

# “SHARE MY POT OF GOLD”

Title: “Share my Pot of Gold”

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photo-copying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior consent of the author.

First edition  
in 2021  
ISBN .....

Printed in Australia by Shanti Linsen

All brand names and product names mentioned in this book are trademarks or service marks of their respective companies. Any omission or misuse (of any kind) of service marks or trademarks should not be regarded as intent to infringe on the property of others. The author recognises and respects all marks used by companies, manufacturers, and developers as a means to distinguish their products.

This book is sold as is, without warranty of any kind, either express or implied, respecting all the contents of this book, including but not limited to implied warranties for the book’s quality, performance, merchantability, or fitness for any particular purpose. Neither the author nor its dealers or distributors shall be liable to the purchaser or any other person or entity with respect to any liability, loss, or damage caused or alleged to have been caused directly or indirectly by this book.

Shanti Linsen DO, DC, ND.  
[www.victory-over-diseases.com](http://www.victory-over-diseases.com)

Images and illustrations: Shanti Linsen



## INTRODUCTION

“Share my **POT OF GOLD**” is about me, sharing my life’s experiences with you and for you to consider at times, when circumstances appear the same. They could and I hope they may be helping you to improve your life in some way or another. After all these years, as time doesn’t stand still and evolution takes us along its natural progressive path, I also have to move on and here you have my new book, covering many practical things I did not cover in my previous book called “Victory over dis...eases”.

I decided to write this book, as my life has been a long and varied one. I believe that we are born with the duties to learn and to educate or teach others, all of our experiences.

We all follow a different path in our life, which makes life so interesting. Whenever I have a chance, I listen to stories from other people to be educated even more. There is always a lesson to learn from either an older person or even the very young.

**The reason for naming this book “Share my, POT OF GOLD” is that at the end of the rainbow there is a pot of ‘gold’, a pot full of richness and I have found it.**

**EUREKA!**

I am now very much at peace, in love with the Earth and the Universe and everything in them and that **includes you**. I can now peacefully continue life, as there is so much more to live for.

I want to learn from you too.

I am proud, realising that I have to move on and keep up with modern lifestyles and technologies, although a little difficult at times, remembering the past, peaceful and un-complicated lifestyle we lived.

I have grown, especially during my retirement years, finding the time to quietly consider life in full and what you are about to read is my life's story and the experiences I have had during that time, both positive and negative, making me whom I am today.

By writing my life story, I hope I can inspire you to realise, that nothing is impossible and that by sheer determination, you can achieve anything. It also means to have the mental capacity and the spiritual trust in the Universe and/or your God, for them to always stand by you, whatever you need.

I WOULD LIKE YOU TO SHARE MY EXPERIENCES AND MAYBE PUT SOME OF THEM TO WORK IN YOUR LIFE, IF YOU FEEL THE NEED AND ENJOY THE RIDE. IT IS A REAL BEAUTY!

It certainly wasn't always easy, but that is not just my life alone. We all go through the waves at times, from the very high to the extremely low, but these are learning curves and we should accept them as such. I, however have been able to



tame the waves a little, so they are not the very high and very low anymore, but more gentle ones; nearly always.

I am not telling you what to do with your life, that is absolutely your responsibility, but maybe I can steer you in a direction at times, so that your life may be a little easier and more comfortable by considering some

of the things I had to go through, like so many other people.

I recently wrote some notes as a pre-cursor to this book and included nearly everything I have done during my life. No wonder I feel capable of talking about so many subjects, as they were and still are part of my life today.

I learned from the many practical things I came across and I used them later on in life. Take the building knowledge I gained for instance in 1953, helping a carpenter friend, which I used on a number of occasions, when building my houses and sheds on the farms.

My farming knowledge grew from the very simple learning curves I received, when I was very young and followed Mum's lessons, plus what I learned later by meeting people and doing courses in subjects I wanted to know about, in the

gardening and farming sectors. I always had my eyes open and learned so much by observation.

I believe there is a book in all of us, sometimes more than one and we should consider passing our knowledge on to others as soon as possible, so I and others too may gain more knowledge from your life and your experiences.

On a number of occasions, I have indeed exchanged books, with other people's life stories. That has always been interesting.

So many things can affect us in our physical, sexual, psychological, emotional, mental and spiritual lives.

The writings that follow therefore, cover a wide variety of situations.

This is my contribution. I hope to inspire you with ideas that may help you for many years to come and prevent any negativity coming your way and to accept the whole Universe as a friend to support you always. Nature always supports you and I realised that, when I had a little bird come and sit on my knee, in the bush, when I was meditating quietly. Therefore, we should also support the whole of nature, balancing everything.

**Always be yourself and never pretend. You are special and are loved, just the beautiful person you are.**     *Don't change for anyone!*

I have gained some friends, who so lovingly support me all the way at any time and I hope you have them in your life too. Then on the other hand, I would like you to be aware of the 'sharks', who want your money and nothing else; after all, the products they advertise and want to sell you are not needed by you most of the time, even though you may think that it would be nice to have them. Constantly buying goods, before the old ones have worn out, is subscribing to consumerism, a problem existing in the world today and it is costing us (Mother Earth), dearly.

Then we must be aware of foods, which have addictive drugs added to them, so you will become addicted and be one of their life-long customers.

Takeaway food is a shortcut to ill-health, so don't think you are eating something that will sustain a healthy body for long. I am not saying that on a very rare occasion, a take-away meal will kill you, but do NOT make them a habit, as they can be and mostly are, very addictive.

For this reason, I bought 40 acres of land and turned it into a self-sufficient farm in 1974, to be able to feed my family well, with bio-dynamic produce and therefore was determent to keep away from the modern *food substitutes, the take-*

*away and pre-packed ones.* Our drinks were always clean water from an amazing bore and freshly squeezed juices from our own fruits and vegetables made with the produce in season. More of that later.

I covered all that in my book: “Farming and building.”

I believe in my God and have faith that He will keep me well, as I am doing what He tells me to do. I hear His voice often when I am quiet. Now and in the past, I continue to get instructions. I have not seen a doctor since 1962 for ill-health; I have not taken any drugs, not even a headache pill. Nor have I had a cold or the flu for all that time either.

To finish with this introduction, I must tell you that I am not liable or cannot be held responsible for what you do with the following information, as I have no control over your actions, whether they be physical, emotional or spiritual. Subtle changes would always have to be considered in the application of any statements you read, but remembering you are a creation of God and therefore you will never be alone and will always be supported and loved.

I am confident though, that if you absorb the general information I have written, the knowledge I gained from my many experiences and adapt maybe some of them to some situations in your life, you could be so much happier.

*Remember: ” Love makes the world go around”, so I am giving that a real go as well. Loving everything in nature is so amazing; people, trees, animals, stars, fish, everything!*

*I just love my crested pigeons, who come to see me daily.*

Contact me by e-mail, if you genuinely need help, but not an argument, at:

[shantilinsen@victory-over-diseases.com`](mailto:shantilinsen@victory-over-diseases.com)

## **This book is dedicated with love to the whole Universe.**

My story.

I am beginning this story by telling you where I came from and continue to write what happened throughout my life, making you aware of the things that happened, the things I did to live and survive and the lessons I learned and eventually used during my lifetime.

My earthly life began on the 12<sup>th</sup> APRIL, 1933.

I am the 3<sup>rd</sup> son of a family of 6 boys. My eldest brother was born in 1929 and the youngest in 1937. We were very close in ages as you can see and we had a good relationship. However, I was always a bit different. I did not always fit in and I wanted to be alone quite often. I used to climb a very tall tree in our back garden at a very young age and sit there, way up high, swaying in the breeze for hours on end, feeling great and close to the Universe. I realised early in life that I wanted a lot of peace around me. Even today, I do not like crowds and cannot stand noise of any kind. For that reason, I may have become hard of hearing, self-protecting me from noise. I used a lot of noisy machinery on the farms and when building houses over the years and now I have to wear hearing aids. I find a lot of peace, when I do not wear these aids and during the night I am so much at rest in a noiseless surrounding.

I am happy in my own company, but I also love the attention of people, preferably one to one or in very small groups, who are on my wavelength.

My life was full of choices, some bad and some not so bad and many very good ones, but I realised early on, that I learned so much from all the choices I made, especially from the negative ones, as they always made a deep impact, remembering not to go there again in a hurry.

At all times, I was supported by my God, who either stopped me from a negative situation or put a very positive plan before me to follow.

One negative situation was, that I was spared of military duties, as I came to Australia, for which I was very grateful. I had seen enough trauma and destruction during the war years as a boy.

A very positive one was my meeting with Mr. Aubrey Pescud, the Osteopath who taught me the way to help people get well. His way of helping people, was very unique, something that is not available today, as I have found out.

There were many and varied daily jobs I did throughout my life, learning things, being able to use that knowledge later on. Many other times I was directed to do things, or to turn away from situations, to make my life happy, realising these directions were from God. I was directed to study permaculture and get involved in bio-dynamics for obvious reasons; and the list goes on.



