

Jesus Smokes Weed

(EBOOK Version 1.0 – August 28, 2008)

From General Pharmer to Christian Preacher the story behind “Temple 420”

A non-fiction novel by Craig X Rubin

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FORWARD (a rant):

Welcome the FREE Ebook.

I finally got "Jesus Smokes Weed" to a great distributable format. Prior to this electronic version this book was only released on the **Temple 420** forums as a post. This post is still open for comments if you'd like to make them - <http://www.temple420.org/forum/index.php?showtopic=3529>

I was very excited when Craig posted this on the forum, so excited that I jumped right in and read it way before I could finish. I of course got preoccupied by a variety of things, and almost a year later... I still didn't have a copy of Craig's book to read or distribute. I am really sorry for the delay. It took awhile to get it on the net then once it did I just read a good portion of it and I got lost somewhere, I added much delay.

Now though its fresh in my mind and something I need to get out in the E-Library. So here you go.

I could have spent more time and made or found images, but its this slow as it is, so here you go 1.0. If I update it, or Craig needs updates you'll find more than one version. You'll always be likely to find this info and updates at <http://Temple420.org> - **As an extra note: This is so far all Pre-Temple 420.**

CraigX wants this distributed FREE, so if you paid something you should go tell the guy you want your money back. That also means if you think someone else may like it then you should pass it on to them.

If you think its good enough that you should have paid, thats great too. I'd advise going to the Temple 420 and donating. - <http://Temple420.org>

^ I'd also advise you visit the **Temple 420 forums**, if you have more interest in cannabis, CraigX, the truths about Cannabis and Jesus Christ, other spiritual issues or just need someone to talk to. I know I'll be there.

...

Finally, 1.0 looks good. I don't really have much to do with this book really, except that I take faith in Craig X's Temple 420's belief in cannabis to heal communities, a membe and enjoy his writings. If find you do too you might go get you a copy of *9021Grow* as well... and be sure to check him out online, and preaching in Southern California.

YHWH Bless you all,
may you all come to see truth.

- **Brother Nipahc**
(converted to PDF!)

1. THE HIGH COST OF FREE SPEECH

We live in oppressive times. We have, as a nation, become our own thought police; but instead of calling the process by which we limit our expression of dissent and wonder “censorship,” we call it “concern for commercial viability.” **David Mamet (1947-)**

Free speech may be free, but it isn't cheap. My first book, 9021GROW, had come out in hard back and I was getting a good response. Some surprisingly good response in that people wanted to help me run for President of the United States, legitimate people with careers in business and even a few with the specialty of marketing. My true goal has always been to end the prohibition on marijuana, but how does anyone do that? There is no one strategy for a comparatively broke-ass-nobody, so I wrote a book and published it myself. “I can sell it. There is the Internet I don't need bookstores,” I thought to myself.

In the book I explained what I would do if I were President of the United States and about my pro-pot Republican stance. The book was basically an exercise in free speech because it cost a lot of money to publish and I haven't made it back yet, so I spoke with the famous pot guru Ed Rosenthal.

I knew that Ed published books because I used to buy them from his company when I owned bong shops back in the 1990s. It was difficult getting my book into stores. Some loved it and would buy 10 or so from me when I came by, but most didn't want to deal with a vendor with only one product and I can not support seven children selling 10 books at a time. The truth is when I had my store I felt the same way the book stores feel about dealing with me. I would rather pay a little more and get the product from a distributor that sold me more goods at once. It was simply easier to do business that way.

I thought, “Ed might have an interest in distributing my first book.” He asked how sales were going and I had to be honest with him. There were not going well in comparison to what they could be doing if my book was with a distributor. He was polite and told me that he'd speak to his group about it and that maybe they would publish it in paper back, and then obviously, distribute it. His company had a distribution network in place and his books were in the major chains. I've seen his books in Borders, a giant Internet café slash coffee house slash book and music store.

After a week Ed got back to me. After saying “Hello,” there was a moment of hesitation in his voice, “This is why writers usually don't like me” he continued. I don't remember what pleasantries were exchanged, in fact I am sure they were, however; that was the first thing I remembered after the conversation, “This is why writers usually don't like me much.”

I remember taking a breath and then waiting for him to crush my ego by telling me how bad my first book was. I listened politely and then spoke. It wasn't as bad a beating as I thought it would be. He stated that he liked my voice, that natural way I spoke to the reader and that he thought some changes should be made to the book.

Interrupting “Ed,” I said hesitantly. Basically he had just told me the only way they would publish 9021GROW would be if I changed practically everything. Well, he wanted a new ending. He wanted me to end it with more stories about working in the hit television show ‘Weeds.’

“Ed,” I continued, “I am not attached to the way it ends. In fact, it is my personal story, so it doesn’t really ever end. I would have no problem changing it the way you want because my goal is to help be a part of ending the prohibition on marijuana. But, what is sound like you want is an entirely new book and I have no problem doing that either.”

In 9021GROW I call myself the Wizard of Weed in the subtitle because that is what High Times magazine labeled me in an article they wrote about me. However, Ed Rosenthal actual owns and wore a real wizard suit at his Wonders of Cannabis event. So, that is how I picture him in my mind when we are speaking on the telephone.

I was imagining the wizard suit when in his laid back California twang Ed said, “You know you are right that is exactly what I want. I just want it to end up with how you got on the television show ‘Weeds’ and have some interesting stuff from behind the scenes.” He was so polite about it. That is just his manner.

He and his wife build relationships. Years ago when the two of them visited 2000BC, my hemp store, for the first time they wrote me a personal letter saying how nice it was to meet me. I was very impressed and have never forgotten the gesture. He continued, “This show is going to be a huge hit and people are going to want to know anything about it they can. Yes, yes, some inside information of what it is like on set. Yeah, people will love that.”

Every day I learn more and more about America and I am happy. It wasn’t until I moved to Mexico for a few years that I learned to appreciate America so much. Before I lived outside of the United States I felt somewhat like the high school teach, Mr. Bennish, from Colorado who sort of compared Bush to Hitler when talking about the State of the Union speech given in January 2006. I understand the why people don’t trust George Bush, I do. However, I voted for the guy, still support him and think he is doing what he thinks is in the United State’s best interest.

Well, I am just glad to have someone willing to publish my writing. As a child I’d read a book and say to myself, “One day that will be me writing books.” Now, Ed Rosenthal, the guru of marijuana growing, the real wizard of weed, wants me to write another book that he’ll actually publish.

I pray constantly throughout the day. I am often thinking how lucky I am. Frequently, I am thanking God that I live in free society with a Constitution and a Bill of Rights that allows me to say what I want. America is great because some one can be disrespectful to politicians and criticize them and be free of worry that they’ll be prosecuted for their free thought and free speech. If the President is horrible, it is nice to be able to say so. That is something that sets America apart and is true political freedom. It hasn’t always been true in this country and our constitutional rights need to be constantly reaffirmed.

I was a little disappointed that Ed didn’t want to publish 9021GROW, but although it didn’t make me any money it land me on the hit television show “Weeds,” which led me to where I am now writing

this, my second book.

The story of my life is a miracle. Well, the story of everyone's life is a miracle. It is such a rare occurrence to be born and most of us take it for granted. Everyone's life is an interesting story of coincidences, encounters and mysteries all wrapped in an enigma. My own story, the story of, "CraigX" is no different, my life is a miracle. My favorite interviewer on television is Stephen Colbert because he is so honest or as he likes to say, "Truthy." At the center of his attention is America and himself. What can be more "Truthy" than stories about me; I am the star of my own life.

Another childhood dream of mine had been to be an actor. In high school I studied acting with children who went on to become famous everyday names in American culture. I knew I could do the job if I was given the opportunity. What is it to act? All you are doing is pretending and I had land the lead in the school play when I was in second grade. I had won drama contests in high school. Now my writing was about to help me get on television. And, now my role on the television show was helping me to interest a publisher in my second book. What is the cost of this supposedly free speech? I have to write about the show. That is not too high of a cost for me.

2. THE HOLLYWOOD CONNECTION

“In Hollywood, it is not what you know; it is who you know.”

- **Anonymous**

It was actually one of my high school friends who helped to land the role on “Weeds.” Back in 1995, the hemp shop on Melrose, 2000 BC, was doing great. We had been there for over two years after a shaky start thanks to a lot of praying and some good legal advice. My best friend from high school, Luca, had left his job managing office buildings and we were working together full time. The store had humorous commercials on cable television, Bong Canyon had just been completed, and we had a store in San Diego and one in Los Angeles. Right before Christmas we made the front page of the Los Angeles Times and then we were on NBC’s Nightly News with Tom Brokaw. David Bloom, the reporter who died in Iraq had come into the store to interview us.

Our own television commercial was directed by Peter Shore. Peter at the time was a segment producer for tabloid television. His brother is a famous comedian, Pauly Shore, whose recent effort with a reality show, “Minding the Store,” just tanked. It was so horrible, but I am sure he pocketed some money for that. Anyway, back to the story, in college I had worked for Peter’s mother and our store in San Diego was being rented from Peter’s older brother. Peter was a buddy of Luca and mine from high school, so when he turned 30 years old he invited us to his birthday party.

It was an unseasonably warm evening; even by Southern California standards. There is often warm weather in the winter that makes it possible to dine outdoors in the evening. This was one of those nights. We were at Peter’s mother’s mansion on Doheny Drive. Peter and Pauly’s mother, Mitzi, is pretty famous in her own right. She truly created the modern comedy clubs that now dot the country. Her house happened to be next door to our landlord’s house on Melrose. It is such a small world. Fred and Ed, the homosexual men we rented our store from lived two doors down from Mitzi. I had been to this house on numerable occasions in high school and once or twice since then to listen to some of Pauly’s early comedy tapes. The party was held in the backyard. We seated ourselves at a round table and Peter introduced us to “Jono.”

I had only heard that name once before in high school. My wife, Genevieve, and I sat down and Luca decided to get up and mingle. “Jono,” I repeated. He had a friendly smile on his face and immediately engaged us in some friendly conversation. “Jono Kohan,” I exclaimed in the middle of whatever he was saying.

Suddenly, he stopped speaking and began looking startled. Then at me he directed his question, “Do we know each other from somewhere?”

Jono was sort of dazed not recognizing me. He had a questioning look on his face as if to say, “Hey, what’s was going on?” But, he was silent.

“Well,” I said, “back in high school you and your brother were sort of heroes of mine.”

“What do you mean? You know my brother David?” His eyes were getting larger and he was leaning forward.

“Yeah, your twin brother David Kohan I don’t know him, but I know who he is.”

Jono was shocked and intrigued by my knowledge of him and his brother. I went on, “Your brother used to go out with Julia Blum in high school.” Julia Blum was not only beautiful she was talented. I think she started landing lead roles in the senior high school play her freshman year. She was that talented as singer and actress. She was a shining star of the school for four years and Beverly Hills High School that has one of the most competitive dramatic arts departments in the country. So, of course, I was paying attention to Julia Blum. Everyone in school thought she’d go on to become a huge famous movie star. However, instead of conquering Hollywood Julia married an Orthodox Jewish man and became a famous Jewish folk singer. I hadn’t seen her in years, but early that year I had seen her for the first time at the home of Rona, another friend from high school and now a famous fashion designer with her line, “Rona’s Heart.”

I told Jono, “Yeah, Luca and I saw Julia. We ran into her a party and she was with her husband who is French, an Orthodox Jew and she has a bunch of children.” People from Beverly Hills High School always gossip about each other because so many people keep in touch with their high school friends, so they have information to gossip about.

Luca joined us again and was back at our table. He didn’t remember Jono from high school, but Luca had a quick wit and easily fit into any situation. He then added to the conversation, “For a stoner Craig has an incredible memory.”

“So, what do you remember about me?” Jono asked curious to see if I really knew who he was.

“Well, on the only day that we ever met I remember sitting down at the sky top café,” our school’s name for the cafeteria, “at the same table as you one lunch time. Your brother was there, a guy named Frankie.”

“Frankie so-and-so?” Jono interrupted.

“I don’t remember the guy’s name.” I said as I tried to describe him, “He was older than me. I think he was in your grade and one time he wanted to fight me over nothing and I didn’t back down.”

Jono was surprised, “Did you fight him?”

“Heck no, that guy was huge, but I didn’t back down. I wasn’t going to let some big guy push me around.” I was a scrawny freshman when Frankie wanted to fight me over a seat in the cafeteria one day. I stood up to him and from then on he remembered my name and I remembered his. I used to sit by him sometimes and the other kids knew that I knew him. When you are one of the smaller guys, as I was, it is good for people to see that you are friends with a big guy. “After that he was nice to me every time I saw him,” I finished.

