

CHASING



BUTTERFLIES

By Robbi Spencer

Dedicated to Patrick Julian

Patrick is not only my musical partner, but he is my brother and my friend and I know that he knows a thing or two about chasing butterflies as well...

Robbi Spencer

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Introduction

No soul could have ever seen this coming, though it has been a common pattern, repeated over and over again. As a child, I had big dreams, which were later labeled “delusions” as I became an adult. At what point does one turn their search for the truth inward and find character defects that prevent one from ever attaining perfection?

As a child, the world seemed like home and wide-open with possibilities. As an adult, the world seemed like a strange place, foreign to my inward quest. The desire to be accepted and loved, overtaking the basic need to just fit in. As an awkward child, unsure of boundaries, laws, good and evil, I learned by example and trial and error. But I learned, nonetheless.

At some point, I accept the fact that I was defective, giving in to what other people thought I was. Labels given by doctors and society have become the construct of my reality. No longer did I see things in color, but now in black and white. “All or Nothing” thinking has become my inner motto, as I trudge forward in search of my “true self”, or at least who I think I am.

Going through a time of growing and changing, brings forth anger, pain and emotional turmoil that tries to eat me alive from the inside out. As a metamorphosis occurs, I am changed and escape my cocoon and fly with the butterflies. It is my desire to help you through your hardest times, by sharing my story with you. A story of overcoming mental illness, by believing in your “true self”.

About the author of this book:

My name is Robbi Spencer and I am an entertainer. Using both music and comedy, to bring a fresh and exciting experience to family oriented events. I have been playing music since 1973, when I first started taking piano lessons. From there, I went to school and studied music and have had a wonderful journey through the music industry, working for EMI from 1996 to 1999, as a record producer. In 2000 I formed a record label with retired record executive Carter Sorenson, known as Progressive Edge Records. Producing over 20 of my own CD's on that label in the past seven years, I have enjoyed enormous success in transforming many aspects of my life as well as the lives of others. I have recorded and produced literally hundreds of independent projects including, albums, videos and documentaries. Finally, my dream is coming true and I can actually envision great things happening to me. This book is about my journey from sickness to wellness and making it through a major mental illness that kills many people. Though condensed, as not to bore someone or share every intimate detail of my life with perfect strangers, but aren't "perfect" strangers, the best kind of strangers to know? You tell me, k? :o)



Robbi Spencer
Entertainer/Producer/Author

Chapter 1

My Foundations of Existence

The Beginning

“In the beginning, God created Heaven and Earth....”

“In the beginning was the Word. The Word was with God and the Word was God.”

These were the foundation of “my” beginnings, but don’t write me off as a religious fanatic yet, because the point of this book is to hopefully shed light on the Creator and His Creation.

Raised in a Lutheran household, God rated high on the “what to do on Sunday morning” scale. Except unlike many people of faith, my two sisters and I went to a Lutheran school as well. We were at the church during the week, attending classes and on Sunday, we were back at church, in the Sanctuary worshipping God. I say, “worship”, because that is what it was for me as a child. The study of God’s word and His plan of salvation for man was our focus.

These are touchy subjects in today’s society. They didn’t used to be though. Once upon a time, people actually loved God and followed His ways. As time goes on, the numbers appear to be dropping. How in a media-driven society is that even possible? Is God’s Word falling on deaf ears in the new millennium?

As a Christian entertainer in the late 80’s, early 90’s, I know that my music ministry was responsible for scaring more people away from God, than leading them down the path of righteousness. Why do it then, you might ask. Isn’t that being ineffective to the overall purpose? Then one day, it hit me... I had done the same thing to myself and to my relationship the great creator that I so devotedly followed at the time. I put God up at the top of a mountain that I never could climb. Meanwhile, I put myself down as a defective sinner that was the scum of the earth. Not realizing it then, but I had actually separated myself from God. How could

such a perfect entity as the Almighty Creator accidentally screw up and create a bunch of crap? This did not make sense to me until I got older and realized that God was not at the top of the mountain, but right next to me and inside of me. I was not a piece of crap, but actually a complex biological experiment, that contained so many variables, that even God would just allow it to run it's course and see what the outcome would be.

God's original plan as I see it was to have fellowship or friendship with man. Since God is omnipotent and all seeing, where was he when the serpent (Satan) tempted Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? Better yet, what the hell was the devil even doing in the Garden of Eden? God obviously made several choices to test man and see where his loyalty was. Knowing that man was created from dust, what did God think that man was going to do? Personally, I would have killed the serpent and barbequed his ass and left the forbidden fruit alone. The creation of man was a science project gone wrong. Creating the Heavens and the Earth was one thing, but creating man was a mistake if man has to spend his entire life, trying to be good enough to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Granted, by believing in Jesus and accepting Him as your personal savior will get you into heaven and guarantee your eternal life the Heavenly family, according the fundamental beliefs of Christianity, but what about other religions? Are they wrong because they don't believe exactly as you do? This is where man has gotten the whole plan of the Almighty Creator wrong.

Who really knows exactly what God or Jesus or the Holy Spirit thinks about this crazy world that we live in today. You can read the Bible and study everyday and think that you know the mind of God, but please don't be deceived.... You still don't know crap. If you did know the perfect will of God, you would no longer be located on this planet, but would have transcended this existence as we know it and be with the heavenly hosts, partying and having a great time with God himself. Is that blasphemy?

Not! People have created so many clichés about God and religion, that it's almost not funny to me anymore. Take for instance the scripture that says, "God helps those who help themselves...." Sorry folks, but that is not a scripture in the Bible. Many people think that the Bible says that, but that's just because they took someone else's word for it. We are a very lazy society and require that others provide us with an education and the information that we need to get through this life. The truth is that God does help those who help themselves. Just because it's not a scripture in the Bible doesn't mean that it's not true or that it is wrong to believe that way. Think about it.... If you were God, whom would you be more inclined to lend a helping hand to? A person who works hard and who is struggling to better themselves or some lazy slob who does nothing to better their life or the lives around them?

Much of what I believe to be God's true Word is the common sense that the Almighty Creator has put inside of us. Some people don't have much common sense and that seems odd. Almost like we are all dealt the same number of cards, but not the same cards. Some people are good looking, others are smart and then some have both looks and smarts. Does that mean that they will be the one to find a cure for cancer? Some people are stupid and ugly, which sounds mean, but does that make them less of a person? Not one bit. What if the stupid ugly person was the one to find a cure for some disease? Would that make sense? Of course it would. That is because none of what we see around us makes sense. Why bad things happen to good people.... Who knows?

There is only one absolute to our beginnings and that is that we all did begin at some point in time. There have been times when I wish I was never born and have felt like my life was a waste of time, but who knows, maybe some day, I will discover something that will change people's lives in a good and positive way. It is not the "beginning" that matters, but the "end"!

The Almighty Creator

The Almighty Creator, God Himself, the Big Guy Upstairs.... We all use various labels to describe our version of God, whether we be of religious origin or not. People of faith use honoring and endearing terms to describe their God, while unbelievers will sometimes mock him or even use blasphemous terms to describe the founder of our existence. Does God care? No. Does the Holy Spirit care? Yes. To say that God is an asshole is your own opinion, but to greave the Holy Spirit or to blaspheme Him is a sin without forgiveness, says the Bible.

So much of our existence is wrapped around our knowledge of the Almighty Creator. I call Him or Her that, just to be a little dramatic. Not to make fun in any way of His or Hers' ability to create, because even if we evolved from slime, I still believe that somehow the Almighty Creator created that slime to begin with. If you believe otherwise, then great! We all have been given freewill to chose who we want to be and what we want to do, to a certain extent, except the deal about being dealt different cards. If I have a full house and you have a pair of sevens, it's not fair for me to gloat over it and toot my own horn saying, "Look at me!"

Now at this point, you are probably saying, "Geese Louise, this guy is a fricken' Jesus freak! You would be partly right in saying that. I do love Jesus (my own version of Him anyway) and I certainly am a freak, so there you go.... The fact is, according to most religions (except Buddhism) we are **all** freaks and in need of forgiveness. The question then becomes, "Why does God feel the need to forgive His own creation?" Is God an idiot? I seriously doubt that. I think that when this whole experiment came to pass, even God knew that there would be consequences for His own actions in creating a man and a woman that could procreate. Giving them freewill and then placing them in a controlled

environment, like the Garden of Eden, then giving them one rule to abide by and then test them, get them to fail, ruin the lives of the entire human race for millenniums, then have His only Son, who lives up in Heaven with Dad and the Holy Spirit, come down to earth, be born of a virgin, grow up like a normal child, then sentence him to die on a cross, next to two thieves, with the sins of the entire world on his shoulders, then be buried and three days later, raise from the dead and ascend up into heaven, to hang out with Dad and the Holy Spirit again. That is what I have been taught to believe. Does that even make sense? We are talking about the Almighty Creator here folks! He is not a second-rate anything. God is probably the sun that our planet revolves around or an alien somewhere in another galaxy, but he is not a dumb ass.