My first years. I remember when I was only 2 years old, how I (yes, this is me) was put in a playpen and had to entertain myself there all day and even have my naps. That was not what I liked. I wanted to explore and find out things for myself and did not want to be told what to do all the time. It was like being in jail. I realise now that my mother was too busy doing all sorts of other things, as we children were all so close in ages and that was the reason for locking me out of the way so to speak, but at the same time, that did not satisfy me. Father was always busy in his factory and I was happy to see him come home every day. We had a good relationship. I loved him very much and he knew me pretty well. Mother on the other hand was quite cold and 'matter-of-fact' and I did not feel her love for me

all my life. I was sad about that, as I needed the love from mother.

As a young family we went for many walks in the forest on weekends. These were very special to me, as there I was in nature and among the animals and the trees, something I really enjoyed. I loved the autumn leaves during the colder months and used to kick them up into the air. I enjoyed the bird life during spring, when they seemed so happy and sang to their heart's content. The swallows and their constant flights to catch that elusive insect on the wing. I would lie on my back in the tall grasses, my arms and legs spread out and watch the swallows for ages. The little Tits (European bird) who came to the window during winter when there was snow everywhere to have some seed from a bird

feeder. I loved the first green shoots on the trees in the spring and the small crocus flowers in the lawn, the red poppies and the blue cornflowers in the meadows, with their variety of colours and perfumes.

Winter was a bit cold for me and I needed the sun. I was starved of sunshine and obviously a lack of Vit. D. The doctor put me on weekly ultra violet treatments at the hospital, to overcome this problem.

When I was 6 years old, WW2 broke out. I still remember seeing the German aircraft bombing the railway line and the trains, watching this in our backyard with the family, as we were standing in a huddle, holding one another. I did not like this at all. I was frightened.

The German army invaded Holland and we were under their occupation for a good 4 years. There was not much to do except play with live shells and the cordite in them and blowing things up, as young as we were. Very dangerous stuff, but we did it anyway. During the winter months, we played with the snow and made fortresses and threw snowballs at an opposition group of kids. There were no toys, except the billy-cart and snow sled. There is almost a whole book about all the various things we did during these days, now I think about it.

A lot of damage was done around our town by V-1 flying rocket-propelled-bombs. 26 of them fell around the town and one in particular fell pretty close to our house and did a lot of damage. Our house, as well as others, had broken walls, no glass left in the windows, no tiles on the roof and so on. Father asked the factory workers to collect all the tiles again and patch up our roof the best way possible. He was a practical man and since there was no replacement glass for the windows, he brought home some cellophane (used in the factory to wrap the cakes) and glued this in the windows, so we had protection from the cold blasts of wind during the winters. Every time a bomb fell nearby, this cellophane would blow out and he just kept on gluing more of it on the windows. The glue he used was dark brown and after a little while, the windows looked pretty shabby with all that brown everywhere, but we were comfortable.

We had a small garden behind the house and I spent a lot of time doing things around the garden, helping Mum growing food and caring for the animals. Even though the garden was very small, Mum had a lot growing and we always had a goat, a pig, some rabbits and chickens. I remember the goat so well. She was my pet animal and an introduction to goats for the rest of my life.

I am a practical learner and the regular schooling system did not do much for me. I have never been an academic, who learns from books. I felt crowded in class with another 30 or so children and I was always on my guard. I was bullied at times.

When I started to grow up a little, my Dad, having realised I was different, made it possible for me to learn things through practical applications in life. He gave me time in his factory, where he baked honey cakes. I was put in charge to try test batches of new recipes he wanted to manufacture and allowed me to prosper doing that. Later he even built a real, stone oven in a little shed at home, where I could bake cakes etc. and sell them to friends in the neighbourhood and that gave me an incentive and realisation that I could be someone in life, without too much schooling of the ordinary kind.

Schooling became almost non-existent during this time and I did not mind that, because I hated school anyway. The school buildings were occupied by the German army and most of the schooling was done at private homes. I used to wag school often, as there was no control over the attendance in the classroom. The factory was closed a lot during the German occupation, till one day the Germans decided to have Dad produce some food for their army. They supplied him with the ingredients and Dad had to bake the goods. That was pretty good, because we profited from these ingredients ourselves. The shops had no food in them, even though each family was given coupons to purchase butter, flour, sugar etc.

The factory workers were kept busy most of the time, by chopping wood for our home fires and also the workers' needs, such as our slow combustion stove in the kitchen and the pot-belly heater in the lounge room.



Download from  
Dreamstime.com  
www.dreamstime.com/stock-vegetable-garden-image

44206565  
Haron Babak | dreamstime.com

Dad also rented a small plot of land from a farmer and these workers were given an opportunity during the slow times, to grow more produce for us as well as for themselves. I remember that every second or third day, we would get the billy-cart out, which Dad built, together with the harness etc., with the goat in front to collect some vegetables from this plot. It was about 1 ½ km from home.

The coupon system did not work at all. Having a chance to grab a little flour or sugar from the German supplies, allowed Mum to make us some nice goodies at times. Not many people had that opportunity of course. I know this was stealing, but it also meant survival. We as kids used to steal from the German supplies whenever we could, playing games with the guards. We would get powdered milk, powdered egg and some more stuff. These are long stories (another book), but we became very cunning and daring during these times. You had to be that way, as your life depended on it.

The war years were alright for us children, but there were times when Dad had to go 'under-ground' and hide away from home, as the Germans would regularly round up all able-bodied men, to work for them in Siberia in the salt mines. I missed Dad a lot during those times, as he was so good to me and he understood me well.

Towards the end of the occupation, during the allied invasion, we spent months in a small cellar under the house as a family, sheltering from bombing and the shell fire above.

Once a day, one of the three eldest children had to go out with a bucket and a bag, to collect anything edible to eat from the road side and get water from the river to drink, to feed 10 people: Mum, Dad, 6 children and 2 refugees. The adults could not do this job, as they would be taken into custody.



There always seemed to be something to gather from the side of the country lanes or in the paddocks, such as fennel, stinging nettles, comfrey, dandelions, portulaca or purslane, so all in all we did well. Mum had taught us to recognise

these vegetables and

herbs. Sometimes we gathered potatoes and other roots vegetables from inside a farmer's fence. We slaughtered our own pigs, rabbits and chickens and had the milk to drink from the goat. We were very fortunate compared to many other people, who did not have the knowledge of these natural road-side treasures and did not have animals. I call it fortunate, but really it was good foresight on my parent's part.

Going outside was a dangerous job, because all the time we were out, bombs and shells continued falling around the area. We were well trained to recognise, and know, which shells were flying over the top or which ones were about to fall nearby. The sound was different. While we were out, the family would pray for a safe return. There was no electricity of course and all we had were candles, which were burned sparingly at night. Dad bought a good supply of them before we had to shelter.

I cannot remember how Mum used to cook food. I know she normally used a slow-combustion stove in the kitchen, which was above the cellar and maybe she made a quick dash up there in the hope no shells would fall and hurt her.

Our days in the cellar were spent playing games and that was all you could do. One would not go out, because of the dangers. There was only a little daylight coming into this cellar from a semi-circular metal grate, which had access to the backyard. That was also our air supply. We used that access to go and feed the animals, as well as going on our daily food hunt.

When that time of German occupation was over and they were no longer in control, we were free again, life became a little more normal and my parents sent me to high school in 1946 at the age of 13, but I could not follow the instructions, as I had lost so much of the preliminary education anyway. There were a lot of kids in the same situation.

Well, did I hate high school! I was never an academic anyway and all this was too much for me. I suffered the whole 3 years of going there. The one thing I really enjoyed was the sports I was taught there. Gymnastics were my favourite. Also running and playing hockey were very attractive to me. I was the inter-high school champion in the 100m sprint for the whole 3 years I was there.

These were sad times in many ways, but when I got over that and started to make a life as a young adult, I kept learning from all my experiences, whatever they were and knew I would use them at a later date, when they would be used in the practical world.

I fell hopelessly in love with a beautiful girl from high school, which was such an amazing event. My first love. I was so happy with a one-to-one relationship. We rode our bicycles everywhere, even holding hands while riding. There was a lot of nature around our town, so we did enjoy these outings a lot.

The times were very uncertain in Europe after the war, as Russia was lurking to re-occupy the country again. None of us children, except my eldest brother, had studied enough or had a degree in anything to fall back onto in the future. So, Mum and Dad decided that emigration would be the answer. It took a few years

to get everything organised to get away, so since Mum and Dad made some amazing decisions before the war, that I felt they knew best, so I followed.



As soon as the decision was made to emigrate, I did a private course in Physiotherapy at the local hospital, with the head Physio, who was my Dad's best friend. He liked me and I did well, in fact he did not want me to leave the country and wanted me to stay and work with him. Even after I left Holland, he wrote to me a number

of times and invited me to come back and work with him in the physio department.

After deliberating where to emigrate to, whether to go to Canada, America, New Zealand, South Africa or Australia, our choice was Australia (of course).



It took almost 6 weeks on a ship to get to Australia, stopping only twice on the way: Port Said and Aden. The next stops were Fremantle in WA., Melbourne and finally Sydney. There were 1200 people on board and I felt so crowded, that I changed my day-night routine and sat for hours talking to the members of the band after they finished their shift at 2 am. I was a piano player and had some interests in their lifestyle.