“Yeah, that was Frankie so-and-so,” he said. “So, go on, tell me about me.” Jono like everyone want to hear about himself.

“Well, I was sitting with Frankie, I sort of knew who you were, that you had a twin brother. Anyway, you guys all knew Frankie and came and sat at our table. You were with two other dudes and you proceeded to talk about this encounter with a girl walking in on you.”

“Yes,” he said, “go on.”

I proceeded to tell him about a story that was right out of ancient Rome. He said that he recalled the bawdry details, but didn't remember me for the life of him. He laughed at my story telling. “That is so great that you remember that,” he was laughing. “I didn't remember that until you just mentioned it.”

I had done stand-up comedy and studied history, so there was a certain rhythm when I told stories that kept people interested. Jono especially liked hearing about his lost exploits and conquests. He was now a married man although his wife was not with him on that evening. She was home not feeling well, but he had decided to go out that without her. Jono and Peter had been friends since high school so, Jono wasn't going to miss Peter's 30th birthday.

After that evening Jono and I became good friends. We started speaking all of the time. Jono was one of the few friends to come visit my ranch in Northern Arizona. In fact, he came out there the first weekend we bought the place back in the summer of 1996. Jono had just finished working as an executive for Sony, so it was a chance for him to get out of L.A. He was working for one of Sony's private labels, one owned by Michael Jackson. This was before Mr. Jackson's legal troubles with boys began and when he was still making music people wanted to hear.

While Jono was out at the ranch he spent much of the time glued to his cellular phone. He is always on the phone, staying “in touch” and making deals. He was the one who told me my friend Todd McCormick had been busted growing 4,000 plants in his mansion in Bel-Air. I can picture it now as I was digging a whole for a cotton wood tree that I had just purchased. Jono was standing in the doorway of the old Church we were converting to a house. I looked up as he shouted, “A mansion in Bel-Air was just busted growing 4,000 pot plants. Do you know a guy named Todd McCormick?”

One of the goals of my shop was to make it friendly. I had gone out of my way to make it cleaner than any other bong shop in history. Additionally, I was always caring enough respectable items that couldn't be purchased anywhere else on Melrose, shampoos and cute hemp clothes, and it was these items that celebrities could use as an excuse for coming in to buy their bongs and other paraphernalia. Therefore, Hollywood's elite felt comfortable buying bongs at our shop.

When someone only uses a celebrities' first name and you actually know who they are talking about it is usually an ‘A-lister's' name, and they are usually someone whose life is in the tabloids often. Jono would always ask me which famous people had come into my bong shop that week and for the most part I would tell him. It wasn't a big deal to me. I was just glad they came into our store.

It was Luca who recognized that our cool bong shop had become so trendy and he had a lot to do with it. Luca understood trends. He had been featured in 'People' magazine at 18 years old when he married shampoo heiress Catya Sassoon, daughter of Vidal. The guys working at our store had become minor celebrities and we could get into any club in Hollywood, but we were known as the 'weed guys.' I didn't mind that definition, and at UCLA my roommate and I were known as the 'Free Speech guys.'

Jono loves Hollywood's gossiping as much as, if not more than, most people. Most people in L.A. pretend as if they don't care, but the minute they hear something juicy their ears perk up, "Did you see what Brad and Angelina are up to now?" An Angelino, someone from the City of Angels, would say using a celebrity's first name as if they knew them. The fact is celebrities saturate the media so pervasively that a person does know them and intimate details of their lives. The funny thing about Jono's infatuation with celebrity gossip is that his family is a television family.

Jono's father, Buzz, is a writer and has won more Emmy awards than any other person in the television industry history. His twin brother, David, created and wrote with his partner, "Will & Grace" and a new hit show called, "Four Kings." So, when I wrote 9021GROW I asked Jono to read the first draft, the second draft and the third draft. His critiques were biting and influential. After running into him in 1995 we had become good friends, so he was generous enough to look at my work and laugh.

I never knew what a good writer Jono was until after his divorce. Jono began dating different women because he didn't want to settle for less than the best. His twin brother had kids and was going through a divorce, so Jono was in no hurry to marry again and have kids. On one occasion he broke up with a woman via email and shared the letter with me. It was this letter that showed me what a talent he had as a writer. As someone who wanted to be a writer, I was impressed with his skill in writing this break-up letter.

It was then that he shared with me that his whole family are writers. ("Will & Grace" was on the air.) That is why I asked him to read my work. Writing is a skill like any other and it always good to ask others who know better than you for help. I had written the book in eight weeks, but it took two years to edit and publish. Not the overnight success that I had dreamed of when I first sat down at the keyboard. Before 9021GROW went to publication Jono told me that his sister had sold a show about pot to Showtime.

I was jealous all of a sudden. Why had I not done that? I was thinking business like my family, but Jono's sister was about to have a show on the air about pot. She was thinking television her family's business, brilliant.

Jono then said, "I've told her all about you. How you sold legal pot at the Super Bowl with a tax stamp and about your book. She wants to know if you'll come in and meet with the writers and producers. They would like to ask you some questions. This is a good chance to get your message across or maybe get a job on the show, who knows?"

Jono knew that I had just gotten out of the glass blowing business. I had been making pipes like my friend Tommy Chong until he was arrested and Jono was just looking out for me as any good friend would. I was a divorced father with three small children to house and feed, so he was thinking of his friend when he recommended to his sister that I meet with her writers and staff about 'Weeds.' Even though my book was not perfect Jono believed I had something to add to the show.

3. THE TRADITION OF MY FATHER

“If the grandfather of the grandfather of Jesus had known what was hidden within him, he would have stood humble and awe-struck before his soul.”

Kahlil Gibran (1888-1931)

In 1998, when my son was born it was Jono’s mother who recommended the moil, the guy who gave Avi ben Israel, my son, his snip. Jono held him down as the Rabbi did the deed. My wife was in the other room getting emotional. She couldn’t be there to watch this event take place. She was squeamish that way and didn’t think the procedure was necessary, but I wasn’t going to be the first father in my family since Abraham and Isaac not to circumcise his son.

We made Jono the God father of little Christopher, his Christian name, Avi Rubin. Jewish people don’t normally have Godparents, but Genevieve and I both did, so we asked friends to be our children’s God parents. Creating traditions is one of the powers of being human. Genevieve and I had not done anything traditional. We were married on the Havasupai Indian Reservation at the bottom of the Grand Canyon.

It was the first and only time my father ever visited the place. Our non-traditional wedding was covered in High Times’ 1996 Valentine’s issue and my Republican father’s image ended up in the magazine, he was unidentified, but the family all knew it was him. He was somewhat mortified as we teased him about it, but he felt certain that his government clients would not recognize him...or even read a magazine like High Times. Our divorce was not traditional either. We drew it up ourselves and we both signed it that was it. Well, that wasn’t quite it...we were still “co-parents.”

We have three children together and are raising them equally. The children go bouncing back-and-forth every other week. Unfortunately, this is not uncommon in the United States. We live near enough to each other that it is possible although not ideal. Divorce is so common in our society that situations like this have actually become the norm, but I know it is not easy on the children going back and forth from two households with different sets of rules at each house.

I remember one time in high school when I was a freshman this boy asked me, “Where do you live?” I told the name of the street we lived on and then he asked, “Oh, and where does your dad live?”

My parents were still married at the time, but the question actually turned out to be somewhat prophetic because my parents were separated and then divorced shortly afterward only I ended up living with my father and not my mother, which was unusual back in the 1980s. My mother and her friends, who also left the children with the fathers, called themselves “pioneers.” When I was a child it was usual for only one parent to take full-time custody and the other parent visited on the weekends or something. Our society has so few traditions I don’t know if the way my now ex-wife I split time with the children will be normal in the future or not.

My family has always taken up new traditions. My step mother, my aunt and my female cousins all turned out to be modern working 'power women,' as I like to call them, and as a result of this our family took to new traditions as well. At some point in the mid-1960s when the women's liberation movement was going on, Jewish women wanted to become rabbis, or teachers, of the Jewish tradition and a famous rabbi said, "Having a woman teach the Torah is like having an orange on the Seder Plate." Every year at Passover, there is an orange on our Seder Plate and we talk about this new tradition, so it is known in our family that woman have the right to teach God's Word.

Our wedding took place on an Indian rez that I had been going to since I was child. It was the spot my mother and aunt took my brother, my cousins and some family friends to every year. It is on the edge of civilization, or at least, technological civilization. When I first started going there the Natives barely spoke English and if they did, they certainly weren't speaking it to any tourists. The year was 1972 when I made my first journey down there. I am not sure on what year I imaged my wedding there, but at some point I did and then it came true just as I had imagined it.

I had met the mother of my children at Hemp rally that I was throwing in Westwood California at the Federal building. She was hippie girl from New York City out making and selling hemp bags. She was pretty and happened to be living with a girl I knew from high school, Lisa Bay. Lisa's brother is the famous film director Michael Bay. Anyway, she liked the canyon and agreed to a wedding there. We had our outfits custom made from hemp material and were married by our friend tribal leader, Roland Manakaja.

After graduating from high school I carried on in the family tradition and continued traveling down the canyon. At first I went to help out after a major flood. Supai was a place that I loved and when I heard on the news about the flood I thought that I could be helpful. The Tribal Chairman had told me not to come when we had spoken on the phone. He explained the tribe didn't want any outside help. I told him that I didn't expect to get paid, but he still said, "No."

I went anyway and found that I could be helpful as I had imagined. While there helping I made friends and found any excuse I could to go back. Some of the people's children went to school in Riverside and it was difficult for the parents to visit often, so they put me on the children's emergency cards and occasionally I'd pick them up for a fun weekend in Los Angeles. As I spent more time with the people their talking became easier to understand because I began to recognize words. I don't speak their language, but I am learning more and more of it with every visit.

There traditional language has some words in common with Spanish because their first contact with Europeans was with the Spanish, but some of their words are similar to Japanese who they haven't had contact with in the historical past. Maybe however in the pre-historical past there was contact with the Japanese. I am not an anthropologist, but my study of history has introduced me to the concepts of cultural anthropology and the theory of linguistic relativity. My understanding is that the more important a word is to a culture the less likely it is to change over time. And, that the more important an object is to a society the likelihood is that they'll have more words to describe it.

There are a lot fewer words spoken in Supai than there are in English. Much of what I have learned about Native Americans is unspoken. When you spend time around Native elders and leaders you notice that they are good listeners and choose their words wisely. They may not speak much, but what some people say is often profound.

One of the greatest wordsmith's I know is a Native American man named John Trudell. He is a Santee Indian who introduced me to the Pine Ridge Reservation because of our mutual interest in cannabis this extremely non-traditional plant, but is it? Cannabis was used during Biblical times for a variety of uses.

There are several Native American tribes with a long history with cannabis. Even the Supai have a story about this plant, which means to them that it is sacred and comes from the Creator of Man. I get the same thing from reading the book of Genesis. If God created ALL of the grasses and herbs with seeds on earth than how can this plant, sometimes called grass, an herb, be evil if it came from God? The facts that it brings people together and has medicinal qualities are proof that this plant comes from God.

4. THE ALMIGHTY WORD

“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light” **Genesis 1 KJV of the Holy Bible**

I use words as a poet, actor, activist, comedian, historian and as a warrior in the Drug War. Words are my only weapon in fighting to end prohibition of marijuana. It is my goal to persuade with words, whether I am writing a book, doing comedy or publicly speaking. My enemies have used weapons with deadly consequences, but I have only tried to convince you with words that cannabis is benign and benevolent. What have I seen over the years working towards this endeavor is that a community has been created. It is growing into a nation, the 420 Nation. As a leader in this fight I have spent a lot of time thinking about community and the meaning of “420 Nation.”

In world’s best selling book it says that God created the light with His Word. If you take the Bible seriously, as I do, than you’ll see that God created more than just the light with his Word he also created the grasses and herbs that have seeds. If you take the Bible seriously than you know it was with His Word that human beings were created as well. Therefore, words are an important part of being human. They are the power by which man creates.

An equally important part of being human is to have a spiritual life. This can be witnessed by the fact that all humans, everyone on earth, have a belief system, whether or not they believe in the Jewish God, the God of Jesus. Humans need to feel connected to something larger than their individual being. The sensation of being connected to others is part of what it means to be a person, this is our spiritual life.

