

# Destiny Ascendant

By

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## Preface:

This was written over the course of roughly 6 days while I was a patient of St. Joseph's Behavioral Center in Tampa, Florida. I share this journal in the hope of adding perspective and dynamics to a story all too common, that of a person suffering with Bi-Polar disorder. I hope it can find ways to lift up those in similar circumstances, and offer some insight for those who never have to personally go through such an ordeal. It is my hope that by fostering understanding, it will bring people together in some ways. Those with mental illness and those without it often feel at odds with each other's perceptions (at least in my experience), and I desire no more than to defog the distance between them. I hope this book will enlighten, and at the very least be an inspiration for those who follow where I have been. It has been edited in some areas to bring out some of the more important aspects.

-Timothy B. Reinhold, 12/31/2015

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## **DAY ONE:**

“Turning and turning in a widening gyre, the center cannot hold.” -William Butler Yeats

That phrase is truth to me. It represents the nature of decay, an orbit unbalanced, the gradual erosion towards oblivion.

What is Philosophy? I would describe philosophy as the pursuit of comprehension. What is Psychology? I would categorize this as the study of the universe within each of us, the ways in which that universe is perceived, and the variables that create it. What is Writing? Writing, for me, is the study of how to relate opinions found in the previous two areas to the universe at large.

My goal is to gain some mastery of these topics, unify them into a cohesive testament, and give that achievement to you. I leave it to you to decide both the merit and success of my endeavor.

12/29/2014

## **DAY TWO:**

### Today

Today is a new beginning. Take this opportunity you are given to change the world for the better. Dedicate yourself each day to the Virtue of Willingness. Be Open, Honest, Forthright, and True. Above all, keep your neighbors in your heart, for they are the true children of the Mind, and each of us deserves every chance at Happiness, Fulfillment, Success, and the realization of our cherished Dreams.

Hold me close to you, keep me near. Know that as you read these words, my thoughts instilled upon imperfect medium, our souls connect. The sweet release of knowing we aren't alone anymore is ours to love. I am yours, for all eternity, and though my body will die, and the memory of who I was will fade from all memory, my soul is captured forever in the script of these verses.

### Hope

Take Hope! Take it, own it, become it for all to see. Upon my soul, I promise you there is Light in the Darkness, sometimes just around the next bend, out of sight until the Path is further trod.

Feel the cobblestones of the Path beneath you as you travel. Feel the rocks and stones and mortar and sand, know that every bump and abrasion is there only to sweeten the victory you will attain as you complete the steps of the journey of life. Remain Strong in the face of Oppression, Steadfast through Opposition, and know that you do not walk alone.

While every Path is unique, each path overlaps in its segments and its entirety to other Paths. Make friends of sturdy travelers, for they are the enduring companions you shall need as you move forward through life.

12/30/2014

### What we know and how we know it (Epistemology)

The first thing we need to know is how little we really know. That's a famous line, yet it holds true. For all my 'wealth' of knowledge, the things I know nothing of and cannot conceive of are infinitely more numerous. That will continue until I cease to exist, for every avenue of information only opens new avenues of inquiry. I can put some pieces together, but thinking I *really* know something approximating a totality of reality is hubris at best.

The second thing we need to realize is that we exist. We do so amongst stars and grass and bubbling brooks, with technology, mysticism, witchcraft, and unknown entities that sometimes go bump in the night. We must accept that we are inherently ourselves. We are not figments of imagination in another's mind, inventions or flights of fancy. Rather, we are real. Not merely crude matter, but enlightened beings that dwell in the space between voids.

Next, we must strive to learn the nature of who we are both as individuals and en masse. There are great ideas out there about who we might be. There are personality tests and intelligence tests, aptitude tests and questionnaires. And, while these can be useful tools, they are only as accurate as we are capable of being honest and insightful about ourselves. This means that the lies which we tell ourselves to ease the discomfort of our own existence hide the truths about us, and cloud our minds to the true natures we hold within. Get as much experience with as many different people, places, and concepts as possible. Be true to yourself. Doing otherwise only leads to misery and hopelessness, and no one will be able to help you out of the pit you create for yourself. No one, yourself included, can tell reality if the only truths you unveil about yourself or sample from others are lies.