*Me standing on the wharf in front of the "Johan van Oldenbarneveld", the ship that brought us over here.*

As soon as the people would start waking up and come on deck, it was time for me to go to bed. I used to have a great time watching the stars and hearing the ocean waves.

The move to Australia severed my relationship with my girlfriend, but also with all my school mates. This was quite a shock, when I came to realise that, being in a new country, on the other side of the world, 6 weeks sea travel away, no friends and having to work hard to make ends meet, full time. It was as we say today: Wow! What a wake-up!

We arrived in Australia virtually without money, as all the money Dad had, went into the fare for all of us on the boat. This did not leave much time for fun and entertainment for a while and making new friends. I joined a youth group and that was a step in the right direction, as they practiced stage plays and entertained the local people, a few times a year. I played the piano and the group used to dance to my music. There I met Tommy the carpenter and his sister Kathy, who taught me so much about building, something I surely used later on.

To send a message overseas, particularly to my girlfriend back in Holland, would be by mail, which would take 2 weeks to get there and another 2 weeks to get an answer back. It is not like that today. It takes about 2 seconds to contact someone overseas via email or skype. So, writing on a daily basis, something she and I did, was a real memory thing, trying to remember what the last letters were all about. Things have certainly changed a lot. If I could have had daily contact with my girlfriend at that time, things could have been very different today, but in the end:” No regrets”.

By emigrating to Australia, I escaped the army call-up, something I am very happy about. I had seen enough of killing and bombing during the war years.

I have learned to live my life the way it has presented itself over the years. I have been so happy to have had guidance from above and followed these instructions, which were all good.

When we arrived in Sydney on the 18 September, 1952, I was 19 years of age. We settled in Cronulla NSW. I and two other brothers found full-time work 2 weeks after arriving in Australia in a factory, on a production line, assembling record players. Pretty boring, but at the same time it was good to learn the Australian culture and to speak the ‘Aussie’ slang, talking to the persons next to you all day. Working also meant getting some money coming in to support the



family. Dad found it very difficult to find work, because of his age. So, my parents relied on the boys to ‘bring home the bacon’.

*Mum and the boys.*

This photo was taken in 1954, when my eldest brother Harry came out to visit us in Australia.

From l to r: George, Jos (me), Ton, Mother, Hans, Harry and Adrian.

While in Cronulla, 4 friends and I started a dance band, a quintet. We played on weekends in a Cronulla hotel. That was really great, as all the members of this band were playing by ear, without music scores and it always went so well; we had a lot of fun. Most of us played more than one instrument, so we were able to give a lot of variety to our music.



Then one day, after a number of job changes,

I found work in a gymnasium in the city of Sydney as a masseur.

I was really happy, doing what I was trained to do. This wasn't full time work, so I still did other jobs to make ends meet. Sydney is a big place and it took me many hours a day, getting from one job to another by public transport. So, I decided to really pull out all stops and work like a 'drover's dog' (the dog of a sheep or cattle farmer, who run all the time), working 4 jobs, to be able to buy a car eventually.

I had a normal day job working from 8 am to 5 pm., my massage work at the gym in the early evening (6 pm-8pm and Saturday mornings) and 2 waiters' jobs, one at night 3 or 4 times a week catering at weddings etc. and the other one

behind a bar at a bowling club on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

Moving between jobs was the hardest, as at that time we lived in a suburb, without train services. Mother was a 'gypsy' and she kept on moving from one suburb to another. I had to take a bus, train or a ferry. I was constantly changing clothes, grabbing a sandwich on the go and running to catch my next transport.

I did this for almost 2 years, not going out or spending any money on entertainment, even though my brothers often offered me a ticket to a movie or something; but I was working anyway. Saving was difficult, as most of my money went to the family and therefore it took a long time to get some money behind me.

Then one Saturday afternoon, I decided to quit the bowling club job on the spot, almost as soon as I arrived. There was a new bar manager and I did not get on with him instantly. (This was synchronicity). I realised that I had enough of working so hard! I went outside the club and rang my girlfriend in a public phone booth, who was a classical pianist and asked her if she would like to go out that evening, have dinner and take in a show. She nearly fell over, as we had not been out for ages and when we went out, it was always a concert or practice session, something that did not cost much.

We had a great night, but I could not get home from central railway station in Sydney, after dropping her off at home, as the train services had stopped. I sat on the platform for 5 hours, waiting for the first train to take me home again. That incident made up my mind and I decided to take the following Monday off work and buy a car.



I came home with a brand-new VW, that day. It was purchased with half of the price on credit. I was over the moon and my brothers did not believe that the car parked outside was mine, till I took them for a little ride.

It looked very much like this one, with white rim tyres too.

My life changed instantly. I was free and more or less could do what I wanted to. Many weekends my girlfriend and I went for drives and joined in with other friends on outings. One doesn't realise how restricted one is without transport, especially in Australia, which is so vast. To get anywhere you have to travel a long distance. 2 Years later I traded my car in and bought another new VW and paid for it in full. That was the time, when I quit the other waiter's job as well. The weekends and evenings were mine to enjoy and do things I wanted to.

As you read here; I never lived above my means. Everything I had and have, I bought with money I earned through working hard. It was the old way, but I do not regret is at all. I am very proud of that! Even now, I do not use a credit card or get things on credit.

All good! My girlfriend started to get keen on her piano tutor, but we all stayed good friends just the same. Frank, another student of classical music, and I had good times together. He could not understand how I could play piano, not using a score. He always needed sheet music on the piano, before he could play.

Then at my brother's 21<sup>st</sup> birthday party in 1956, I met another girl. She was beautiful and 'I fell in love' (again). Her escort, was doing studies at the catholic seminary for priesthood, so guess what ????, I thought their relationship was not a futuristic binding one and I went to see her the next day and I took her out. I did win her over.

In time we bought a block of land together to build our future house on and worked very hard on weekends, splitting sandstone rocks by the ton and all by hand, using a hammer and gads (chisels), to create a good spot to build a house on. I remember my fiancée then, carrying these rocks, one by one to the future driveway as fill. In the beginning she could only carry small ones, but soon became strong enough to handle larger ones.

We needed a lot of bricks, to build the foundations, as the land had quite a slope to it. I could not afford new bricks, so I looked around for second hand ones and found 23,000 of them in a demolition site. Yep! I had to get them from there and so I had to get a truck drivers licence, borrowed the truck and loaded these bricks, one by one into the truck and drove them home. I had to unload them at my girlfriend's mother's place and later clean them, so they could be used again. That took quite a few months. After work each day, I would sit there, outside in all sorts of weather, chipping the old mortar off them and stack them one by one. Later on, I had to take them to our future building site in the truck again. My poor hands were not used to this rough work, as I was massaging people during the day.

We had our timber clad house built, where I sub-contracted all the painting, inside and out and we were married after a 5-year engagement in 1961.



We needed furniture, but could not afford anything, so we sat on citrus crates and had a tea chest for a table, a mattress on the floor and I had made my wife a dressing table (with the knowledge I gained in a

furniture factory) for our engagement. All the money we saved, went into paying back the loan on the house. The loan was set for 27 years, but was repaid in 7. Working hard like this really paid off. It was only 7 years.

One evening, a friend of my mother-in-law was telling us that he bought a house and it had some old furniture in it. A 4-seater lounge, 2 lounge chairs, a small fridge, a side-board and some odds and ends. He offered me these things for free, but I had to get them out of the house pronto, as he wanted to move into that house very soon. I had to borrow a truck again and then after work one day, went to collect the furniture all by myself. The lounge was an old-fashioned unit, very heavy and large. I had to tumble it down some steps, end-over-end and down the driveway and eventually onto the truck, which was parked on the street. The same thing happened with the seats and the fridge. I got there and took them home to my place and had to do it all again, un-loading.

This furniture served us for a number of years. We felt very rich.

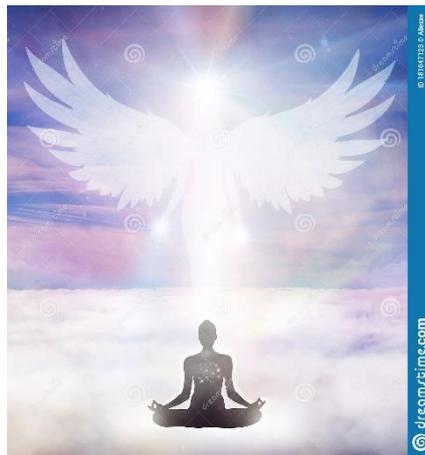
During the pre-marital years, we met a lot of young couples in the same situation and we all helped each other, when extra hands were needed on weekends, clearing their land, building or fencing.



We were married in 1961.

My family started in 1963 when David was born. He was so great from the very beginning! I refer to him as my 'spiritual mentor'. During his short life\* he was an example to others and people just loved him so much. He was sometimes a loner, but set amazing examples of peace.

I know now, that he was an Earth Angel !



I always had a yearning for travelling, but being married, money for that sort of thing was not available. Also, the house was still partly on credit and it needed paying off as soon as possible. Borrowing money was against my principles. Things were very different in those days. Today, young people can afford to travel, because there is more money available and travelling is a lot cheaper.

One day my wife read me an advertisement in the newspaper, where Qantas was advertising for airline stewards (cabin attendants) and this would mean travelling overseas all the time. I did not think it would be appropriate to be flying all around the world, having a young family.



