

## ***The Chronicles of the Mexican Horse Thief – IV Madness***

My first day out of rehab, wake up early as is my habit. Pam tells me she shall not discuss religion with me any more. Thank God. I am fired from Dick's bible study as well, can't have an intelligent recovering person in a Christian bible study group, we bring up too many questions on their inconsistency, their hypocrisy, their lack of knowledge of the bible and Jesus' actual words. Oh all sorts of things. The model doesn't like me any more so no real loss. I am tired of their dogma and ignorance, so all is good.

Deirdre calls me, she does this often. Sarah picked me up and we went to an NA meeting in Mitchell's Plain. It was held at a High School. The place had more barbed wire and bars than I see in the average lock up facilities. Some really hard looking people in this group. To hear them talk about fighting the addiction and being so open about their feelings, is unreal. Sarah is a character and a bloody book on her own, we get along okay, but she talks and seldom listens. One day I am locked out of the house, I wait for Pam, the house has never been locked. When I first got here and asked about this I was told, by Pam, that she leaves it open in case her kids come around, she is not scared of burglars as God and Jesus (doesn't she believe they are the same?) look after it. I now get told after asking why it is locked, that she is scared of burglars. Wonder if Jesus and God don't like her any more either? Decided I am pissed off with her. Would have let me stay in Polsmore, William and Carroll were right – she will treat me well only if I fulfill her Christian expectations. I do not accept this type of friendship any more.

I spend a lot of time building up my data. I meet Thys that afternoon, we are going to go to the Ramot Evening. It is quite different from when I was an inmate, you are now a successful outside person in the inmates eyes. What a big misconception that is, I am more fucked up than most of the inmates, maybe a little less than most of the staff. Kim and some of the group were present, and we spoke about Dwight, his chances of staying clean while living in Ides Valley on the bad side of Stellenbosch were remote. It is not that far from Somerset so we made a plan, I would pick him up if I had petrol money, then we would meet at Thys' house about half way to Parow, and all leave from there. Hell, if us fucked up alkies and druggies don't help each other, who will?

Meanwhile Pam was on my case about the amount of time I spent on my computer. I was either capturing data or writing, what the fuck do people want from me? I am not in a bar or drinking and adulterating in some other town. Doing the best I can for right now. I get told Eddie wants to talk to me. He is a man of few words, it does not take long, and I end up feeling like a social misfit and general fuck up. I believed at that time I should be more like "them". So the thing that makes one really, really acceptable is ..money, having lots of it. I kick start Section Eight again, just a big handicap is running a internet based business from internet cafes. I have not got a memory stick and work from a CD-ROM. I cut one and take it to the Mall, it will not read, back "home" re-cut, back to Mall, this cost in time and petrol, plus money for internet café. I also post manuscripts of *The Chronicles of the Mexican Horse Thief*, all over the world.

In Ramot we had to draw as part of some therapy and I surprised myself at how well I can sketch. I had my drawing with me so added all sorts of little animals. It was a sketch of the bush, naturally, the main character and elephant. Deidre called me, she had been drinking and wanted to meet the next day, told her this was a bad idea, she was very angry and lapsed, just like that looty at Lohatla, into Cape Flats speak. Said all sorts of horrible things about my mother. My mother has been dead for years. I last got upset in 1983 about someone insulting my mother. I had finished a long forced march in basic training. The reward for the first 20 back was off time and 5lt of ice-cream, I like ice-cream, so I was the 12<sup>th</sup> man back. Full mortar kit and all. I was lying on my bed in the barracks when eating my ice-cream when a Section Leader corporal, who incidentally rode on a truck back from Lataba, ordered me to fetch his kit on the parade ground. I said, "Fok jou!" In other words, no. He then got upset and threatened me with all sorts of things. The official side did not work, I was registered as first in so was off duty. He then told me that: my mother was drunk, lying in the gutter, a dog came along and fucked her, and this is where I come from. In Afrikaans. I was pissed off, sensitive subject, my mother being an alcoholic and all. I put my ice-cream and spoon down, stood up in my bed, I am short and he was a big Dutchman, and promptly punched him in the nose. Rather hard, the blood did not come out of his nose, it went back down his throat. Now the bugger was starting to drown. Van Deventer, was his name. Medics took him to the sickbay, and I finished my ice-cream.

Sure enough the MP's arrived and I was escorted, non too gently to the camps DB. I got beaten up a bit and then thrown in a cell. Next morning the MP's made me clean the cell with a toothbrush, the toilet was cleaned last, then they told me I had to clean my teeth, with the same toothbrush. A fight ensued, I lost and they cleaned my teeth. I am 19 years old. Later I go on orders in front of the much feared Colonel. A joke of a court martial was carried out. The lawyer stood there shivering in his boots, Colonel Swanepoole was more powerful than God in that place. He said not a word. The Colonel asked why I had assaulted an officer. I told him what his hand picked officer had said, and if he, the Colonel said that about my mother I would fuck him up too. Lucky Dutchmen worship God, country, rugby and their mothers, not necessarily in that order. He told me to return to my unit. Van Deventer apparently had been airlifted to 1 Military Hospital in Pretoria, but was in a stable condition. He lost his stripe. I learned from this, with the toothbrush story, I had to learn to fight better and then never worry about someone insulting my mother! Back to Deidre, she sort of lost interest in me after that.

Pam told me I am stupid and think I am above the law, shit should tell this woman nothing, because I go to the Mall not the local Internet Café with no car licence. I pointed out ADSL & fact that have account at Mall. I went to Stellenbosch to see some people and mellow out, I did not drink but as these were already friends I was okay. The AA was also a source of escape and I met and hung around with people from there a lot. Business was bad and I could not seem to find a product to market. I tried to get interviews for jobs but no luck. I started hanging out every day with a chap called Dave. He actually lived in a place called Malgas, on the Breede River. He was in Somerset staying with his brother. The most interesting thing we did together was getting an employee of his on a TV show. I had met the man when we went to Malgas a couple of times. He is a bushman, first thing we had in common is we both don't go to doctors for snakebite. George is illiterate

and needless to say, cannot read or write music either. He has a homemade oiltin guitar and music is in his veins.