Mix and match the experiences in life, move forward with motivation and a plan. The world will unveil itself and subject itself to you then. Once you begin to know who you are at your core you can love yourself; your strengths weaknesses, talents, and flaws. Only upon honest examination can the truth actually set you free.

Freedom comes at a cost, and it is dear. Before we understand truth, we are enslaved by lies. We are forced to see the world through a veil invented to mask things more easily not considered. It is a reality written by those who seek comfort, the ability to 'slide by' through life without noticing the pebbles underfoot. I would rather cherish the pebble. It's imperfection and the uncomfortability of it beneath the heel allows us to better approximate any patterns of existence. We should cherish the broken more than the perfect, for perfection itself is a flaw greater than the beauty of being individual. No person is perfect, yet the interactions of several people can create a beautiful work of art which is more of a perfection in motion.

This relationship, greater perfection between concepts with names and faces each is the practicality of philosophy. By connecting pieces of the grand puzzle into a design undreamt of we enable a truer study of the universe as a whole. All theories are correct at some level at the same time. Patterns yield to other patterns in a flowing stream. This is indeed a paradox. That is fine. Paradox is the nature of this world.

We can know nothing for certain.

We can observe that which lies within and before us.

We can perceive patterns amongst the chaos.

Patterns of patterns enable knowledge in a practical sense.

Perceiving time as a cycle allows patterns to be interpreted, establishing a scenario of past, present and somewhat predicting future.

Causality is real, but not absolute, all of the time.

We are subject to certain effects of different causalities.

We have the ability to overcome causality.

We can choose to empower life.

We have free will.

If willpower has an energy signature, the wave coalescence with other interacting waves allows the proper calculus of causal forces and independent actions.

Though nothing is certain, and nothing can be known, realities within our perception do exist. We see what we think we see, observing the attempt rather than the act.

We can train our perceptions to better reflect truth.

We can overcome any obstacle, given enough information and a strong enough drive to do so.

This is my epistemology, my hope. It is my philosophy and my religion. It resounds along my soul with a surety more real than my perceptions of the instrument I use to write these words. It is more real than my hand itself. I am trained to use these tools, hand and pen, but my soul innately grasps at the concepts written by them. It is the light in my darkness, the only truth I feel certain of. I doubt and dismember reality, but the mind's eye holds the keys to salvation, to a way out from the suffering of existence, and provides hope at times when the void swallows the flames of love, all compassion fades, and passion lies in ruin. I have hope, not because of who I am or what I know, but rather because I see a pattern leading to the point where I can attain more of those very things I fear to lose.

12/30/2014

## Ethics

Ethics is the study morality within ourselves and within our society. Since we are aware only of our own circumstances, the ethics of others cannot be completely objective. While there is a right, middle, and wrong path to solving dilemmas, we can only know the truth of that choice for ourselves. A person besides our self has their own experiences. They have their own internal reality. These differences alter perception, making some actions more ethical than others depending on the person involved. A person who regularly breaks laws will not hesitate with trivial infractions, whereas a person who sticks with the laws rarely thinks of jaywalking. These extreme positions denote opposite ends of the spectrum, with most individuals falling somewhere in between. I firmly believe intent determines morality, virtue is key.

As the Greeks established in their concept of 'arête,' the most virtuous ethic is the one which is sought by the entirety of our focused energy. That which we strive for with every fiber of our being. The sum of these virtues is the pattern of personality and an insight into our true natures.

There is a principal in philosophy called Ockham's Razor. It states that the simplest explanation is usually the right one. I propose that in ethics, the opposite be true. Very rarely do we find the simplest path to be the most correct. Simple explanations are more direct and accurate, but in action real world decisions are the most complex dynamics I have yet witnessed. In order to achieve a utilitarian utopia, we are required to weigh more factors than Newton did in his "Principia Mathematica". The choice may be simple, but the ethical enactment rarely is.

12/30/2014

"Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass... it's about learning to dance in the rain."

-Wall mural quote at the hospital.