Nothing in our world is there without “others.” We didn’t give birth to our self; we haven’t made the clothing that is on our backs, in fact, we didn’t even make up the language that we are communicating in right now. Everything was created by others and knowledge of that creation is transmitted with words. It is with our words that we have created communities and ideologies amongst earthlings. Words are used to organize human thought and we control our actions, our God given free will, with our thinking. In my religious culture, Judeo-Christian tradition, spiritual knowledge is transmitted to our children by reading them the Bible, the story of our people.

As a General in the fight against the Drug War I ask myself, how do I create a community that will act fearlessly to do what is right in the face of certain condemnation? I start with the truth that words have power. Therefore, my words have power and I choose to use them to organize and to inspire. The words of all humans have power, real power.

Humans have a power similar to that of God's, in that we create our world with our words. Communicating with words is what makes us human. We are the only beings on earth to have near global wired communication. Humans like to be "in touch" with the world. If you have faith in the Bible, you know that we were created in the image of God. So, if His words have the power to create, so do yours.

Many people living in the modern industrial world are confused by their own words and think that power comes from a plug in the wall or a "power plant" some where outside the city. Marijuana is power plant more than a fossil burning smoke stack because marijuana has the ability to alter one's way of thinking. Electricity is not power. Whether energy is generated from a fossil burning, nuclear, wind or a hydro generating system it is simply that human's harnessing electricity. Those generating factories are exploiting science and nature; they don't control true power.

True power only comes from God, but by manipulating language, the words people use, it is possible to brainwash them or to take away their God given power to create. There are two definitions of "Brainwashing." One is a forcible indoctrination designed to persuade an individual to change their basic political, social, or religious beliefs and attitudes. The second is a more subtle form of influence through propaganda and repetition.

Most modern humans living in the industrial world are exposed to this subtle form of brainwashing voluntarily by watching television. Commercials are an example of repetition sinking into people's brains subconsciously. For example, many Americans when asked how they spell "relief" answer with "R-O-L-A-I-D-S." Roloids being a popular brand of ant-acid and that was their commercial from years ago, but a response in me is triggered 30 years later when someone asks, "How do you spell relief?" I want to answer, "R-o-l-a-i-d-s."

People exposed to this subtle form of influence simply begin to use planted words without critically thinking about what they are saying. It is how American adults can remember commercial jingles from their childhood, but can't remember where they set down their car keys 5 minutes ago. Another example of this is when, during the O.J. Simpson double murder trial, Johnny Cochran said, "If the glove doesn't fit...you must acquit."

He used a rhyming scheme to implant an idea in the jurors' heads, so when they were deliberating the evidence that statement came up in their heads. Now that he is dead there are schools be renamed after him. Johnny Cochran is considered a great lawyer because he won cases. He won because he employed the practice of repetition. It is a common technique employed by comedians when telling a joke or black ministers when teaching the Word of God.

Anyone who was alive during the O.J. Simpson double murder trial remembers a thing called the "race card." No one had ever used that term before the trial. Race never had fifty two cards. Sure there were different suits in the game and black people had been called the insulting term, "Spade" before, but the term was born on television and within two weeks everyone was using it. I happened to have been on a several years sabbatical from television, so the appearance of this phrase was extremely noticeable to me. I never knew if it came out of the trial or the media, but within days everyone was using the same term, "race card." It was clear to see how easily people were influenced by television.

Native American wordsmith John Trudell was one of the teachers in my life who explained to me the importance of words. He showed me how words controlled our souls, our spirits and that we must use them wisely. That is the wisdom of Native Americans leaders. Native American people in general don't waste many words; for the most part they use their words sparingly. Whether this is from shyness or intelligence I don't know, but it is a common trait among the various tribes I've been exposed to.

In the United States and world wide there was a general movement for civil rights from the late 1950s through the early 1970s, basically until the Vietnam War ended. Most of these liberation movements had been encouraged by the success of the black civil rights movement of the late 50s and early 1960s. Often these struggles became violent. Our country was going through some radical changes when Martin Luther King was assassinated in 1968 and Robert Kennedy only weeks later.

My father once told me, "The 1960s started with the assassination of John F. Kennedy and ended when the soldiers returned from Vietnam." I know what my dad meant as I look back at my own life. For me the 1980s started when the hostages returned from Iran as Reagan took office and it didn't end until the bombs started dropping over Baghdad ten years later.

Upon returning home from Vietnam Native American Vets organized themselves to fight for Native rights and the enforcement of Treaty rights. These actions restored pride to a community that had lost nearly everything, their land and much of their culture (especially the languages). It was at this same time that young Americans, many of who had joined the youth culture of hippie-dom, began to respect the wisdom of Native elders because things they had said regarding the environment were coming to pass. One thing these two groups had in common was that the fact that they both smoked herb.

On July 4th 1972 the first Rainbow Gathering occurred and there was a pipe ceremony with Hopi elder, Thomas Banyacya. Rainbow gatherings then and now are famous havens for potheads where marijuana is smoked openly for medicinal and spiritual reasons. It was through my activity in the hemp movement and my interest in Native American culture I came to know John Trudell, the spokesperson for the American Indian Movement during the 1970s. Many people know him from the movie "Thunderheart" with Val Kilmer or as a poet and musician. However, he was a Vietnam Veteran who had returned like so many to become an activist for his people. John often speaks about the healing power of cannabis and how it is a plant to "Heal the whole world."

In 1996 I was selling bud when I met John Trudell. I had the store, but on the side I would sell pot to a few friends from high school and some of my relatives. I also sold to a few celebrities because I knew they weren't cops. One of the editors from High Times introduced me to John. It was my pleasure to give John as much free bud as he wanted. It was my tax.

I didn't pay tax on my weed profits and having known of this man and his work and felt as if I should just give him weed for free as a sort of self-imposed tax. The fact is it was like I was getting paid with information. As a history major and someone especially interested in Native American history I had heard of John's work. We became instant friends and every time he'd come over for medicine he would kick back for an hour and we'd puff and talk. Some people are just good to talk with and John is one of those people. John taught me the about the importance of words.

It was like getting a Biblical lesson. John was saying the something similar to Jesus, “It is not what you put into your body that corrupts or controls you,” speaking of marijuana, “It is the words that come out of you. Words have power.”

“Wow,” I thought, “That is heavy.”

“Yeah man,” he said hitting the doobie, “Words conceal hidden meanings. Their roots, their origins, their historical context all have meaning. Take for example the word ‘believe.’ There is a great big ‘lie’ right in the middle of the word. So, when people say, ‘I believe in Jesus that means they are liars.’ Now, if someone puts their faith in Jesus that is another matter.” He choked back on the joint. He was holding in a full fledged cough, “Do you see what I am saying? We are controlled by our words. Words control our thoughts and our way of thinking.” He took one more hit of the joint then passed it.

Then suddenly he paused. He looked at me as if it were my turn to speak. I didn’t know what to say to his comment. It was certainly something to think about. The joint was in my hands and I took a hit without saying a word. I blew the smoke out and just as I was about to speak John started again.

“Thinking,” he continued, “Now that is something that humans do well. That is how we have survived as a species. Believing is something quite different than thinking.” We were sitting in my home office, I was stoned, it was taking a minute or so to digest everything John was throwing at me. I am a college graduate, John may be too, but sometimes his vocabulary blows me away. His passion for words, their origins and meaning was far greater than mine.

He continued, “I’ve decided to stop believing in anything. I am thinking about everything now because that is a power the Creator gave me, the power to think.” He was confident in what he was saying because he had obviously spent some time thinking about it. It was hard to argue with his logic, so I just listened, but it was my nature to stimulate small arguments trying to push the issue farther.

“What about conspiracies? Do you believe,” I corrected myself, “Or think that they are real?” There is a theory going around liberal circles that John’s wife and children died in a fire set by the F.B.I. during their war against the American Indian Movement that John was the spokesman for. I didn’t mention that conspiracy when I asked him, but it was on my mind.

“Not every conspiracy theory is correct,” he started, “but that doesn’t mean that conspiracies aren’t real.” He got real reflective for a moment and I thought he was going to talk about A.I.M., but then said, “President Nixon was kicked out of office because of a conspiracy gone badly. He was caught, but how many more or never caught.”

“What about Kennedy?” I asked as if John had all of the answers.

“Which one?” He shot back, but before I could answer he continued, “I think both Kennedy’s were assassinated by conspirators, but President Kennedy’s assassination is the more obvious. Lee Harvey Oswald did not kill the President from the 6th floor window of the book depository. He was what he said he was a patsy. I have no idea who did kill the President, nor do I really care, but it was a conspiracy.”

Shocked I asked, “What do you mean you don’t care?”

“People throughout history have killed to protect their interests; it doesn’t matter if they are poor or rich; the rich and powerful just get away with it more.” He was sounding so cynical, but I guess he had a right to sound that way. He had been the victim of government conspiracies himself. Many Native American nations had been systematically raped and pillaged of all their natural resources. Most of the treaties created between Native Nations and the United States have been undermined and disrespected.

Trying to lighten the subject and joking around I asked about Princess Diana who had only recently been killed two weeks before in August of 1997. “Do you think that the death of Lady Diana and Dodi Fayed was a conspiracy?”

Fully expecting a negative answer, John instead answered, “Of course it is.”

I shot back this time with a shocked, “What do you mean?”

“She was pregnant.” All of the tabloids at the time were saying that she was pregnant with the grandchild of Mohamed Fayed, Dodi’s father, owner of the famous Harrods of London. At the time I didn’t put much credibility into the tabloids. Half of the covers are about the return of Jesus or an alien baby, so it is difficult to take them seriously. But, since then, I have worked with Star Magazine and I know that they have to check their sources, so it is possible that she was pregnant.

I didn’t argue with John’s premise, “Okay, so she was pregnant. Why would anyone want to kill her?” I was starting to think that John knew what he was talking about when he was going off on the significance of words, but he was losing me on this one. There was no way I was going to believe that Diana died of anything but a car accident.

“Think about it” he encouraged. “She is the mother of the future King of England. Do you know anything about Mohamed Fayed?”

I raised my shoulders in a helpless way offering up, “Only that he is the owner of Harrods department store in London and that he is a very rich guy.”

“Well,” John said in a stately voice, “He is also a Muslim.”

“What does that mean,” I said sarcastically, “The British are racists? They don’t like Muslims?” I really didn’t know much about Islam at the time. The only thing I knew was that one of my heroes, Malcolm X, had converted to Islam and that my dad didn’t seem to like them either.

John looked at me as if I was an idiot. I thought I was well read and informed about the world, but looking back only ten years from I am surprised at how much my world view has changed. I didn’t think I would continue to grow and change as an adult, but I know realize that process never stops.

“Princess Diana’s future father-in-law is one of the wealthiest residents in the country of England, yet they have refused to give him citizenship.” John stated this fact with a deadpan straight face, “The English government didn’t want the future King of England to have a half brother who is a Muslim. They had to take her out to protect their interests. If she had married the guy and they had a child he might have been seen as competitor for the throne. He would have been a Muslim British Prince and that was never going to happen. The day she got pregnant by that guy was the day she signed her death warrant.”

“Wow,” I thought, “John has gone too far this time.” All of his conspiracy theories that we had talked about before suddenly became suspect. How could he think that this traffic accident could have been faked to cover up murder especially, since there were cameras everywhere?

Getting back to words, something I felt more comfortable talking about. “Okay, so I agree with you. I am going to stop believing and starting thinking. I am going to use the power the Creator gave me. What other words are controlling my mind?”

“Hope,” he said. “You have got to stop hoping for things. To hope means that you have given up being active. You are no longer doing anything to accomplish your goal.”

“So, what do I do instead of hope?” There I was arguing again questioning everything John was saying, “And, why can’t I hope for something that is out of my hands, like, I hope so and so makes it safely home.”

“Nothing is out of your hands. You can not control how the other person drives, but you can be more active, you can pray. Praying is something that has power. When you are praying; you are actually doing something.” John was serious, “To hope for something is to give up. There is no power in hope. There is power in prayer.”

I was thankful to have these meetings with John. Thank God, he loved pot as much as I did. I didn’t always agree with his every conclusion, but he was right about words. They are important and after knowing him I became more careful about the words I chose to use. I stopped believing and started thinking, I quit hoping and started praying, I learned that freedom was empty without responsibility, and that my body was made up of the metals, minerals, and liquids of the earth.

John also taught me the true meaning of freedom of religion. Freedom of religion doesn’t mean that you can practice whatever religion you want. True freedom of religion is the freedom to change religions when you want. For example, there is a man right now on trial for his life in a country we supposedly liberated, Afghanistan, for accepting the truth about Christ. He is being charges as an apostate, someone who doesn’t have faith in God, because he has converted to Christianity. The fact is Muslims don’t think there should be a separation of church and state and they don’t think Allah is the same God as the God in the Bible.