Dave had a connection that knows Dozi, a popular Afrikaans singer. Dozi was making a TV show about unusual musicians in South Africa. George was pretty unique, an unusual instrument and his own style. We drove through to Malgas to pick him up and then to a beautiful wine farm in the Stellenbosch area, where the show was to be made. Tables groaned with food and drink, a wine cellar was being transformed into a coffee shop set and we watched those people work their own brand of magic. George is worse than I around people, but Dave set him at ease. I personally at this time had never heard of Dozi. Dave mentioned his fame and a song I had heard before about an old ryperd in Afrikaans. I was standing in a doorway when I glimpsed a huge figure just behind me. This was Dozi, he was very friendly and thanked all of us for coming. Another South African celebrity came up, this one I had met in my travels, Valiant Swart. The show was going to be shot while all the celebs sat around on set having supper. I do not watch much TV so Dave pointed out a few "famous" people. Dozi and George were practising and then this Dozi showed what type of man he was. As George had not written any music down, can't, it was all in his head. Dozi called his lawyer and discussed protecting Georges, intellectual property. Good man.

My day in court arrives, I have letters and all ready. I get my turn, the cop is not there, no surprise, they have lost the blood sample, also not really surprised. They just give themselves more time to look for it and postpone the case. I must wait some more. A month later I go back to court. I take a book and some writing material with to keep me busy while I wait. I have to pass through a metal detector to get into the building. I pull out my keys, my Zippo and my Swiss Army knife. The guard mumbles something about the knife, I ignore him and walk in. I sat on the bench outside the court where I had to appear. I decided to sneak a smoke in the toilets, there I found 5 guys also smoking. Just they were not smoking tobacco, they were smoking Tik. They also were completely unperturbed that I was there, so I just lit up a smoke and minded my own business.

I sat on the bench the whole day but failed to hear my name called. At 4pm, when the courts closed I went to find the Clarke of the Court. I told her my case was not called. She looked up the case and showed me a file; it had indeed been called but a no show, from myself, the policemen and also the blood was still missing. It had a big red stamp on it that said the case was dismissed. I asked what this meant. She informed me that it was closed, finished, over. I could have kissed her. So much for the South African justice system, once again.

Apart from that and one or two interesting things with some AA girls, I just maintained. Then one fateful evening, Dave and I were walking along the Gordon's Bay waterfront and I heard someone call, "Hey Mexican Horse Thief!" Those days not many people knew about this Mexican so I knew it was someone that came from the Angola days. It was, but not a soldier, a chap from Froggo's. His name was Eugene and he is extremely tall. We joined him at the table, coffee for me and Dave and Spinners for him. I was not very good mates with Eugene, he was more of Mikes Connection than mine. He then proceeded to tell Dave how we had met. I must admit I only vaguely remember this incident, was absolutely tRalphhed, constantly in those days. I was on leave from Executive Outcomes and was hanging out in Froggo's. I was alone and seems had some

trouble with “wannabe’s”. I mentioned that this happens. Eugene is telling Dave, he knew who I was through Mike but I am not the approachable type so had not joined me. 5 chaps had been giving me lip about my jacket or or something, I told them to piss off or they will get hurt. They found this amusing. I walked up to Eugene and asked him would he watch my back? He agreed and I told the idiots we can go outside. Eugene says he was a bit slow and by the time he got out into the parking lot all 5 guys were already down and bleeding. OK. Like I say don’t really remember that so well. I was a fucking crazy son of a bitch then and people do not expect the incredible ferociousness they encounter, so often it over before they think it has started. It is a hell of a thing and I am sorry about it. I am much better now!

At this stage I was doing some marketing for a Guest House in Gordon’s Bay and when Eugene heard this he told me: His mom was going to Australia for a year and he was moving into her house in... Gordon’s Bay. Done deal, I would pull in. The next day I told Pam and Eddie that I had a new place. I think relief was felt all round.

Packed my dwindling amount of kit and off I went. It is not very far from Somerset West to Gordon’s Bay. I stopped at the bottle store and got a litre of vodka, I opened it and had a slug before I even paid for it. Well, there goes all the counselling at Ramot for a ball of shit. Hell, I really do like fucking alcohol, and when I am sober I bore myself nearly to death. The Mexican was back on his donkey, new mission, new place, new friends. Even though I knew this could come to no good, at least I felt alive!

Found the new spot, a neat little house in a quiet neighbourhood. That would change. We were about 1km from the beach, and the Guest House I was working at was about 3km away, on the side of the mountain. It was mid morning when I arrived, Eugene had very loud music blaring from a Death Metal DVD and was also drinking already. Party!

Some of his mates arrived and we went to a bar further along the coast, some of these Death Metal girls are very sexy, if you can get past the pieced pieces.... I can, I want to, so I will. Eugene is much better than I at picking up women and the first is a woman that lives in the flat next door. Her name is Chantal, she has two kids, one of which lives with her. A little over weight, long brown hair and yes, those big brown eyes I seem to like so much. I in the meantime have met the owner of the Guest House, Hein’s niece. 19 blond, blue eyes and straight from Germany. Again, this is just trouble, but I do not care. I am doing well in the marketing and cash is available. We go out every night to the local bars and clubs, one is called Amsterdam. Here I am surprised to find a musician I last saw years back in Sheila’s, up in Gauteng. The time when I was hanging out with the Spaniard, Maria. She would always ask him to play “Rough Boy” by ZZ Top. I liked his version of “War Pigs.” The German girl could not speak much English so made no musical requests.

Of course things had to get a bit wonky, this is life. Add hard alcohol, wild partying and young women the whole thing just escalates at an alarming rate. Hein was getting seriously pissed off about his niece, and told me to leave her alone. Eugene is more of a talker than a doer and Chantal was a handful. He started to tell me about what she liked to do and get done to her. The whole Death Metal image this boy had was a farce! All the piecing and tattoos looked good, his huge physic was impressive. At heart he was just a mummies boy. Could not believe this shit. Think I am exaggerating? One of the first

complaints he told me was he was woken up by Chantal giving him a BJ. That's right a complaint, gentleman readers. He maintained that he had had sex with her the night before, only once by the sound of it, and sleeping time was sleeping time. Eish! Later he told me of much kinkier stuff but nothing too hectic in my, not so humble opinion. Eventually he told her to duck. He liked the porno on the net more than real life and spent a lot of time there. Hey, every man to his own. On my side, the little German was sent to Stellenbosch and I would go through now and then to visit. I remained on speaking terms with the rather intriguing neighbour as well.

