

### Apologia Part 3

Working for money, having to work for money, crafting a career or business  
in the workaday world to make money always brought distaste to my Being  
I was repelled by our modern clockwork of rats on a treadmill  
of slaves to a system of worldwide economic servitude

The study of Philosophy, the thing I was best at, was so easy  
why make it a lifelong pursuit? There was no question of it  
Even with all the effortless A's and A+'s, I wasn't fully aware how good at it I was  
and I wanted to help people directly, I thought as a therapist

The music, the song-writing-singing, brought me love and fulfilment  
and the reading of philosophical, fantastical, made-up worlds  
but the lure of excellence, fame and fortune wasn't enough  
Nothing I could see of this world inspired in me sufficient dedication

It was the realms of Spirit that really drew me  
and, yes, the chance to help save our world  
which, to me, seemed so in desperate need of saving  
and whose dysfunction I somehow felt responsible for

I made a semi-career of modalities and practices of healing  
and that which promoted the expansion and evolution of awareness  
and found a few temporary vehicles that proved helpful  
and gave me a few years of beautifully supported worldly success

But that wasn't it, either. So I waggged on till my sterile, impoverished seventies  
when I finally did find, through the grace and wisdom of my beloved Anastasia  
a way of life truly worth dedicating myself to, truly worth working for and living  
a potential spec of paradise truly co-creative, productive, enriching and free

So how in the world to now possibly bring it about?  
Perhaps I will manifest or be born into it in my next life  
or perhaps even in the barren time that remains  
such miracles might somehow fructify. Does it matter?  
Perhaps in simply knowing, I have fulfilled my purpose