(This is a photo of a Boeing 707 from that time, without a Kangaroo on the tail).

Anyway, after we considered the options, I did get the job at the age of 29 in 1962. It worked out well, because when I was away for 2 weeks on a London trip for instance, I would be given time at home, duty free, for 60% of that time away,

being able to spend time at home 100% with the family. Very often, we were put on stand-by duty for another week or so after that, so we were very happy about that and I did that job for 10 years, working my way up from junior steward to chief steward in just over one year.

We had to do some amazing emergency drills off the coast of Sydney, jumping from a Navy crash-boat into a rubber dinghy and spending a few hours all by ourselves doing emergency procedures. The crash-boat would eventually come back and pick us up again. One day we had to go into a de-compression chamber and experience the feeling of a sudden de-compression on a plane. All these were a real-life experience and never to be forgotten events. When the Jumbo 747 came into service in 1967, I was one of the first Chief Stewards to be rostered on these massive planes. This was so exciting. The size of them was breath-taking. After a few years, I was offered a job as Chief Purser on these jumbos, meaning I was no longer 'swinging a tray' as we called it, but the job would be more a booking officer and 'paper' man. I did not like that and as my time was almost due to leave anyway, I quit the job after 10 years.

Flying overseas was an amazing experience, meeting many interesting people and seeing and living with different cultures. It certainly broadens one's mind, as many people experience today. I saw and experienced a lot and remember a lot of the scenes and people even today. When I see these countries on TV these days, I sometimes say to myself: "I was there once."

I got a lot done at home, as I put my experiences to work, having had some time with Tommy, the carpenter/builder friend from the fifties. I was able to build and construct some things, such as a shed and the 'chook house'. I put my gardening experiences from my childhood to work as well and we were sitting pretty.

My wife worked as a radiographer for a few more months, after she fell pregnant with David and then stayed home to care for everything there. Richard was born in 1965, Patrick in 1967, Stephen in 1969 and Sarah in 1974.

I had stopped flying and we had moved to the country. In 1971, on one of my last flights, I met Mr. Aubrey Pescud on a flight from New York to San Francisco. This was synchronicity at its best. "The opportunity that knocked". It showed me that trusting God always, brings the best things for us and most of the time even better than what we asked for. The book "Victory over dis...eases" tells the whole story. Mr. Pescud was an Osteopath and I ended up with his practice in Ballina NSW and started on my own in 1972 as an Osteopath at the age of 39 and had a steady income, doing what I wanted to.

*Jos T.Linsen. Osteopath/ Chiropractor*

\*In 1974, David became ill and we found out he had contracted leukaemia. This was a bad time for all of us and I was not trained enough to take charge of this condition. He had to be treated by the medical profession and received the usual chemo and radiation treatments.

We studied and researched hard to find out what we could do for him, via the library (no internet remember), as we did not like the medical approach to curing cancers. However, we had to go along with them initially, as the type of leukaemia he had, was very life threatening over just a few days. He was hospitalised and treated and when he came home after 2 weeks, we took over and started to feed him the best of natural, alkaline and fresh foods and cared for him the best way possible in every way. Even though he was still on chemo and also had been treated with radiation, his condition improved rapidly and after 3 months, there was no sign of the disease. The specialist was surprised and amazed but, he said:" You did it"." Whatever you are doing is the right thing, so keep it up."

David was back at school and lead a normal life, but 3 years later he started to show signs of partial blindness and upon checking his condition, he had developed a massive tumour in the cerebellum (brain), which was at that time in-operable. He died in 1974. This was hard!

We had bought 40 acres of land during this time, about 20 km from Ballina in Meerschaum Vale, as we wanted to grow our own fresh and natural food, since what we were buying was not what we wanted anymore and also to have a healthy life style at the same time. Even though we had the farm when David was still alive, it was not producing anything yet. It was too late for him.

This farm was very run-down when we got it and it needed a lot of attention, to bring it up to standard for growing food Bio-dynamically. I did a course in Permaculture design and was able to use that fully on this property. Many hours went into slashing lantana and ploughing the bracken ferns and re-shaping the land, making swales and contours for water preservation, the permaculture way. We then left the land fallow for more than one whole year.

During this time some amazing things started to grow and the most interesting one was a vine with large, round water-melon like fruits. We did not know what they were, so we had them identified and they turned out to be “pie melons or jam melons” as some people called them. These melons had not been seeded in recent years, so how they survived all this time, no one knows. By ploughing the ground, they were brought up to the surface and started to grow. I took them to the greengrocers around the district and sold about 10 trailer loads of them. They sold them to a lot of people in our area who were retired and made their own jams and pies. They sold like ‘hot cakes.’ Our first income from the farm. Irrigation pipes were put in and about 2000 trees were planted. Most of these trees were fruit trees for commercial purposes and others for the protection of the little saplings as windbreaks, when they were growing up. A real house orchard and vegetable garden established with many varied species, so we



would have seasonal food all the year-round.

I bought 400 (bare rooted) pine trees for the windbreaks, but I only needed 300 of them, so I finished up with a pine-tree forest of 100 trees. I really enjoyed the

perfume from them, when these trees grew up, especially on a rainy day. It was a good place to escape to for a break sometimes. Other local/native species of fruiting and flowering trees were interplanted with the pine trees on the windbreaks, to feed and shelter the smaller birds. Koala corridors were considered and they were used later by the resident koalas in the bush paddock.

We bought a 6-birth caravan to put on the farm to live in, when we were ready to develop the property. I had some gravel delivered to cover the soil where the caravan was to be sited, but the truck could not get up the hill and dumped this load down the bottom. (more later)

During the initial clearing of the property, a week after David had passed on, I had a tractor accident, pulling some old fence posts out of the ground. This was bad, as I could not do a thing and the farm was left un-attended for about 15 months. I could not work in my clinic either. I was a cripple. I did not go to the farm at all during that time and was quite useless. The tractor completely turned up-side-down and I was trapped under the mudguard. I managed to free myself after an hour or so, pulling my hair and straightening my body, releasing the rest. But when I got on my feet, I realised how badly hurt I was. Every muscle on my right side was torn or stretched to a point that I could barely move. I managed to get to the car and drove home in 2<sup>nd</sup> gear, so I would not have to use the clutch, as the movement of my legs would hurt my back so much. I realised if I had not made that decision there and then, I would never have been able to drive at all, as my body would stiffen up so much, getting colder. By the time I pulled up in front of the house I was finished; I could hardly breathe and certainly not walk. My wife and one of my sons helped me out of the car, which was a very painful experience and I sat for 2 days in a chair, without my wife knowing what had happened in detail. It hurt me to talk and breathe. She took me to the hospital and took some X-rays, but nothing was broken. I had to ride it out and I did.

Many months later on a Friday night, before going to sleep, I prayed to my God and asked Him to tell me what my fate was, either to remain a cripple or would I go back to the farm and work it as I had planned. I left the decision with Him and went to sleep. When I woke in the morning of Saturday, I did not have ANY pains at all. I got out of bed and shook my body and indeed, there was nothing.

My mind was made up immediately as I knew I was heard and I said to my wife, I am going to the farm and move “that pile of gravel” which was delivered 15 months before and spread it out as a base for the caravan, so we could live there and stay over on weekends, rather than travelling up and back 20 km each way, so we could do some work and not waste that time. (Bloody workaholic!)

I moved the gravel, 4 m<sup>3</sup> of it, twice, once into the trailer at the dump site and then from the trailer where I wanted it and spread it over the surface of the ground. I stopped at 2 pm and felt no pain or even muscle stiffness after this

event. When I got home, my wife asked me if I did get *some work* done. The answer was very positive and on the next day, Sunday, I took the 27 ft. (a bit over 8 metres) caravan to the farm and parked it for us to live in. We made the spot and caravan very comfortable, so we could live there permanently. The next thing was to sell the house in East Ballina and think what to do about the clinic.

A new shopping centre and we knew the

We thought we would and have my practice we were given a choice

The permanent move to The children went to was handy as they could school and we go home

At first, we lived in the permaculture plan for the orchards on established and growing was going to build the house.

Many people build their house first and the trees second, but to me this is back to front. Trees, whether fruiting or ornamental, need time to grow, so if you plant them first, they can do their thing, while you build a house afterwards. We did not mind roughing it for a while. Actually, we learned a lot during this time in the caravan and saw many beautiful things at night especially, watching the stars and moon. We all loved being outside. We heard and saw many nocturnal animals and were able to follow them, as it was so quiet at night.

We had no electricity, just 2 light bulbs in the caravan, which ran off a battery, which I charged up in the car every second day, when I went to work at the new Natural Food Shop, about 10 km away in Alstonville.

Then I had to build a work shed/machinery shed from second hand materials I gathered from demolition sites and second-hand dealers. I made very good use



was being built in Alstonville developer.

start a Natural Food Shop there as well. We did and of shops.

the farm was now reality. school in Alstonville, so that meet us at the shop after together.

caravan, drew up a the whole farm and finished weekends, to get the trees as soon as possible, before I

of the new 8 x 5 trailer I welded. It was heavier and larger than the 6 x 4 and it had dual axles, so I could carry bigger loads.