Eugene and I started going out again, without any women with us. Hunting? One night I saw that years ago in Froggo's I had chosen my backup very badly. We were in a bar in Strand, it is right up against the sea and when the tide is in the water is below the side windows! Big sign, "No Jumping out of the windows." A predominantly Afrikaans crowd was in attendance on this particular evening, but hell, some of these Afrikaans meisies are cute. Eugene seemed to like the one in particular and was staring at her, she had 3 okes with her, one obviously the boyfriend. He took exception to this. One thing lead to another and Eugene just left me to it. The term 'dumb Dutchman' is not very polite, and I know a lot of Afrikaners, my friends are anything but dumb. These were, two went swimming, the sign did not mention throwing out the window, and the way they charged left no option but to let them continue, I could have being hurt otherwise! The third lost interest and worried about breathing for a bit. Ironically I found Eugene in the parking lot.

The next jol we went on we were in The Pub With No Name in Somerset West. Here we met a woman I had seen around and spoken to when hanging out with Dave and Sarah. Melony. Attractive and a body to die for, but from day I met her she gave me an itchy feeling and not the one you are thinking about. My instinct is good and I live by it, most of the time. She was with 3, that bloody number, young guys, drunk and in trouble. She had offered the goods and now remembered she was a a young mother and had a responsible job, well that was my immediate assessment on the situation. She saw us and immediately told the young guys we were her body guards. What crap was this, I am not interested, Eugene promptly sits down with them. Melony is then all over him, hands crawling, God I hate this type of woman. I get a drink and sit at the far end of the table. Things are getting hectic, the young bloods are pissed off, spent all their money getting the woman drunk and now this. Eugene is playing knight in shining armour, he will take the lady home, as she cannot now drive and I will follow in her car. Melony is now flirting up a storm with all of them. I get Eugene one side and tell him in no uncertain terms that he is on his own here. He cannot believe this, maintains that if the guys give us shit, I can just handle it. Two things, I do not want to, "handle it." Secondly, more importantly, I can't. All three are young and large, but the one... I know, I know, that I cannot take him. Worse I watched the situation and the people for about an hour, I believe he will do me bad damage. So fuck that! Eugene gets the message and says we will leave, he is talking to the guys, I walk out but Melony follows me. Her and I have harsh words, I tell her exactly what I think about women that get it off making men fight over them. She cries and talks shit, she starts putting her hand all over me! I slap them away, the other guys see this through the large windows, I do not know what they think. She does not give up, she pushes her attractive body against me and her hands roam, I

swear at her and tell her to leave me alone. Eugene comes out and we leave. I swear at Eugene all the way home too. He is very sorry about it.

I stop drinking for a while, I have not been working much and money is now tight. I get a call from Ashley one day. She says she has the money that she owes me for bailing her out of jail a few years back. She was caught buying dagga. As banking fees are so high she will post it to me in a book, from England. I never expected that money back, but I sure could use it now. Meantime Eugene gives me R400 for my binoculars, I buy food and smokes. He is now dating Melony and she comes around a few times. I take to visiting Chantal next door, turns out she is a writer as well. She shows me some of her stuff and some poetry she has written. This is a far cry from the wild stories Eugene told me. Sensitive, well written stuff. Melony comes by one night and her and Eugene are drinking and listening to music. Eugene is doing spadework big time, slow romantic music, the Death Metal that has caused the neighbours to call the cops a few times is gone. Melony comes into my room asking for some shorts to wear, as jeans are uncomfortable and it very hot. I have one pair of very old, torn PT shorts, I lend her these, they are a bit tight, but will do, she has beautiful legs, and well I won't go there.

She lies next to me on the bed, then snuggles closer and asks me if I think she can trust Eugene or is he just out to sleep with her. Her soft breast is on my arm, her leg finds its way across my lap, while she is whispering this in my ear. I do not like this woman. I tell her she has to decide that for her self. Oh, but such physical beauty so close is bad for one's hormones, the brain stops working! I disengage and tell her I am off to supper with Chantal. I do this. Melony sleeps with Eugene. After supper Chantal, all coy and shy?? Gives me something she has written to read later. I still have it. I read it that night, it is a fantasy of hers and could be in a Penthouse magazine, it includes the Mexican Horse Thief, a reasonable amount of spanking and some other stuff.

I get my post from England, an Alcoholics Anonymous magazine called The Grapevine. Every other page has Pound notes stuck between them! Just under 2000 Pounds. I go exchange a few, I buy, you guessed it, vodka. I have a good lunch and wait for Chantal to come home from work. I get a bit waylaid and end up watching music on the beachfront until about 10pm. I arrive at Chantal's place, she is drinking whiskey and dancing by herself. I have some whiskey too. Very pretty girl this, face like an angel, I kiss her and we dance a bit. She asks me to hit her. I say I don't want to. She bites almost through my bottom lip, blood splatters all over my white T-shirt. I slap the side of her head, she spins and falls on the bed. I drink some more whiskey, burns a bit. Chantal in the mean time has removed every stitch of clothing. How the hell do women do that so fast? I remove my bloodstained shirt, drink some more whiskey, fall on the bed. She tries to bite me again, I tell her I shall slap her ass if she does, well she did. I did and so the night went ..out of the blue and into the black. Bang, bang. She is a rather noisy girl and has some surprises for me too. The next morning I have a few more bite marks and my right hand is sore, I see the palm of my hand is actually blue. Chantal is careful when she sits but smiles that angelic smile when she looks at me. I struggle to put this girl and the one from last night together as one person. I get confirmation from Eugene and Melony when they say the goings on could be heard by them next door. Jesus, what the hell have I gotten into this time. Fortunately we drank mainly whiskey last night so I have a bit of vodka left, I drink that for breakfast. We plan to have a braai that afternoon and "the girls" go

and get the food supply, Eugene and I get the booze. Some of Eugene's Death Metal buddies will be pulling in, should be an interesting afternoon. We set up the braai and the salad stuff, drinking copiously all the while. Chantal is as Eugene said, and we sneak off to her place for a bit, nothing too kinky though. When we get back some other people have arrived and the music is pumping. The fire needs to get going so I do that, as is my usual practice with new people I keep quiet and observe, being busy with the fire is a good way to do this. Chantal is with her son and I take time out to check the situation. I get offered coolers and drink some of those too. The discussion is mainly about Slayer a band they all follow. All these people claim not to be Satanists but all facts point to that they are. The Slayer lead singer always stands in a pentagram when singing and sings songs like, "God hates us all." I am not really concerned if they are or are not, I don't join groups and I survived the Christians so a couple of Satanist can KMA. I compare the two groups and if they worked out how similar they are after the bullshit, both groups would be horrified. What is that advise, look for your similarities not your differences? Well, what can I say. Think about it. Both seem fixated on the blood thing, one literally and they others are always drinking it figuratively, which is worse? None, as I say the bloody same. By about 8pm I am getting pretty wasted, lack of sleep and lots of alcohol, Chantal sleeps over at this house, there are people cRalphhing all over the show. We use my room, and she is a very active girl. I eventually get some sleep.

