



CATFISH KITES BY CHAD JOSEPH BROWN: CURRICULUM VITAE



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Chad Joseph Brown

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As part of my commitment to working with innovative and socially responsible companies, inside or outside of the non-profit or social enterprises sector, I am reaching out to the organizations and individuals who have, either directly or indirectly inspired me.

I truly believe that the environments in which we live, work and play have a profound impact on our lives. Strongly responsible for the prevailing attitudes and actions of the social organism, our external spaces are critical factors in determining our individual successes and our ultimate success as a species. Large and small scale environmental initiatives are proving to have far-reaching effects on humanity, making environmentalism one of the most influential forms of humanitarianism.

The information herein not only represents the work I do, but more importantly, it is a reflection of me as a person, and like me, it is a work in progress. It is my sincere wish to move forward, working together to create and produce a prosperous world for those who follow in our footsteps. Should the opportunity for us to join forces not arise, please share this information with someone you feel will benefit from the technical knowledge that I have to share. My name is Chad Joseph Brown, and this is my curriculum vitae.

“ NO TRUE EFFORT IS IN VAIN. LOOK AT THE FIELDS OVER THERE. THE GRAIN SOWN THEREIN HAS TO REMAIN IN THE EARTH FOR A CERTAIN TIME, THEN IT SPROUTS, AND IN DUE TIME YIELDS HUNDREDS OF ITS KIND. THE SAME IS THE CASE WITH EVERY EFFORT IN A GOOD CAUSE.”

— *BADSHAH KHAN*

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CREATE

cre·ate (krē-āt')

To produce through artistic or
imaginative effort: *create a poem.*

Flying Kites

As we walked along the bridge over Padang Padang, I had a chance to reflect back upon our trip. The moon was full and the tide was low. The reef was working for the first and only time during our stay on the Bukit and it was a beautiful sight to behold. We continued onward towards our home, enveloped by the warm sea air. Everything around us took on an orange purple hue reminiscent of the Australian Outback. The immensity of the sky was truly overwhelming, the stars seemingly spilling over this cosmic canvas, together making for a larger than life backdrop to the stark silhouettes of the dry landscape.

It's hard to believe I wrote those words four months ago now. It had taken us nearly 38 hours to reach our first destination, arriving at well after two in the morning. I remember taking a long hot soak in the marble

tub just outside the villa in the garden, the details of the night becoming foggy shortly afterwards. Awakening to a spectacular sunrise over the rice fields outside of Ubud a couple hours later, it became clear to me, that we, two stowaways in the night, had indeed landed in a magical place. A place where the distant sounds of drumming and the steady drone of the fan whirling overhead seamlessly meld with the musical styling of

“THE WORLD WAS SIMPLE—STARS IN THE DARKNESS. WHETHER IT WAS 1947 B.C. OR A.D. SUDDENLY BECAME OF NO SIGNIFICANCE. WE LIVED, AND THAT WE FELT WITH ALERT INTENSITY. WE REALIZED THAT LIFE HAD BEEN FULL FOR MEN BEFORE THE TECHNICAL AGE ALSO—IN FACT, FULLER AND RICHER IN MANY WAYS THAN THE LIFE OF MODERN MAN. TIME AND EVOLUTION SOMEHOW CEASED TO EXIST; ALL THAT WAS REAL AND THAT MATTERED WERE THE SAME TODAY AS THEY HAD ALWAYS BEEN AND WOULD ALWAYS BE. WE WERE SWALLOWED UP IN THE ABSOLUTE COMMON MEASURE OF HISTORY—ENDLESS UNBROKEN DARKNESS UNDER A SWARM OF STARS.”

— THOR HEYERDAHL

Thievery Corporation, creating an audio landscape of dreams, no less inspiring than the visual display outside our window.

The result of a fortuitous chain of events, our guide for much of this trip was to be our dear friend Gede Sudarta. Our plan was to immerse ourselves in the culture as well as the environment, hopefully experiencing the people and their home from just off the beaten path,

with equal parts relaxation and exploration.

Gede spearheads The Bali Fund Project whose philanthropic efforts are helping educate more than 40 children from a remote village on the east coast of the island by providing books, uniforms and tuition, along with food supplies. We had the great privilege of spending an afternoon in the village with some of the children prior to attending a special dinner that Gede and his sister prepared for us at his extended family home in Tianjar. The experience was a true honor for us.

I wholeheartedly believe that one of the best ways to wholly experience a culture is to sit down and share a meal with the local people. Some of our most treasured evenings were spent with Gede at the Gianuar night market where we shared incredible food and camaraderie.



In the end though, it was not the exquisite barracuda prepared on a beachside BBQ in the small fishing village of Djimbaran, it was not the amazing flavors we found in the small, locally owned warungs lining the back alleyways, and it was not the world renowned babi guling (suckling pig) at Ibu Oka, above all, it was a simply prepared meal of fresh fish and rice that we shared with Gede and his family at their home in Ubud that remains one of my most cherished memories of the trip.