What we need to understand is that the Almighty Creator is so large in scope that he truly could give a rat's ass about a lot of things we were taught in church. In fact in many ways, God could give a rat's ass about the church itself. Wow, you say? God cares about people, not buildings or institutions or man's way of seeing Him. He is who He is, or she.... He is quite simply "I AM". No amount of Biblical training could prepare you for the life that you face on this planet. People need more. They need to know more about drugs, sex and things that the church is afraid to address. People need to know that a man can smoke a joint with you and share God's Word, if his heart is in the right place. How does one's heart get "in the right place"? That is a question that only you can answer. If you think that something is wrong, then for you it is.

If I don't share your view, then maybe I have been dealt a different set of cards. I have two jokers and that allows me to smoke cigarettes and weed. You have two pair; you have to cut your hair. It isn't important to the Almighty Creator. Only life and the quality of life is important to God. The Almighty Creator would have us out there "creating", not being judgmental and

fighting over terms and terminology. We have truly lost sight of our creator when we argue about what you put in your body. It's more what comes out of your mouth that affects the future outcome of your life. There is a saying, "There is more to life than meets the eye." There is more truth to that saying than we will ever know. God's creation is everywhere around us, yet we are constantly searching for a sign. We want to know that future, when we are actually living in the future right now. The Almighty Creator does not roam about haphazardly creating crap. It is finished and we are who we are. Some of us turn to Jesus, some to Buddha, some to Ala and some just say, "screw it" and go it alone.

Let's look then at the Almighty Creator's creation instead. Our planet is the only one like it that we know of. Quite possibly the only planet in our solar system that could sustain human life. What about us? Our bodies are designed like a high-tech piece of machinery. Man could **never** create a human being from scratch. We could figure out DNA sequences and clone or copy a human, but we could never design a human without first using the Almighty Creator's example. Man could design an android or robot, but it would look and operate like a human being, because the overall design was a good one. What is wrong with us then that we are this flawed? It is only our mental state that is in question anyway. And what is wrong with our mental state?

What is the difference between a caterpillar and a butterfly? The answer would be, "time". What occurs inside the cocoon that transforms this fuzzy little wormy guy, into a beautiful colored micro-bird? A metamorphosis. The other difference is that caterpillars can't fly! I found that out recently when I jumped from a moving vehicle. It's not so much, where we are as "who" we are. We are God's creation. We are a created just the same as the stars in the heavens, the grass of the field, the caterpillar and the butterfly. We are truly an amazing creation in deed!

The Angry Father

What can I say about the Angry Father? I didn't want to become one, but I did. And all the while, the only thing that I was focused on was the fact that I had an Angry Father, who was abusive to me. Not all the time, though. And he wasn't really even my father. He was my stepfather and would never legally adopt me, probably to limit his liabilities with my mother. Regardless, I never even knew my real father. Only what my mother had told me about him, which was kind of sketchy and not something that you would normally tell your 8-year old son anyway.

My mother had been married multiple times, so my two sisters and I had different fathers. My younger sister's father Pete raised me. On the surface, you would think that Pete was a regular guy, but underneath his smile hid a multitude of painful experiences, one after another. Pete's father was an Angry Father as well. When Pete was a young lad, his father would send him down to the market to get a newspaper and when he came home with the wrong one, he would get the ass whooping of a lifetime. Back in those days, you couldn't just call CPS and turn the jerk in to the authorities, like you can today. So needless to say, Pete put up with the abuse his entire child-hood, with no help from anyone.

When Pete met my mother, he already had two daughters of his own, from a previous marriage, so he had that to deal with, along with my older sister, myself and now a third daughter, this time with my mother. The Brady Bunch basically, except that he was no Mike Brady and though my mother was a good mother, she just lacked the confidence of a TV mom, if you know what I mean. Anyway, his two daughters only stayed with us occasion-ally, but never moved in with us permanently. That was probably a good thing anyway.

Pete was very supportive of my interests in amateur radio, model trains and music. He was an engineer for the phone company and was very intelligent and taught me how to read schematic diagrams for electronics when I was 8-years old. He also paid for my piano lessons, which also began when I was 8. He was instrumental in creating the person that I am today, both good and bad. For some reason, my mother only had influence on me, in the areas of compassion and understanding. She seemed complacent with letting Pete abuse me personally, but that was proven to be wrong when she finally divorced Pete.

My mother later remarried, this time to a man that my sisters and I really adored. Buzz was his name. Looking back it was a fitting name considering he had one all the time. He also had two daughters of his own and they did end up moving in with us and we liked him a lot. He was a really cool dad, or so we thought. That was an act though. He had actually killed his ex-wife back in Wyoming, then buried her body in the back yard, then moved out to California and had been working as a maintenance man at a local marina. He seemed like a normal guy, but he was an Angry Father. He sodomized his own two daughters on a regular basis read the police report when the FBI finally caught up to him. He was out of our house by then for beating up on me. I was always the object of these men's anger. Why would that be? Was I born to be a scapegoat? I only know that it was very damaging to me as a young man and became more damaging as an adult.

At what point did I become the Angry Father? Was it when my step dad beat me or was it the other guy? Or was it my biological father who had never made a single attempt to contact me or get custody of me? That makes a child feel horrible. Now that I am an Angry Father, I find myself repeating the patterns of these men who hurt me. Not only to play the victim, but to be the victimizer.

What a sad reality, growing up to be the exact thing that you hate the most. The anger in that alone is enough to make you kill yourself before your 30th Birthday. I managed to make it this far, just knowing that someday I would go from being a caterpillar to a beautiful butterfly. You can say to yourself that the things that happened to you in the past are in the past, but how relevant is the past to you at different times of your life. Things change and maybe at one point, you were feeling secure in your life and it didn't matter, but what if you hit a low spot or became depressed for any reason? Could the past then seem more relevant to that moment and send you over the edge. This is what happened to me. My situation went from okay, to bad, to worse, to better, to best.

It was confusing growing up with my religious upbringing, mostly because the church prays to "the Father" and so far, that was not a sweet topic with me. It took a while for me to separate my biological father, from the two nitwits and then my Heavenly Father. It would have been horrible to have never had made that connection and got them isolated for the separate entities that they were. As it is today, I really only have one Father and that is God. Until the father that biologically created me steps up and says, "this is my boy", I'm reserved to just having God be daddy and those other guys be assholes. This is part of my "All or Nothing" thinking that has become my black and white world. The only thing I see color in now is the love that I feel and the music that I create. And that can seem to make the past and the Angry Father melt away in an instant, but not completely and not forever. There are aspects of the Angry Father that have to be dealt with, before you can move forward and not become one yourself. I've never had physical custody of my son, so he hasn't had to deal with an Angry Father, thanks to my ex-wife, who keeps him locked in an ivory tower. Had I actually dealt with the issues as they came up, I might have avoided creating another situation called being separated from the person I love the most. This was avoidable.

The Great Deception

For me, the great deception began when I assumed as a child, that my parents actually knew what they were doing. That was my first mistake. When I was 22-years old, I met my first wife Janet. I never really thought much about having children until then. One night while I was on the phone with a friend, I had somewhat of a vision or revelation. At this moment, I knew that I was going to have a son and that his name would be Ian. When I told Janet what God had shown me, she said, "I'm not having any kids at all, ever". I was confused to say the least. How could I have this "knowing" that what I felt was true, but have my wife that God gave me say that? Three years later we were divorced. When I was 26, I met Barbara. We got married and our son Ian was born when I was 27.

The Great Deception is all about us thinking that we already know everything. It is very hard to escape this reality. When you are young, your parents supposedly to raise you to be independent, and take care of yourself, but mine did not. They raised me to be needy and to rely on other people to be made complete. This endless search to gather as many people as I can to support me has left me tired and ragged. I was always seeking the approval of others, which bled over into my music career, which I will go into detail later.

How could I be so blind? We wear blinders quite often and cannot see the peripheral area around us. We get tunnel vision and don't get what is really going on around us. In my case, I thought my parents would be together forever. When my mother and Pete split up, I was both happy and sad. I was happy that he wouldn't be beating the crap out of me anymore, but sad that I was losing my dad. Not even my dad, but my step-dad a.k.a. replacement dad. I was then in search of a "father figure" or mentor to look up to.

During the divorce, my mother, two sisters and I all moved up to Grass Valley, a small community in the Sierra Foothills. We liked the town and the people there were really nice. I met some new friends and they liked me, so we hung out. My first friend, Bruce smoked cigarettes and I thought it was pretty cool, so I started smoking. I met another guy named James. He was even cooler! He smoked weed. I started smoking weed and cigarettes at around 13-years old. I liked my school, but there were bullies there who were mean to me. I didn't know anything about fashion or being cool, so I opted to just hang out with the stoners. I was probably **not** the best thing for me, but at least I had friends and they liked me. Bruce later jumped out of the back of a truck and killed himself. His friends and family were very upset, obviously.

I did well in school and graduated high school when I was 16-years old. I then relocated to Penryn and moved into a party house with my girlfriend Sandy and three other guys that attended Sierra College in Rocklin. I studied electronics and music, but leaned more towards music and changed my major, graduating with an A.A. Degree in Music when I was 18-years old. Sandy and I were together for a couple of years, but we grew apart and she met someone new. She helped me get a car and get an apartment and she was really instrumental in helping me.