Eugene is already tired of Melony, and they are beginning to fight a lot. Then one day Eugene wakes up very ill, and has some very large balls! Melony brings him some medicine, seems to know too much about this. I take him to the doctor in Strand, end result he has a STD with complications. Oh shit. The evidence points to Melony but we slept with Chantal within days of each other. I ask Chantal if she is ok. She assures me it is not her, I still worry a bit and am happy with each day that passes and I am well. This situation causes the final breakup with Eugene and Melony. Just she won't go! She comes around at all hours of the morning but Eugene locks her out, the cops get called one night as she caused such a scene. Meantime Eugene is picking up women, no girls from a thing called Mixit, this scene is getting weirder and weirder, even for me! One night a very young woman suggests a threesome with me and Eugene, Chantal and I are seeing less of each other at this time. No way am I having a threesome that consists of two guys and a girl! Eugene and I start fighting about that and the fact that the Death Metal is blaring constantly, the cops have being out a few times now, between loud music and the crazy Melony, that still just won't go away. I am eating 20 Grandpa's a day, plus my litre of vodka. I take to hanging out in a pub on the beach, my Pounds are running low and although believe it or not I was still doing the marketing for the Guest House, money burns. Things are getting hazy again, I remember meeting Mempie in town one day, Charmaine called a few times, but it was getting dark man.

I had a final blowout with Eugene, over what? I do not know. End result I chucked my kit into my car and headed towards Stellenbosch. The plan was to hook up with my old neighbour, the perpetual student. He had a new place in Stellenbosch. Campus Square. Sounded good to me. The flat itself was tiny but we had two computers in what was bedroom, and a small area outside in which to braai. It was a similar setup to the other place I had lived in Stellenbosch, Prins Park. Gerard was in a lot of trouble at the Varsity, month and months late for assignments, I found out that he had taken about 4 extra years to get the degree he had! He did not like to wash dishes and they were piled high on the

sink, the counter tops, in the lounge, everywhere. Took two days for me to clean just the kitchen. He would crack a beer at about 10am and then play computer games till lunch, then a major mission to go get food, more beer and DVD's. He had accounts everywhere on his mom's name, she paid for the flat as well. I found out he was adopted and his adopted father was a, now dead, abusive alcoholic. Gerard was 30 something at this time. His mom would call just about every day, and he would tell her he was working hard. After a few weeks I saw he was not working at all. So we sat around, played computer games, watched DVDs and went out to Stones to pick up women. Nice job if you can get it. I was using the internet café and selling data again. Let me introduce the neighbour. I do not know why but this shit always happens, no nice normal neighbour for me. He was a pretty infamous chap. Ian du Toit. The farmer from Cradock that beat a man to death with a pickaxe handle in his farmhouse kitchen, and got away with it. He maintained the three workers had attacked him and it was self defence. The court case and proceedings took so long because he did not just kill the one guy, he made fish paste of him. One of those incredibly strong Afrikaners, and true to stereotype after a few brandies, *moerjuice*, horribly aggressive. I went out with him and Gerard a couple of times and then declined, I can get into trouble all by myself, thank you very much.

This lifestyle went on for a while and I had friends in and around the town from when I last lived there. Like the girl that pronounced her name Wayne. The boozing was killing me and a lot of the time in Stellenbosch was spent in blackout mode. I did get mugged one evening walking back from the shop, sort of remember that. I was in trouble and got hold Dave, he was back on track and had moved back to Malgas. He said he would call me when he could pick me up. Meantime Gerard's mother paid a surprise visit, all the way from Kimberly. Oh, oh. I flew under the radar as best as possible. She left but cancelled the accounts all over town so Gerard, now actually kicked out of the University got a job as a barman at the Stellenbosch backpackers. While waiting on Dave's call this became my hangout. Met some interesting foreigners, drank more and misbehaved in general. Dave did not call me and did not answer my calls but the time to go had come. Gerard had applied for a job in George and I was tired of Stellenbosch.

Karen was talking to me again at this stage and said I should move to Fishhoek, she had a house sitting job for a few months in Kalk Bay. I packed my kit and left Stellenbosch once more. I had no basic plan, no plan at all, but this gypsy is always happy when moving.

I arrived in Kalk Bay, beautiful little town, full of arty type people and the fishing harbour is exquisite. The house Karen was looking after was half way up the mountain and had a stunning view. The reason she was house sitting was to look after the two Dalmatians, not really the house. Karen had another house to look after for the weekend and usually Ben would do this, but since I was around and really had nothing else to do I took the job. The house was in Cape Town owned by a pair of professors, also half way up a mountain, can't remember the name of the suburb. I had to meet the profs so stayed sort of sober, they showed me where the dog food was and all that sort of crap and left. Cool. Now this was a posh place, sort one would see in magazines. Soon as they had left I got out my stash of vodka and Grandpa's went up to the third floor balcony and enjoyed the vista of the whole of Cape Town City and the harbour. I had been told in the AA and such places that one should live in the moment, so I did just that, watching the sun go



done and drinking vodka, soft music in the background. I had three days to enjoy this, was getting paid and would worry about next week, well next week, maybe. The next day I did some shopping, bought huge steak and all the trimmings and enough vodka to kill an elephant. That afternoon I spent in the stylish street cafes drinking cider and vodka. Feeling comfortably numb arrive "home" and fed the dog. I do like animals so don't be so surprised. I cooked up a wonderful meal and took it upstairs and enjoyed the sunset once more. Then got a bit bored and went to the local pub, chatted to some people got drunker and finally went back to my mansion. Next day much of the same just without any food. I left the house well before the profs were due back because by now I was more than comfortably numb and would not have liked to have had to speak to them. Drove back to Kalk Bay. See why I think I have a guardian angel? Made it back with out incident.