Traveling around the world can be an eye opener for even the most seasoned of travelers. Driving around the countryside of Bali is no exception. One will see them scattered through Mexico, South America, and all through South East Asia, but there is something different about the shanty towns in Bali. There is a pride of ownership that I have found nowhere else in the world, something apparent even in the most crudely built dwellings. There is nothing glamorous about abject poverty and I wish not to romanticize the idea of an inescapably simple life, but there is a beautiful poverty to be found in Bali. James Allen speaks of ennobling one's surroundings:

Perhaps you are living in a small cottage, and are surrounded by unhealthy and malicious influences. You desire a larger and more sanitary residence. Then you must fit yourself for such a residence by first of all making your cottage as far as possible a little paradise.

Keep it spotlessly clean. Make it look as pretty and sweet as your limited

means will allow. Cook your plain food with all care, and arrange your humble table as tastefully as you possibly can. If you cannot afford carpet, let your rooms be carpeted with smiles and welcomes, fastened down with the nails of kind words driven in with the hammer of patience. Such a carpet will not fade in the sun and constant use will never wear it away.

By so ennobling your present surroundings you will rise above them, and above the need of them, and at the right time you will pass on into the better house and surroundings which have all along been waiting for you, and which you have fitted yourself to occupy.

Perhaps it is not a beautiful poverty that I witnessed in Bali but rather a beautiful people. In contrast to the rest of Indonesia, the vast majority of people on Bali are of the Hindu faith. There is a peaceful yet unrelenting devotion to their expounded philosophies, and all without judgment; I have not witnessed this anywhere else in the world. I believe that it is in part this view of the world that inspires the people of Bali to make the most of their current situations and in this way they have already transcended their present surroundings.

On the road again, we headed towards the mountain village of Buana Giri to attend the second part of a cremation ceremony, a rare glimpse into the Balinese culture that few outsiders have witnessed firsthand. After arriving at the family home, where we were welcomed with open arms, we set out for the temple grounds. Family and friends alike lined the bedsides of a small pickup truck as we headed up the hill towards our destination. The narrow, tree-lined road cutting through the misty mountain forest had a quality that one can only describe as mesmerizing.

As the day progressed the air grew thick with moisture until the skies could bear it no longer, what was once a mist was now a deluge. In the harsh climate of eastern Bali, an area typically no less arid than

a desert, earlier stories of a mystical local shaman blessed with the powers to bring rain took on new meaning as the powerful storm continued on through the night. Scarcely a few miles away the grounds remained scorched, parched and dry, crying out for water, yet here in this magical mountain village a storm of biblical proportions was raging on during the dry season.

The ceremony carried on well into the night, ending sometime after midnight. Still faced with a nearly two hour drive back to Ubud and the realistic possibility of an even longer trip given the current weather conditions, we opted to leave a little early. Much to our surprise, not even two miles outside the village the skies

cleared and gave way to a beautiful night where even I, the staunch skeptic, was inclined to believe in the powers of the rainmaker.

The following day we returned to the village to follow the procession from the temple to the shores of the Pacific Ocean where the ashes were set adrift, finally freeing the soul, representing the final purification and disposal of the material body. Perceiving death not as an end but as a new beginning, the Balinese people consider a cremation to be a time of great celebration. It was a true honor to be a part of the festivities.

Sadly, our time with Gede was coming to an end but we had one more special trip to make. Long after the tourist buses had left and the last

entrance fee had been taken, we arrived at the holy springs of Tirtha Empul in the small village of Tampaksiring. As the sun's slowly fading glow left the twilight sky, we prepared to bathe in the sacred waters that are believed to be the holiest on all of Bali. Thought to possess miraculous healing powers of both mind and body, the pools attract many pilgrims and play an important part in the life of the Balinese people. Gede patiently guided us through the entire purification process, which led well into the cool tropical night. Long after dark now, we made our way back to our villa where we were to share our last meal together and bid a tearful farewell to our friend.

Alone we sat in the dark atop the cliffs of Uluwatu peering out at the black water horizon sprinkled with the flickering lights of tiny fishing boats floating offshore. In our quiet solitude, alone with my thoughts, I had the time to think about the many moments we shared on Bali. It was our last night on the island and tomorrow morning's early wakeup call loomed in the distance, but for now, for this moment, all I could think about was the time we spent watching the children surfing in a small cove on the east coast, about what a joy it was to watch the pureness of their play in the water, and how inspiring it was to see how they freely shared the few broken surfboards and waves

that they had, and about all the wonderful succulent fruits we shared, the mangos, papayas, bananas, cashew apples, and dragon fruit, and about the haunting sounds of the Kecak, the spellbinding grace of the Legong with its intricate posturing and expressions, and the flickering shadows of the fire lit Wayang Kulit, and about all the beautiful temples we visited, the time we spent wandering around the Uluwatu temple on Galungan under a nearly full moon, the enormous fallen Buddha head on the grounds of Goa Gajah, the dark silhouettes of the many tiered temples that lined the dusky skyline as we looked out over Bisakih towards the ocean, the dramatic coastline surrounding Tanah Lot, and about all the smiling faces we encountered along the way, and about the many kites that filled the skies over the rice fields, and the time we spent lounging in our bale listening to the whirling groan of the giant catfish kites aloft in the steady trade winds of the afternoon, oh how I longed to fly one of those beautiful kites.