I was later deceived by the church, which had nothing to do with God. It was a matter of me trusting in people that could not be trusted. Someone who lets you cry on his or her shoulder, then goes and tells everyone about your personal problems is not your friend. Someone who alienates you from the church because you smoke cigarettes or weed should be removed from the salvation business. It is not conducive to bringing people into the family of God.

Thankfully, I met some life-long friends like Joe and Dennis and Eddie. Because of my music career, I know literally hundreds

of people, but my close friends I can count on both hands. They have **never** given up on me. I have no hard feelings for the ones who have given up on me. My illness is a hard one for people to grasp.

My girlfriend at the time helped me to realize more clearly the patterns of my negativity, a quantifiable time frame when I spiral downward. Even though my life can be kind of hectic, the truth is that I really only have one angry, manic episode a month, just like clockwork. If you looked at it from a negative point of view, you could even judge your own negativity and say, “I deserve to die for this!” The truth is, the only thing that makes me upset is that I feel like I have failed and missed the mark. Compared to throwing darts in the pubs of England, when you miss the mark or bull’s eye, it is called a “sin”. In essence, I suppose I feel in some ways that when I make a mistake of any kind, that I have sinned against myself and maybe even my creator. What a load of crap is that? As if we don’t have enough things to worry about in this life...

In the grand scheme of the Great Deception, we all create our own scenario of the deception patterns. These patterns, laid one on top of the other, is different that running them consecutively. One deception can lead to a whole series of future deceptions, or the same deception can be reoccurring over and over with the same result. Either way, these patterns are un-necessary and quite possibly one of the biggest wastes of our time ever. With my particular illness, I would do both, but the most harmful was the first one. When we say things that we cannot take back, we put in motion events and reactions of the part of others that will ultimately sabotage any chance that we may have had to establish a relationship with that person or persons. This self-sabotage is a very common practice amongst human beings and has been in mentally ill people forever. Even back in the days of cave men, there was always one guy in the bunch that just wasn’t quite right.

But what about when generations of mentally ill people have bred with other mentally ill people and have created a super-race of mentally ill people. The people of this year, 2007 are pretty nuts.

That would be just be my honest opinion, me included into the equation. I don't mean people who had something happen to them, so now they have become mentally ill. I am referring to when someone like your mother, who is mentally ill, has a child with a man whole has a hereditary mental illness as well. What kinds of traits, defects and other quirks come through to the child, putting aside the actual negative effects on a child raised by someone with a mental illness? What is the ultimate plan for fixing what has not only **been** wrong with us mentally, but will **be** wrong with us after all these years of genetic mutation? It sounds like the plot for a sci-fi movie or something, but nothing could be truer right now in our society. We are a race of Super Freaks! hahaha

My mother has some form of mental illness and I'm not sure exactly what, but my older sister and I share one diagnosis for sure. My younger sister is just an angry bitch, but then again... she is Pete's daughter, so go figure. Not sure about my biological dad.

Most of my family takes medication, at least now they do. I'm not sure of the specifics of my family's mental illness structure, but I'm sure that there is a hierarchy of craziness, even amongst my mother, her sisters, brothers, mother and father. When your grandfather is a child molester and nobody in the family steps up and does anything about it, you kind of wonder about the overall integrity of your family. When all of your aunts and their daughters are haunted by thoughts of grandpa out in the woodshed, it kind of sucks, you know? Thank God I was never molested as a child. As an adult, I was confronted by several situations that were related to being sexually abused.

There are many times in our lives when we are confronted by god-forsaken people, who take it upon themselves to steal our innocence, our virginity or whatever else that they want.

We need to remember that our past is often the biggest part of the Great Deception. We remember our failures and our worst moments, then amplify them, analyze them, find ways to make ourselves out to be crap and when we do that, we deceive ourselves and lose sight of the future possibilities of us doing great things. Things like not being mentally ill. We see ourselves as defective, we believe it, we buy into it, eventually we treat ourselves with disrespect and our self-confidence goes down three pegs. If we keep doing this over and over, then pretty soon the layers overlap and it creates a negative field around that person. That energy field attracts the same negative energy from anywhere that it can. It creates somewhat of an energy vortex and makes all of these negative and dramatic things to happen around you. If this be true, then you should be able to do the reverse and think positive and believe in yourself and then the energy vortex will draw in positive energy. Karma has many implications in our lives. A lot of Christians have a hard time with the whole Karma thing, but truth been told it is the same thing as the spiritual law of "Sowing and Reaping". We have to stop letting our past, dictate our future. We have to see the Great Deception for what it is which, is a **lie**. Don't lie to others and certainly don't lie to yourself!

As you can see, the Great Deception is not just one deception. It is a multitude of deceptions, all rolled into a nicely packaged burrito, that you can eat right now or save it for later. We have to see the Great Deception for what it is. When you believe a lie, even if it's **your lie**, don't trip on it. Recognize it for what it is and move on. The Great Deception has come to keep you stagnant and that is the death of every songwriter or musician or artist in the world. We have to open our eyes and see the Great Deception!

The Waiting

The Waiting can be another aspect of the Great Deception, if you are not careful to see the signs. There is a difference between waiting for a specific time to act and waiting on something that will never come. I have spent my life in both planes of existence.

Webster's Dictionary defines waiting as;

Main Entry: **¹wait**

Pronunciation: 'wAɪt

Function: *verb*

Etymology: Middle English, from Anglo-French *waiter*, *guaiter* to watch over, await, of Germanic origin; akin to Old High German *wahta* watch, Old English *wæccan* to watch
transitive verb

1 : to stay in place in expectation of : **AWAIT** <*waited* the result of the advertisement -- W. M. Thackeray> <*wait* your turn>

2 : to delay serving (a meal)

3 : to serve as waiter for <*wait* tables>
intransitive verb

1 a : to remain stationary in readiness or expectation <*wait* for a train> **b** : to pause for another to catch up -- usually used with *up*

2 a : to look forward expectantly <just *waiting* to see his rival lose> **b** : to hold back expectantly <*waiting* for a chance to strike>

3 : to serve at meals -- usually used in such phrases as *wait on tables* or *wait on table*

4 a : to be ready and available <slippers *waiting* by the bed> **b** : to remain temporarily neglected or unrealized <the chores can *wait*>

The Greek word for wait is **Perimeno**, which means “to wait upon”, which is a different word than used in the Old Testament.

Ελληνική (Greek)

v. - περιμένω, αναμένω, σερβίρω, υπηρετώ ως σερβιτόρος ή τραπεζοκόμος

n. - αναμονή, στάση, ενέδρα, καρτέρι

The New International Version of the Bible defines “waiting” as:

Genesis 8:10 & 12

10 He **waited** seven more days and again sent out the dove from the ark.

12 He **waited** seven more days and sent the dove out again, but this time it did not return to him.

Numbers 9:8

8 Moses answered them, "**Wait** until I find out what the LORD commands concerning you."

Joshua 18:3

3 So Joshua said to the Israelites: "How long will you **wait** before you begin to take possession of the land that the LORD, the God of your fathers, has given you?"

Judges 3:25

25 They **waited** to the point of embarrassment, but when he did not open the doors of the room, they took a key and unlocked them. There they saw their Lord fallen to the floor, dead.

Ruth 3:18

18 Then Naomi said, "**Wait**, my daughter, until you find out what happens. For the man will not rest until the matter is settled today."

2 Kings 6:33

33 While he was still talking to them, the messenger came down to him. And the king said, "This disaster is from the LORD. Why should I **wait** for the LORD any longer?"

Job 14:14

14 If a man dies, will he live again? All the days of my hard service I will **wait** for my renewal to come.

Job 32:16

16 Must I **wait**, now that they are silent, now that they stand there with no reply?

Psalm 5:3

3 In the morning, O LORD, you hear my voice; in the morning I lay my requests before you and **wait** in expectation.

Psalm 27:14

14 **Wait** for the LORD; be strong and take heart and **wait** for the LORD.

Psalm 37:7

7 Be still before the LORD and **wait** patiently for him; do not fret when men succeed in their ways, when they carry out their wicked schemes.

Psalm 119:84

84 How long must your servant **wait**? When will you punish my persecutors?

Psalm 130:5

5 I **wait** for the LORD, my soul **waits**, and in his word I put my hope.

Proverbs 8:34

34 Blessed is the man who listens to me, watching daily at my doors, **waiting** at my doorway.

Isaiah 30:18

18 Yet the LORD longs to be gracious to you; he rises to show you compassion. For the LORD is a God of justice. Blessed are all who **wait** for him!

Isaiah 40:31

But they who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

The word *wait* in the English bible comes from different Hebrew words. Only one of them is the word *wait* as we read in Isaiah 40:31. The word wait is from the Hebrew word "*qavah*".

The word *qavah* is a Hebrew word that has been translated *wait* in Isaiah 40:31 and in Isaiah 49:23. It has a special meaning by itself.

