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CHAPTER 1

The Proverbial Pressure Cooker

I don't remember the first day I started shaking my head around uncontrollably or making spasm-based facial movements, but I do remember that the onset of my 'ticcing' was a gradual process. Gradual, in the sense that this inner anxiety needed time to accumulate before I began displaying outward symptoms. Due to an inherent sensitive nature, coupled with an innately weak nervous system, any kind of outer stimulus that my mind perceived as stressful or unacceptable had the power to create internal surges of nervousness. These surges ultimately manifested outwardly as repetitive muscle and facial movements. There were many causes that could provoke my tics. It could be my parents or teachers yelling at me, it could be children teasing, even something as simple as being near anyone that my mind perceived as negative. Any of these situations could cause me to experience an unbearable inner pressure that eventually would be released outwardly for the world to see.

It was as if this inner energy had teeth and was gnawing its way out of my body. After a while, this storehouse of subconscious anxiety would become too much for my psyche to process and I would begin to act it out on a physical level. The only way I could cope with this inner burden was to inflict some sort of physical pain on myself to silence these hungry energetic parasites. In other words, I would try to 'tic' them out.

Negative thoughts and perceptions about myself or others would enter my emotional and mental body at lightning speed and then these bodies would contract and heat up like a proverbial pressure cooker. I felt this heat most in the areas of my solar plexus, groin, and neck, which are our three main energy centers. My system simply could not process this strong electrical imbalance of negative current. So, the survival instinct in my body created a physical release valve. Hence, Tourette's Syndrome was born.

CHAPTER 7

What's My Purpose?

All I knew for sure at this point was that college wasn't a viable option for me. So I left school and started searching for my purpose elsewhere. I needed to find some kind of job or career which would allow me to express all of my restless energy. Some kind of task that was appropriate for my mile-a-minute mind, with its constantly racing thoughts. I searched diligently for over two years, considering almost every job that I could think of: doctor, fireman, police officer, emergency medical technician, nurse, attorney, business owner, financial advisor, teacher, federal agent, CIA agent, astronaut, etc. One of my problems was that I wanted to be what I wanted right now! I had neither the desire, nor the time, to get legally qualified. I wasn't interested in following any kind of scholastic procedure, or in putting my name on a career waiting list. I demanded instant gratification. I spent all day and night searching for my ideal career. I knew subconsciously that as long as I didn't have to sit with myself and be still, I wouldn't have to suffer from the pain and embarrassment of ticcing.

Finally, I ran into something that was right up my alley, boxing. I liked the intense physical training. It helped temporarily relieve some of the constant internal pressure that was forcing me to tic. Also, I loved telling people I was a boxer. And I loved wearing my boxing T-shirt around town. The only thing that I didn't like was having to actually box. I never looked forward to getting inside of that ring and slugging it out with someone, especially if it was with someone who was tougher and more experienced. That was too much work.

After a few months, I couldn't even enjoy the training. My ego created a new worry for me. It was forcing me to try to figure out how I was going to beat the current heavyweight champion, Mike Tyson. This was because I believed the best way to get the most attention in this particular sport was to beat the best. As a result, I was continuously worried about how I could gain an extra seventy pounds so that I could qualify as a heavyweight and thus be eligible to challenge Mike Tyson to a fight. I didn't even think about the fact that I didn't really like to box, and that I was especially not thrilled at being hit all the time.

CHAPTER 19

Looking For A Guru In India

It was a long flight and I had a lot of time to think. Sometimes I would start to wonder what the heck I was doing and why this trip would be any different from the others. I didn't know anyone, and I didn't have much energy left, or faith that I was going to find some magical answer. I had already tried several things that many others had considered to be magical and healing for them, but had proved to be a failure for me.

My main problem was that I didn't have a life regimen which supported my spiritual goals. Therefore, I couldn't sustain any peace or healing for long. I knew intuitively that there was a right way for me to do things, and a way for me not to do things, but I didn't know which was which. I didn't have any spiritual continuity in my life.

I was so deeply confused and had a lot of questions, questions I needed answered. For example: why did humans exist? Who was I really in Essence? I knew I was not my body, it was obvious that this body was just a funny outfit that I had to wear for a while (anyone who has ever seen a body cremated should be able to relate to that feeling), but who was I underneath? What foods were best for me? What kind of work was I supposed to do? Should I have a girlfriend? How often was I supposed to have sex, and was it even good for me? Is it healthy to masturbate? Which country or city should I live in? Should I seek psychological therapy or spiritual counseling? What forms of meditation or yoga postures to practice? What kind of exercises were good for me? So many questions.

One thing that I did know was that not knowing the answers to these questions contributed to my suffering and exacerbated my ticcing. But what could I do? I had been searching for these answers via books, trial and error, consulting with 'professionals,' and many other ways.