Now I had to address the problem of being homeless once again. I could not stay in the house that Karen was house sitting and because they had such a long sit, they had no place of there own. Pretty dumb to sit for 6/8 months and pay rent for another empty spot, no? Then they have another long sit straight after this, so for more than a year they are getting paid to stay somewhere rather than the opposite. I had a few thousand rand left from my data sales so that was not a problem. I had seen a sign in the main road of Fishhoek for accommodation and Karen and I drove there. The place was a run down residential hotel called the Beaufort Hotel. Had a look and it was not too bad at all. For just over a grand a month one could get a room in the back building and breakfast and supper thrown in. The room was not en suite and three rooms shared a bathroom, it also had a TV lounge where tea and coffee was served twice a day. It was close to Kalk Bay and within walking distance of the beach. Done deal, I paid the reception lady for a couple of months up front. There was also an internet café just outside the front door. The dinning room was old and a bit jaded and even though it had a bar, that was only open at meal times. Hell, Fishhoek must have other bars? I do remember that it does not have a bottle store, one has to go to Kalk Bay or Muizenberg. I unpacked my kit and then went back to Karen's place. We sort of ignore the whole Simons Town/Stellenbosch thing. We take the dogs to the beach and up the mountain all in all a nice day. I leave to go see what supper will be like in the hotel. The waiter shows me what will become my table, tucked well in one corner, which is fine. I can see two other guests, both older gentlemen and both nod a hello. The one just in front of me is rather older and pissed as a lord, he flirts with the waitress and breaks into song every now and then. This seems to be normal behaviour for him and I really don't mind. His songs are all old World War II songs.

It is a set menu with few choices but that is also fine by me, food is food, just glad to have it. They start with soup and it is homemade, very good pea soup and bread. Then the main meal, which was different each day of the week, but repeated the following week. After that a pudding, usually those power and milk mixed ones. I quite like them, so that is a lot of chow for one sitting. The meal ends with some coffee. Being times when I did not see that much in a fucking week. I have some books from Karen and enjoy the solitude of my own space, with some vodka of course. I set up my computer and muck about till it time for tea in the TV lounge. May as well do a recce. In the lounge is one very old lady and another of about 60 or so. Both greet me and then just drink their tea, don't talk to each other. The old lady asks where I am from and I give a short reply. The TV is on but not very loud so I can hear the speaking but not the words, bad when a

granny of 85 has better hearing than yourself. I decide to go read and drink some more. My first night at the Beaufort Hotel is okay, just in the early hours I get woken by a car going out. I will find out about this late night movement and meet Chris later.

Next morning I try out the breakfast. Consists of cereal and eggs on toast, then coffee. This is the standard breakfast and since I seldom eat breakfast I begin to make it a habit to just take my flask and get it filled with coffee, then sit in the little courtyard and smoke. The courtyard is just outside the corridor that leads to my room on the end. Sandwiched between the main old building and the flat like rooms where I live. It has a cage with a few cockatiel in and a small well kept garden. An obviously gay guy of about 50 comes to feed the birds, he is the chef. His name is Conrad and he is a very friendly sort, we speak about birds and the plants in the garden, I know a little about both so make a new friend. Later we also talk about cooking, which I enjoy. He is one of those gay guys that is quite happy to leave you as a "straight", none of that "if you try it once whadda whadda." Like some of them tend to. As I have said before I like this Cape place, outnumbered by women and a lot of gay guys just to push the odds further in my favour of my getting lucky with a pretty woman. Then the maintenance chap comes out, Jeff. One of those people I never managed to get a handle on, with my intellect or my instinct. A blank wall. Wary of those type of people so him and I do not make friends even though we speak often. I push off and go walk the dogs with Karen, then hit the bottle store for more supplies. After that I go work on my databases till supper.

The next day, sitting smoking, when a lady of about my age comes and says hello, Joyce. I have met her before, she is my mother. I see immediately she is on medicine, anti-depressants. She is in manic happy when we meet and two minutes into the conversation she is telling me about her medicines. I have a soft spot for people with this problem, legal drug addicts, so recovery is impossible, someone wants her to be here and in this state. Later I find out it is her children. She is also living with a fucking psycho that I meet later. His name is Keith and I have met his type a few times. He is away on a contract job right then. She tells me of the bar called Excalibur, just a few blocks from the hotel. I say sure we can go there sometime, then ask about booze mixed with the drugs she is on. I remember well that this combination killed my mother, dead. Just like my mom she pooh poohs the whole idea, she does not drink much. I go to my room and drink some vodka, so as not to think about it. Later that afternoon I go to the Excalibur and Joyce is there, and she is now drugged and drunk. I sit and hold her hand for a while, the manic good mood of the morning is gone and she is melancholy. I hear a bit of her life's story and what is happening to her right now. It makes me sad. I fucking drink some more. Later I walk her back to the hotel, she has cheered up considerably by this time, and as for not drinking that much? She matched me drink for drink. At supper the old soldier is drunk as a skunk as usual, and sprouting some Churchill speeches. He was in the British Navy in the war and seems saw some bad shit. There are a lot of people in the dining room but at this stage I am just watching. The guy that stays in the room next to mine for instance. He never says a word to anyone, goes to work, returns for supper and then straight to his room. I will bet all the money I don't have, a bottle a night man.

So life carries on, I write a bit, walk on the beach and try sell data.

As seems to be my pattern at this stage I stop drinking, get bored and attend some AA meetings in Kalk Bay. I do not relate to AA people any more and make no friends. I do

meet a chap, Hamilton, that wrote the rehab style book, "I Want My Life Back." I also meet the owner of a posh rehab, I think it is called Stepping Stones or something. I do not like this man, I know of him from Dave. He bought a hotel in Kommetjie and turned it into a rehab; BUT he kept the Off Sales and licence so sells booze from same premises?? No man.