There are many Hebrew words for *wait* while the English bible has only one word. There is a Hebrew word *wait* from the word "*chakah*". That Hebrew word *chakah* means to **look earnestly towards something**, earnestly expecting. However that is not the word wait in Isaiah 40:31.

Then there is another word wait in Hebrew "*dumiyyah*". The word *dumiyyah* means to **wait silently**. Obviously that is not what the Lord meant in Isaiah 40:31. Otherwise He would have used the word *dumiyyah*. Some people when they read Isaiah 40:31 in English they have the word *dumiyyah* in mind. They think that God means to wait on Him silently. That is not what the Lord talks about waiting quietly. He used the word *qavah*.

The other word for wait is the word "*daman*". That word means to **stand still**.

There is a Hebrew word for wait "*psaba*". The word *psaba* means to **serve like a waiter** waiting to take orders. But that is not the word for Isaiah 40:31.

The key to waiting on God is to be bound to Him. You seek nothing else but to be one with Him. It is like tuning our spirit, soul and body to Him. Every musical instrument needs a tuning once in a while. In the process of use it gets slightly out of tune. And so you need a regular tuning. In the same manner we all need to be one with God. We need to learn the secret of union with Him. From time to time during the affairs of life you may forget about Him. Then you have to recall again the word of God and live it.

One time when I was 9-years old, I went to summer camp. I didn't want to go, but I finally did. I actually had a really good time and learned a lot, but I was so excited the day that we came home. I just wanted to see my mom and be at home with my family. When the bus arrived back home, everyone got off the bus and picked up their backpacks and stuff and their parents took them home. I waited and waited and waited. Every person had finally gone and I was left there all alone. My parents forgot to pick me up that day. They thought I was coming home the next day. They loved me very much and didn't mean to leave me there, they just didn't know. I was very upset and scared, so I walked across the street from the school and knocked on someone's door. An elderly man answered, I was in tears. I asked if I could use his phone, he said, "no problem". I called home, but no one answered. He felt so sorry for me, he drove me home himself. My parents were surprised that I was home already. What did I learn from this? Not much. It hurt more than anything. I was bothered by this till I was 40-years old. Was this a waste of my time? Exactly.

Many times in life, we find ourselves waiting. Waiting for a bus, a train, a plane and those are just transportation waits.... The truth is that we spend more time "waiting" than actually "doing". How many times have you heard that God has a plan for your life? Back in the day, the church told me a lot of things that led me to believe that whatever God was going to do in my life, that it was going to be in the future and not in the now. This let's us off the hook for immediate change and also puts us in a time-stretch mode that makes us feel like everything is taking forever. Unfortunately, this really screws up the actual plan, because it alters the time-line.

We need to see the now in everything that we do and say. We rarely realize the affect that our word will have on someone, though Proverbs 18:21 says, "The tongue has the power of life and death, and those who love it will eat its fruit."

This means that a life-creating force and a death-creating force are at our lip's control. Why then do we wait to pray or wait to ask for a promotion? If we spend our lives waiting for God's plan to happen, we miss the fact that God's plan has already happened and now is the time to manifest our dreams and do what we have always wanted to do. Is that wrong? Why would it be?

Many people are offended by the Bible a.k.a. God's Word. That is okay with me. I'm not a Bible thumper anyway. I'm rather using a time-proven reference, to convey some of my ideas to you. Maybe you can think of another way to share the same thing.

I remember growing up and wanting to be 21-years old, so that I could go into a bar and have a drink. I had never had a drink; I just knew that was what adults did to have a good time, so I thought I would like it. Becoming an entertainer at a fairly young age, I began performing with bands in bars at age 17. No one ever carded me; no one ever asked me what I was doing there. I was either in the band or with the band, but either way, I was not there to drink, which was a good thing because I still didn't drink. I still wanted to be 21 so that I could go into a liquor store and buy beer. I bought beer for the first time when I was about 15 or 16. I look young for my age too, so how could this be? Was I really ahead of my time, like so many people had told me? Or was I really an "old soul" as I had heard countless times? Maybe. By the time I was 21, I had finally had beer and whiskey, but I didn't like it all that much, so I went to bars for gigs, but I still didn't drink there. So what exactly was I waiting for? Was it really worth the wait?

After I was given the promise of my son Ian, I waited for 3-years and during that time, went through a divorce, moved to Oklahoma, bought a recording studio back there, sold it, moved back home, joined a band, met my wife and had my son. Was I really waiting? Sounds to me like I was pretty darn busy there

actually. Taking into account that 9-months of that was Barbara's pregnancy. The fact is that even though the people in my church had always told me that I needed to "wait on God", I knew nothing of waiting on anyone, even myself. Time seemed to have a different meaning to me, than it did to others. Once again, the Bible says in 2nd Peter 3:8, "But do not forget this one thing, dear friends: With the Lord a day is like a thousand years, and a thousand years are like a day." Was I caught in a time warp with the Lord? Were we having some kid of cosmic footrace where I was the tortoise and God was the hare? I needed to know, so I studied more and came up with the five keys to waiting properly.

5-Keys to Waiting Properly:

- 1) Don't get lost in the wait.
- 2) Don't wait till you die.
- 3) Let your wait shine.
- 4) Wait, but don't hate.
- 5) Waiting, but not debating.

The 1st Key to Waiting Properly is; don't get lost in the wait, which means don't be so busy waiting, that you actually forget what you are waiting for and just go into endless loop mode. So often we get lost in the wait. One time, a friend of mine was waiting on a train. He knew that it would not arrive at the station till 5:15 and then leave the station at 5:30. He had over an hour, so he immersed himself in a good book, knowing that it would be a long time. He got so into his book that he didn't realize that the train came in earlier than expected and had already boarded and was pulling out in a matter of minutes. Something clicked when he heard his destination announced over the loudspeaker. Even though when the train arrived, they announced its arrival. So many times, we don't realize that our train has pulled in early, but it isn't until we hear our final destination that something rings a bell in our head and says, "Wake up ding-dong! That's your train leaving."

The 2nd Key to Waiting Properly is; **don't wait till you die.** It seems foolish to me to wait so long for something that you end up dying and never seeing it come to pass. Many people have had visions to do things and died, never seeing their dream come to pass, but their children saw it. I'm not talking about that. I'm speaking more in terms of your own personal plans for your life. What about God's plan for your life? Psalms 37:4 says, "Delight yourself in the Lord and he will give you the desires of your heart." This says to me that if your focus is on pleasing God that He will put His desires into your heart, which will become your desires that He will bring to pass. It that confusing? Verse 7 says, "Be still before the Lord and wait patiently for him..." This is interesting, because it says to be "still" before the Lord, which translated means "be quiet" or as we say nowadays, "shut up!" It then says, to "wait" for Him, but not just wait, but to "wait patiently". Translated, that means what? Don't ever wait till you die to tell someone special that you love them and that life would not be the same without them. Everyone will surely die, but let's just not do it, waiting in limbo for God's Big Plan to be revealed!

The 3rd Key to Waiting Properly is; **let your wait shine.** This means, if you are waiting on something special, then let others know about it. Let them know that you are expecting a son or a new job. The confession of your tongue gets back to "Life and Death are in the power of the tongue". You create things and manifest your dreams by not only believing that it is going to happen, but by telling others around you as well. When they hear your confession, they will either believe you or not believe you and if they do not believe you, then they will either keep their comments to themselves, which rarely happens, or they will share their doubt and unbelief with you and try and crush your dream. Usually the latter happens and you end up questioning your own dream. This really sucks and it one of my major peeves in life.

The 4th Key to Waiting Properly is; **wait, but don't hate**, which simply means, wait on your dream if necessary, but don't be pissed off about it. If God has instructed you to tarry about something, then that is your deal, but don't take it out on the world. You will accomplish nothing with a negative attitude, especially your dream. If your dream is important enough to you, to wait for years and years to see come to pass, then it's worth keeping your mouth shut if you find yourself having nothing positive to say about the waiting process.

The 5th Key to Waiting Properly is; **waiting, but not debating**, which is to say that you are waiting to see your dream or goal come to pass and it is not up for debate. You believe it and you could care less what someone has to say about it. This is when you know you have arrived! When you attain this state of mind, you can accomplish many things. It really makes it all worth the wait when you are not arguing with people about things you know to be true, even if they haven't actually happened yet. That is a mere technicality that even God knows can change in an instant.

So after knowing the keys, I unlocked many doors. Some that I wanted to open and others I probably should have left closed. You live and you learn though and that is what this book is really all about anyway. It's called "Chasing Butterflies", not "Catching Butterflies". There is a big difference between the two. Many times in life, we will think that we want one thing and then later on in life it changes and then we realize that we want something different. What happens to dreams already in motion then? Do they stop becoming a reality? Not really. They overall dream for your life is more a cross between what you want and what the universe wants for you. Together, the two take a form that should resemble the final outcome of your life. There are few absolutes and a multitude of variables. For those of us who are fortunate enough to learn these things early in life, we are blessed!

The Coming of Age

“The Coming of Age is that point in life, when you realize that everything that you have been taught is a load a crap!”