5. THE POWER OF PRAYER

“Prayer is simply a two-way conversation between you and God.”

Billy Graham (1918-)

I am going to use words from the Bible because I want to bring Christians for cannabis to a sanctuary within our country, the “420 Nation.” For too long Christians have felt as if they could not be a part of the global cannabis revolution. They felt alienated by the influence of the far left hippie culture, which has had a great influence in the counter and cannabis culture.

Besides cannabis and the Beatles’ music the counter culture, or youth movement, of the 1960s was heavily influenced by Jewish authors such as Abbey Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. This radical influence was as scary to the Christian ruling class, Nixon and his ilk, in the 1960s, as communism was in the 1950s to leaders of that era. The majority of the artists, who were blacklisted, in what would become known as the “communist witch hunts” of the McCarthy era, were Jewish, so Jews also had a reason to be suspicious of the U.S. government and majority Christian population.

It is not that Jews were anti-Christian, or anti-American in the 1960s, but you have to remember it was only in September of 1965, two months before my birth, that the Vatican officially stated the Jews did not kill Jesus. Twenty years early the Vatican looked the other way while Europe was purged of its Jewish population in NAZI ovens. Prior to 1965 it was church policy to blame the Jews for killing Jesus, so there was still some tension between Jews and Christians in the United States even though there was also a long history of cooperation.

This was a great time of coming together as well. It was the civil rights movement of the 1950s and 1960s, a world movement for human equality, that brought together people of different races, classes and creeds. Jewish people were at the forefront of these movements in America whether it was in the South with voting rights or in the parks of San Francisco with the flower children. This was also the birth place of Jews for Jesus. It was the back-to-earth movement that inspired people to look for Western examples of living in harmony with the earth. Biblical era technology was suddenly the rage among the counter culture, so it was logical that some from this generation would look to their ancestor’s Book.

The movie Mississippi Burning was inspired by the true story of two Jewish men and a black guy being killed by the Ku Klux Klan with the help of local law enforcement. As NAZI war criminals escaped justice for some time murderers from this era are still being brought to justice in the United States today. The world has changed quite a bit since I was born and I foresee it transforming quite a bit more before I am gone.

In recently released secret White House tapes from the Nixon administration we see a continuation of institutionalized paranoid thinking. President Nixon is famous for being the only President to ever resign from office, but the fact is although he did some good things for America, he was forced out of office because he had abused his Presidential power for political gain.

Currently, people are trying to say that the current President Bush has abused his powers with illegal wire tapping, but the questions becomes, "Is this for legitimate law enforcement or is this power being abused for political gain?"

If it is for political gain then Bush is as guilty as Nixon who had his enemies followed by the F.B.I., members of his Presidential staff authorized the break in of Democratic headquarters and he was the one who declared the United States first "War on Drugs." I don't think Bush's motives are political that is why I still support him, but what were Nixon's motivation in declaring a civil war, the Drug War?

A simplistic view is to say he was simply a paranoid power monger, but if you look deeper it is possible to see that he truly believed he was doing what was right. Speaking to his staff he said, "You see, homosexuality, dope, immorality in general these are the enemies of strong societies. That's why the Communists and the left-wingers are pushing the stuff; they're trying to destroy us." President Nixon truly thought that. He was extremely candid on these tapes. This is the way he felt and for the most part I agree with him, as most conservatives would. However, Nixon is rumored to have had a drinking problem and he framed the issue as pot heads smoke "to get high" while regular people drink alcohol "to have fun."

The problem with his attitude is that he was hired as President to protect the Constitution of the United States of America, not to be the parent of the country. There is nothing constitutionally contradictory to smoking marijuana just to get high. In fact, many of our Founding Fathers were cannabis cultivators and many historians agree that George Washington, our first President, even smoked the stuff. It was not outlawed in the United States until 1937 and even then it was not outlawed, it was taxed out of existence. As a Republican myself, I would like to see it taxed back into existence.

President Nixon was not unaware of the ethnicity of pro-marijuana activists either. "I see another thing in the news summary this morning about it. That's a funny thing; every one of the bastards that are out for legalizing marijuana is Jewish. What the Christ is the matter with the Jews, Bob, what is the matter with them? I suppose it's because most of them are psychiatrists." It was this us versus them attitude that is still dividing the country today. What is the difference between the political parties in the United States today...does any party support the ending of the marijuana prohibition? Certainly not my Republican party, which is controlled by a conservative Christian coalition, and I am okay with that, but I am active to change the political stance with regard to this plant.

I just pray that I can convince the Christians that Nixon was wrong. That the Jews are okay; the Christians all worship one, Jesus. And, that the cannabis plant is okay too. I think that plant is not only benign, but it is truly benevolent. The only way I am going to convince Christians is showing them that cannabis was given to man by God Himself in the Bible in the Book of Genesis. I know it is also the plant mentioned in the Book of Revelation in chapter 22. It is a plant that has twelve manners of fruit and nowadays it is harvested twelve months a year. Most definitely it is for the healing of all nations, so if there is another plant that Christians want to tell me about that fits this description than I am all ears.

Americans who attend church, which is the majority of Americans, are following a long tradition. Our country was historically founded by people seeking religious freedom and to this day our nation predominant religion is Christianity. It is these Christian who I am trying to reach. They are part of the last group of Americans to hear the truth about cannabis. And now, 'Born Again' President Bush is saying that we can make fuel from "Switch grass and weeds."

As soon as he said that I knew immediately which grass he was going to switch from the bad column over to the good. It has been known in the cannabis community, thanks to Jack Herer, for 25 years that marijuana can be made into fuel.

While channel surfing the other day I happen to catch a Jack Caferty, a CNN anchor saying something on his business program, "In the Money" like, "We all know that the polar caps are melting and the end is coming, so how can we make money from the crisis?"

The guy from Fortune magazine, his special guest of the day, was suggesting that being dependent on foreign oil wasn't such a bad thing. This is after George Bush declared that the United States had an addiction to oil in his annual State of the Union address.

Addiction is defined in the dictionary as, "A compulsive need for and use of a habit-forming substance (as heroin, nicotine, or alcohol) characterized by tolerance and by well-defined physiological symptoms upon withdrawal; broadly: persistent compulsive use of a substance known by the user to be harmful." I can't recall if Bush was saying being addicted to oil is bad or just being addicted to foreign oil was bad, but he was definitely saying we were addicted. Being someone from Southern California where we count distance by the time it takes to drive rather than by actual miles, I understood exactly what he was talking about.

The fact is oil is can be bad when we use it without thinking of the consequences. Oil is also full of energy. The guy from the magazine had some good points, but the bottom line of the conversation was that in order to continue to keep our society going we need foreign oil on the market to flow freely to world markets because even though we buy our oil mostly from Mexico and Canada, if the global supply wasn't steady our trading partners could not run their societies and would not buy our products and services, thus throwing us into a global economic depression, so as the strongest nation militarily in the world we protect the source of that strength—oil.

One of the things the so-called analyst said was that even though high oil prices put money in the hands of terrorist it actually helped make American less dependent on foreign oil. His logic went like this. In the majority of oil wells in the United States the cheap easy to get crude has already been taken, so the more expensive to refine and recover oil is only pumped when the price is high enough to make it worth while. Therefore, many old pumps are working once again in the U.S. providing a small percentage of the total oil used, but that money stays in America...making us less dependant?

There is also the feeling that the U.S. should use coal and nuclear energy rather than being dependent on a source of energy that is poisonous and will eventually run out. Coal will eventually run out as well, but America has plenty for the near future if we are willing to turn mountains upside down to get it. Nuclear energy has its own set of problems with the waste disposal and potential for disasters, but the truth is we are addicted to energy converted into electricity and oil is just the most efficient way to get that energy at the moment. I am writing this document on an electric computer. If the electricity went out, I wouldn't know what to do. I am not about to write a book by hand with a paper and pencil. No way!

What is the price of energy and are we willing as a society to pay it? There is a human cost to protecting the flow of oil as well as a financial cost. There is an environmental cost as well as a health cost. There is also a solution to this crisis facing the modern industrial world and it written in the Bible. The problem is no one takes the Bible seriously anymore. Most people claim to trust the Bible more than politicians, but they fall back on the fact that the Bible tells them to follow the laws of the local sovereign as well, so they never act to transform laws until there is a crisis in their life. Several famous politicians got into public life because of a crisis that occurred in their life.

The United States of America doesn't want to use this plant because they'd have to admit they were wrong and transform the economy, which is never an easy process. The government for sixty plus years has trained the majority of the population to view this plant as, "The Devil's Weed," but it is not. It was God himself who created this plant.

When God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in it, after his kind: and God saw that it was good."

It is my prayer that Christians will listen to God and not the government. I am agreeing with Jesus that citizens of a state should render unto Cesar what is his, follow their leader's laws, but let us not forget to give God what is His. If He truly gave man all the grasses and herbs bearing seeds to use for our meat, our sustenance than why is this one plant not being utilized? Why has this one plant been so demonized by the government?

6. GOING NATIVE

“What is a weed? A plant whose virtues have never been discovered.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

John Trudell introduced me to hemp activists from the Pine Ridge reservation who eventually became my friends. They invited me to South Dakota to make a presentation to the Tribal Council about the benefits of hemp cultivation. I gave them a plan with suggestions on how to implement and create a hemp industry for their people. They didn't have an interest in building a casino at the time, but were considering hemp, which some tribal members now grow.

Joe American Horse, grandson of American Horse who signed the Treaty of Fort Laramie (1868), was there with us when we made the presentation. Earlier that day, at 5AM to be precise, we had visited the wild hemp fields on the reservation. We got up early to photograph and Native girl in traditional dress for High Times and while there we had picked some wild hemp too (it look and smelled like wild chronic, but we never tried it because we weren't there long enough for it to dry and we didn't want to fly home with it).

Once in front of the council Joe held the wild hemp saying, “The government has tried to get rid of this plant just like they have tried to get rid of us, but we are still here, just like this plant. That's reason we need to look at all of the good things that come from this plant. There must be a reason the Creator protected it and kept it here just like He has protected us.”

I have done what I can to organize my own Native friends, but it is always best to organize within your own community. I feel as if I belong to a Native American tribe also, albeit one that didn't exist at the time of Columbus, the “420 Nation.” Our nation is a recent American creation and is actually expanding beyond the boarders of America to become a global phenomenon. I have come to know traditional “Native Americans” through my personal interest, vacations and working within the 420 Nation.

It is my goal to help create and define the 420 Nation because we have collective interests that coincide with traditional Native American interests. The U.S. government has tried to use systematic methods to destroy the cannabis culture that exist today, but for some reason the nation persists just like the plant.

It is no surprise to me because I read the Bible and know of the Native Prophecy. The Bible says all seed bearing herbs are good and should be used by man. There is a Native prophecy from Black Elk that claims, “An herb of understanding will bring together people from a rainbow of races and that this herb will replace the buffalo as food, clothing, shelter and the center of their spiritual life.” Cannabis is that herb.

Some Native people don't see running casinos as being compatible with traditional living. For example, the Hopi turned down a guaranteed 20 million dollars per year because they didn't want a casino on their land. They are not necessarily activists per se, but they care about their communities and see farming as more compatible with indigenous culture. The fact is farming has been around for thousands of years and will be around a thousands of years from now. That is the appeal of working with Native American farmers; I am able to turn them on to marijuana as an economic alternative to gaming. Growing marijuana outdoors is compatible with the spiritual and philosophical view of most Native American people.

The Hopi, although it sounds like one tribe, is a collection of various clans living on three mesas in Northern Arizona. There are like minded people who follow a peaceful way. There are a prophetic people who believe we are in the final days of this creation, the Fourth World. That was the message delivered to the United Nations by their elderly elders in 1993. The Hopi are relatively poor farmers and yet chose not to have gaming be a source of income for their tribe. Theirs is only reservation in North America that doesn't have any common borders with the United States. The Hopi reservation is completely surrounded by the Navajo Reservation, the largest of all Native Reservations, even larger than some small states.

I have visited the Hopi reservation to help a 113 year-old Hopi elder, Dan Evehema, plant corn. According to the Hopi Indians human history in the world is much older than most believe. Their understanding of creation is that the world has been created and destroyed four previous times. They think that mankind has previously developed global cultures similar to the one that exists today and that through man's inhumanity to man a Great Spirit or the Creator of Man has destroyed the world to start over again. They believe, similarly to the Bible, that the current world was created in a global flood. In fact, most Native American tribes believe that this world started with a great flood.