I must mention now that I have lost my drivers licence card and my cars licence expired about 3 years back. Never mind. The Kalk Bay AA meeting is on a Friday night. Along that part of the Bay there is only one road and every few km there may be a turn off in between the mountains, but on a whole once on that road you can only travel along it in one direction, sea on the one side and mountain on the other. As you come into Fishhoek there is a traffic light and a road that goes inland, going straight, just past that is a huge police station, one block on is where I live. I come around the corner and see at the lights, must be the whole police force and a road block, and a que of cars waiting to get through. Everyone is being questioned, so not even 50% chance I can slip through. Fuck! I am in a quandary, I know how a proper road block/ambush works. Just where I get a visual of them they should have a "stopper group." This is to catch guys making a quick u-turn. Okay, next best thing, on the beach side is a pavement and a few cars, people taking in the night lights over the sea. I become a tourist. I am 99% sure this will not work, but what other option? I get out the car and casually walk to the small wall, light a smoke and pretend to watch the sea. Out of the corner of my eye I see the two "stopper group" cops approaching. They walk straight up to me and ask what I am doing. I tell them looking at the sea. Then they ask if I have been drinking. I tell them no. One is a lieutenant and he is aggressive, I get asked a few more times if I have been drinking, after about the 4<sup>th</sup> time I say, "Fuck it man I just came from the AA meeting in Kalk Bay, I have not had a drink!" He then asks why I pulled off. At this stage no bullshit touristy type answer is going to work so I just tell him, "I did not want to go through your road block." He replies, "No shit hey?" Then I tell him that my wallet was stolen and so I do not have a drivers licence with me. He is still convinced I have been drinking and tells me I must come with him to the CO who is at the main road block. It is about 800m on, we leave my car and the two policemen escort me past the que of cars, everyone is staring, hate it. We get to the main section of the block, it is set up in a parking area for the beach visitors. Here I get taken to a lady, she has a lot of "birdshit" on her shoulders, would be a Brigadier in army rank. She also doubts that I have not been drinking, we go through the whole spiel again. She then leaned forward to smell my breath. "Sis man jy rook!" Sis man you smoke is what she said to me. Then she kindly told me not to worry about the absence of my drivers licence card, I must just continue to stay off the booze. Then, also in Afrikaans she told the lieutenant to go and fetch my car. So I had a policeman drive past a long que of cars, through the road block and deliver my unlicensed car to be, he even held the door and closed it after me. What did I do? I drove straight to the Excalibur and had a few vodkas to celebrate my good fortune. This is a Mexican Horse Thief thing, never mind.

Meanwhile I was getting to know some of the people at the hotel. One very interesting chap was now sitting in the TV lounge every day, Richard. I said hello to him and received a very Charlie Mason look, then he continued with his drawing. He had sheaths of paper all done in pastels, all the dark colours and heavily drawn. Physiology 101 would tell you what this indicated. I asked Joyce about him. He too was on heavy medication, apparently he came back from Angola 20 odd years ago, Section Eight. I do

not seek these people out, I just seem to be thrown in with them, my whole life. As time went by I asked if I may look at the drawings, he said not a word just thrust a pile of paper at me. Like I say, scary. I told him they were very nice and spoke about my long time associating with the art world through Gordon. He sort of smiled but no words yet. Then one morning I was having my coffee in the courtyard and he came and sat next to me, he actually said, "Hello." Then just sat there, feet drumming continuously. Joyce walk passed and had a breezy, "Hi" for us. Richard did this every day for a while, nothing more, nothing less.

I met Joyce's boyfriend Keith, .... I also met a lady that stayed in the main part of the hotel. She would always sit in the main lounge come entrance hall and do crosswords. So far we had just greeted, then one day she asked if I knew an answer to one of the crossword questions. Fortunately I did and that broke the ice a bit. She was comfortable in her finances and stayed in a nice room on the first floor, but seemed to have no friends and a family that did not care. We chatted about books, art and whatnot often after that, her health was not good and she was severely overweight, did not go out the door very often. Her family, children and grandchildren came to see her once the whole time I was there. She was so excited. I still hope to die young enough that this does not happen to me. What the hell am I talking about, my family cares not a shit already! At least I do not get excited when one or two of them do bother to contact me. Never mind.

By now I was drifting in and out of sobriety, as the mood took me. I was seeing less and less of Karen, who had moved into a house in Sun Valley, a suburb of Fishhoek. I was on speaking terms with most of the permanent residents in the hotel and knew the regulars at the Excalibur. Joyce and I often sat together drinking and talking shit. I met a rather plumb lady, her name was Karen, like my sister. She had a boyfriend that was bi-sexual, Anton. He was one of those guys that was also about to "go north" but more on the technical side. She had a very pretty 18 year old daughter. She already was getting slightly over weight and in a few years would look like her mom. So sad. I could see trouble here but carried on regardless.

At the hotel a young woman, with the most amazing green eyes and her much older boyfriend moved into a room a few doors away from mine. Just past the TV lounge and entrance to this part of the place. He was huge and she was half my size. I saw that he did not treat her well at all, often shouting at her right in the dining room. He drove overland trucks for a tour company and was soon on a trip. I spoke to the girl a bit, arty type and full of the love of life. Her name, I kid you not was DJ. Then her boyfriend brought a baby pied crow back from a trip. That sort of broke the ice, I know a bit about rearing baby birds and they did not. The mucho boyfriend was still unfriendly, he was an asshole to everyone in the hotel, not just me. He actually slapped the old WWII guy in the dining room one night for some perceived insult! I was not present, if I had been I would have made him sit, one way or another. Think I would have hit him with one of the solid wood dining room chairs, he was huge, but sit he would.

DJ had procured a cage from Conrad the chef and the crow slept in that at night, in the room with her. Boyfriend was off on a month long trip. During the day the crow would

be free to roam the courtyard, but DJ also took it for walks, it followed like a puppy dog! It could fly but short distances at a time, a metre or two then walking again. We took it to the beach often, the crow seemed to enjoy this. During this time I heard the very sad life story of DJ and why she put up with the boyfriends shit. A tragic tale of being orphaned young, getting into cocaine and all that goes with it. We became good mates as we shared some common history and interests. When she visited her friends in Cape Town I babysat the crow for a few days. Then the residence of the place said the crow was too noisy, it woke up early and did make a racket, and it had to go. DJ and I took it to a bird rehab, and she was heartbroken, cried all the way home. Well, only thing for that was to get some vodka get both of us drunk...

After seen very little of Karen, my sister, she pops up with a very good plan to make a LOT of money. Ben says he can make an inverter system that will kick in and keep the electricity going during the ever increasing blackouts. Hell, with my database of the Hospitality industry we had something here. Guests that are paying a fortune to visit this country are really no interested in Eskom's fuck ups, they want the hot water and aircon. As I am not in the least bit technical I believed Ben could do what he claimed and set about sending mail. I kept a note on the first results we got, they looked like this:

With only one Newsletter, a very simple text only, no embedded pictures, only ECE's website link, the response was as follows. Within two weeks!