## Rain

Teardrops falling are a way to the very center of God's heart. I am not alone in my pain. Those with the vision to see me have rescued me, ostensibly from myself. Their kindness, compassion, and genuine love breaks me to my very core. I am human, and flawed. They seem to love me for my flaws and inadequacies, for those aspects of my being reveal too my qualities. It saddens me to be reliant upon the good will of others, to know that even my walls of Jericho break before the unstoppable tide of life. That I am incapable of independence absolute as strings tether me to those nearby. Yea, though I walk through this valley, I am not alone.

12/30/2014

## Reflection

The inequalities of life drive the hollow in the pit of my soul to new heights. When in the moment, I seem cheerful. But, upon reflecting on my true demeanor, I find the losses of my life cresting like a tsunami, engulfing the living joy of my existence in an unending tide of despair.

Despite logic and odds, I shall kindle the flames of hope, yet I worry that the pouring rain will vanquish it from my spirit. Within myself, something is broken. I am convinced of doom and my utter demise. I would rather go down in control of the ship than blindly navigate these treacherous waters in the hazy mist that clouds judgement and denies joy. I am a ship without a rudder, aimless and forlorn. My sail lies in tatters, so that no wind may hasten my way to port. I feel alone in my indignation at the perceived indignities given form by those I find as current companions in this hospital facility. Well, one of them, at least. The others honestly seem pleasant, with some positive perspective on life. Though I am amongst strangers, perhaps a better description is that I am amongst potential new friends. It gives me hope where I should, by all rights, have none. Perhaps some good will come of this after all, and that thought is like a glass of water given to a man dying alone in a desert of the mind.

For god is with me, in some form. I feel His love emanating from those close to my heart, and from strangers newly met. Truly he is merciful and gracious, giving love to this undeserving soul. Showering beauty amongst the downtrodden, escalating joy in every interaction. If one only knows where to look and how.

12/30/2014

## **DAY THREE: Midnight**

I find myself wallowing on occasion in the tears of my past. This must stop. I am not a swine, thus wallowing does not become me. I look to the future. In its looking glass, I find myself filled by and instilled with:

HOPE

A new beginning  
Gifted by friends  
More numerous than the stars  
Burning eternally in the night.  
I am not alone.

12/31/2014

The fire within  
Changes from ember  
To Blaze anew;  
Only one greater than ourselves  
Comprehends the truth  
Of what dreams may come.

### Visitors

I met with Darrell Carter and Max McCall during visiting hours today. My parents also came. I made friends with two young ladies, named Jenny and Steph, and met Steph's sister, whose name eludes me. I am confident Max got her name and number though, lol.

Jenny is very gifted, compassionate. Her character is truly beautiful, she is deep and warm and funny. And she is a great motivator. I suspect she and a friend of mine on the outside, Emily, may just get along, as both enjoy Spanish dance styles.

Steph. What can I say? Here is a vibrant gifted young lady, of both great physical beauty and immense spiritual and intellectual beauty. I know I used the same descriptor twice in the same sentence, but I find my vocabulary limited to that singularity upon contemplation. She seems not at all intimidated by my age, experiences, or the darkness within me. I got the impression that she may be as inspired as I hope I am. I can be myself, hold a conversation about anything, and communicate with her deeply after just a dozen hours. I wouldn't mind company like that for a quite a while. I am keenly aware of how bright she is, and her kindness and compassion are marvelous.

Is this the reason for my hospitalization? To write anew, with hope, and to meet friends who understand me more fully than my own family? The beauty inherent in these individuals is awe inspiring. Why do such amazing persons suffer so deeply? Why in God's name must they understand the pits and potholes that comprise a life of amazement, love, and warmth?

Jenny has faith in God. I find myself relating more easily to Steph, not because of her faith, but rather it's lack. She believes in a higher power, but not of a God that would dream of inflicting agony upon any soul, especially her own. I identify with that. Completely. While I admire Jenny for keeping her faith, I relate to the open appraisal of cruelty inherent to any deity who would afflict us thus.