The Hopi think that their prayers and ceremonies are the only thing still holding the world in balance. They take responsibility for the whole world with their prayers. The Havasupai are the guardians of their land, the Grand Canyon and even though they don't control all of the land any more they still take responsibility for it. Americans shout about freedom, but never responsibility. That is the key to being Native. It means to take responsibility for the land you are living on. This is our home planet. It is my prayer for you as a member of the 420 Nation that you take responsibility for our home planet, the whole thing. And, if you are not from here, take care of our planet while you are visiting, "a-hoe."

As I grow and mature I am taking more responsibility for my nation and I am promoting myself from warrior to the rank of General. By becoming a General in the "War" I am choosing to lead more troops from the 420 Nation onto a spiritual path, which is the goal of this book and my future work.

Most Generals are warriors, but not all warriors are Generals. So, how does one become a General in the Drug War? I declare that I am. That is the power of words. My friend, a lawyer, thought after reading 9021GROW that I thought too much of myself to think that I would actually have a chance to become President of the United States of America. Looking back in history there have been many Generals who have gone on to become great civil leaders. It all starts with words and then following those words up with action.

Mainstream Christian preachers, men with household names, are preaching on television that we are living in prophetic times. They think that we are the living in the Biblical “End Times,” that prophets have been speaking of since the Old Testament, and so do many of their American followers. One of the main reasons for this belief is that the state of Israel has come into existence as was predicted in the Bible. Additionally, there is turmoil in the Biblical lands at this time.

One of the main reasons that Jews of the time and people today have faith that Jesus was who he said he was is because his life fulfilled so many of the ancient prophecies about a coming messiah. Where were these ancient prophecies to be found? In the Old Testament is where early Christians looked to. In fact, all of the earliest Christians were Jews. All of the Gospel writers were Jewish, Jesus was Jewish, Paul was Jewish, and all twelve of the disciples were Jewish. Funny thing is the Old and New Testaments are both entirely written by Jews.

My interest in bringing cannabis to tribal Americans is many-fold. One, I have always had a keen interest in their culture, the history of the land that I am from and its first inhabitants. Second, I feel an obligation to the tribes for preserving this land for my country, the USA, which is here now. I know they didn't willingly hand it over, but it was their spirit and generosity that made this land a place worth coming to. Lastly, coming from a tribal culture myself I see an opportunity to use this plant as bridge between all cultures and tribes. Further, it can be a source of revenue for remote tribes who chose not to have gaming on their sovereign land and it is an herb that can be used in the peace pipe for inspiration and meditation.

I came back from South Dakota and told John Trudell all about the trip the next time he came over. How we met Tom and his wife Loretta, the activist who had invited us out. Loretta and I have the same birthday, November 22nd, the same day President Kennedy was shot. I told him about the sweat lodge with Joe American horse and how it was different than a Supai sweat. In Supai the rocks are at the side of the lodge and in a Lakota sweat the rocks are in the center. Also, in Supai everyone exist the lodge in between rounds when new rocks are brought in. In Lakota only the fire man, the guy tending the fire, brings in new hot rocks.

7. VANDALISM AT THE WHITEHOUSE

“The last temptation is the greatest treason: to do the right deed for the wrong reason.”

T. S. Eliot (1888 - 1965)

The last time I had seen John Trudell was in October at the annual Verde Valley Music Festival. I went to Arizona with friends to see John perform at a benefit with Jackson Browne and other famous musicians for private school called, “Verde Valley.” Then he had gone on the road with the ‘No Nukes’ tour another of Jackson Browne’s pet projects. We were finally catching up in his kitchen.

He called me up, “Hey man,” he has the most recognizable voice in the world and I instantly knew it was him. “You got any medicine? I just got back from a long road trip and the van isn’t working too well. Would you mind coming over?”

One time I saw a video of him during the occupation of Alcatraz. He was the spokesman for a radical group called, Indians of All Nations, before he became the spokesperson for AIM, the American Indian Movement. I could not recognize his face because he was so young in the video, but the voice was unmistakably his. “Our goal is that we want the United States government to honor their word. In treaties with the Native Tribes it states that unused federal land should be returned to the tribes. We are Indians from many nations and we are exercising our rights to this land since the federal government is no longer using it.”

John has a classic way of making a point with a joke as well, “We feel right at home here on Alcatraz. It used to be a jail, there is no education for our children, there is no running water, and it is just like most reservations in that there are not enough resources to earn a living here.” Alcatraz is a rock island in the middle of the San Francisco bay. John’s son Wovoka is the only boy ever born on the island. He was born during the takeover.

We sat down and had a smoke. I gave him three different kinds of medicine. As usual we were shooting the shit, but this time John had some exciting information to share with me about his trip to Washington D.C. where he had a private tour of the Whitehouse.

“You know that I was Jackson Browne’s ‘No Nuke Tour’ with Quiltman?” John’s traditional back up singer.

I answered, “No, I had no idea. I mean you might have mentioned it before you left, but I haven’t seen you since Sedona.”

“Well, anyway, I was on this anti-Nuke musical tour that Jackson Browne was a part of, I guess he does it every year, I don’t know. Anyway, he was that one that invited me on it.” John was rambling with a purpose. That is just the way he spoke, it was poetic or musical, but there was always a point to his stories.

He went on, “There was this Democratic organizer, I don’t know, one of the producers of the show, and anyway, he was a big wig in the Democratic Party. Apparently, he had given a lot of money to Clinton and he was on tour with us and the show. I don’t know his name or anything, just that he is a big Democratic fund raiser, so he has some pull over at the Whitehouse.”

“Yeah, yeah,” I say getting interested because I am interested in all things political.

“Anyway,” he continues, “This guy sets up a tour for the entire group of artists at the Whitehouse and this is supposed to be some ultra-private tour.”

“Yeah, my dad was friends with the Republican Chairman at one time and he arranged for my family to get a private tour when we were in the capital.”

Then John says, “No, this was a really private tour.” He stopped for a moment, “Yeah, so private I wasn’t even allowed on it.”

“What do you mean?” I enquired.

“It was the funniest thing. We all show up at the Whitehouse with our group and the entire group is given passes that have a blue colored letter ‘A’ on them.” John is sort of laughing as he recalls this part of the story. “Yeah man, everyone was there showing their IDs,” short for identification cards, such as a drivers license. “When I showed them mine they said ‘I am sorry sir, but you can not enter the Whitehouse under any circumstance.’”

“You are kidding right?” I said astonished.

“No,” he laughed, “I am serious, but I had my doubts that they might not let me in, before we got there, but I had no idea. I had never tried to get in before. It wasn’t as if I planned on going or anything it just happened.”

Now I was starting to laugh to, but I sort of felt pissed off for John. “I can’t believe they would not let you in, but you did get in right?”

“Oh yeah, I got in.”

“Well, tell me what happened.” I insisted.

“Okay, so I am the front desk where they tell me I am not allowed into the building period. I don’t get flustered. I think it is funny, but the Democratic big wig is pissed off. He starts getting on the phone calling everyone he knows. He is talking about all of the money he raised for the Party.” John was unimpressed by the pomp of the Whitehouse. He continued, “In the meantime however, the rest of the group has taken off and we are stuck there with him on the phone. I was just enjoying the moment thinking that this is as far as I am ever going to get to the inside of the Whitehouse when suddenly things started to shake up.”

I am on the edge of my seat waiting for the story to move along when suddenly the phone rings. John doesn't have Caller ID at his house and he has a lot of children, so he picks up the phone not knowing who it is. It is a business call from his manager or something. He deals with the business quickly and then sits back down after hanging the phone up on the wall.

"Hey, why don't you roll another one up?" John says in a part question part statement. "Where was I?" he asks me.

"You were just getting into the Whitehouse" I reminded him.

"Oh yeah, apparently this guy was able to get me a pass. However, I didn't get the blue colored 'A' pass. I was given a pink pass with the word, "Escort" under it. This pass required that I have an escort at all times, but I was able to catch up with the group and go on the tour."

He was again smiling as he spoke, "They were all waiting in the Vice President's signing office." He explained, "Apparently, the Vice President has a working office and this office was just ceremonial, when he had visitors or for photographs of him signing a bill or something."

We lit the second joint and started passing it back and forth across the kitchen table as John continued. "This is some good medicine" he commented about the weed.

I shook my head, "Yeah."

"Anyway," we went on, "The tour guide was called away and we were just sitting in this ceremonial Vice President's room."

I could imagine John joining the group late and then feeling a little uncomfortable as everyone stared at him as he walked in. He told me that he worked his way over the desk and sat down behind it, in the Vice President's chair. Suddenly the tour lady walked back in to see John had rejoined the group and was behind the desk.

"Do you like the craftsmanship?" She asked him as he sat behind the desk. John nodded his head yes without saying a word. "Do you want me to show you guys something really cool." She waved the entire group over to the desk and asked John to open the top center drawer. "This desk originally belonged to Teddy Roosevelt when he was Vice President. If you open the drawer enough you can see his signature and the signature of every Vice President since who have all used this same desk." John was impressed and immediately noticed the signature of Vice President Nixon, who was V.P. under Dwight D. Eisenhower.

John continued telling me the story from his point of view. "The next thing I knew we were being given the tour. I hung back, sort of towards the back of the pack." He was describing behavior that was typical of a shy person. Then he suddenly started going off about this semi-violent film idea. "I had a movie idea once about taking over the Whitehouse or television studio. Some activist musicians, in a band, take over the television studio and the government has to kill them rather than let the whole thing go to trial because their cause has become so popular."

I suddenly imagine Jackson Browne, John Trudell and the Bangels, who sang 'Walk like an Egyptian' taking over the Whitehouse. Then I speak, "So, you are walking through the Whitehouse thinking about how to take it over and then what happens."

"Well," he is now acting coy looking me over deciding if he is going to let me in on the secret or not, "You know, we just took a tour of the Whitehouse and nothing special happened." He was still eyeing me down when he started to crack a smile, "That is until the end when I left the group for one moment."

I started to laugh. I was a Republican and even though I didn't vote for President Bush's dad in 1996, the second time he ran, I had voted for him the first time he beat Governor Dukakis, so I thought it was humorous that this happened under Clinton's nose. Clinton had become so distracted by Monica Lewinsky scandal that it gave one the impression he wasn't in control of anything in the Whitehouse. Even though John hadn't even started to tell me the juicy part of the story I started to smile just imagining what he had done.

Then he described how he did it in the same form all of the Vice Presidents for the past 100 years, "I slipped into the Vice Presidential ceremonial office and signed the desk right below Vice President Al Gore and I dated it."

This was interesting. On the one hand he had vandalized a national treasure, but on the other hand he didn't ruin it. He quipped, "They gave me the pass that said I needed a full time escort, just for me, and they should have been keeping a closer eye on me. They new I was a risk." He was grinning from ear to ear at his rebellious antic. I could tell he was reliving the moment as he told me the story.

I had the feeling he was telling me the truth, but the reporter in me wanted some confirmation. I had my own contact. My cousin, who worked for a famous Republican congressman, had friends in Washington, so I called her to see if she could find anything out. She later confirmed for me that the desk was sent the Smithsonian Institute to have John's name removed.

At that moment John and were both laughing our asses off in his kitchen. We were stoned and he repeated, "They were the ones who said I should have had an escort."

The phone rang again and jolted us out of our laughter. The voice on the other end was loud. I could almost hear the guy yelling at John. John wasn't rattled at all. He was cool as a cucumber when he said, "What?"

He then repeated the question, "They want me to admit I signed the desk?" There was a pause, "You remember that I wasn't allowed in the Whitehouse without an escort? They know me. They know my signature."

"I am not going to admit to anything. Let them take me to court over this." There was another short pause, "And, I'll tell you what, I am going to drag some documents a few of those guys signed into court." He then repeated the other guys question once again, "Oh, like what documents have these guys signed that I'll drag into court?" John was setting up a challenge, "How about treaties that those guys signed. That is what I'll drag into court, treaties, treaties that your government didn't honor."

When John said, “Your government” I didn’t feel offended. He didn’t feel the same way about America as I did. America is where I was born. As a person whose ethnicity is half Jewish half German I realize that America is a unique place. It would be difficult for my parents to have met in any other country, but for him, even being a veteran of the U.S. armed services, he still felt as if the federal government was “your government.”

8. THE JEWISH JESUS

“I am an historian, I am not a believer, but I must confess as a historian that this penniless preacher from Nazareth is irrevocably the very center of history. Jesus Christ is easily the most dominant figure in all history.”