Now several months later and nearly 10,000 miles away, the sounds floating in the air over the rice fields still permeate my mindscape. I can almost hear the faint sounds of bamboo cowbells, the distant sounds of drumming and the magical sounds of the gamelan in the steady hum of my old fan. I never did have the opportunity to fly one of those beautiful kites but their sound fills my head every night as I drift off to sleep with ethereal memories of Bali gently swaying in the breeze.



For my friends & family in Bali.

Slippery Footing

Having a critical eye is an essential part of my professional life and thankfully a trait that comes quite naturally to me. This inherent ability of mine is both a blessing and a curse, or a double edged sword so to speak.

In the world of information systems and technology the smallest thing can bring a company to its knees. A single wire out of hundreds, a single setting out of thousands, even a single character out of place, just one simple typographical error out of millions of characters in thousands of lines of code can bring everything to a halt. Having a discerning eye for exceptions is what makes one engineer superior to another.

On the other hand, in the chaotic world of industrialized society, it becomes extremely difficult to avoid getting caught up in the sad reality of a world filled with a sometimes overwhelming amount of negativity,

especially when one is hardwired with such perceptions. It is here where a seemingly positive attribute of my personality, one that allows me such exceptional aptitudes in the workplace, has become a burden in some ways. But like all things in life it is important to find a balance.

This balance is something I am still seeking on a daily basis. Since adopting a lifestyle influenced primarily by the concepts of natural

“CAN THE ROAR OF A TIGER POSSIBLY BE WORSE THAN TREACHEROUS THINKING? NOT ONLY FOR ITS ACTIONS BUT ALSO FOR ITS THINKING DOES HUMANITY ACCUMULATE A GRAVE KARMA. THOUGHT INFLICTS TORTURES ON THE SPIRIT, FOR THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WORD AND THOUGHT.”

— NICHOLAS ROERICH

hygiene, one where following the laws of the jungle takes precedence over the laws of industry, there has been an intense and sometimes scary acceleration of the present thought processes and efficiencies of my brain, a fact that makes this balance even more precarious. There is a painfully thin line between a healthy acceptance of one's own failures and the failures of those around one's self and a laissez-faire attitude where this acceptance

becomes an unhealthy tool for rationalizing the deliberate abuse of the organism as a whole, making this a treacherous path to follow.

In this regard it is important to acknowledge and move on from an honest mistake but not to confuse this instance with an opportunity where acceptance can mean the failure to identify the realistic possibility for improvement, a place where a critical eye may help inspire a positive change within the world, although, one should proceed with caution when following this path, careful not to force one's viewpoint upon others. As always, one must lead by example.

In my life it has become increasingly difficult to find solace in a mind that seems to move at the speed of light. Achieving stillness of mind is something that the holy traditions of the east have sought since their

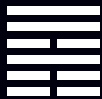


“WHEN WE ALLOW OURSELVES TO BE IRRITATED OUT OF OUR WITS BY SOMETHING, LET US NOT ASSUME THAT THE CAUSE OF OUR IRRITATION LIES SIMPLY AND SOLELY OUTSIDE US, IN THE IRRITATING THING OR PERSON. IN THAT WAY WE ENDOW THEM WITH THE POWER TO PUT US INTO THE STATE OF IRRITATION, AND POSSIBLY EVEN ONE OF INSOMNIA OR INDIGESTION. WE THEN TURN ROUND AND UNHESITATINGLY CONDEMN THE OBJECT OF OFFENCE, WHILE ALL THE TIME WE ARE RAGING AGAINST AN UNCONSCIOUS PART OF OURSELVES WHICH IS PROJECTED INTO THE EXASPERATING OBJECT.”

— CARL GUSTAV JUNG



Chien/Development (Gradual Progress)



Lying there unopened, not so much as touched in several years time, the bookmark was placed at just the right page. Thought to have been written one thousand years before the Common Era, The Book of Changes has an uncanny way of illuminating a moment in time, regardless of the divination method, as noted by Jung in his commentary on Wilhelm’s *The Secret of the Golden Flower*. At a time in my life when personal and professional development have once again taken center stage, it is quite apropos that the I Ching as interpreted by Richard Wilhelm provided one last pearl of wisdom.

This hexagram is made of SUN (the gentle, wind, wood) *above*, i.e., without, and KÊN (keeping still, mountain) *below*, i.e., within. A tree on a mountain develops slowly according to the law of its being and consequently stands firmly rooted. This gives the idea of development that proceeds gradually, step by step. The attributes of the trigrams also point to this: within is tranquility, which guards against precipitate actions, and without is penetration, which makes development and progress possible.

inception. Finding it hard to escape the grasp of the eight thousand armed monster of the modern world, I find that travel is the perfect opportunity to meditate without the sometimes inescapable distraction of the “real world”. It is with this thought that I set out for Indonesia, a three week journey through the inviolable sanctity of the inner mind, one with a single intention; be less critical of others.