Sir Robert Spencer
21st Century Philosopher

The Coming of Age is truly the point in life where multiple things that you know, somehow connect and create a picture in your mind, where you feel enlightened or like you finally understand something that you never saw that way before.

Up till now, I have laid a foundation of my Christian beliefs or belief structure, I have shared many key scriptures from the Bible and I have spoken extensively about the Almighty Creator, God, Jesus, the Holy Spirit..... hmmm Did I leave anyone out? Oh yeah, the church. If your heart is open, then you have made it this far. For the ones who gave up when they saw God’s Words on a page, you are obviously still in the “waiting” stage. There is nothing wrong with that at all. As I stated previously, my music ministry in the 80’s & 90’s scared away more people than it saved.

So, what I will do now is place God and Jesus and the Holy Spirit all in a box and lock it with a golden key. Now they are inside and cannot hear a word I’m saying. That’s okay, because I am done talking about God and the church until later in the book, the Metamorphosis. I will also be closing the Bible and not quoting any more scripture until that time, when I unlock the box and let the Heavenly Crew out. I spoke about God for a reason and now I am going to purposely **not** talk about Him from here on out. What I will talk about are the implications of Coming of Age and what all that means, in respect to who you are as an individual.

The Coming of Age is not a time that is always fun to deal with. Sometimes to move forward to the next level, one must transcend understanding and let go of things here on earth, in order to see change in the spirit realm. My awakening happened in stages, but it's not always that way. Sometimes a person gets it all at once, which is very rare, but it does happen from time to time.

At some point in my life and I believe that I was stoned when it happened, but some things just clicked in my brain and I was able to see a few things about my life, that I had never realized before. I was a fucked up person and that was an understatement. I have had many brilliant moments in my life, but my failures in life seemed to far outweigh them. Sadly enough, I am fairly proud of my accomplishments and try not to think much about the times I have screwed things up and believe me, I have created havoc. Better yet, I have created Chaos in the world and dishonored myself by being sucked in to other people's drama. I am going through a time in my life right now where I am learning to not be as dramatic and rooting drama-driven people out of my life. It hurts and that is probably a good thing. I only wish that people were nicer to me sometimes.

In relative terms, I could tell you that my life has been so **not** driven by things related to being rich and having a nice house and the whole American Dream scenario. Looking back, I'm thinking that I might have made a mistake, but one thing I realized when I was 24 that I could lose everything I had and still start over at almost any age and still be just fine. I guess you could say that I have proven the theory over time by either losing my belongings, giving them away or having them stolen from me. Either way, I have started from scratch seven times in my life now. Six actually and I am on number seven right now. Maybe this number contains some wisdom that I am supposed to clue into. The number seven is just another number as far as I am concerned. I'm not a numerologist or an astrologer, though I do believe that both are real.

They say that there is more to life than meets the eye and that couldn't be truer relating to the Coming of Age. My awakening with first abrupt, like I was a transfer coming down the wire, electronically. At some point, the time circuits heated up and the DNA Data Transfer became corrupted by some system overload.

I realized after my car accident that I had been abducted by time travelers from the future. Obviously from the future, duh! They certainly couldn't come from the past or even the present, because there is nowhere on the entire planet in the year 2007 a machine or device that I capable of accelerating protons and sending you hurling into some other time. Except your mind. My first realization was that I could accomplish things with my mind. I couldn't move objects or levitate or anything creepy like that. What I could do, is alter my brainwaves to the point of influencing others to do what I wanted them to do. There were times when my kinetic energy was so weak that is nothing happened. I was very tiring though, so I quit doing it. Could I do it today? Sure. Am I going to? No. Why? Why am a talking to myself again? :o)

There is much about Quantum Mechanics that we don't know. We are making brilliant advances in medicine and in the realm of science in general. We have people living out in space right now. What a trip is that? Someday many people will live in space and rightly so as the earth cannot remain forever. We probably can and will continue to colonize planets and overthrow alien races somewhere. Whoever the weak are, we will find them and rule them as our little bitch slaves. No one knows the final outcome of all this. There is no know, only thoughts and ideas, thoughts and ideas that give way to a belief in yourself and in who you are as a person. Screw what other people think. Think how you want to think and don't let others tell you that you can't. I know that a time is coming where information will travel to the human brain using a fiber-optic device. I say 10 years from today.

The Coming of Age is a big deal. If you gave up earlier in the book, you would never even know about it. Oh of course... Everybody knows these things already. I am just repeating what *real* doctors and people who know what they are talking about have already said in countless books. So why even read this book? I suppose you can put it down right now and nothing in your life would change, right? So if this seems boring to you or you really have something better to do right now, then please put it down.

My eyes were most recently opened, when a friend pointed out some things about my life that were disturbing to her. I say disturbing, but I can assure you she was more than disturbed about it. She told me that I create all this drama. Even to this day, I continue to swim around in drama, drama, and drama. Why? Am I so lame that I have to live my life talking shit about people all the time? No! I am shit, was born of shit, fashioned in the image of shit and I deserve to die. Somebody give me some pills so that I can overdose like all my rock star idols. If that doesn't work, I will jump from a moving vehicle, going 50-miles an hour, I don't give a crap. Just fucking shoot me, please..... Do us all a favor and pull the trigger. Then I read a book that my doctor suggested called, "Feeling Good", by Doctor David Burns. It is a book that deals with Cognitive Behavioral Therapy. It has helped me a lot. My Coming of Age has been more than painful than I care to acknowledge, but it's not over yet. I still have a long way to go. I certainly won't be jumping out of any cars real soon.

When I had my car accident and I was in the hospital laying on a gurney, wondering why I was there. I had just woken up from my temporary coma and I was staring at a CHP Officer. The first thing he told me was that I was involved in a vehicle accident.

No shit Sherlock! What was your first clue? Anyhow, the first thing that I asked him was, did I kill anyone. Why would I ask him that question? Is it because I am truly concerned with the well-being of others? Maybe... All I know now it that it hurts

when I walk and I still don't know what happened, that I would end up where I was at the time I was there. It doesn't make sense.

In the period that you come of age, you will feel it all around you, the sense of change and a new understanding of things. Since it happens in stages, if stage one doesn't happen, then you will never see stage two and so on....

Also with the Coming of Age, comes a sense of wanting to hide things from people. Like a little leprechaun running around causing trouble. There is a denial factor that comes into play, when dealing with coming to your personal awareness. Nobody really knows when it's going to happen, it just happens. There is more that I cannot say in this section, but will share later in this book.

Finally I must add that the Coming of Age can be very deceiving. You can be delusional or high on crank and think that you are coming of age, but that's not what it's about. Coming to grips with the fact that with your brain, you could do great things, create new worlds even, but you are trapped in a body and though your spirit may have lived for thousands of years in various bodies, you are now in the body you are in and you have to deal with those circumstances now. I have come of age, so-to-speak many times over and over again and I suppose that I am getting good at a lot of things. I have a passion to write music and record it. I love hanging out with my friends. Life is good and so are future prospects that I not die in a head-on collision. I look forward to creating more music and music videos, maybe even a movie starring Kasper the incredibly cute chow chow dog.

Make a plan and then stick to it. You will get there soon enough...

Chapter 2

My Delusions

The Time Traveler

What can I say about the Time Traveler? I am he. Am I crazy? Quite possible... The truth is, it doesn't matter if I am or not. If I feel that I have traveled through time or shifted time and changed my destiny, then I have. So often I find myself wondering what someone is going to think when they read it and the fact of the matter is that this is just a therapeutic experience for me, not a best seller or book of the month special, but my own story just the same.

So how have I traveled through time you ask? Ha-ha-ha. Like I'm even going to tell you! If I did that, then you would have a chance of figuring it out and if that happened, it could end up on the Internet and soon the entire world would be living in another dimension most of the time, like I do on a daily basis. I call it "tuning out"; maybe you've heard of it? Anyhow, I have time shifted more than time traveled, but I know that I traveled to get into this body from where I was at. I have felt for so long that I was from another planet and now I know that this is the right planet, different time. If I could speculate, which I often do, I would say the future, probably around 2025. That is most interesting, because I believe in the Mayan calendar and what it says about the world's time-frame.

The music that I write should be the biggest sign, but many have missed that. It was never meant to be, like I originally thought it was. It happened, but just in a different way. My music speaks for itself. I strive for the utmost perfection in all that I do musically, though I fall short there sometimes too.

My body would be a safe place to gain clues into my origin. I have some variations of the human body relating to my bones and my chemical make-up. I am definitely from another time!

The Manifestor

I recently told a friend, in a very confident voice, “I am a very powerful Manifestor!” I was dead serious and at the same moment another thought popped into my mind, “You couldn’t manifest your way out of a wet paper bag dude!” What is up with thinking like that? I’m used to it now. That is wrong because I shouldn’t be used to anything bad like that. Patterns of mental illness overlap as I come to the realization that I am a total loser!

So far, I have manifested for myself, my son, nice homes, fast cars, killer recording studios, the best music equipment! So what could possibly be wrong with my life? Everything sometimes... It’s kind of a day-to-day thing for me. I could feel great one minute and totally angry or depressed the next. Though my cycle seems to gravitate more towards a specific time of the month, my period I call it. Anyhow, that could eventually change and get worse, but I would hope that I could manifest for myself a sane mind and a better quality of life for myself and my friends.