News letter was sent to Hospitality data (6000 of) and only 1000 of the other available addresses. (General Businesses)

1. Hundreds of enquiries. Both for inverter systems and solar alternatives.
2. Seventy four quotes sent out totaling well over a 2 million rand.
3. Eleven invoices sent out totaling R158 000.00
4. Five 50% deposits paid into ECE's bank account.

Shit! The hard times were finally over! With the commission Karen said I would be paid I would be smiling all the way to the bank. This was not to be.

The first sign of trouble was the inverters that Ben said I must advertise were not available in this country. When will I learn not to just trust people. Lynne did the EXACT same thing to me. A mad scramble to find inverters ensued, we found some smaller ones and filled in the orders for the portable inverter orders. Spending the money of the deposits for orders we could not fill was worrying me greatly. Karen was full of confidence and said she will make a plan. I got some spending money but not enough to pay my rent. I was beginning to stress about that and this whole business, sooo, I had done my part and decided to go do some serious drinking with the money I had. The barman at Excalibur had a very pretty young girlfriend, he was a good looking chap and flirted outrageously in front of her. I made friends with her quickly enough. I was going to see Karen every now and then to check if they had found the inverters. The people that had ordered and paid a deposit were now asking when would the job get done. Ben and Karen were ducking and diving and drinking too. Ben got some expensive inverters and started making the system up. He blew the things! I stressed even more, by now we had hundreds of orders from that mail. We were looking at a huge amount of money to be made. The profit margin Ben had build in was very good. That is all very well, but he

could not even make the system up as yet, never mind install it. I tried hard not to get pissed off with the situation, but fuck it, he was so cock sure that he could make this thing, now even untechnologically impaired person such as myself could see he was full of shit.

The weeks dragged by, the rent was over and due and I was getting dribs and drabs of money, which I promptly drank out or spent it on the new young lady. I then got into a fight at the only other bar in Fishhoek and was banned for life. I started hanging out at Excalibur exclusively. Karen, the plump one was there a lot, the barman was becoming suspicious, and I was constantly drunk. The hotel told me to leave and Karen said I should move in with Anton and herself. Sober or drunk, I know trouble when I see it but really saw no other option. Again I packed my kit and moved. Not very far, just a bit inland, about 2km from the hotel. Just after that a database was sold for R3500, Anton made some money and we had a 24/7 week long party. I started smoking marijuana everyday and was not more into Karen's daughter than the barman's girlfriend. While the money lasted and Karen was high she did not mind this. We ran out of booze often after hours and Anton and I went up to the local coloured township and bought booze at the shabeen. Dangerous for two white, drunk guys but what the hell. As the money dwindle the booze we bought became cheaper and we got sick from the crap we were drinking. Karen got mean drink a few times and beat Anton, scratched his face bleeding, he was playing around, with both sexes. One bad night he tried to pick me up, I did the best thing and ducked to see my sister. She was now living in a furnished flat in Longbeach. Some of the inverters, the small ones were now sort of working and Ben was building and selling those. I sent more mail and we got even more orders.

I went back to Karen and we drank for a few more days, then it was my turn to cross the ladies path. We argued about, something, can't really remember and it was pack and move again. My sister Karen said I could not stay with them, as the landlord would not allow it. I slept in my car. At first. During the day it was fine for me to visit, and I sent mail like crazy. The large inverters were making progress, I was told. I met the owner of the flats, a fat little man, Iranian, Greek, or something. I was now fighting with Karen and Ben, constantly about their business procedures. They were spending money on inverters just to blow them up. The deposit money for all the jobs that were coming in. I had very little to no money, I could not afford to eat every day on occasion, but they would only pay me commission on final invoice. They were living quite well on the deposit money too. I got a bit of money, bought some supplies, two books and hit the bush, well what bush you find in the Cape. At Kommatjie there is a nature reserve on the beach. Nice dunes a thick bush. I sneaked past the Cape Nature conservation guards and found a thick piece of bush on a dune that gave me a good view of the beach and sea. I was about 100m from the path that lead to the beach proper. I dug in, as my sleeping bag is a civilian one and bright burgundy I used my British army poncho to cover it. The weather was wonderful and I sat drinking and watched all the people on the beach. I read my book and drank some more, had some snacks, biltong and dry wors. Some days the conservation guys would walk close by but none saw me. One day a group of people had a picnic very close to my hidey hole, they did not spot me either, but I had to keep very still for long periods of time. Then a young woman did, her eyes grew wide and I put my finger to my lips. I liked her, she did not tell anyone what she had seen, just gave a surreptitious glance in my direction for the rest of the day. I thank her for that. I needed supplies every now

and then and did a bit of anti tracking to keep my secret, well secret. I also went to see if Karen and Ben had made any progress in the development of this thing I had sold. I look back on those days on the beach with fondness, I had a beautiful view, no-one knew where I was, I had food and drink and two good books. All good things must come to an end.

Karen thought we could risk me sleeping at the flat. I got sober for a bit and worked on the data. The flat was tiny and with all the inverter stuff crammed in as well there was no place for my stuff. One night our cars were broken into and I lost all my camera equipment. I had some very good stuff, older but good. My 170-500 lens was worth a small fortune. We called the cops and went through the rigmarole of reporting the incident. They gave me shit about the worth of my camera equipment, implying I was trying some insurance fraud trick. I told them to fuck off as I was not insured. My sister calmed the situation down. In general, I still hate cops, one good one in a thousand, maybe. Just to make me more sure of this, I get a phone call a couple of days later and a cop, yes a policeman, wanted to know if I wanted to buy some really cheap photographic equipment. Don't have to be a rocket scientist to work that one out.