In the end, it was not in the holy springs of Tirtha Empul or on the sacred grounds of Besakih, but in the most unlikely of places, where I learned something I already knew. After being bumped from our flight home, and suffering through hours of horrible customer service at the hands of Cathay Pacific, while on standby for the next available seat to Los Angeles, I soaked my tired body in the sterile bathtub of our generic room in a bleak 5 star hotel on the outskirts of Jakarta, a city affectionately known as the The Big Durian, and for good reason. In a strange way, enjoying this moment in time, a sort of realization made its presence known to my conscious thought processes. In order to be less critical of others, I need to be less critical of myself.

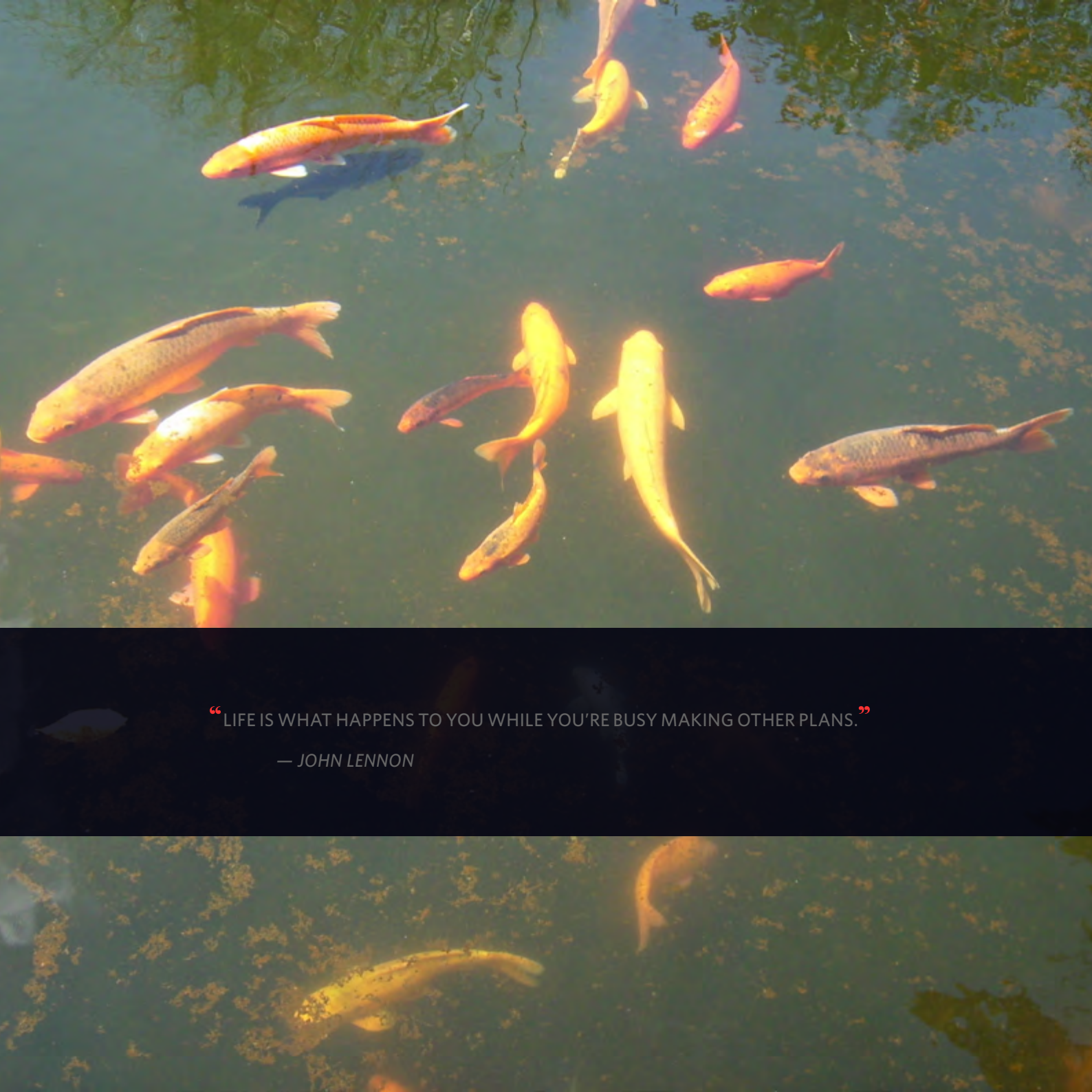
The Saddest Pleasure

Maybe it was just the seduction of travel, maybe it was just me who was ready for change, maybe it was just the right time, maybe it was all three, it's still unclear in my mind, clearly though, everything came together in a big way, and it's quite possible that what happened could only have happened in a place as magical as Bali. The journey was bitter sweet, like a mango ever so painfully close to ripeness, a mango with a stubborn and slightly sour flesh waiting just below the skin but quickly giving way to a sweeter and sweeter center the closer one moves towards the heart of the matter. At first, what was to be a reluctant if not bitter acceptance of failure, was to become a blessing a thousand-fold greater than that which I have known.