As soon as this big shed was built, I connected the gutters to the first water tank, since we had no water. I used to carry containers of water in from the shop every day.



We became very cunning and used a coil of black poly irrigation pipe, attached it to the water tank and coiled it like a spring, so that the sun would heat the water during the day. We could at least have a hot bath in a small metal tub outside, just like this one. That was amazing and the kids loved it; being the nature-children they were.

This part of the farm was very private and no one could see anything we did. The caravan was partly parked under a few large mango trees on the East side, giving us shade during the hot summer days, especially in the afternoon.

The next thing was the house, so I applied for electricity to be put on. When we first bought the farm, we decided where the house was going to be built, as part of the permaculture design. I had set out pegs where the house should be and changed them slightly a few times, to find the perfect position.

I wanted to design my own house and build it myself as well, so I did a Draughting course by correspondence during my time as a cripple, got an Owner Builders Licence and away we went and built the house. I did all the work, except the brick work, something I never really mastered. I laid the concrete foundations with the children's help, whatever they could do, as they were still very young. The brickies came and built the walls and I took over after that and did the rest of the construction. I love working with wood, to me a natural product which speaks to me.

Even though the house was not totally completed inside, we moved in and more or less camped there, as soon as the roof was on. It was so good to get out of the caravan after a few years and able to stretch out without poking someone in the eyes while putting your shirt on.

The finishing touches of the house, the ceilings and many cupboards had to wait for a while, as sheds had to be built and a lot of fencing erected for the goats we

planned to have and also the chickens, so that was the next step. We had 3 water tanks in all, after the house and the sheds were completed.

I remember the day my wife's uncle from Sydney wanted to come and stay a few days. He was a city slicker and would not be seen naked. Why I mention this is, that the wall between the bathroom and the kitchen had a large opening left in it for a cupboard arrangement to be built on both sides. That hole did not worry us, but uncle would not be too happy of course, so there goes another priority: build this cupboard, so uncle would be happy. Oh yes, that's right, the bathroom door as well; the first door inside the house.

*(The following story is an extract from my book: "FARMING AND BUILDING.")*

*I have to do this, as otherwise there would be a gap in my story.*

*Animals were brought in, such as 23 feral goats (originally from the Byron Bay Lighthouse hill) via the Department of Agriculture, a purebred angora buck, a sheep someone gave us, our dog of course and some chickens, as soon as I had their housing built.*

*(Tired yet? But you are not allowed to be tired as there is much more to come.)*

*I always wanted milking goats again, so we bought some Saanens and a British Alpine.*

*With the advent of the animals about to arrive, internal fencing had to be erected everywhere to divide the main paddock into smaller paddocks for good health management of the goats, so I could rotate them regularly to control worms. I invented the 1-3-5-2-4-(6) system. In other words, I would start the goats in paddock 1, move them to paddock 3, then to 5, to 2 and 4. After 2 weeks in each paddock, I would start again in paddock 1. By then, any worms that could have been there, would have died. That worked well. We did not have to drench our goats for worms with chemicals and we sold the goat milk as organic milk. 'Diatomatious Earth' was used in the goat feed and rubbed into their fur, to stop any worms internally and lice infestation externally. The chickens were also fed with Diatomatious earth in their feed and they were dusted with Diatomatious earth into their feathers to stop lice. This made the feathers of the chickens and the hair and fur of the goats really shine beautifully. We finished up with as many as 80 goats on the farm. Most of them were bred from the original feral goats into first and second cross angora goats. These feral and cross-bred goats, were*

*housed mainly on the hill paddock and they kept the weeds under control, something that made the weed inspector very happy.*

*The hill paddock went up to 400 m above sea-level and was totally tree covered. The goats loved going in there and it was so good for their hooves, as the rocks kept them trimmed. I only had to check them now and then and trim them a little. To bring these goats in for inspection, I had to go up there and 'chase' them. I was so fit and ran and climbed and double backed when the goats decided to change course. My brother from the flat country in Dubbo could not understand how I managed to do this, but I could not drive a vehicle on that hill anyway. He watched me do this one day and he just shook his head. He would get on the tractor to go anywhere on his farm, which was flat land.*

*The orchard trees started to bear fruit and we sold a lot of this fruit at the farm gate, using the honesty system. The fruit was bio-dynamic and tasted so good. I would not sell mandarins, unless there had been a good frost in their paddock, to sweeten them. Something you might like to remember, that citrus fruit is so much nicer and sweeter after a few good frosts. (This is the same with Brussel's sprouts; they are not nearly as bitter.) People who passed our farm knew this and were flocking to our gate every day to get fresh produce. We had 5 kinds of mandarins, a hundred trees in total, 5 varieties of lychees\* (100 trees), 60 limes, 30 peaches and 30 nectarines.*

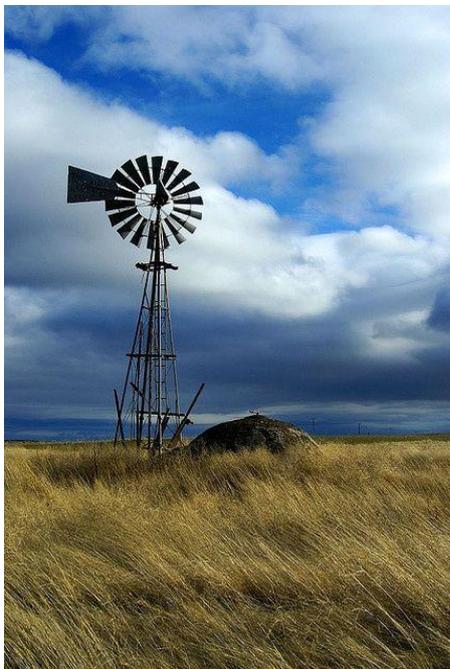
*Any extra fruit, which was not sold at the farm gate went to the 'House with no Steps' and they marketed it, making some profit for their organisation. I would pass there every day anyway and dropped the produce off, so this was very convenient.*

*\*The Dept. of Agriculture told me that I could not grow lychees in the front paddock, because the frost of minus 4°C would kill them. I still wanted to have lychees, so I thought about this problem and came up with a solution. I gathered many smaller rocks, up to the size of one's head from the hill paddock and used them as a "rock mulch", in other words. I placed them all around the base of the trees and allowed the sun to warm them during the day and these rocks would send the warmed air up through the foliage during the night and morning, stopping the frost from settling on their leaves. It worked a treat. These trees grew beautifully and bore fruit within 4 years.\* More in my book "Farming and building."*

*During the summer months, I would remove these rocks away a little and mulch the trees with compost etc., to keep the roots cool as well.*

*The 6 Saanen goats and one British Alpine, were milked twice a day, at 5 am and again at 5.30 pm. After I did the milking in the morning and bottling this milk, I had to go out and deliver the milk to 2 other health food shops in the area, before coming home, have a shower, breakfast and go to the clinic, starting at 9 am. So, my day was quite full.*

*My wife did work some hours in the shop, helping Mandy who was a paid shop assistant, as she was needed as a mother and look after the children. She helped in the gardens when she had time.*



*We needed to get more water for irrigation. There was not enough water in the tanks for constant irrigation, so I found a spot for water by divining with a forked stick, right in the middle of the commercial orchard, sunk a 12 metre bore and placed a windmill on top of it.*

*I found a windmill about 50 km away and carried it home, with the head still attached on the back of a tip-truck I borrowed. We stood the windmill up directly from the tip truck, attaching 2 legs to the concrete slab and using the tractor to pull it upright. That was exciting, but very easy in the end.*

*That bore supplied us with fantastic water. That water was tested and found to be beautiful mineralised, alkaline water, better than rainwater. The windmill made the farm look so special. It worked very well, till at one stage we were caught up in a drought situation (EL NIÑO) and I had to replace the windmill with a petrol driven fire-fighter pump, to get enough for future irrigation. That bore water level never dropped more than 25 mm. after pumping for hours some times.*

*The weekends were spent on finishing the house and any farm work that needed doing, such as slashing regularly to keep the place in good order. Picking fruit in season and maintaining the trees.*

*When the house was completed, I decided to bring the clinic home to the farm, which made it even more efficient. If a patient would cancel the appointment, I could go out and do an hour's worth of farming or whatever. There were weeks I did not go out of the front gate at all. I loved being at home.*

*My clients loved to come to the farm, as it was a pretty place by now and they could buy their fresh produce. They would often come and bring their relations and sit under the trees near the tennis court I built out of abandoned termite mounds.*

*Collecting this termite clay, I spent many trips into the bush, finding them for this purpose. It is amazing stuff and perfect for a tennis court. Oh yeah, there was always time to have a bash at a few tennis balls and keep the children entertained, including the "ball-dog", who would retrieve any stray balls, during the time, when there was no fence around the court.*

As time went by, the children were growing up and they left home to follow their chosen professions. The work on the farm became too much, together with working in my clinic. We had to sell and move into town again. This was a very sad day for me, as I wanted to die there, since it was such a beautiful and healthy place to be and it was supplying us with real food.

A year or so later, I contracted Ross River Fever and it affected me in the shoulders. I could not work and had to close my clinic altogether. My wife and I went to stay with 2 of my sons in Sydney and it took a while before I could move my shoulders enough to do work again.