H.G. Wells (1866-1946)

Hebrew school was not a choice. My father informed me that I'd be going to religious school on Saturday mornings and Wednesday after school. There was 45 minutes of language class, 30 minutes of Jewish songs and then my favorite class Jewish history, or Bible stories. I ended up being a history major at UCLA with a specialty in Jewish and Christian history. They happened to be my favorite subjects because even though I was raised a Jew. My mother was a Christian who converted to Judaism.

I never minded growing up Jewish. In fact most people didn't know I was Jewish, but to some it was a big deal. I was one of the only children at my elementary school in Northern California who was Jewish. Back at school Monday mornings were always a little weird when all the kids talked about going to church over the weekend and I didn't go. We went to temple.

I remember very distinctly someone calling me, “that little Jew boy” when I was in elementary school. I was the lead actor in the Christmas play and one of the other kids' parents made a comment about me being a Jew, but I didn't take it negatively. In fact, that was when I learned that Jesus himself was Jewish. In the play I was deaf and mute, but I could see, thank God. Every line of that play was pressed into my head and I was in nearly every scene, but I don't speak until the very end on Christmas.

It was in the second grade and I am now 40 years old, but I can remember it like it was yesterday. The audition in the library, heavy set Mrs. Gleason the librarian, the short multi-colored orange rug, the descending steps leading to the library floor. The floor of the library at John Baldwin School was sunken in that modern 1970s style. The whole thing reeked of the '70s. We were educated in different “pods,” where all the classrooms were open and you could see what was going on in the other rooms. There were three pods surrounding the center library, which was just one more giant pod. I was in the “Mod Pod,” but there was the “Maxi and Mini Pods” too. The building had sliding collapsible walls, but they were rarely used.

The school is in Danville, California about sixty miles east of San Francisco, where my parents first lived when we moved up from L.A. Danville was a farming community along a quite Walnut Creek with ranches and orchards going up into the hills when we moved there. My parents bought into one of the many housing developments going up at the time, “Sycamore.” There were five or six model homes in the development, and we ended up in one of the six plans. We would spend our weekends touring these places as we moved out to the country. Really, my parents toured while my brother and I were dragged along. Nearly forty years later the towns up there have grown into small cities themselves. It used to be that to work in an office you had to commute to San Francisco, but now there are huge office

complexes in the East Bay.

It was a safe community. There was never a threat of violence because we were Jewish, but I did stand out at the time when I missed school on Jewish holidays. There were two other Jewish kids that I knew of at my school. They were twins, a boy and a girl, but I wasn't friends with them. The girl was in my grade and her brother wasn't even though they were twins.

I only remember one black kid at the school too. His name was Rodney, but I don't remember much about him except that one day we walked home together and he invited me in his house. What I remember about that day was that his mother didn't want me in the house. I don't know what she was afraid of, but she looked scared when I walked in the house. The year was 1972 and the Fair Housing Act had just past, so communities could no longer discriminate based on ethnicity. Prior to 1972 discrimination was legal.

Living in such a lily white Christian community made me curious about Jesus, so one time I was invited to go to church with my neighbor James. We were only 7 years old, but we felt very grown up at the time. He was from a Catholic family, so his church had a giant Jesus pinned to the cross like some helpless Jewish butterfly. I remember standing in line and then getting to eat the bread wafer that was the body of Christ. The priest said a prayer for me in Latin as he put it in my mouth.

When I asked my dad about Jesus he replied, "Jesus is the second most famous Jewish prophet behind Moses."

"So, he was a Jewish prophet. Than why don't Jewish people believe in him?" I asked innocently.

"Jewish people do believe in him. They believe he was a prophet or a great man, but...because he claimed to be the son of God..." I interrupted.

"Aren't we all God's children?" I asked.

"Yes, we are, but Jesus said he was God's only son and the Jews didn't like that." I was given my dad tougher questions that he could actually handle although I would not realize this until years later when I actually studied the Bible in historical context.

"The Jews don't believe he is the Messiah, huh?"

My dad was impressed, "That is right."

Then I asked, "What is a Messiah?"

All of a sudden he wasn't quite so impressed, so he acted as if he knew everything, "Well, when Messiah comes he is going to rule the world, he'll fulfill all of the Biblical prophecies about him and there will be peace on earth and when Jesus came none of that happened that is why the Jews don't believe he was the Messiah."

I was not sure I got it all, but answered, "Oh, I see."

My dad continued, "You see before Jesus everyone was Jewish. There was no such thing as Christians back then." Feeling confident he continued, "All the people who became Christians were Jews back then."

I was letting this sink in. That means that James' family was Jewish before they became Christians. That is what I was thinking.

"Basically, the Christian already have their Messiah, Jesus, and the Jews are still waiting for Him to come." My dad stated authoritatively.

In my mind it was so simple. The Christians jumped the gun. They thought this guy was the Messiah, but the truth is, according to my dad, that the Messiah is still coming. I couldn't wait to go tell James that his family used to be Jewish.

James when to catechism school certain days of the week, so he was busy the next few times I tried to play with him. He was preparing for his catechism. I still don't know what that is, but I remember him going to it all of the time.

I also remember him telling me that, "the Jews killed Jesus." I am not even sure if he knew what he was saying at the time. It was such a long time ago that Jesus was killed I wondered how he knew that with such certainty.

My dad had told me that the Romans had killed Jesus and not the Jews. "He was killed on a Roman cross," my dad would say. The Jews didn't kill him. It had only been seven years since the Vatican II when the church official said that the Jews didn't kill Jesus, so with more than 1,900 years of propaganda it was difficult to change people's minds in only 7 years.

When I was in high school I can remember the artist Lenny Kravitz tearing up because someone's mother said to him, "What is that nigger doing in my house?"

Lenny said to me, "I can't believe it. It is 1982 already and that is still going on." To us at the time 1982 seemed a lifetime away from the civil rights era of the 1960s, in fact, it was lifetime away, our lifetime. Attitudes and platitudes don't change quickly.

Finally, James was done with his class and I told him every thing that I had learned about Jesus from my dad, "Jesus was Jewish and your family used to be Jewish too, and the Jews didn't kill Jesus the Romans did."

A week later Jamie concede to me that, "Jesus used to be Jewish, but the Jews didn't want him, so he became Catholic. Also, his family was never Jewish, and yes, it was the Jews that killed Jesus." That is about as far as the discussion ever went at that age. We decided to just agree to disagree. Well we really didn't decide anything other than that we had a lot of fun playing G.I. Joe and Army men. There was no point in letting some petty religious difference stand in the way of us having a good time together, so we never discussed it again. But, now I know for sure that Jesus is a Jew.

9. BIBLICAL HISTORY

“Anyone who believes you can't change history has never tried to write his memoirs.”

DAVID BEN GURION (1886-1973)

There was a great teacher at Santa Monica Junior College, SMC, who turned me on to history in a new way. I had an excellent high school history teacher, a former marine, who was a great guy, but it was this college professor who taught me how to study history. He taught me what the essence of history was. Since childhood I had been interested in the story of history, especially Biblical history.

My father read me the Bible as a child. This was my first experience with history. As my dad read to me as a child I developed the ability to imagine a movie playing in my head. Now, I still do the same thing as I read and listen to stories from history. As I listen or read I am part of the events taking place in my imagination. That is why I enjoyed history so much, it is real.

At SMC this history teacher taught me that history was not static. People's minds changed over time, so the way they viewed certain events changed as well. History changed depending on whose story you were listening to. As the story teller changed, so did the story. He gave this great example of his children having a fight. I think about this all of the time when my own children fight. The story always changes depending on how far back in history you go. Why did a historian start there story where they did? What happened before that to lead up that event they are describing?

The other night my son came running to me, “Daddy, daddy Jessica kicked me in the stomach.”

I always over act, my eyes get wide and my persona reeks of astonishment, “No way, not my Jessica. She would never do such a thing. Did she really do that?”

And, one child usually did do what the other child is saying they did, so inevitably they shake nod their head, “yes.” Then I get up and I am obliged to say, “Let's go talk to her and find out why she would do such a horrible thing.” Then my son and I would march into the living together with righteous indignation steaming out every pore of our skin. I hype up my indignation just slightly so the injured party feels as if I am on their side.

“Jessica, I want the truth. Christopher says that you kicked him in the stomach. Why would you do such a thing?” I ask with astonishment.

“Well,” she would say with equally righteous indignation, “He punched me first.” Once I start acting like an attorney the kids always seem to forget the pain they might (or might not) have been in and suddenly they become tiny lawyers arguing their cases. Obviously, all crying stops as the little litigators come out.

“You’re kidding?” I would say with shock and awe. “Not my Christopher. He would never do such a thing.”

Now looking to Chris, “Your sister,” I would look to Jessie, “Jessica here,” then looking back at him, “is saying that you punched her and that is the reason she kicked you in the stomach.” Then I was forced to ask, if it was true, “Chris, did you punch her first?”

My son is honest, so he says, “Yeah, I punched her first, but that is because she took the chair from me.”

“Jessica, is that true? Did you take the chair from him?” I was still pretending to be upset.

“No,” she said, “I was here first.”

Chris interjected, “You saw that I was just about to sit on.” He looked to me, “She saw me about to sit there and then she jumped right in front of me.” His little mouth frowns as his big eyes look up at me for help.

My great history teacher taught us this simple lesson. History is squishy. It changes depending on who is writing it. When are they writing it? How long ago did the event they are writing about take place? What is their relation to the action they are writing about? Are they writing about their society or an enemy’s society?

My daughter admitted that she did see him going for the chair, but she argued that she still got there first. If I was writing the history of this event the story would change depending upon where I started it. Thinking about a few of the different ways to start this history I realized I can affect the outcome by starting at different places.

I could start it with Jessica kicking Chris in the stomach. Then Jessica might look mean. I could start it with Chris punching Jessica and then discuss her kicking him back as an act of self-defense. Or I could go back to her seeing him going for the chair and then beating him to it, in which case, she would seem opportunistic. It would also be possible to all the way back to when Chris was born. Jessica was a young girl at the birth center and Jessica’s grandmother was holding the newborn Chris. Everyone was paying attention to the new baby and Jessica said, “Okay Grandma, you can take home your baby now.” Then the incident on the chair could just be one more event, in a long list, of sibling rivalry.

The Bible, the story of my people, the Jews, was the first history that I was introduced to. My father taught me the Bible literally as the history of our people. “This is the story of what happened to our people throughout history” my dad would say, so I was really listening intently. My two favorite stories were of David defeating the giant and of Sampson’s strength coming from his long hair.

My father would read to me from the Gulden’s Children’s Bible, the same one I read to my children, but he would only read the Old Testament. I didn’t even know Jesus was in that book until my children were young and I started reading them both halves of the same book. I think the Bible is a great tool for teaching my children the history of our people, but what is the history of the Bible?

There are all sorts of theories about how the Bible has been translated and mistranslated, therefore, some people conclude that it is not accurate, or is propaganda not to be relied upon. In ancient times Holy Jewish scrolls were stories of our people kept on real physical scrolls. Typically these texts were hand made on animal skin and then rolled onto wooden dowels. These sacred books of the Old Testament were read on the Sabbath, the day of worship, in the synagogues of local communities.

The Jews never put the scrolls into a single text called the Old Testament until after the destruction of the Temple by the Romans in 70 A.D. This was just after the time that Jewish followers of Jesus of Nazareth were writing down their sacred texts that would be known eventually as The New Testament, or new covenant or new promise. So, the New Testament it could be argued is older than the Old Testament, as a book, but not the stories. My telling of this history is obviously simplified, but if you don't have a good understanding of where the Bible came from, this will help you.

There are a total of 66 books between the Old and New Testament. The credit for writing those books goes to 40 different authors, but the whole of the text seems to be an integrated system for transmitting cultural information. The Old Testament starts with the first five books of Moses, the Pentateuch, or sometimes referred to as the 'Torah,' which means, "Teaching of the law," but also includes the Psalms, Proverbs, the Prophets, Judges and Kings of Israel. The current New Testament is made up of eye witness accounts of the life of Jesus, letters to churches from his disciples, descriptions of how the early church was set up and prophecy for the future of the world.

Prior to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans there were three ways a Jew could identify himself as a Jew. One was that he lived on Jewish land, Israel. Secondly, that he performed his duty to the God's Temple and lastly, that he or she kept the Jewish Law of Moses. After the destruction of the temple and the Jewish expulsion from the land, the only thing left in Jewish culture was the law, the Old Testament. The Old Testament was compiled over many hundreds of years while the New Testament was compiled within one generation of the death of Jesus, but before the destruction of the temple.