In his book *Picture Palace*, Paul Theroux refers to travel as the saddest

of the pleasures, no doubt something that resonated deeply within Moritz Thomsen, so much so that he went on to use it as the primary inspiration for the title of his masterful book *The Saddest Pleasure*, a book that I will forever hold close to my heart.

Theroux describes Thomsen as a modest man, one who writes at one point, "Though I have written a couple of books I have never thought of myself as a writer. I had written



“LIFE IS WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHILE YOU'RE BUSY MAKING OTHER PLANS.”

— JOHN LENNON

them in those predawn hours when the land lay still in darkness, or in days of heavy winter rains when the cattle huddled in the brush dumb with misery... I had always considered that all my passion was centered around farming.” I rather like to think of Thomsen as a man in denial, a man whose repeated attempts to escape the bourgeois society of his past have led him to the eventual acceptance of the born circumstances of his life.

Theroux goes on to describe, “Whatever else travel is, it is also an occasion to dream and remember. You sit in an alien landscape and you remember all the people who have been awful to you. You have nightmares in strange beds. You remember episodes that you have not thought of for years and but for that noise from the street or that powerful odor of jasmine you might have forgotten.” Travel has the power to remind one at once of the good and the bad of a place called home. It is under these conditions brought about by travel that Thomsen has come to terms with two concepts that I have recently found at the forefront of my life, the concepts of the inescapable middle class and the acceptance of one’s career path.

Marked by a desperate departure from his failing farm, Thomsen’s soul-searching journey begins in the shockingly modern cities of a rapidly

developing Brazil, a place in stark contrast to the primitive conditions of his Ecuadorian farm, where he is infinitely more comfortable, despite the lack of amenities and his failing health. It is not until he has made his way far up the mighty Amazon, deep into the forest, that he accepts his fate.

While, seemingly late in the author’s life, he has finally come to terms with the fact that he is indeed a writer and not a farmer and that no matter how long he played out the charade of being a poor farmer, he would never truly be poor, for he had the one thing that the impoverished people of his chosen community would never have—the option to go back, a way out. Moritz could never escape the reality of an escape, the

possibility of an escape, something the truly poor will never know.

I suppose the idea of being poor has never been the appeal of leaving it all behind but rather the appeal of a simple life, a life where one works towards the necessities and none of the extraneous possessions that seem to weasel their way into modern life. Unsure of whether the answer lied somewhere off the beaten path, far off in a foreign land, or somewhere closer to home under the guise of a new career, or both, I have spent the past several years in search of this simplicity that seemingly evaded my personal life. In a somewhat misguided effort to make a change for the positive in my life, I looked

outside of myself for a solution, when all along the solution was inside, albeit buried deeply under the surface.

During this time period I spent countless hours and thousands of dollars searching for a career change that would magically fix all the haunting images flashing through my head at all times of the day and night. Along the way, delving even deeper into an already extensive research of overall natural health and nutrition, I studied Traditional Chinese Medicine both professionally and personally for more than five years; I became a licensed massage practitioner with specialized training in the ancient healing arts of Thailand, as well as a certified personal trainer, specializing in structural rehabilitation and functional strength and conditioning; I completed the core requisites of the nursing program at the local college; I had the good fortune to learn from some of the most incredible traditional healers worldwide and I will be forever thankful for these opportunities. However, in the end, I had to make a decision to leave it all behind, but this decision did not come easily.

The choice to abandon a path one has traveled exceedingly far down, the choice to end an odyssey that one has put all their heart and soul into, the choice to accept one’s own failure despite one’s best efforts and natural born abilities, is an extremely painful

process and one that I struggled with for quite some time. The hurt is something that continues to this day, but time in all its wondrous ways continues to help heal the wounds, and as the days go by, each one gets a little easier. I would be remiss if not to mention that there is no denying, the decision to abandon my dwindling hopes and the subsequent acceptance of my failure, as difficult as they were and to a lesser degree continue to be, have had a far reaching and categorically beneficial impact on my life.

For it was this ceaseless clinging to a dream, a goal, and the expectations that came along with it all, that did not allow me to see the forest through the trees. I was unable to appreciate what was right in front of me. It was not until I made my way into the soul of Indonesia, under the spell of Bali, that I was able to reflect upon the past, present and future and ultimately come to terms with my career path, finally releasing the past dreams and the powers they held over me. Now free to move on, natural health will certainly continue to play an important role in my life, if not professionally.