We had bought a house in Tewantin, near Noosa as a superannuation deal and had it let at this point, as an investment. I decided to move away from Sydney after 3 months, as I hated it so much. I took the minimum of things with me; a small table, a chair, a small fridge, a bed, my drawing board and my clothes.

This house had just become vacant and I moved in, with the intention of renovating it. I drew the plans for a renovation and extension and had 'the Queenslander' raised about one meter by an expert and bricked it up all around, giving me usable space underneath. Extended at the back and made an extra bed room and bath room upstairs and a living room and small kitchen downstairs. Lifting this house, gave me 3 garages, a clinic room and a waiting room at street level.

My Ross River Fever was well under control by then and I could do a lot of the work. Once the brickies were gone, I put the new roof on the extension and built a staircase and did all the carpentry around the doors and windows inside. I don't know how I did all this by myself, but somehow it got done.

Soon I was able to go back to work as an Osteopath again and started a new clinic from the ground up. It did not take too long and soon I was earning money again, so I could pay off the loan. My wife decided not to come to Tewantin as she liked the city life. We were divorced after 27 years of marriage, something that broke my heart, but in hind side, time heals all and life goes on. Sounds easy now.

Fortunately for me, 2 years later, at the age of 59, I met a young woman of 29 and we fell head over heel in love. She had 2 small children and we were so happy. We really enjoyed each other's company and the children accepted me as a father figure. We often went out on camping weekends and enjoyed teaching the children from home. She did not believe in the education system and I agreed with her. Every second weekend we would meet a group of home-schoolers and allowed all the children access to their friends.

I loved her so much that I did so much for her. I became too possessive. In the end, she could not stand the pressure. I realised too late that I took away her self-esteem. These were some of the happiest years of my life; real and unconditional love. We too separated, still loving each other, about a year after having a baby together. This was another difficult time in my life. I was contemplating suicide and fortunately I decided against that, as life went on and I managed to achieve a lot since then. I had to sell this house and rented a room for a while.

Another 2 years later, while I was working in Noosa, I was introduced to a massage therapist and she asked me if I would like to come and work in her clinic in Cooroy. I did and within 12 months I had gained 800 new patients, over and above the regular clientele, so it was a good move. When the rental contract ended on her clinic, we bought a house together on 3 acres in Cooroy, where we could grow some food. I built some extra rooms in the existing 4-car carport, which was attached to the house, so we could have our individual practices and a conference room. This worked out very well also. We had many workshops and were able to accommodate 50 people.

After a few years we felt, we needed a little more land so we bought a 7-acre farm west of Cooroy in Carter's Ridge, to be more self-sufficient. There we held more workshops and demonstrations in bio-dynamic farming, permaculture, weekend workshops in the Australian Bush Flower Essences, straw bale construction, cob oven building, general gardening and growing, Agnihotra\* and more. We had demonstrators come in at times and we ran some workshops ourselves.

Another reason for this farm was that I could not wait to buy some goats again, also chickens, ducks and geese and planted a lot of trees and especially vegetables. We constructed a new goat shed and did more fencing all over this farm, which was quite undulating and fairly difficult at times. The 5-bay shed was converted into a house and made very comfortable, with proper plaster walls, timber ceilings and tiles on the floor. More water tanks were installed and irrigation lines put in, to water the new gardens and trees we planted. A pump was installed on the dam.

*\*Google Agnihotra and find out what it does. It is amazing!*

I was getting good at this, having done it all before.

10 Years on, I was getting tired of working so hard and basically called it quits at the age of 76. I realised I was not able to put all my effort into Osteopathy anymore as well as the demos and keeping the farm in a pristine condition for visitors on the weekends. Eventually I wanted out and I discussed this with my partner, but she did not want to move. I wanted to sell out and travel around the country.

My spiritual life was progressing very fast and I felt I wanted to develop this more and more. It was hard for me to make up my mind, as I did not want to leave all the hard work for my partner to do, if I left.

Eventually I sat at the dam and meditated every day for a few hours to get a message and instructions, which way to go. I have always had a lot of faith in God. The message came loud and clear on the seventh day:" GO TO THE KIMBERLY DESERT AND DO A 10 DAY MEDITATION AND FAST". No time was wasted and I started to pack up and left.

All on my own in the bush every night, without sometimes talking to people for days. In fact, there was one stretch of 5 months, when I did not have a *conversation* with anyone. That was actually quite amazing, especially for me.

In hind-side, this trip was not difficult for me. As far as being on my own was concerned, as I always enjoyed my own company, as you read before AND I was guided all the way.

I spent time meditating daily at all my bush stops every night till I fell asleep, very relaxed and happy, since I was told to do this and I knew I was protected.

I very seldom stayed in caravan parks, only when I needed my washing done and have a real shower, rather than a dip in a billabong or a creek.

I covered 23,500 km on this trip in my Toyota 4WD Landcruiser station wagon with a small tent on top of the roof-rack, going from the Sunshine Coast north, via the top end to Cape York, back to Cairns, then towards the west coast via Kakadu, Darwin, Fitzroy crossing\*, Broome and south via Port Hedland, inland via Karingini National Park and west to Geraldton, Carnavon, south to Perth, Bunburry where I met up with my baby daughter and ex-partner after 14 years. Then south to Margaret River, east again all the way via the Nullabor Plains and many places in between to Sydney and back home.

*\*It was near Fitzroy crossing, where I spent 12 days in total and did my meditation and fast. The whole story is in "Victory over dis...eases"*

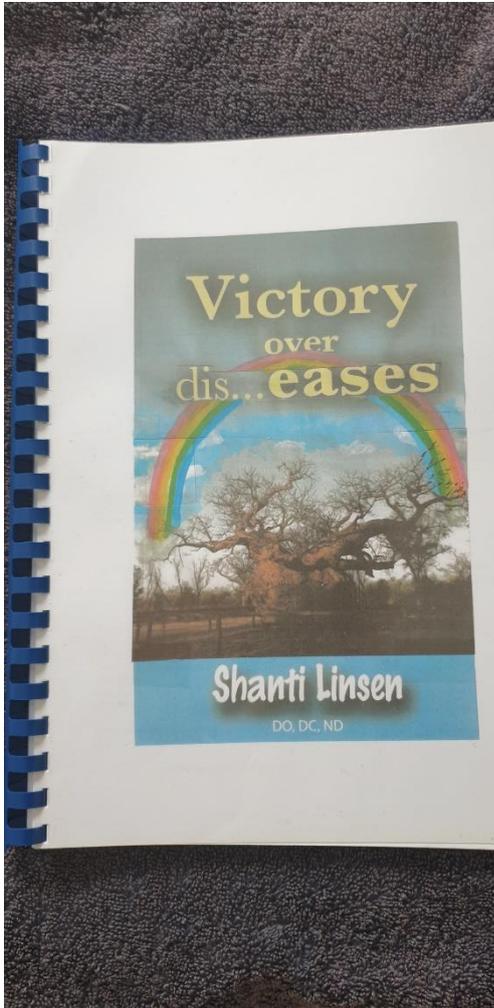
I saw a lot, I met some amazing people, I was given so much love all the way from nature with the animals big and small. Oh, my goodness! What an experience that was for me.

I really found myself and all this turned into A POT OF GOLD.

Yes, even catching up with my ex-lady-friend and daughter in W.A, now at the age of 14, was an amazing time. Hard, yes, but fruitful just the same. We realised we could never be together again, as time had changed both of us and our lifestyles too, but there was still a lot of love, just the same. Quite a few tears were shed and even a lot of hugging too.

My full story of this trip, is written in "Victory over dis...eases", the feelings, the emotions, the love, everything I could have wished for really. This trip added so much to my life's learning.

After I got back home, I hitched the caravan to the car and I continued travelling for another 6 years and was able to help a lot of people who were seeking to be rescued from all sorts of pressures, physically, mentally, spiritually and emotionally.



I produced my first edition of "Victory over diseases" while I was travelling and stopping in the most amazing places like national parks, just bush camps and beach-side parking places, doing all the work in the caravan. The writing, the binding and putting the whole book together into an A4 size book, like you see here. Many copies were sold on the road and some given to people who were struggling and needed guidance. This was a very happy and interesting time.

I am so happy about everything. I spent quite some time on the Atherton tablelands in Queensland and met some really beautiful people. I was thinking of setting up a community of like-minded people and live off the land, being self-sufficient again. For a few years now, I thought that a small plot of land would be so special, a plot where I could grow a few things and be happy till the end. When this opportunity came along, I was so ecstatic,

being together with some others to share the same ideas.

I found 10 families, (some of them were single), and we got on so well. After 6 months and having regular meetings together, we bought 80 acres of land, with a clear river frontage of about 1 km. We picked our own special spots of 1 ha. each on this block and left the rest for communal use, especially as we all wanted to teach and demonstrate our knowledge and use a big shed, which was there, to seat the visitors.

Straight away I started to build a carport for the caravan and the car and had an area cleared beside this for a small straw bale house. The machine operator dug me a heart-shape dam as well, while he was there.