I do not speculate about the future at this point. No expectations lead to no disappointments, and pleasant surprises bring even a modest man joy. I find it funny, in a way, that though I recognize my own weakness, I am far from modest. This is off-putting for some, those who desire quietude and solitude. I want variety, vibrancy, and fortitude. I understand my own perspective on life, and know that though others may be similar, I can never assume that I know what is going on within their internal worlds. The best I can do is listen and ask questions. I can sympathize with their plight, learn from them, and in return offer insights gleaned from my lifetime of sorrow. I will, however, strive to make up for this with insight into positive aspects as well. I hope I am capable of this task. I will do my best. If nothing else, I shall try to limit the pain they suffer in this life to whatever degree possible. I want them to explore life with the same wonder and vigor which I cherish so much. I want to be there, in the dark stillness of the night. I want to comfort them in some way when they are alone, let them know how

important they are to this world. I want them to share joy and sorrow, to dance, to sing, to embrace hope when there seemingly is none. I want to help them move forward. I will do everything I can to help them succeed, if they let me, for I am amazed and grateful for the warmth with which they have accepted me. Grateful for the love they offer, and the kindness with which we relate to one another.

Any more than that will have to wait with time. I am newly amongst these friends, and time will tell if my evaluation of them is as accurate as I hope for.

My hope rises like a flame. It burns brightly in the darkness, billowing upwards to the heavens and erasing the stars and moon and sky overhead, leaving me positive and refreshed. I love this life, and will now try to remember this feeling all the days of it. For surely hope will fade again, and the fire will die, and the world will turn again into ash. I will strive to retain this essence which I find so sweet.

Steph and Jenny, you gained a fond friend today. Regardless of time, experience, or other inconsequentialities of this world. Thank you so much for taking the time to befriend someone new, and share a small piece of your hell with him. I am forever indebted.

12/31/2014

#### Logic: Analytic Philosophy ("And" Theory)

I realize that while I have discussed my "And" Theory at length with several individuals, I have yet to commit it to writing. This is the logic portion of my philosophy.

I noticed a trend a few months back. Many people within the English speaking portion of society today use the words 'but', 'or', and 'unless'. These terms, in grammar linguistics, are isolators, divisors, negations. They constitute ultimatum by connotation. "I love you, but you need help." "You can be cool, or you can make me miserable." "I want you in my life, unless you are a negative influence or a burden." We hear these phrases, especially here at the hospital, as well as countless others like them. This seems to occur on a regular basis. I find these phrases weak. They suggest a false dichotomy, one of logic's informal fallacies, in everyday mundane existence. They are extremely hurtful and negative to those receiving them.

Now, try for a moment to replace these words with 'and'. "I love you, and you need help." This unifies the observer with the subject, creating a strong bond which gains energy from the combined energy of each individual. "You can be cool, and you can make me miserable." This validates the subject, rather than putting them on an emotional tightrope. It contains a harsh realization by the speaker, but is more bearable because of the validation. "I want you in my life, and you are a negative influence and a burden." While extremely harsh, this establishes a perceptual truth, reinforcing the positive while informing the subject of the negative aspects of the interaction. While hurtful, it does suggest hope as the subject is still validated in its place with the observer, at least for now. It informs the subject of the reservations the observer holds. This allows for an opportunity to communicate rather than ending



communication. While the original statement is intended to cut off communication should the status of the relationship not change immediately, the revision offers validation to the subject, which is more compassionate. I think there are more tactful ways of relating the intended message, yet sometimes direct confrontation is unavoidable or warranted.

It is now 2:50 a.m. A friendly staff member reminds me of the importance of balance, and I have been writing for hours in my little notepad. Sleep is necessary to function during the day, so for now I need to reign in my creativity. I need to remember that once I return home I must have the strength to be mindful of life, rather than absorbed completely by the world inside of me.

12/31/2014

Determination

Genius

Emotion

Complexity

Hope

Dreams

Love

Beauty

Knowledge

Faith

Unity

Diversity

Insight

Life

Experience

Compassion

Observation

Mindfulness

Humor

Sarcasm

Irony

Paradox

These concepts are Truths

That make us one world.

Enlightened Ascensions.

12/31/2014

## Outrage

The multiplying vanities and villainies of insensitivity do swarm amongst us. V for Vendetta said something similar. To imply that a person is Wrong for being upset without even asking the nature of the problem suggests impropriety, callousness, a lack of even basic humanity. Especially when the comments come from one so self-absorbed as to make their problems into other people's miseries. How dare a person exist on the good will and humor of the group, then denigrate and demoralize a person who asks nothing and simply displays involuntary sadness? This is the height of cruelty.