So perhaps a change in careers was not the answer to all my woes, but a change in my career was imminent and necessary. This change includes embracing the positive aspects of my work life

and taking an honest approach to making strides towards improving upon the negative ones. After fifteen years in the industry, it is with a renewed vigor and zeal that I move forward from this point. As I work towards professional and personal development, acquiring additional skill sets for work and home along the way, it is for the first time in years that I am starting to not only embrace, but to truly enjoy the prospects of a career in information systems.

“WHEN GOALS DETERIORATE, THEY BECOME EXPECTATIONS. AND WHEN WE LIVE LIFE WITH EXPECTATIONS, WE DENY OURSELVES THE TRUTHS OF LIFE.”

— PHILLIP MOFFIT

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PRODUCE

pro·duce (prə-dōōs')

To create by physical or
mental effort: *produce a tapestry.*

Synopsis

A Technologist, Environmentalist, and Humanitarian, I am a founding team member of one of the first fully operational ISPs in Southern California and a longtime industry veteran. I am a consummate professional experienced in working with NGOs and Fortune 100 companies as well as new business ventures on an individual and team basis who is equally comfortable working on creative or technical projects.

In 1984 I wrote my first computer program on a Macintosh. In the years since then, I have worn numerous hats, and in the world of technology there are many things that I don't do, some things that I won't do, but nothing that I can't do.

Employers and coworkers will find me to be highly analytical in nature, a relentless troubleshooter and creative problem solver who is self motivated and extremely determined yet flexible enough to be responsive to changing situations. My demonstrated capability to quickly adapt and master new technologies uniquely qualifies me for a wide range of technology-based endeavors.

“THE SOUL OF A FREE MAN LOOKS AT LIFE AS A SERIES OF PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED AND SOLVES THEM, WHILE THE SOUL OF A SLAVE WHINES.”

— GEORGE S. CLASON

Purpose

The passion in which I approach my work is not fueled by the projects that I work on but rather by an inner pursuit of perfection in my own work. This classical Japanese mentality where one clearly understands that no such perfection exists, while knowing that perfection may only be found in the journey itself, continues to be one of the driving forces in my life. But the realization of just how intensely I have been channeling my energies into my work has left me with a somewhat hollow feeling. It is clear to me that I must refocus this energy towards something more meaningful.

I am dedicated to moving forward, working with organizations and individuals who inspire me. I am dedicated to working with people who are committed to making a difference. I am dedicated to working with people who are fighting for the instillment of wisdom, knowledge and moral responsibility. I am dedicated to working with people who are creating a new legacy with innovative, creative, forward-thinking and socially responsible actions. I am dedicated to working with people who are making the world a better place for future generations. I am dedicated to working in the service of the world and its people through environmental and humanitarian efforts firmly rooted in technology.

“EVEN THE WISEST AND MOST WELL MEANING PEOPLE WILL GIVE UP IF THEY HAVE TO SWIM AGAINST THE CURRENT IN THE ORGANIZATIONS IN WHICH THEY WORK.”

— *BARRY SCHWARTZ*

Wisdom

It is crucial that developers understand the platforms being utilized by their applications. A large part of my experience in the field of applications development is a derivative of direct hands-on work with Internet facing server-based networking environments, with an emphasis on maintaining an expert level of knowledge and understanding in relation to hardware and software systems technologies, as well as programming technologies and development tools. A well-earned perspective allows me to excel in a progressive workplace replete with an ever-changing array of projects.

My past experience has provided me with the opportunity to work in highly dynamic and constantly evolving development environments that encourage innovation and creative thinking. This type of exceptional atmosphere along with a team of incredibly talented individuals has served as a perpetual source of inspiration that enables me to continuously challenge myself professionally.

“EVERY EMPLOYER OF LABOR KNOWS HOW COMPARATIVELY RARE THIS QUALITY IS—HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO FIND MEN AND WOMEN WHO WILL PUT THOUGHT AND ENERGY INTO THEIR WORK, AND DO IT COMPLETELY AND SATISFACTORILY. BAD WORKMANSHIP ABOUNDS. SKILL AND EXCELLENCE ARE ACQUIRED BY FEW.”

— JAMES ALLEN

1993-2016

01.

OVERVIEW:

Specializing in designing, building, deploying and managing powerful, scalable and secure enterprise application solutions that extensively leverage the world's leading JavaScript platforms, frameworks and libraries.

SPECIALTIES:

Web Development, Web Services, SaaS, Cloud Computing, Scrum, XP, Agile Methodologies, JavaScript, Node.js, AngularJS, Jasmine

02.

OVERVIEW:

Scholars generally agree that a turning point for the World Wide Web began with the introduction of the Mosaic Web browser in January of 1993. Shortly after this milestone, I began my career as a professional Web Developer.