The carport was finished, when one of the guys started to lay down HIS laws. Originally, he was one of the nicest fellows you could meet. This was very unpleasant, as he would not budge from his thoughts. I felt I was too old and too peaceful to battle against him and discussed the situation with the others. They were quite willing to fight him, but I could not do that anymore; I did not want to fight and rather discuss any issues peacefully.

Unfortunately, this seems to be the pattern in most communities, where a dominant person, ruins the chances for others to be independent from society as a whole and be at peace.

I sold my share of this property and went to Mareeba and parked the caravan in a caravan park. Being there I went into a deep depression, so bad in fact that my son had to fly to Cairns and come to get me, the car and caravan and drive me home to his place in Buderim, where I locked myself away for 7 months and managed to come out of that really well. I also realised that I was not getting any younger and that the work involved in being self-sufficient was getting beyond me, especially starting from scratch. My mind, being so young, overruled the body.

I found some amazing people since then and I am very happy with my life. I started this book: "Share my Pot of Gold". I could not ask for more really.

I settled down in a unit on the Sunshine Coast and felt very content. I walked 2 km to the beach and sat there and daydreamed when I wanted to. I sold my 4WD and caravan and bought a small car to drive around the area in and I felt great. I can now concentrate on others in a different way and give them as much as I have to give. I also have time to look after #1 and have some special Kahuna massages etc.

Still looking for the country life, I was asked by a friend, to help her and her boyfriend, to set up a small farm in Tasmania. She had bought this place, to be self-sufficient and have a peaceful life. She, nor her boyfriend, knew anything about farming or building, so I was supposed to be the brains and they would do the work. She knew I had the experience in these matters, so her question was: "Are you interested?"

This was really dangling a carrot in front of me, as she knew that I had my dream to live on a farm again. I considered it and decided to take up the challenge. I realised Tasmania was going to be cold, but I thought, if 600,000 people living there can do it, I CAN!

Well, in the short term, our personalities did clash a lot and things did not go well. Then when it really started to get cold, I was so miserable, that I had to leave there and go back to the Sunshine Coast in Queensland after only 7 months. I found somewhere to live and decided to travel and go and see relations I had not seen for a long time.

I had a great time and was treated like a king everywhere. It was soooo good to catch up with them all; nieces, nephews, their children and see where they were living and what they were doing every day. I had a lovely time.

One day a niece came back from a trip to Europe, where she met, via a friend, my girlfriend in Holland from 1952, the one I wrote about earlier. When my niece arrived back in Australia, she rang me and told me the story, also saying she had her address and phone number. If I was interested, she can let me have both of them, as she told me that the girlfriend was interested to know me. I took up the challenge and we have been in contact ever since via skype.

Interesting hey! I did plan a visit to Holland in May 2020, but 'Mr. Covid said NO' I bought a ticket and all, but it was not to be. I hind side it was the right thing. If I had gone, I would have been caught up there during this epidemic and still be there in a climate I don't like. Wow! Here once more, I was protected by my Maker.

This brings me to the next part of this book, which deals with the art of giving and receiving. A lot is written about giving, but as you will read, the two are inter-related and cannot be separated really. My life now is to deal with these two and loving the feeling of both:

### **THE ART OF GIVING AND RECEIVING.**



What prompted me to write this article is that I think I am the happiest person in the world and I want to Share my Pot of Gold, my riches, my abundance, my GOLD.

You may ask:" Why would he be the happiest person?" Because I have YOU in my life!

Further, the answer lies in the fact that all day long I receive positive vibes from all sorts of sources. When I meet someone, it is always a happy occasion. Negative people do not affect me anymore and I do not dwell on their vibes. I like to stay with the positives. MY POT OF GOLD!

Even when watching TV for instance, I get lovely feelings from people who smile and are happy. A sports person achieving the almost impossible feats and then to see his/her feelings after the event. So good! An animal in nature doing its happy things, especially a baby animal just born. All these things make me receive beautiful feelings. Most TV 'anything' is dreary and so negative, but there are a few shows and even ads, that make me smile and feel good.

Yes, I like watching some TV, but I choose my programs very carefully. I always make sure that what I watch has to do with nature (Sir David Attenborough) and science (Prof. Brian Cox), or something else I can learn from. Travel programs I like to watch, as they remind me of the 10 years, I was going around the world meeting people and seeing different vistas, buildings and architecture and land formations. When seeing these, I realise that Mother Earth is in charge all the time and that man, sadly makes some tremendous mistakes most times.

Seeing things in nature is a real gift to me. The way Mother Earth or even the Universe in general is giving so much, I really appreciate that.

Today I really love to give as much as I can and have that opportunity, as my life has changed since retirement. My giving is almost selfish, as I receive so much from doing so.

### “Giving IS receiving.”

The word 'receiving' is the opposite to 'giving', but we cannot separate them really. Giving leads to receiving automatically. It is a real art and this art may be difficult for some people to realise or accept, but when giving from the heart, you are yourself receiving a positive message/vibe from the recipient, whom you made happy. That is the feeling I get when I am giving. I am giving to myself at the same time.

The act of *receiving* a material gift, is done with an open hand. An open hand that wants to and is ready to receive and accept. When we take something, it is always with the palm of the hand down towards the ground, a much more unfriendly gesture.

Receiving messages, gifts, thoughts, situations and happenings is something we all encounter every day and they affect us emotionally of course. Unfortunately, there are times when we only seem to receive negative ones. We need to be



aware of them and try, as soon as possible, to erase them from our minds. I make quite an effort, when a negative message comes my way and sometimes, I may call out aloud and tell this message to get out of my house and stay there and leave me alone. Negative emotional

happenings always affect our physical state of mind and that is why so many people are sick. The cause of their sickness is an emotional one and this is a well-known fact.

Try to be in a positive mind all the time, so you will be well.

Make someone happy; it makes you happy too.

We have to learn to trust people more readily and be positive in our thoughts.

I like to really emphasize on positive gifts here, the ones we would like to receive regularly and often, as they keep us going. It is the understanding and feeling for others we should be aware of.

Let me start by saying that a material gift is something very special but, does not have to be of an expensive nature to be a good gift.

A good gift is the appropriate thought someone put into the gift we are about to receive.

How often do we receive a gift from someone, who really doesn't know us very well? These gifts are always very affective, because that person who gives at this time, quickly seized up the situation and realised that you needed something NOW, to pick you up

I would like to give you 2 examples of this, something I experienced in my latter years, since I have become more aware of other people's feelings and needs.

Example 1: I needed a new pair of swimming trunks and walked into a shop near the beach. The lady owner said hello and I asked her for a pair of bathers. When I saw her face and especially her eyes, I realised she was not very happy, in fact she was very sad. I asked her if she was alright and she said: "I am ok." That was

to me a sign she was doing it tough and told her that I was a counsellor of sorts and she could talk if she wanted to. She immediately started to cry and told me her whole story. She trusted me!

When I left the shop, I walked around the shopping area and stopped at a gift shop, more by chance than anything. I saw a small trinket, I thought might suit this lady and make her feel a bit better.

I asked the shop assistant to gift-wrap this and I went back to see the unhappy lady. When I returned, she was a bit shocked to see me again and as I put out my hand and said to her: "This is for you," she said: "What is this?" I told her to open it and see. When she saw the little gift, she was so happy and said: "I will never forget this beautiful occurrence and the gift, just when I needed the attention so much."

She received this small token with love and with the understanding of what a total stranger can do for someone.

Example 2: I needed to go to Centrelink and do some paperwork. As I walked into the office, an elderly lady called me and sat me down at her desk. Immediately I realised that she too was sad. I said to her: "Before we go on with my business, can I help you, because you look so sad." She started to cry a little and told me that this day was the 2<sup>nd</sup> anniversary of her husband's passing. We talked a bit and hand. When I left street to a florist nice bunch of this lady and she to the staff room to before she



went on with the business at her office, I walked across the shop. I called in and bought a flowers. I took them over to really started to cry and went put the flowers in a vase. I left returned.

3 weeks later I had to go back to Centrelink again and as soon as I walked through the door, she got up from her seat and came to greet me. She said: "Please come and sit down with me, as I want to thank you so much for the lovely thought you had, to give me some flowers, which by the way lasted for over 2 weeks". SHE LOOKED SO DIFFERENT AND HAPPY. She told me too that nobody had ever done anything like this in her entire life.

These examples are not about GIVING but RECEIVING. The giving was easy and instantaneous and from the heart, but to be able to receive this message (gift or thought) from a total stranger is always so amazing. These people received the

gift with open hands and the feeling of elation shone out of their eyes. The release of the pressure of negative feelings was instantaneous. I am fortunate that I am just one person, who can see/feel people's moods and react the way I did as described above. I have never been slapped in the face for being there for those, who are in pain in some way or form.

How good was that, hey? I too being there for them at their despair. I received a beautiful something "beautiful" to emotions are always touched by something special, a thought or person or an animal or even a



felt elated of course, critical time of feeling through giving another person. Our a gift, the receiving of a touch from another tree.