I have manifested amazing situations for myself. I have opened for famous bands, recorded with elite producers, partying till dawn, just living the life of Riley. I have also spent a lot of time backstabbing stupid assholes that I really wanted to kill, but didn’t want to go to jail for it. Either way, I manifested it.

So what can you manifest for yourself? Only you can manifest your dreams and only you can see it through. It is completely up to you and you can do it! No matter what it is that you want to do, there is a way to accomplish that goal. You don’t have to be that smart to figure it out. Just look for the patterns of bad things you do, then find a way to stop doing that. Good things will begin to happen, once you shut off the flow of bad energy.

The Dream Connection

One day I realized that there was a connection between my dreams and the real world. This is quite possibly the clearest link that I have to where I am really from. I know that when I go into my dream-world, that I am really going somewhere in my mind. Somewhere real. Somewhere that no one else can go. If you could go there, then everyone would go there and the whole world would be aliens like me and if everybody were aliens like me, then there would be no such thing as “visitors” and without visitors, the world would cease to exist. If that were to happen, the affects would be catastrophic.

I often find myself trying remembering my dreams and it's frustrating to feel them slip away as I wake up, but that's because they are not really dreams. I am moving between two worlds. The world I come from and this world that I resent being sent to. I must have really fucked up to be sent here to this place and be a mentally challenged individual. Nah, I'm just straight-up crazy!

How do you make the connection? You don't. Unless you are also a time traveler like myself, and the other 143,999 people who are just that. So am I delusional? Oh, hell yeah, but so what. We have already established that fact early on. Let's see how I can explain the Dream Connection in less than three words...

The Dream Connection is a sensitive topic of discussion. Often times people will tune out if I say anything remotely suggesting that I actually believe something that silly. In fact that is all I have to say about the Dream Connection for now.

“I have a Dream.... I just need to make a Connection”

The Musical Chair

The Musical Chair is where I sit right now. It is a seat of judgment and a seat of scrutiny. I find myself sitting here wondering why I thought that I could even write a book and why the grandiose ideas of what my career would be like, ended up haunting me and making me feel this low of lows I am finally home!



Robbi Spencer - 2007

Being that I have been a musician since I was 8-years old, I have always thought of myself as a pro. I have played with pros and I've played with bros and I'm happy either way if it's just a jam, otherwise I like to either play with really good players or just play alone using a baby grand piano. I like the feel and sound of a really good piano. I have a special effect that I use on my voice that makes it 3-Dimensional. I am pretty spoiled when it comes to my sound and what I am used to. I've played in a lot of bands, but my most favorite time ever was recording a CD with Patrick Julian called Chasing Butterflies. You may have heard of it. You might have gotten this book when you bought the CD, either way you will figure it out. I have faith in you! It's all inside of you...

And I'll be here, Chasing Butterflies...

Chapter 3

My Recovery

The Cocoon

Ever wonder where a butterfly comes from? It comes from a chrysalis (KRIS-uh-liss), which is also called a pupa. A chrysalis looks like a tiny leathery pouch. You can find one underneath some leaves in the summer.

Some bugs don't change much as they grow up. Think about it: someone your age looks a lot like a grown-up. Grown-ups have more wrinkles and gray hair. But they still have two arms, two legs and one head—just like you.

We're going to meet a bug that's very different—the butterfly. Butterflies go through four life stages, and they look very different at each stage.

Butterflies go four stages of life, but they only look like butterflies in the final stage. Birds, frogs, snakes and insects also change as they grow.

1. An adult butterfly lays an **egg**.
2. The egg hatches into a **caterpillar** or larva.
3. The caterpillar forms the **chrysalis** or pupa.
4. The chrysalis matures into a **butterfly**.

We will talk more about the chrysalis now, as I hope to shed some light on my condition. When I first thought of writing this book, I questioned whether it would even be worth the time. I was very excited about it though. I figured that with the Chasing Butterflies CD that Patrick and I were working on, we could add the book as a companion, sell them separately, and distribute them to mental health professionals everywhere! What the heck was I smokin', huh? As I began to write, I became even more excited

about my book. What a stooge! It was recently brought to my attention, that the book was basically a therapy tool for me, which I suppose is a good thing, but to not have my book published would just break my heart, so I will move forward knowing that I have the backing of all my supporters.

For those of us future butterflies, there is a process we have to go underground, so-to-speak and rebuild, revamp our entire life, not just parts of it. This is a dark, quiet time of isolation.

Here are some helpful facts on Butterflies & Caterpillars:

- ✚ When asked about the life span of the butterfly, Opler and Krizek discuss this difficult question in *Butterflies East of the Great Plains*, where they state that the expected life span, which is usually much shorter than the maximum life span (because of weather, predators, and many other factors), ranges from about 2 to 14 days. Maximum life span ranges from about 4 days for the Spring Azure to 10 to 11 months for the Mourning Cloak. Just as with people, females generally live longer than males. Butterflies which hibernate or go into reproductive diapause also tend to live longer.
- ✚ Worldwide, there are approximately 28,000 species. There are about 725 species in the USA and Canada. About 2,000 species have been found in Mexico. About 80% of all species are in the tropics.
- ✚ At night or during bad weather, butterflies will usually hang from the undersides of leaves, or crawl into crevices between rocks or other objects, and sleep.
- ✚ Adult butterflies sip nectar from flowers through their tongues, which act like straws. A very few butterflies do not visit flowers, but instead feed on tree sap or rotting organic

material. You can feed butterflies with a butterfly feeder and homemade nectar.

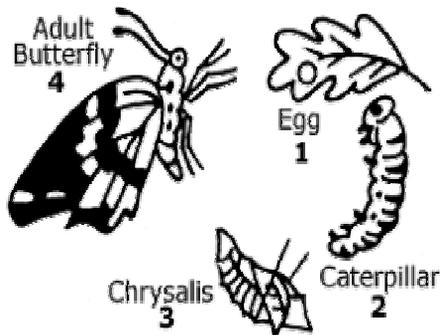
- ✚ Almost all caterpillars eat plant materials. Most eat leaves, but some eat seeds, seed pods, or flowers. The caterpillar of the Harvester butterfly eats aphids.
- ✚ Queen Alexandra's Birdwing (*Ornithoptera alexandrae*), is the biggest butterfly, with a wing span of 11-1/8 inches (280 mm), and is found only in the rain forest of New Guinea. Destruction of its habitat is threatening this beautiful creature with extinction.
- ✚ The smallest butterfly, the Pygmy Blue (*Brephidium exilis*), is found in the southern United States. Its wingspan is 1/2 inch (15 mm).
- ✚ Queen Alexandra's Birdwing (*Ornithoptera alexandrae*), is the rarest butterfly and is found only in the rain forest of New Guinea. It is the rarest and biggest of all butterflies. Destruction of its habitat is threatening this beautiful creature with extinction.
- ✚ The most common butterfly is the Cabbage White.
- ✚ Butterflies communicate mostly through chemical signals. Males produce 'pheromones' to attract females. A few species communicate with sound. For example, the male Cracker Butterfly can produce noises with its wings.
- ✚ Butterfly wings are covered with scales (that's the meaning of the word 'Lepidoptera'). Each scale is a single color, most of which are produced by pigments. The iridescence that's sometimes seen is produced from a reflective microstructure on the surface of the scales.
- ✚ Most insects have a larval stage known as a 'grub', with six legs. Butterfly and moth grubs have up to ten extra legs, called 'prolegs.' Since these extra legs cause them to look and act differently, these grubs are called 'caterpillars.' Some caterpillars turn into butterflies, but most turn into moths.

- + Caterpillars have the 6 legs of other insects, plus up to ten 'prolegs' that distinguish them as the grubs of moths or butterflies. The 6 true legs are jointed, with a little claw on the end of each. Prolegs are cylindrical, not jointed, with a tiny hook that makes them good for walking or clinging. The 6 true legs on the thorax remain throughout pupation, and these become the legs of the adult butterfly or moth. The prolegs disappear.
- + Most have six simple eyes, called 'ocelli' or 'stemmata.' Some species have fewer than six.
- + There is an oval opening called a 'spiracle' on each side of each segment. These are connected to a tube, the 'trachea.' As the caterpillar moves, air is pumped into the trachea, causing oxygen to be taken in and carbon dioxide to be pushed out. Caterpillars do not actually breathe as we do, but air is exchanged by the compression and extension of each segment.
- + It's not really known if caterpillars can hear. They make no noise other than chewing.
- + Caterpillars go through several stages, called 'instars', in which they change their skin. To break through the old skin, which they've outgrown, some caterpillars arch their backs.

So what do you think about my little book now? Does it excite you with all this information on butterflies and little fuzzy guys? Okay, so know that we know this, we know that we are even more like the butterfly than ever. The big question is, can butterflies sing? Because Robbi likes to sing and he's going to fly with the butterflies, he's going to have to sing too! I had much to say about my life, but at the time, it all seems so trivial. Today and yesterday were not good for me at all.....