SPECIALTIES:

Web Development, Web Services, SaaS, Cloud Computing, Scrum, XP, Agile Methodologies, JavaScript, Node.js, AngularJS, Jasmine

01. *2012-PRESENT*
Technologist
Sony Pictures

02. *1993-PRESENT*
Technologist
Chad Joseph

NOTABLE CLIENTS:

Bravo
Dell
FX
John Varvatos
Lululemon Athletica
Microsoft
SONY
TLC

Part Time Sabbatical

From a very young age I remember being very mechanically inclined; whether it was playing with building blocks, construction sets, or models, I was always working on something with my hands. I was introduced to the world of automotive racing very early in my life. Inspired by a neighborhood friend, my fascination with German engineering blossomed, the result of my first exposure to sports prototype racing and the Porsche 956. Throughout the decade of the eighties I ardently followed the careers of Jacky Ickx and Derek Bell, in what was to become one of the most famous pairings in motorsport history.

In the nineties I was introduced to the world of Formula One, at a time when Ayrton Senna's domination tragically came to an end on the high-speed Tamburello

corner at Imola, as a young Michael Schumacher followed, he himself on the verge of an illustrious rule of the sport as never before seen. During this time I became interested in the international motor racing series supporting the FIA Formula One World Championship, the Porsche Michelin Supercup. Ten years later and some twenty years after my first introduction to Porsche factory racing, I was privileged to have the opportunity to turn a boyhood fascination from a childhood dream into a professional reality.

In 2003, in addition to the day to day responsibilities of my career in information systems, I spent nearly two years managing three Porsche Supercup cars under the tutelage of two 30+ year industry veterans, working hand-in-hand with Porsche Motorsports North America





and the New Century Mortgage racing team. During this time I was in charge of all ongoing technical and mechanical maintenance and setup, track specific race preparation and configuration, including custom ECU mapping and exhaust tuning, complete suspension tuning, including ride height settings, corner balancing and precision toe/camber adjustments, and overall pre-race nut & bolt inspections, utilizing an assortment of German engineered tools and Porsche factory software, manuals and testing equipment, including POSES, PET (Porsche Electronische Teile), and the PST II.

Today, the experience is something that I hold near and dear to my heart and the opportunity is not something that I will soon forget. Renewing my somewhat waning passion for logic-based, event-driven programming along the way, my time in the workshop has helped my career immensely. In fact, researchers at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena have found that people who work with their hands have better cognitive problem solving skills. I believe this to be true.

Collaborate

Over the years I have amassed a wealth of industry knowledge by working hand and hand with experts in Design, Strategy, Brand Positioning, Software Development, and Internet Technologies on well over 100 large-scale Web and Cloud Initiatives. My past work encompasses a wide range of projects for a long list of companies.





Vital

Curiosity and exploration, essential elements of healthy play, are also vital to successful high-level work. Being somewhat of a renaissance man, I am equally comfortable working rigorously with my mind or body on technical or creative endeavors and activities. My extra curricular pursuits include: *biodynamics, canyoneering, climbing, hiking, indigenous culture, international travel, living simple, music, natural hygiene, new education models, organic farming, permaculture, philosophy, Polynesian tatau, reading, social innovation, somatic bodywork, surfing, trail running, trekking, vegan raw foods and yoga.*

“KEEPING YOUR BODY HEALTHY IS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE TO THE WHOLE COSMOS; THE TREES, THE CLOUDS, EVERYTHING.”

— THICH NHAT HANH

栄

PROSPER

pros-per (prös'-pər)

To be fortunate, especially in
terms of one's business: *thrive*.

Inspire

A succulent piece of fruit, a misty mountaintop temple, a shimmering tidal pool under the light of a full moon, a dramatic sunset over the Indian Ocean, something as simple as encountering a smiling face along one's path, inspiration comes in many forms, sometimes a single quote can change a life forever. The enduring beauty of the Balinese people and the divine places of this enchanted island had at once, an immediate and long lasting effect on my life.

Early one autumn morning in 2008, long before the sun had risen, I arrived in Bali after nearly 40 hours of traveling; this was the realization of a boyhood dream. Carried away by the beautiful culture, rich artistic traditions and the magnificent tales of adventure and surf, for 25 years I dreamed of the cliffs of Uluwatu and the reefs of Padang Padang.

Now more than a year later and nearly 10,000 miles away, the sounds floating in the air over the rice fields still permeate my mindscape. I can almost hear the faint sounds of bamboo cowbells, the distant sounds of drumming, and the magical sounds of the gamelan in the steady hum of my old fan. The sounds of the many

kites that filled the skies over the rice fields continue to fill my head every night as I drift off to sleep with ethereal memories of Bali gently swaying in the breeze.

Inspired by my time on the island of Bali, and a handful of extraordinary individuals and organizations, a new fire burns in my heart, and this fire fuels my desire to do something more with technology. Jackie Robinson describes a life as not being important except in the impact that it has on other lives. Individuals such as *Bill Strickland, Sir Ken Robinson, Patrick Awuah, Majora Carter, Jacqueline Novogratz, Willie Smits, Yvon Chouinard, Jeff Skoll, John Francis, Richard O'Barry, Rob Machado, Janine Benyus, and Charles Moore* have made a positive impact on my life, and our world. Their ongoing efforts, and a short three weeks spent on the island of Bali act as a continuous source of inspiration that has enriched the course of my life both professionally, and personally.