It was around the time of the temple's destruction that we saw the expansion of Christianity. The people, who later became identified as Christians, when they first appeared on the scene the Romans authorities saw them as just another Jewish sect. However, Christians saw themselves as something different. One of the main differences is that Christians preached their "good news" or Gospel to non Jews. Most Jews at the time only associated with others who were circumcised and kept kosher. Christian associated with people who didn't keep kosher and were not circumcised. Many Jews thought then and still think today that Jesus was an incredible prophet of God. However, Christians thought that the person known as Jesus of Nazareth was not just another prophet. They thought that he was the Messiah predicted in Old Testament, the only begotten son of God.

Jesus fulfilled many of the prophecies written about in the sacred Jewish texts, the Old Testament, and he even claimed to be the individual that the Biblical prophets were writing about. That is why he was put to death by the state of Rome, in the typical Roman style execution, crucifixion. Of course, the local Jewish authorities did not want Jesus in Jerusalem that week. He had become famous in the three previous years and the leaders were afraid of him causing a riot or revolt during Passover celebration when the city was filled with outsiders.

Jerusalem then, as it is today, was a powder keg of violent activism, so the local leaders aided in having Jesus arrested. He was charged with the crime that he claimed to be 'King of the Jews.' We laugh at that claim now. I could claim to be 'King of the World' and it wouldn't be crime. However, I did see a drunken person arrested in court for claiming to be the Attorney General of the United States. In ancient Israel in order to prevent an uprising the Jewish leaders conspired to have the Romans arrest Jesus, which is how the rumor got started that the Jews killed Jesus. Had the Jews killed him they would have stoned him to death. In fact, Jews once began to do just that after he taught in a local synagogue, but Jesus managed to escape with his life.

After the death of Jesus people began to write down stories of his life. These included stories of his childhood as well as stories of his ministry. He had become a popular figure to write about. His followers met in groups similar to the early Jewish weekly meetings where sacred scrolls were read. As time went on these texts began to become more codified and included letters to and from these organizations which were shared amongst the churches.

There was no central church at the time, but there were both well respected leaders, as well as charlatans, preaching in Jesus' name. Eventually, these stories became known as the New Testament. There could not be a New Testament without the Old Testament, so the construction of the Old Testament as a single body of work was partly inspired by the Christians. The new Christians, most of whom were Jews, were not prepared to throw out the Old sacred scrolls of the Jews. In fact, it was the old Jewish prophets, whose prophecies, predicted Jesus, so they were needed as proof of his divinity.

Three hundred years later when the Roman emperor Constantine converted to Christianity he convened a council to decide what Christian doctrine was and what it wasn't. There were divisions within the body of Christ, people who have faith that Jesus was who He said He was, and the emperor wanted to end the divisions. The emperor needed, for political reasons, the church to be unified under one rule. It made ruling his earthly kingdom easier, so he convened the Council of Nicaea, to avoid a future civil war. It was at this meeting that church leaders were forced to decide divinely inspired writings from those of questionable origin. It is from this meeting that we began to get our modern Bible, the most common of which is the King James Version.

In 1611 the King James Version of the Bible was completed. At least fifty scholars drew upon over 5,000 manuscripts to create this version. It reads like a Shakespearian play because it was written in the same language that Shakespeare used, Elizabethan English. It is full of "thee" and "thou" and other words which were popular at the time. The Catholic Church did not want the Bible translated out of Latin because as long as they owned the copy written on the original they controlled people's faith. So, it was under the threat of death that people of faith translated this book into the hundreds of languages that it is in today to share its knowledge with others. And, where does this Biblical history book start? "In the beginning..."

10. THE WARS OF MY LIFE

“Already, China has undermined U.S. foreign policy in efforts to gain access to oil resources in Iran and Sudan. We simply cannot separate the political and economic values of oil.”

Congressperson Jo Ann Emerson (1950-)

Why do nations declare wars? President Nixon declared a war on drug users, which he called the “War on Drugs.” The United States has been in many wars in my lifetime. I was born during Vietnam War, which was never a declared war; it was a ‘military police action.’

Then there was the War on Poverty that President Johnson declared. I remember when the Vietnam conflict ended. There was two years of President Ford falling down and then the peanut farmer from Georgia. I don’t remember any U.S. wars during this period, but there was war in Israel that I paid attention to even though I was young. Carter and Ford weren’t involved in any wars that I can remember. The one time, I remember, President Carter tried to use the military, in operation “Eagle Claw,” but our soldiers died when their helicopters went down in a dust storm. They were attempting to rescue hostages that were being held by the new Islamic government of Iran.

In January of 1981 President Reagan came into office and the Iranians let the hostages go. Some people say that George Herbert Walker Bush, as opposed to President George Walker Bush, because of his background in the C.I.A. used his clandestine contacts to cut a deal with the Iranians before the election. The supposed deal went something like this: The Iranians agreed to release the hostages to President Reagan rather than Carter and the Bush and the intelligence services agreed to give Iran weapons for their war with Iraq. I remember the day the hostages came home. I felt proud to be an American for some reason. The whole country had a new outlook and things seemed to get better right away.

No one was ever charged with conspiring with the Iranians, but the story did get some credibility when Oliver North was convicted of felony for destroying government documents. He was accused of trading arms for hostages with the Iranians. The fact was: The Iranians were holding, or their underlings in Lebanon, American hostages. The conjecture was: Elements of the intelligence service were funding the Contras in Nicaragua by assisting them in importing cocaine into the United States. In turn the money gained through the drug sales was supposedly used to finance an ‘off the shelf military’ operations throughout the world. One of these operations that came to light was the trading of the anti-tank T.O.W. (Tube-launched, Optically tracked, Wire-guided) missile for hostages. The drugs were supposed to have been imported to Arkansas when President Clinton was governor of the state, and then disturbed from there.

The next war I recalled was short one. The United States invaded the tiny island of Grenada. One of friends was an air force ranger and was involved in the invasion. He said that they did encounter some real resistance, but there was never a doubt about the U.S. militaries superiority over the island. The there was the short Falkland Island war. The U.S. was not involved. It was between Argentina and England. I think it was said at the time that had Argentina asked the British would have given them the island, but because Argentina tried to take it with force the British felt forced to repel the aggression.

Then there was the Panama War. That was an actual war, but still didn't last very long or take many lives. I recall being in college at the time of the Panamanian War. General Noriega seemed like a really bad guy. They held up images of a bag of cocaine on television that later turned out to be tamale dough. I was always looking forward to seeing that trial, but unlike the O.J. Simpson trial Noriega's trial was barely in the news.

The United States was just getting started arresting foreign dictators. Most of these guys had been our friends before too, so it was strange. One year you see photos of Bush, the current President's father, hanging out laughing with Noriega then we are invading his country to arrest him on drug charges.

The next war that I remember the U.S. being involved with is the Gulf War, the first one, when Iraq invaded Kuwait. I had just come out of the Sierra Mountains after a 29 day trip with a buddy of mine from UCLA. We had not heard a phone ring or the sound of an emergency siren for a month. We had walked 240 miles. We were supposed to spend one more night on the mountain, but after a month in the wilderness we were ready for some civilization, so we walked 25 miles that final day to make it to a parking lot. We then hitched hiked down the mountain to town where we got a room, a shower, a good meal and watched the news that Saddam had just invaded Kuwait. Not only had he invaded the country he took the whole place over in one day.

I had never heard of Kuwait before that day and the only thing I knew about the Iraqis was that they had been fighting the Iranians for 10 years and had gotten no where. I remember clearly the Iranians holding the U.S. hostages, but I didn't understand why. I didn't know the cause of the Iran/Iraq war either. And, I didn't understand why Iraq was now invading Kuwait, but it didn't seem like a big deal to me at the time. It didn't affect my life. I was in college and involved in a campaign to end the Drug War and the injustices of my society.

When I returned to UCLA I learned that Iraq was pissed off at Kuwait for two reasons. One the Kuwaitis had loaned Saddam a lot of money to fight the Iranians and they wanted to renegotiate their repayment schedule and the Kuwaitis didn't want to renegotiate. Also, Saddam was accusing the Kuwaitis of 'slant drilling' under his territorial borders. Slant drilling is the process of sinking an oil well on a slanted angle rather than straight down. Therefore, he felt as if the Kuwaitis owed him some money.

It was rumored that April Gillespie, the Condoleezza Rice of her day, told Saddam, "The U.S. has no opinion in Arab-Arab boarder disputes." Some people, probably Saddam, took that to mean if he took the Ramala oil fields, which were the ones in dispute, that the U.S. would have left him alone. Saddam thought he could get away with taking the entire country though, so he did. He knew that he could defeat Kuwait militarily and another of his justifications was that the country of Kuwait was a British creation from the 1950s. The emirate was designed to control the flow out of Iraq, prior to that the area had been controlled by the powers in Baghdad, but, as always, the story goes farther back than that.

The next war our nation was in was under President Clinton. We seemed to keep getting bombed with terrorism under Clinton. First it was the Waco, TX where the government killed some religious Americans the government claimed were running a cult. Even my conservative father thought the government was out of line when the children died. There was Ruby Ridge where the FBI killed a militia man, and World Trade Center bombing, foreign embassies, and Navy ships. It seemed as if joining a militia was good thing back then. Was our nation going crazy with violence?

Then there was the Oklahoma City bombing of the Federal Building, but supposedly that was domestic terrorism. The attacks at our embassies and on our naval vessel didn't seem to be enough under Clinton to trigger a War on Terror. Every time Clinton dropped a bomb on someone it seemed as if he was trying to create a distraction from his own personal problems. Finally, there seemed to be a real war raging in Europe and our European friends didn't want to do anything about it, so Clinton got us involved there.

After the fall of communism in Russia it seems as if all of their former satellites that had been held together by the Soviets strong military all started to fall into civil wars. Similar to what is going on in Iraq, after the strong military dictator falls, ethnic tensions, which were being suppressed by the evil dictator, suddenly rise to the surface. These power struggles typically turn violent. The worst area for this violence was in a place called the Balkans. This land is across the Adriatic Sea from Italy and is rich in resources. This has been, like Israel, a place of conflict for years. It is located in the middle of the trade routes between the Middle East and Europe. As political freedom came to these people violent leaders took responsibility for securing resources for their own particular people.

The Balkan area was populated with Muslims and Christians living together, but once the Soviets left it became a place of genocide and ethnic cleansing. Our country started bombing Serbia, who was accused of killing Muslims in large numbers. The Serbians had been our allies against the NAZI regime, but now we were bombing them. They accused the Muslims of starting the ethnic cleansing, but I guess they were more efficient at it, so the U.S. finally stepped in and bombed Serbia, in the Kosovo War, until they handed over their President Milosevic for prosecution in an international court. He died in 2006, five years into the trial, but before a verdict could be rendered.

In 2001 the United States was rocked with planes flying into our buildings. This was a suicidal act of terrorism the likes of which had only been seen in Israel up to this date. A few of my conspiracy friends said that the U.S. was responsible for helping the terrorist. They tell me to look at Alex Jones' web site, 'prisonplanet.com' and to accept that Bush and Cheney and company just wanted an excuse for war, so they were willing to kill Americans. I find that too incredible to believe, but Charlie Sheen doesn't and he now saying that doesn't think the government is telling the citizens the whole truth regarding 9-11.

The funny thing about Charlie's comments is that they were not picked up by the mainstream media, which typically accepts the government's version of events that day. I saw the story on CNN, but it wasn't a news story, it was on Showbiz tonight, a Hollywood story. It was the terror on 9-11 that led to our newest war, "The War on Terror," but you can't really declare war on terror or the state of terror, so, so far we have attacked countries where terrorist have been receiving support. These countries, so far, are Afghanistan and Iraq.

It seems as if my nation has gone to war quite a bit in my lifetime. I have sometimes understood the reasons and other times I did not. The two types of wars which have affected my life the most are the "Oil Wars" because I drive and conflict drives up the price of gas for my vehicle. The second is the "Drug War," which in my mind is similar the War on Terror, because the Drug War is really a war against drug users and the War on Terror is again going after individuals rather than a traditional war between nations, even though we have attacked two. In fact, the Bush government, George W. Bush, has even tried to claim that pot smokers are supporting terrorism by purchasing weed. I say, "Buy gas supports more terrorism than buying weed."

11. OIL'VEY, THE STORY OF THE GULF WARS

“This is not Afghanistan... When we approach the question of Iraq, we realize here is a country which has a resource. And it's obvious, it's oil. And it can bring in and does bring in a certain amount of revenue each year... \$10, \$15, even \$18 billion... this is not a broke country.”