The Metamorphosis

Just as a butterfly has a life-cycle, so do we as humans, only we live longer than they do, but hey, what do we know anyway? Seasons change every year, four distinct climate ranges. Each with their own set of parameters, each with their own set of challenges.



Our lives revolve around the seasons, like the earth around the sun. So what makes us so special? You're right! It's our DNA. What else then? Is it our up-bringing, our social skills, our mastery of the English language? The bad memories that we have, that keep us making the same bad decisions over and over?

I figured that if I ever wrote a book, that I probably wouldn't be telling you something that you didn't already know. So I started thinking... What could I *remind* you about? Maybe something that you already knew about, but forgot or never thought of in that way before. And then it hit me, all of the things that *I* had forgotten! But how would "I" remember? I would remember by going through past journals and reading what I had previously learned. By doing this, I came across some interesting things, but let me first start with today's journal entry, so that we can see the state of things at this moment.

February 15th, 2007

I'm supposed to write in my book when I don't feel good and I don't feel very good right now. I'm not sure what all this writing is good for except maybe as evidence of my personal feelings. For anyone to later find and see just how fucked up I am. Hahaha

I don't suppose that any of my girlfriends have completely understood me, but some have seriously tried. My girlfriend that I have now has helped me more than the rest put together, but she is sometimes hard on me and that hurts my feelings. I get really frustrated with her and when I do, I go hide. I have my places, not many where we live now, but I can get away. I have been doing this for a long time now. I hate hiding. I remember hiding from Pete as a child. I hated it back then and I hate it now. I remember hiding from my mom one time, in the bushes across the street from our house.

If I could just do everything right and never make a mistake, I suppose that I would. Unfortunately, I screw up all the time or at least that's what it seems like. I do manage to attract good women though, at least good to me anyway. They seem to care about my well-being and that is a good thing. Since my girlfriend doesn't like me to be involved in un-necessary drama, I am not allowed to talk to certain people on the phone or by e-mail.

I remember hiding at Doug Stone's house one time. That was the end of my marriage to Janet. I came home on our 3-year anniversary and she gave me the boot in a most horrible way. I hid from Barbara at tweaker Zane's house. I wasn't actually hiding though. She sent me there to get some cr for her and her friend that was visiting from Hawaii. Even though I had been clean for two weeks and didn't want to continue that lifestyle anymore. "You don't have to do any, just get me some", she said to me that day. That was pretty much the end of my marriage to Barbara. I had previously met a girl named Talina, who was in an abusive relationship and addicted to crank and wanted to be free from both. I assisted her in her quest and left Barbara and Ian behind in California.

Together, Talina and I moved to Oregon, to get away from the druggies, my ex included. We did quite well there actually. I was successful in business, founding NEOCOM, Inc., officially known as Northeast Oregon Communications Group. Working with GTE, we added high-quality Internet services and AOL to rural Northeast Oregon, including LaGrande and Baker City. We even donated computers to the local library and gave them free Internet access. Everything was fine until July 3rd, when I did some crank with Mark Carter. July 4th, we painted Jack's store bright red, that night Talina found out I was doing crank and on July 5th, I was hiding in Jack's store, with a spousal abuse charge pending.

I have come out of my hiding and am now sitting outside and out of the way. I am so fucking tired of hiding. I get a little mad at my girlfriend and I feel like sometimes, she doesn't understand me as a person and then I realize that she is only trying to protect me and look out for me and knowing that she cares so much for me is very healing to me. I know that she won't be around forever, as we are too different that each other, but it's nice to have her help while she is around.

It's good to know what things really make us angry. So many things about me make my girlfriend upset. I really do not like seeing her angry, at least not at me anyway. But it all centers around one thing and that is "drama". What is this drama machine within me that keeps the ball rolling towards me constantly and makes me feel the need to make phone calls and send out e-mails that I will later regret? Am I the source of all this drama?

I am the guy out there trying to please the world. That's probably why I am an entertainer and not your Aunt Judy's mailman. I knew I could deliver your mail to you, but what about delivering God's word to you? I guess not, because ever since we put Him in a box and locked it, there has been no mention of Him or His word. Why would I do that? To prove a point? To prove many points actually. Let's go over them individually right now:

Unlocking the Truth

- 1) **The Manifestor**
- 2) **The Time Traveler**
- 3) **The Dream Connection**
- 4) **The Cocoon**

- 1) **The Manifestor**: As a songwriter, I have manifested hundreds of songs and many hours of video footage to document the process. Over the years, things have transpired that have led me to believe that I can literally manifest **anything** that I want or need. Why do I say want or need? Because they are two separate animals. Philippians 4:19 and Psalms 37:4 make that perfectly clear in so many ways. It's all how you see things to be.

- 2) **The Time Traveler:** The most common form is the time-shift. I'm not sure about the probable densities of time-shifting, but I do know that if you ever want to test this theory, go into work tomorrow and quit your job or leave your wife or kick her out. Anyone can time-shift. All you have to do is be able to visualize your desired destination and then just point and click and you are there! Time travel is much more complex and requires many years of training and way more patience than most people have. Time travel also requires the Dream Connection to function properly.

- 3) **The Dream Connection:** The Dream Connection is where I am able to do my best traveling. My destinations are preset algorithms that are determined by recent activities or events from the past 48-hours, divided by the dream matrix which separates fantasy from reality, into a series of images that make a short movie. These movies run in series or parallel, but never both at the same time. Dreams that run in series are the most common. Few people ever experience a parallel dream, but if you ever do dream in parallel, you can share a dream with another human being.

- 4) **The Cocoon:** When we are in the cocoon evil lurks, but cannot penetrate the shell or bubble that we are in. New Christians feel like they are sitting on daddy's lap for the first year or two of their journey. Does He want us to be different? No, He wants us to be happy and to love Him because we want to and not because we are afraid that He is going to beat the shit out of us or something. The Cocoon is often a dark place of isolation.

Every butterfly takes on a different form, as the color in their wings vary. As we studied earlier about how butterflies breath, see and hear, but what does a butterfly feel? Does it know that at one point, it was a caterpillar? Does it really care? Probably not, but let's look at my own transformation, so to speak and see if we can gain some wisdom from it...

2nd Corinthians 5:17 says, "Old things pass away, behold all things become new". I read that over and over and over and thought for the longest time that I would feel different at some point. After a period of about five years, of over zealousness, I managed to scare away most of my friends and a lot of the people that I came in contact with. Why? Because I was a Jesus Freak! Am I ashamed? Hell no! Would I do it again? Hell no! Ha-ha-ha. After my life settled down a little and I became more of a "normal" person. It was at that point that people actually started listening to me. By then, I wasn't saying too much about Jesus. My true transformation was not when I became "born again", but when I jumped out of that moving car. I don't suggest that anyone ever do this, but for me, it was extremely freeing and enlightening. I broke out of my cocoon and flew like a butterfly. Like a butterfly that just ate ten clonipin, but a butterfly nonetheless. I have felt so good ever since that happened, over a month ago now. My road rash has healed and I now have two birthmarks, or should I say "Re-birthmarks"?

I realized that I could still smoke weed and know God in a way that normal Christians do not believe possible. God ain't trippin' on me, so why should I trip on myself? God showed me many times how much He loved me after that, through normal every-day people. It was hard to believe that He could use normal people to show His love. I automatic-

ally figured that only God's people could do "God's work", but who exactly are God's people now? That is the question.

Why would it matter to me what someone thought of me writing a book, when I've written hundreds of songs and didn't care, or did I? For many years I had various people that I not only looked up to, but would play up to as well. One of the last friends I ever felt the need to do this with was my friend Dennis. As I was writing a song, I would simulate his views and see if I still liked the song or not. I eventually stopped doing that. My newest music project with Patrick goes under my microscope and that it is.... Patrick's too, but you know what I mean.

I had literally spent my entire life, trying to please everyone. Everyone except myself. As I locked God in the box and closed the Bible, I really felt disparaged and hopeless. Many of the chapters became mere pages that I barely even turned out. Why? Because I let the thoughts and ideas of others affect me too much? I need to stop taking what other people say to me so literally. Most of the time, people aren't even talking about what I think they are talking about. This all coming from the guy who used to use his powerful thought influence, remember?



Let's look at another journal entry, this one from 1997:

June 12th, 1997

I can't believe she is doing this to me. I want to be divorced from Barbara, but tonight she sent a lawyer where I have been staying, since I got back from Oregon. The attorney liked the music that my band was playing. He said it was really good. I couldn't stop crying. I felt so heart-broken. I don't care about Barbara anymore, but I love my son Ian more than anything.

I kept telling Johnny that I wanted to die, so he got me a gun and told me where to go, down by the river. It freaked me out so bad. I never want to see another gun as long as I live, if I even live much longer anyway. I think eventually I will do the world a favor and snuff myself.

