventeen years of therapists, psychologists, and psychiatrists, he no longer needed the benefits of their assistance. He has been medication free and without disassociation, depression, or mania episodes since 1996.

Since 2005, he has been writing to academics around the world advancing a new emotional paradigm that defines cognition as causal to and emotions as an effect of biochemical, neurological, and physiological states of being. Emotions, instead of being regulated by cognitive behavior as current psychological academia prescribes, have evolved to guide cognitive behavior for the health, well-being, and prosperity of the individual.

He has an MS in Technology Education and an MS in Management Technology from the University of Wisconsin – Stout. He was a high school shop teacher, a college CAD (computer aided design) instructor, a guest instructor in China teaching quality and inventory management, and a quality manager at an OEM (original equipment manufacturer). He is now happily married and retired from mechanical engineering, spending his summers sailing and winters alpine skiing.