I find a flatlet in a suburb of Fishhoek, I pay the deposit and the first months rent. It is not furnished, just a room with a kitchenette and a bathroom. It is in a well kept garden and over looks the Silvermine nature reserve. Problem is I can only occupy in 8 days time. Karen is paranoid about her landlord, with good reason it seems. He too is a drinker. One night there is a bang on the door, I am not drinking but Ben and Karen are. The bang is a policeman's knock, I know about things like this. Karen opens up and sure enough, one male and one female cop. They ask or rather start to ask something when the little round owner charges past them, in a straight line to me. His is very drunk, his punches all miss and he almost falls over. He is calling me a worthless drunken bum, ironic, apart from the police I am the only sober person I can see right then. I dodge the little man till he runs out of steam. One or two ineffectual blows have landed on my head and back. I get that icy calmness that comes over me when trouble erupts. Not so with Ben, Karen, the little man or even the cops. By now the place is crowded, the caretaker and another man have come in the room. The other man is the little rich fucks trouble shooter, I find out later. He is also calm. The little guy gets his energy level up and attacks me again. Hell, I am not too mucho to deny it, I hid behind the lady cop, but was getting blood in my eye. I was going to pop and do one of my ballistic scenes soon. I told the cops that they must stop this little oke as I am getting scared. I was, if I pop it will be fucking ugly. They take it that I am scared of the little oke. I have a quick inspiration, Devine? I doubt it. I tell the cops I want to lay a charge of assault on the little guy. Everyone is shouting, this is a cluster fuck of note. The trouble shooter pulls the little guy out the door. Puts him on a couch in the entrance of the building. He listens, for whatever reason to his man. He comes back in while the cops are trying to convince me NOT to lay a charge, but I am insistent. My sister is still screaming, by now at everyone. Ben is also shouting. I nod at the trouble shooter to step outside, we understand each other. I tell him I know that I should not be sleeping there, but my room will be available only in about 6 days time. He has two or three rooms on the premises that are vacant. The deal, I get one, for free and I drop the idea of laying assault charges. Blackmail? Maybe. The psychologist was right about one thing, I am a survivalist, there are no fucking rules when it gets to this point. He asks if I will sign a piece of paper to this effect. I tell him, "Sure." I go back to

Karen's room, the cops are informed about the deal, they will witness the signing of the paper. This gets done, the little owner is now very happy, he gets keys and shows me my new room, furnished, DSTV and all. Cool. He then tells me he is my best friend etc. etc. The trouble shooter takes him away. He has dealt with this type of bullshit with his boss before.

I move into my new place, I get a hotplate and some chow, set up my computer. I pack some spare clothes in a rectangle on the tiled floor, throw my sleeping bag on top. This will be my bed, for how long I do not know. I have all the commission coming, if, if Ben can get his act together. It will be in the tens of thousands, orders are still coming in. Ben is still blowing small things up. He will get better, at blowing things up I mean. He does the first installation at Kalk Bay Theater, we carry 6 huge batteries, 60kg each in, I leave him to it as I am of little help here. By that afternoon the whole block of Kalk Bay has no power, he blew something big up! I just go back to my room, after buying a shit load of booze. The Kalk Bay fiasco carried on for weeks, I bore myself thinking about all the excuses why Ben could not get this right. He was busy elsewhere and blew two posh wine farm's electric supplies to shit as well. Fuck I just got drunker. I sold a database and did not pay rent, I drank, in my room and at Excalibur. Landie came to pick me up on my birthday and I went to stay in Cape Town with her for a few days, lots of booze and a bit of cocaine, feeling no pain. But I had to go back and face my land lady sooner or later. Karen in the meantime had sorted a silent partner out for them, Manfred, and he set them up in a house in Muizenberg, again her step daughter could move in but I was not welcome. I was pissed off about the fact that my marketing had gotten all the orders, therefore the interest of Karen's new partner. I still believe I had done my fair share of the work and they were reaping the benefits, while fucking the thing up! We fought about this. My landlady was a nice woman and I had to tell her I could pay a bit of the rent but not all. She gave me some time. When that time ran out, Karen came to visit and again no money for what I had done. We had a huge fight and she left in a huff. A little while later I had to move out, but I had no place to go.

Next morning I drove to Muizenberg and bought more vodka, then parked my car on the beachfront and got wasted. The whole day was spent like this, drink, pass out, drink some more. That night had the Mountainmen Security firm on my case, a few bucks and they fucked off. Always about the money. I had enough the next day to buy one more bottle of vodka, then spent the day the same as the day before. Tried to drink myself to death, did not work. Drove about for a while and my car ran out of petrol as I got back to my spot.

Next day, run out of booze and had no plan what so ever, not a cent to my name and about 5 smokes. There is a Christian Radio station in Muizenberg, I went in and asked may I please, please use the phone. A resounding no! I asked again telling them I am in so much trouble I am suicidal. Fuck off is what I got. Do not speak to me about Christianity, the Ark compounded my now hatred for the modern Christian. I make no apology for that statement. I decided to go to my sworn enemy, the police and ask could I make one phone call. Just got the "blank look of Africa" from the duty sergeant. Well, here at least I expected it. Tried to convince the bugger to lock me up for a while, as then I could get sobered up. Can't get arrested when you want to, ironic. Then my alcohol saturated brain remembered that one can make reverse charge calls. Hallelujah. Did that at a call box near my car. Karen came but with an ultimatum, she would book me into the



Ark or cut me loose. Shit, I had visited my uncle Neal in the Ark in Durban. It looked BAD. To make matters worse it was a Christian run place. Danielle in the fucking lions den. What choice did I have? I don't know as by now the need for more alcohol was taking over and an equally strong will to survive. I agreed. Women are organized creatures, Karen had the whole thing signed and sealed a day ago. She painted a pretty picture of how they help and even find one work. I was about 4 years sober when I visited Neal. I am a drunkard not a simpleton. But go I had to.

Karen calls The Ark to see if I can bring my computer along, they say that will be fine. She tells me that she has called the whole family about her fucked up "little" brother, the night before. I see the empty brandy bottle and the big, also empty bottle of Old Brown Sherry. Oh, oh. My sister drunk, it is not pretty. Vincent told her basically to piss off, I am a big boy and should look after myself. No surprise there. My father and her had an argument and she brought up how he use to beat me, again. He got pissed of and put the phone down. Then, a good one, don't piss on Karen's battery when she has had a few dops. She contacted every listed South African Jehovah's Witness organization, The Bethel and the Elders council, , who know who else? Then proceeded to give them a breakdown of what the "wonderful Elder, Brother Bisset" had done to his first family, us. It was mostly true what she said, but I am sure she added the dramatics as well. Fucking crazy, this sister of mine.

I will put down the information that is in the arks pamphlet, you can decide what you think when you have read a day by day account of what I saw once in there, stone cold sober.

## **The Ark**

### **City Of Refuge Church**

#### **Men's Home**

#### **Orientation Manual**

#### **Our Vision**

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,  
Because he hath anointed me  
To preach to the poor;  
He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted,  
To preach deliverance to the captives,  
And recovering the sight to the blind,  
To set at liberty them that are bruised,  
To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

Luke 4:17,18.

**Our mission is to glorify God in all that we do and to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ through caring and providing for the "least" among us, the destitute, the indigent, the physically and spiritually ill, the hopelessly addicted and the unwanted.**

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