Anything has the capability to long as you are receptive to We often hear about people

make you happy, as that.

tree. I am one of them and I have written about that in my book: "Victory over dis...eases", at a time when a tree "called me over" and gave me a big hug, something I really needed at that moment. Yes, the tree hugged me while I was hugging it. I felt many arms around me, caressing me lovingly for at least 20 minutes.

who love to hug a

The gift of receiving from nature, reminds me of the feeling we get when we observe the starry sky at night and see the enormity of the Universe, all those stars lighting the sky a little, enough to make us feel happy. Another natural item, that is so good to observe is a butterfly, 'fluttering by' so happily and carefree. A flower, an animal, a tree, a river, a mountain, snow on the ground, lightening in the sky, cloud formations and so many more things make us happy because we receive a positive message.

*Please make time to be there and see and feel these amazing things.*

I just came in from feeding a couple of crested pigeons, whom I have befriended, since I came here. They call me when they arrive with a friendly coo-coo-coo in the afternoon just before sunset and I go out and sit in my chair outside.



They get so excited and fly around and land on my head or arm, till I am properly seated. Then, when I am ready, they eat out of my hand together in peace and gratefully accept my gift of a little extra seed and make little noises of satisfaction. Then when the seed is gone, they scour the ground for any spilt seeds that have landed there, before going home. This is love and they receive with love what I am giving them as a friend of the Earth.

If only all messages could be positive, that would be so amazing, but life is such, that we always need to know the opposite as well.

Before we can appreciate the 'positive', we must know the 'negative'.

Receiving should always be measured by the thoughts the giver has put into the gift, NOT the monetary value. When we start converting the gift into money, we are on the wrong track. As mentioned above, a hug, a smile, a touch, an embrace, anything like this, can be more valuable than an actual material gift.

I was a little late at a funeral one day and another lady too was hastily walking towards the chapel. We stood side by side in the back of this chapel, as the service had started. Soon, this lady started to cry and I realised she was very sad. Instantly, I put my arm around her shoulders and held her firmly. When the service was finished, she turned around and looked at me and said: "That was just what I needed". She told me that she nursed the deceased for the last 3 months of her life and that they became very close friends. She thanked me and we parted. This was a gift of love to a stranger, who needed help there and then.

Years ago, I was interested in wood turning and made some very interesting items from scrap wood at times. These turnings were not to be sold, but I used them as gifts to those people who would appreciate them as part of me. My heart and soul went into these beautiful creations and by using these as gifts, people felt the emotional value when receiving these. That is so good.

When my wife's grandmother died, who was a beautiful crochet worker, all my wife wanted as a memento to her;



just one of her creations. She was not interested in any of her possessions in the house as they meant little or nothing to her, but a nicely crocheted handkerchief was real value to my wife at the time.

The emotional value could never be measured in dollars and cents. Some other relatives, raided the house and took all sorts of paintings and furniture, not even thinking of the beautiful arts grandma created. Strange isn't it, the way some of us go through life, thinking that money is king. Life should be so easy and beautiful, without converting everything into monetary values.

Strangers should be treated like brothers and sisters. I like talking to people and will not use the electronic scanning machines in supermarkets, as they are dead and I am alive and want to speak to the check-out person. Say hello and name them by name. They wear their name tags so we can identify them. They always love to talk to me, as I treat them as a brother or sister.

When I walk in the street, I often make a point of saying hello to passers-by, but... some people do NOT want to be spoken to and they let you know, by dropping their heads or looking into a different direction. That is fine by me, but they do not realise what I am trying to achieve.

Okay, this is difficult, because we are told you cannot trust anyone these days. Maybe we ought to let people know that YOU CAN BE TRUSTED FIRST. Thinking negatively or having negative thoughts, will bring these thoughts to reality. If you are worried all the time, that thieves are going to raid your home, **THEY WILL**.

Let us learn to trust one another, for it will be beneficial to all of us.

I have learned now that there should never be a feeling of shame or hesitation when receiving a gift. It should be unreservedly open and to the heart, without reservations or feeling the need to give in return. In our society we always seem to feel a need to give in return, but that is not right. When we receive a gift, be it a material gift or a thoughtful message, we should only have to say: "Thank you," showing your appreciation. One day in the future, you may think of that person or another person and if you feel the need, to give that person a gift of your own without reservation, from your heart to his or hers, **DO IT!**

The whole thing of giving is like a merry-go-round; you give, he gives, that receiver gives and so forth. It does not have to be a return gift back to you from the original recipient. This is so beautiful and warm all the time. Be open to giving and receiving daily.

Age should never be a barrier. I have received some amazing gifts from small children.



throughout their life.

Sometimes it may be a drawing on a small piece of paper they did FOR ME, or whatever and also, I have received gifts from the very old, such as a happy thought and consideration, a story or a lesson they wanted to share with me from experiences gained

Only a few weeks ago, at a garden demonstration, a little girl of about 8 years, came up to me and a friend, as we were talking and gave us both a little crystal. She did not know us and it was such a beautiful happening. Wow!

How good is this next story! A little boy of about 8 months, who was carried by his mother, saw me coming towards them in a restaurant. As he spotted me, he locked his eyes onto mine. I started to smile a little and I was so happy, feeling his love.

As I came closer, he put his arms out to me and wanted me to hold him. I asked his mother if I could give him a cuddle and she passed him onto me. He played with my necklace to start and switched to my moustache afterwards. He was fascinated by the moustache. I asked his mother if her husband had one, to which she replied in the negative. This was such a beautiful encounter. This little fellow gave me so much love and I was open to receive this with open arms. He made my day. The feeling lasted and lasted and I could hardly think of anything else all day.

Giving should not just be an act of feeling sorry for someone who might be in trouble. *Maybe if we gave more often and early enough, we could spare that person from being in trouble.* Giving is part of receiving and the real value of giving is in the other person receiving, what you intended the gift to be or do: "The gift of a positively wanting the other person to feel happy". Oh, the feeling you receive from giving is always so good.

The giving can be direct, in person or from a distance, via mail or whatever.

Over the years, I have been able to make people receive my love and care for them via a phone call or email, but the face-to-face action is always better. Most of us have had that experience.

A good friend of mine gets herself into emotional strife sometimes and when she does, I always know that there is something wrong with her. She comes to me in thought and this may happen a few times a day over a few days. I then call her and ask her how she feels. Her reply usually is something like: "I'm alright." When she says that, I KNOW something is NOT alright, so I reply: "Now tell me the whole story."

Guess what, she usually has a real story to tell, which can be fairly long and complicated, but in the end, we solve the problem by me telling her that I love her and for her to put the phone down for a minute, as I want to give her a big hug. She always does exactly that and feels that I am giving her a hug. After a few moments, she will come back on line and say: "I feel better now Shanti, thank you for caring for me."

She is of course very receptive, something not everyone is aware of, but it proves that we can help people with a lovely thought and this will be received with love in return. She has learned to be quiet and to BE!

I say here that not everyone is receptive to vibrations of the heart. I actually mean to say that not everyone is open to receive vibrations, since we are all so busy and do not take time out to be quiet and let these vibes come through. We all have the capability to receive thoughts from other sources, but we do not often receive them.

"Be still and open up. It is the NOW we must appreciate".

Years ago, when I was travelling around Australia, a lady and I met in the bush. We were both told that we were going to meet each other at a certain time in the place where I was parked, doing my 10-day meditation and fast. I did not think anybody would ever find me but God had other ideas.

We are still very good friends and always will be. She too is a very spiritual person. The power of God/the Universe is so amazing.



We need peace and quiet to receive messages like that.

There are times when we can make things happen to others from afar, as long as we have their permission. As I mentioned just above, we have to be very quiet and peaceful and allow others' thoughts to come into our mind. It is so

good to meditate and be open to these thoughts from others. Meditation is often shunned by church-going-people, who have been told, that this opens you up to the 'devil'. This of course is absolute nonsense, as we open up to the Universe and everything in it, which is peace and love. When you are at peace and be quiet, vibrations from others, who are crying out for help, come into your mind and you can react to them with love, sending them a message, either via the ether or giving them a call. These people are always amazed at the response they receive, when you do call.

There are many times a day, when other people come to my mind and that is always when they think about me. These thoughts may only be them thinking about me, or they may be concerned for me. Usually, I respond to the latter and give them a call. Their response is always that they were wondering how I was going, since they had not heard from me for a while, or something similar. It is amazing how many times these messages come to me. Since I am now retired and I am often quiet, I receive them clearly. Almost as clear as a spoken word. If it is not a spoken word, it is a strong feeling of me having to go and see someone, who may be in trouble or needs some attention.

It is such a pity that there are so many negative happenings every day. The world is in a bit of a pickle at present, but **I am seeing a silver lining**. Things are not as black as they were, so to speak.

If we all do a little for peace and love in this place, we will achieve that; guaranteed!

Allow others to come into your life for their love is worthwhile. Just making another friend, is receiving a beautiful gift, something you may not do too often. It is often said: "If you have a handful of true friends in your whole life, you are doing well." Real friends are hard to find, those who really care for your wellbeing and stand by you through thick and thin. They are the ones who give

you love and many gifts through their love for you and you respond in the same manner, receiving these gifts.

Talk to people, make them happy and feel the 'gifts' they give you. Their happiness and appreciation. Their acceptance of a new friend maybe.

**Now I know, that LESS is MORE. Having so very little these days, HAVEN GIVEN IT ALL AWAY, makes me very happy. All the things I own, fit in my car. YESSSS!**

All my love to you, Shanti.      **BE !**