Boy, now wasn't that a fun little trip down memory lane? In the year 2000, I began taking a medication called Neurontin. It was originally invented as an anti-seizure medication, but was later found to be quite useful in treating Bi-polar Disorder. It has helped me tremendously, in the past 7-years. My relationships and friendships last longer. I don't fight with people as much now. I haven't been served with a restraining order for making gay websites about people in years. I started taking Welbutrin about 6-months ago and that gives me more energy. I just started taking Risperdal recently and that is making me less of an asshole too.

Taking my doctor prescribed meds, getting rest and not drinking alcohol have really helped me in getting my life from square one to whatever square comes after that. The key to my success was having someone who cared enough, to take time out of their own life, to help me. Just think if everyone were to do this. Instead of covering for someone and enabling someone to live an out-of-balance life. It seems crazy to me now, a lot of things that I used to believe about myself. I'm really not a bad person. I have potential! Yay!

There was a time when I would cut & run, but my running days are over, especially after my car accident, that left me injured with an extra bone in my foot, from the time travelers, remember?

So what then is my fascination with butterflies and all? Take a look at this caterpillar and tell me how well it would fly. Tell me where its wings are. Tell me how it knows how to fly, when it's just been transformed. Tell me these things.



As I sit here at the dentist's office, waiting to get my tooth looked at, I wonder about other parts of my body that have been broken and/or removed. Cutting my hair was a painful thing for me, because it felt like my covering was gone. I grew my hair long again and I finally feel normal.

As I wait for my x-rays to be developed, I await the bad news that my mouth is slowly going downhill as we speak. I really like my dentist, but I hate being here. I hate waiting!

Oh finally my dentist arrives and determines that I need a filling on one tooth and a root canal on another. He doesn't have time to do it right now, thank God. I will have to come back to get it done.

Why is it that some of us like to get the hard stuff done first, while people like me want to prolong the agony? People in general fit into various categories or mindsets. There are things about ourselves that we feel unable to deal with right now, so we don't do anything. Not even things that we *could* have worked on. This "all or nothing" thinking gets us in trouble a lot more than we realize. Don't throw the baby out with the bathwater, so to speak. For those who like to tackle the hard stuff first, might get discouraged when they cannot fix themselves overnight.

I've met a lot of people who have upped my spiritual awareness to a higher level. Most of them were **not** Pastors, rabbis, Yogis or anything of that nature. They were regular people off the street. I could talk about God in more New Age terms and maybe I should. Be sneaky like the devil and trick people into believing in God. I think that unless you come to God busted down, with a broken heart, that you can really experience the true blessings of God. Sure, everybody is created equal bla, bla, bla. That's why some people are rich and some poor, some smart and some not, some good looking and some not. The point is that there is **not** one person on the entire planet who has it all together, therefore the concept that people with mental illness are defective is bullshit! Everyone has problems. Some we are born with and some we pick up along the way. Either way, we're pretty much fucked! Right? No, life is what you make it, plain and simple. Plenty of blind people out there playing the piano and doing it quite well.

I came to know God through my Lutheran church. I've loved Jesus ever since I can remember, but at 19-years old I came to God as a wrecked ship, in need of serious repairs. He put me back together and now I'm working out well for my age (42). When I came to God busted down, He straight hooked me up. After becoming indoctrinated in Christian fundamentalism, I began my journey in search of who God really was, but ill-equipped to fight a battle in the spiritual realm, I failed.

Then the movie "What the Bleep" came out and it changed the way that we look at things. With the endless possibilities that there are in the field of quantum mechanics, life as we know it sits on a slightly larger scale. Are we really in need of a savior? Not to make light of God, whoever He or She may be... The fact is that God is too big for some silly box! You can close your heart, but you cannot close God's word. You can close the Bible and never read it or you can memorize it then close the book forever. Forever in my case, being a long time. I know that the Bible says to show thyself approved and I have been approved, ordained, sanctified and set free. But it was never about us being "good enough" for God. He made us, duh! So how did a perfect God screw up and make us defective? You're right, "freewill". That and the devil and God created him as well.

There is a lot that we can learn from crazy people. Oh, I'm sorry, I mean the mentally ill. We have become so politically correct in this year of 2007. I think that everyone on the planet would just run as fast as they can into one another! Geese. Anyhow, it is a proven fact that people who suffer from mental illness are very creative and can do amazing things. People with manic depression, have hyper brain activity during their manic phase.

Not to say that being normal means that you can't be artistic as well; it's just that there are only a few Jimi's out there and a whole lotta Johns. I wouldn't want to be totally normal, but just less intense reactions to things and when I have I am have my manic phase, that is was just all creativity and no crazy stuff.

So let's look at a couple more journal entries:

August 4th, 1981

I am so stoked! My mom called me at work today to tell me that I passed the test and am officially out of high school now! I am only sixteen and I have such a bright future ahead of me.

March 13th, 1994

I can't believe that I married Barbara and now all she does is bitch at me and give me nasty looks. All she wants is my check and she treats me like shit. I love her, but I can't live like this anymore. I can't time-shift for 13 more days, but at least after that, I will have my life back.

I realize now that life is merely a series of variations that either occur or they don't. They are either on or off. There is no gray area here. That's why I'm that way.... I have a computer brain, right? So where does that leave us now? Oh yeah, the Big Metamorphosis, right? What is it all about? Does our cocoon keep us from danger while we are in our transformation process?

I would say that I have time-shifted on multiple occasions, thereby altering the outcome of situations to meet my needs or to avoid violent confrontations. Sometimes I have even time-shifted into a worse situation than the one I was in. It is somewhat of a crapshoot, but you can get closer to your destination by time-shifting. I am not an expert in the field, but I have got it down pretty good now. I haven't had to shift in over a year. Thank God.

In the process of morphing into a butterfly, you will experience and heightened sense of awareness. You might even get confusing signals as you go from one state-of-being to another. This is normal. When you morph, there may be a time-lapse where you don't remember a snippet of time. You may have to rely on others stories to fill in the blanks.

I spent so much of my life, waiting for this, waiting for that. Here I was thinking that I was in the present and I was waiting from the future and waiting for the past to catch up with the present.



In a therapist's guide to fixing Robbi, we learn a lot of things actually. Things that might be better left alone. Why would a person like me write such a book? Because I can and because I know that it will help people. Maybe people who are not as fortunate as myself to have gone to good schools and excelled in academics as I did, or maybe not have a direct-connection to the source of all sources, therefore I AM sourced! Maybe you had it better than me and I certainly hope that you did, but you might have never thought of things this way before.

I am a butterfly and I chase butterflies? Is this word "butterfly" interchangeable with other words or terms? At least a thousand that I've thought of so far!



The Time to Fly

I have flown since I was a child. In all types of aircraft, including Gliders, Jets, Single Engine Planes, Helicopters, heck even the Goodyear Blimp. I am afraid of heights for the most part, but I love to fly. I fly in my dreams all the time. Does that make any sense at all? I am watching a jet fly over right now. As it leaves a contrail, it makes me think about the whole chemtrail conspiracy... We are living in the future, right here in 2007.

You are merely an egg planted on a leaf. You will hatch and grow into a pupa. From there you will form a cocoon and become a chrysalis and when you finally emerge, you will become a beautiful butterfly.... Or a moth! We don't have to much control over who we are, only **who we become!**

The key to life is being true to yourself, to be impeccable with your word, never assume anything and never take anything personally. The fact that some shit-head is having a bad day and wants to take it out on you should **not** become **your** reality. Don't be afraid to take chances, but don't be foolish. Always be caring and compassionate when it comes to children, animals and the elderly. Always try to **add value to your life** and keep drama to a minimum and you will sleep well at night! Most of all, don't ever take anything for granted or granite.

If I could leave you with a nug of wisdom, it would be to always test-drive a car before you buy it and when it comes to buying children's footwear, always buy the next size up, so that they have the room to grow. Please give yourself some room to grow and quit being so hard on yourself. Life is about having fun, not being an uptight bastard who hates life and lives to make others miserable.

The End

So we really learn a lot about the butterflies, and ourselves when we look inward and trust God for our needs. If we feel the need to even do that. I know that I do, but I don't expect everyone to believe like me. **After being on Risperdal for 6-months, I realize now that my theories on time travel and being an alien, were nothing more than delusions caused by my metal illness.** It seemed very real to me when I was writing that. I believed it with all my heart. Now I know that I am seriously defective and in need of professional help. As far as my belief in God and His wonderful plan for my life? That is one delusion that I reserve to keep. It is still possible that He does exist and that His word is life changing and all-powerful. Only time will tell what other things I will learn about myself. From the time I started writing this book, until now I have been transformed from a broken spirit to a beautiful butterfly. I guess that even as screwed up as I am, there have been amazing advances in medicine that can really help someone like myself. Maybe you've been told that you are Bi-polar or ADHD. People love labels nowadays, but if more than one person tells you that, then look into it and get help if you can. If your life is a mess and you have a negative attitude, it is possible to change that and that is good to know. It was the worst at always cursing and saying F this and F that and talking shit about people... It's just not right. I found a way out of the mire and you can too! Just do it... Take the necessary steps to recover your life!

I pray that this book has blessed you in some way. You are special and important to me. Until the day that we are caught up together, rock on!

Robbi Spencer

The End