Instill

Education is bought and sold; wisdom is earned and shared. Generation after generation, throughout history, wisdom has been passed down through our elders. In a world where education is reserved for the elite of society, this sharing of knowledge is more important than ever, but sadly fading away. By working with educationally disadvantaged individuals we can help instill a new sense of hope where once none existed.

Despite a hectic work life that consumes upwards of 50 hours of my time weekly, I dedicate an additional 10-15 hours towards serving as a professional mentor. When attempting to sum up what mentoring means to me, I spent a considerable amount of time staring at a blank page. While struggling to put my sentiments into words, it became apparent to me that no matter how hard I tried or how long I looked at that blank page, I would ultimately fail to capture the essence of mentoring as beautifully as Craig Stevenson of Osmosis:

Promoting dreams, self-expression and life-skill development are the corner stones of mentoring. There is a synergy created that is mutually beneficial. With the help of inspiration, persistence and dedication, people can connect to bring out the best in each other. Both are stretched beyond their comfort zone, inspired to move forward, to grow as individuals, to assist another in doing the same, thereby strengthening the community.

My mother raised me to be a kind and generous person. She taught me how to give freely of myself and to expect nothing in return. Always leading by example, she has shown me that it is important to give when one is in a position to give—that it is even more important to give when one is not in a position to give—and that it is through this giving that true prosperity is attained. These are the reasons why I mentor.

Harmony

The environments in which we live, work and play have a profound impact on our lives. Strongly responsible for the prevailing attitudes and actions of the social organism, our external spaces are critical factors in determining our individual successes and our ultimate success as a species. Large and small scale environmental initiatives are proving to have far-reaching effects on humanity, making environmentalism one of the most influential forms of humanitarianism.

Despite our greatest feats of engineering, we have yet to design something that is more elegant than the organic processes of nature itself. At best we can only hope to one day effectively mimic the structures found in the natural world, for man in all his infinite wisdom will never conquer the universe. It is imperative that we adopt a plan where one focuses on working with the environment rather than against it, thus resulting in a viable long-term recipe for success.

Working together to take advantage of exciting and far-reaching technological advances in bio-engineering, nanotechnology, biomimicry and computer sciences, we can use technology in a very leveraged way to solve social problems in our

pursuit of a better future. By focusing our collective minds on solutions to these problems and by choosing to work in harmony with nature in all of our pursuits, extraordinary things will happen.

I pour my heart and soul into every thing that I do, and my work is no exception. It is my most heartfelt desire to concentrate my considerable technical expertise on compassionate endeavors in a team centric environment that is focused on creating and producing a prosperous world for those who follow in our footsteps. The following story of *The Prosperous Farm*, a modern-day parable that takes place in the jungles of the Philippines, vividly illustrates the effectiveness that a mutually inspired and naturally harmonious effort to transform the environment can have towards creating meaningful change in our world.

The Prosperous Farm

The farmer was depressed at the sight of the barren and brown hillside. The forlorn field looked monotonous except for half-burnt tree stumps. Strewn about were large rocks eroded by the alternation of heat and rain. Animal life and even insects were conspicuously absent.

As the farmer scanned the area, he could not help feeling a lump in his throat. How can I farm this God-forsaken land, he muttered to himself. Yet, he had no choice. It was the only acreage available. An area denuded by loggers and never reforested.

With the help of his sturdy caribou, he plowed the land. He dug out the stumps and the rocks. The caribou pulled them to the edge of the farm forming a protective fence. At the middle and lowest part he dug a hole which produced water at a depth of ten meters. This he used to wet the land.

Near the well he built his Nipa hut. Soon his surroundings became alive with the varied sounds of animals. He had chickens, goats, a horse, and several cows.

After three years of hard labor, the once desolate and arid land had been transformed into an enchanting farm of fruit trees and vegetables. He even had a hectare devoted to rice. For practical purposes, he had all the food needed to survive as well as plentiful produce to sell for cash to service the amenities of comfortable living. The farm was indeed prosperous.

He felt good about his accomplishments. Unfortunately, there was no one to show it off to. He had no neighbors. The town was kilometers away.

Every so often, he went to the municipal market to sell his produce and buy some basic needs like salt and sugar. He opted to go on Sundays because there was the additional attraction of the sabung and misa.

It was then that he decided to invite the parish priest to visit his farm. The good padre was excited at the opportunity to see new sights.

“This is paradise!” exclaimed the priest at the sight of the wide expanse of green after traveling through areas of dryness and denudation. “How truly glorious is Gods work!”

When the padre saw the neat vegetable gardens and well kept animals, he shouted, “Praise the Lord! What marvels He has done to this prosperous farm.”

The farmer remained quiet. As they continued to stroll around the farm, the visitor commented, “All things bright and beautiful, the Lord God made them all.”

The farmer could not help it anymore. In a subdued voice, he said to the priest “Father, I too thank God for all the blessings from this prosperous land. But you should have seen the place when God was alone here.”



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