I speak not on my own behalf but rather in the stead of one of my compatriots who is unable to defend herself. I feel a coward even now because I am writing this instead of saying it. The situation is complex in the extreme. If I verbalize my thoughts, I run the risk of further antagonizing the perpetrator, and staff is present to keep that individual from escalating the issue further. Still I feel badly for not being bold enough to confront her on the spot.

We are always on trial it seems. Someone is always there to judge our actions, and I seem to be no exception. Why do we feel the need to weigh those that comprise the society around us? Are we gods, capable of knowing the minds, souls, let alone intent of those around us? I have ideas as to this development, but as yet they are amorphous and formless. Further contemplation is required before I write on this topic again.

12/31/2014

## **DAY FOUR**

### The Crux

One of my problems is living in a cage of glass. I am on the outside looking in on life, from within the life I am outside of. Many people love me dearly, but not one soul seemingly wants or needs me. I feel this in my core, with eyes wide open. I rescue those around me, and wish only to be seen for myself and rescued in return. I want to pour my hopes and fears and dreams and tears into a life with someone. I am a builder, an engineer of sorts, yet I lack the equipment or supplies to build the dreams I want.

What is wrong with me? What have I done to earn this life? Alone in the crowd, waiting for the other shoe to drop. Why do I feel that trust is so difficult? Is it a lack of maternal bonding, being raped, the series of car accidents, my own betrayals of myself, my wife's affair, friends and family dying, losses, disappointments, the marketing sales job being crooked, other losses of employment, financial losses, being robbed, fake friends, posers, or the persons lacking character? I am surrounded by madness. The field in which I endeavor, understanding the cosmos through analysis of humanity and its inner workings may be hubris. Looking for patterns amongst the chaos...I must take everything with a grain of salt.

Perhaps it is where I am, but I wonder if I will be able to decipher reality further at this point. The truth is that philosophy is the mother of all science experiments. Various philosophers have hypothesized about the universe over thousands of years, adjusting the theories and retesting observations in order to find stability in an imbalanced chaos. It might be futile to attempt to unravel life in a single lifetime, but no other endeavor seems worth the energy I am putting into this.

1/1/2015

### Faith

Mary Margaret and I discussed God and faith today. She tells me I am loved by him and he is well pleased with me. I told her I thought God was the sum total of us and more than all of us. We are drops in his pond, and his will is the current that moves us all. As we grow and adapt, so too does He. He loves us as we love ourselves, a piece of him inside each of us. We are mighty in His aura. God loves us not for our perfection but rather our imperfections. We are the sum culmination of all His hopes, dreams and desires, and he mirrors ours. I am loved and so are you, for your good and my good, my dark and your dark, balanced eternally in the void between heaven and hell.

1/1/2015

### Options

The medications are killing me. I find myself asleep more than awake. They speak of EMDR and electro-shock therapy. EMDR recalibrates your mind and neural pathways through electromagnetic and laser treatments. EMDR may be an option, but Electro-shock is not.

I feel as if the weight of destiny is upon me. I am Atlas, buried under the weight of the world, consumed by the problems of the burdens I carry. Either option has permanent effects, and I dread anything that would remove my ability to think. It is one quality I am sure of in myself, my ability to reason. It makes me who and what I am. Perhaps that is the problem too. Perhaps as self-aware as I am being to my detriment. Oh God, I hope not. I have to remain myself. At all costs. I fear losing who I am would be worse than killing myself. It would be a living death. I am scared of that sort of hell. Scared out of my mind.

I have decided to read a book on demons, in hopes of exorcising my own. Time will tell, as per usual. I must keep hope, despite all the odds and all the hurdles.

1/1/2015

Haters will be haters  
Lovers will be lovers  
True nature will reveal  
The true natural Order.

1/1/2015

I do the things I do  
Not because of what they are supposed,  
What they are intended,  
Or what others imagine them to be,  
But instead because  
I know what they are.

Why is it  
That the things we want the most  
Are the things we can least attain?

Succubae  
In the night  
Draining life  
With ecstasy  
Why, oh why  
Does it feel  
So good  
To lose one's Soul  
For eternity?

Hearts in Dreams  
Flowers and Love  
To forge anew  
The soul of a god.

Shadows of destruction  
Linger long after  
Spells display  
Their waking wrath;  
The power of  
The ancient line  
Passion of one  
And of them all;  
I feel the drumming  
Of one heart  
Collapse beneath  
The weight of Fate;  
Crushed within  
My grasping palm  
Obliterated totally  
Amongst Heaven's gates.

1/1/2015

## **DAY FIVE**

### Searching for...

The programs I am searching for do not yet exist. Long term care, where a patient's health comes before the time tables is "unrealistic". A variety of approaches, different types of therapies, with counselors available at all hours...this does not exist.

In reality, I cannot be the first person who needs this type of help. Without it, I feel I have little hope. I will continue to tread the same path, bound by chains of misery, for all eternity in the pits of hells which my emotions conjure. I think of the shepherd's prayer at this moment while I sit digesting the reality of my situation during an ineffective group therapy session. God save me, since no one else seems able or willing.

I am sad now. Despondent. I will not endure, this I fear. I am alone in the end, no visitors for days who are not related to me by blood. Positivity seems non-existent in my predicament, where only

the cold reality of wealth I do not possess will deliver me from my torment. Living facilities for persons such as myself are exorbitantly priced. So I pray:

God save me. God have mercy upon me. May He shelter me, and keep me all the days of my life in the halls of his house. For all time, in all places, forever and ever. Glory be to His name; may He rule Heaven for all of time.

In the same group, I am offered a place in Tennessee for \$21,000 a month. Am I worth it? It is an investment in an amazing future. I could talk to family or friends, see about arranging it. I do need the help.

But it is futile. I know the help will not come for that. That is beyond reason. I will not and cannot put such a burden upon those I love. I must not be selfish. There must be another path. Please, God, rescue me from myself. Help me find a path. Help me know the way.

1/2/2015

Lisa

I am concerned. Not for myself, which is nice for a change, but rather for a friend named Lisa. She is a kindred soul. She deserves better than she is getting right now. I guess in a way we all do. Everyone, not just in here, but out in the world. It breaks my heart to see another suffer as I have, and to be helpless to save her from it. I say a prayer for her. I hope it will turn out well for her. She is so despondent. I must realize how I am blessed in comparison. At least my family visits. At least they haven't cut off communication with me. Perhaps this is my turning point. This is where I realize I am lucky in many regards, and can stop feeling like things are out of control. I can get through this. I've made it this far. I'm luckier than some. Thank you God. But, also help Lisa. Please.

1/2/2015

## DAY SIX

### Continuous Hope

#### A Beginning

I am to be released to home tomorrow. I will endeavor to find something to do with myself to improve my community, to continue my education, to make my friends into my family, and above all else, to write. I will try to communicate in writings the shadows and dust which permeate my existence. I have accomplished a transition, one from hell into a new world of possibilities. Perhaps old possibilities at that. Perhaps I only forgot, and needed time to come to terms with things. I have faith now; faith I did not have in the beginning. It's not about the story in the book, it's about the story behind it. Like the Bible, I hope that the story behind my story has merit. Not that I'm writing a Bible! Perhaps that analogy is too strong.

My life will not be easy, but then, it never was supposed to be. My road is far from over. I must embrace that. The new medicines seem to work a little better than before, but even with that, it's an uphill jog. Nothing worth doing is easy. Writing this wasn't easy, even if it did seem natural at the time. I get the opportunity to live a life though. I hope it's a good one. I will pray for strength. I will ask for help. I will do so imperfectly, but that's ok. At least I will try.

I figured out I can love myself, rather than always resenting. I truly do love myself I realize, as well as my friends and family, my life, my world, and all of the things I dare not dream of hoping for. I love you, for reading the echoes of my soul. The vibrant string connecting my mind with this imperfect world sings stronger now, that string being my soul. I am myself at last.

I know my purpose, and while the path is long and arduous, I look forward to realizing my dreams in this concrete reality. Thank you for your patience as my story wound itself around. It wasn't by my design; I was intent on writing a new philosophy. I probably ended up rewriting some of the old ones instead. There is so much I do not know. And I am eager to learn. God bless you and keep you safe. These words are the echo into the void.

1/3/2015