Richard Armitage (1945-)

Charlie Sheen, a popular television star, is now being labeled a conspiracy theorist because he thinks, as does the author of *Crossing the Rubicon: The Decline of the American Empire at the End of the Age of Oil*, that our own nation caused 9-11 to happen. Historically the Rubicon River was the point of no return. No Roman General dare cross with his army unless there was going to be a civil war. When Julius Caesar crossed the Rubicon to confront Pompey his former ally it was a declaration of war on the Roman Senate.

Pompey knew its significance was civil war, so he and the Senate retreated across the Adriatic and eventually established a life ruling Egypt. The current popular book called *Crossing the Rubicon* is about Dick Cheney organizing and perpetrating 9-11. The author is saying that Cheney and his buddies at Halliburton committed a coup d'etat. The premise is that box cutter terrorist couldn't perform this complex attack on the United States on their own. The book identifies the means, the motive and the opportunity and names Dick Cheney as the guilty party.

Is Charlie Sheen's career suddenly going to take a dive? He has already survived the Heidi Fleiss hooker scandal and a public divorce. Will his coming out and questioning the public facts be something that will take him down? Will this story be picked up by the major press? His father, a nice and generous man, is a known as a far left activist. My whole town of Hollywood mostly leans to the left. Historically artists and writers in the entertainment industry haven't always trusted the government.

Are some conspiracies real? Yes, but why do some people see conspiracies everywhere? I had some friends in college who thought that there was a coup d'etat when President Kennedy was killed and then Oswald was murdered before any trial could take place. The reason for killing Kennedy was to continue the war in Vietnam, not for land conquest, but to sell weapons to the government to conduct the war. This idea was perpetuated by Oliver Stone's film *J.F.K.*, which convincingly showed that there was a conspiracy to kill Kennedy and that Oswald was a patsy, as he claimed. The film opened with a warning from President Eisenhower warning America of the danger of military industrial complex.

Having worked as a pot activist for years I was convinced that there had to be a conspiracy keeping hemp illegal. Jack Herer had written a near million seller book all about the cannabis conspiracy and he offered \$100,000 reward for anyone who could prove him wrong. He claimed the powerful chemical and petroleum industries colluded along with politicians and allies in the media to outlaw an economic competitor, cannabis. Before 1937 cannabis was the number one prescribed drug in the United States. In that same year the magazine 'Popular Mechanics' declare cannabis the next billion dollar crop. The magazine featured a photo of Henry Ford hitting his hemp car with a crow bar to prove the strength of the composite.

My friend and I were on the phone talking about Charlie Sheen comment. He is a liberal, but not really a guy to go for conspiracies, "I have always had a few questions about the government's credibility ever since Waco then Oklahoma City bombing and the passing of all those anti-terrorism laws."

"Yeah," I said, "I had concerns about that too. Did you ever see the video about the whole thing? It was pretty scary."

"Well, you are a freaking Republican. How can you vote for those people?" He said as if he wasn't involved because he's a Democrat.

"Both of those incidents you just mentioned happened under Clinton, a Democrat." I pointed out the facts in my own defense.

"Okay," he conceded, "Both parties are corrupt, but yours is worse." He always tried to get in the last word. Then he repeated a phrase that some Democrat from Madison Avenue had to have come up with, "At least no one died when Clinton lied."

"How brainwashed are you to repeat that stupid line? You don't really believe that do you?" I asked revolted by the fact that he was repeating a slogan rather than thinking.

"Look," he said acting as if he knew better than me, "You and I both know there were no weapons of mass destruction in Iraq."

"There might have been." I quipped.

"Okay," he started again, "We both no that no weapons of mass destruction were ever found."

"I'll agree to that."

"So, why did we go over there then?" He said smugly, "So, Bush could finish the job his dad didn't finish."

"That is sort of simplistic," I shot back, "Don't you think? What about the oil?"

"That is right," he added, "Bush and Cheney wanted the oil, the military contracts for their friends and money for Halliburton to rebuild the country."

“Halliburton is one of the only companies large enough to help rebuild a country.” The discussion wasn’t getting heated, but we were arguing for sure, “And, besides what is wrong with securing the world’s oil supply. We are nearing Peak Oil and fifty percent of the world’s known oil reserves are located under five countries. Iran, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, United Arab Emirates and Kuwait all are sitting on the last of the easy to recover light sweet crude.”

“I know,” he said bluntly, “That is why I think Charlie Sheen is right. The government might have had something to do with 9-11. They needed some excuse to take the country to war. They even talked about it in their plans before Bush was elected.”

“Where is the proof? You are a lawyer.” I thought I had him with that one, “I know how court works. You are only dealing with the facts that can be supported with evidence.”

“You want evidence. This is what convinced me. Have you ever seen the plane that crashed into the Pentagon? That building had cameras all around it. It was one of the most protected buildings in the world.” He was getting serious, “Look for yourself and tell me where the jet is? Where did a huge Boeing go? What then hit the Pentagon? Look for yourself. There is not a jet there.”

My buddy the lawyer was right. Although he is a Democrat I have looked at the pentagon photos from 9-11 and he is right. It is impossible to see even a small remnant of the airplane. You would think that some evidence of a plane should be there, but then what happened to a plane that disappeared from the sky? There is a missing plane? Now, that is a conspiracy.

I certainly think conspiracies are true. They do exist. It was a conspiracy that led to President Nixon into resigning his office, so I know for sure that conspiracies do exist even at the highest levels of government. President Clinton conspired with others to hide the fact that Monica Lewinsky was blowing him while he was supposed to be doing the nation’s business. I know for sure that there are still people conspiring to keep cannabis prohibition from ending, just as surely I am uniting and conspiring with my friends to end the prohibition of marijuana.

Out of all of the wars in my lifetime none has affected me as much as the Drug War. I drafted myself into this war. I didn’t join the war with the idea of becoming a warrior. There was a sense of injustice inside of me when I thought of this issue. So many positive things have come into my life as a result of this herb that I know in my heart it is a plant from God.

Why did the U.S. do business with Saddam? The only reason the U.S. ever supported this dictator who is now on trial was the he was fighting our enemies in Iran and, supporting American big business, the Defense Industry. Many people say that it is our fault that the Middle East is a backward as it is, but I don’t agree with this assessment.

I have heard from Larry Elder the local talk show host that the country of Spain, with only 41 million people, has a great Gross Domestic Production, GDP, than all 22 Arab countries combined even with all of their oil production. Matt Damon said it best in the film Syriana, “You want to know what the business world thinks of you? We think 100 years ago you were living out here in tents in the desert chopping each others heads off and that’s exactly where you are going to be in another hundred.”

Now, that I know something about the world and politics I tend to agree with Matt Damon's character, but why? Why are the Arabs in the Middle East viewed this way? Why is that a reality that the infrastructure of their nations is so underdeveloped? What is unique about their culture that causes them to be involved in suicidal terrorism at a greater rate than any other disgruntled population? What is the difference between an evil dictator like a Saddam Hussein and the current President of Iran Mahmoud Ahmadinejad who takes delight in threatening America and Israel?

12. MY DEALER THE PREACHER

“Allah is its goal, the prophet is its model, the Koran is its constitution, jihad is its path and death for the sake of Allah is its most coveted desire.”

Hamas Motto

There is a reason that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. There is a reason the NAZI government was fighting tank battles in the deserts of North Africa. There is a reason our nation is currently fighting in the Middle East. The reason is oil. It is dirty, dangerous and combustible. It is also currently the most efficient source of energy that we can attain on earth today. Plus, our country has trillions invested in an economic infrastructure that demands oil. Our nation is built to consume and run on oil, from cars to food, we are dependent.

When President Bush said that “We are addicted to oil,” he was not joking. He was stating a simple fact. If our supply of oil were suddenly cut off our nation would suffer severe withdrawal symptoms. In fact our economy could possibly collapse if oil ceased flowing into our refineries. We know we need to end this addiction, but like any addict we are willing to go to extreme lengths to make sure it flows into our refineries. At the moment we are even willing to go to war.

The question is then did we create the Jihad as an excuse to use our military to secure the oil, or is the Jihad and the hatred associated with it real? Are these people really our enemies? Can we possibly defeat them with our military or is there another weapon in our arsenal that we can use? These are the important questions of the day for people of my generation.

First off let us look at Jesus and his followers. Were they telling the truth? Do you think Jesus was who he said he was? Do you think the Bible is an accurate predictor of the future? If so, than you think a penniless man from a Roman occupied country in the Middle East paid the price for your sins when he voluntarily sacrificed himself. No doubt, whether you have faith in his act of love for you or not, you have heard of this man. He has been one of the most influential and controversial figures since his death nearly 2,000 years ago.

The question is whether or not you think this man was real person? Did the events of his life truly happen or are they made up and what was his message? I understand Jesus’ message as this “Worship the ONE true God with all your heart, all of your mind and all your soul. And, equally as important is to love your neighbor as yourself that all of the law and the prophets hang on those two commandments.” Later, when asked who is a neighbor? He answered, “Your enemy is your neighbor, so love even your enemies.” This man was the true prince of peace.

And what of the man they call, “The Prophet Mohamed,” Christians know for fact that he existed. He was a seventh century warrior who unified the Arab people with cunning, the sword and the monotheistic religion of Allah. Now this religion is considered one of three religions which trace their origins back to Abraham of the Bible. There are more Muslims in the world than Christians and Jews put together and they are a devout people.

What the West has a hard time understanding is terrorism. Who would want to sacrifice their own lives? Why do Muslims shout, “Allahu Akbar” when they blow up our troops? What does that mean? It is a common phrase in Islam. Akbar is the relative form of the adjective kabir, which means great, so with a comparison after it the significance is ‘greatest.’ So, what they are saying is, “Allah is greatest” or “greater.” It is a comparison, which begs the question, greater than who?

This phrase Allahu Akbar is repeated at least five times a day during prescribed prayers and throughout the day during normal praying. Earlier I discussed the power that words have over the human psyche and the added influence of repetition to actually brainwash an individual.

In 1985 John Paul II told young Muslims of Morocco, “I believe that we, Christians and Muslims, must recognize with joy the religious values that we have in common, and give thanks to God for them. Both of us believe in one God, the only God, who is all justice and all mercy; we believe in the importance of prayer, of fasting, of almsgiving, of repentance and of pardon we believe that God will be a merciful judge to us all at the end of time, and we hope that after the resurrection He will be satisfied with us and we know that we will be satisfied with him.”

I understand and agree with him that God is the father of all of mankind. I also know that he was trying to bridge a divide that existed, and still exists between our two cultures, but he was dead wrong. We do not worship the same God. Allah and the God of the Jews are not the same. Both may be monotheistic religions, but the deity is not the same. Yes, Islam may trace their roots back to Abraham and Ishmael, but the have chosen to worship another god, which is why they shout, “Allah is greater or greatest” among gods.

Who is this god called Allah? Is he in the Bible? Is the Koran accurate? Did Allah exist before the prophet Mohamed, the founder of Islam? Allah is a pagan god who was chosen because he was a favorite god among gods. In pagan Arabia there were over 300 gods and through a campaign of conquest Mohamed the prophet of Islam spread the philosophy of monotheism, with that one god being Allah. He is never mentioned in the Bible and the places where the Koran uses Biblical characters it is done without any historical accuracy meaning figures from different time periods are suddenly contemporaries.

Who is the Jewish God? He is someone who delights in keeping His word. He is someone who makes promises to people who are faithful to Him. He saved the family of Noah from disaster because of their faith. Later, the faith of Sarah and Abraham led to their son Isaac, which in turn led to Jacob whose twelve sons were the fathers of the twelve tribes of Israel. The Jewish God was not the first monotheistic God to be worshipped on earth, but He was the first God to be the God of slaves.

Our people had gone into Egypt a desperate family seeking to survive a famine and when God used Moses to help free us from bondage we came out of that land a nation. Our God is the God of freedom from slavery and if we stayed faithful to Him He promised to watch over us and give us a land of our own. When He sent His son as promised He was rejected, but He accepted his fate without fighting back. He allowed himself to be cut off from His kingdom for a time, but He promised to return in trouble times to make things easier for the faithful. That is a very different God than Allah. In my opinion, the God that Jesus Christ called Father is a loving God who keeps his promises, so if someone has faith in Him and they want to know what is going to happen they should read His book, the Bible.

The Bible predicted that the Jews would be back in the land. No one would have thought that after 1882 Passovers celebrated outside of Jerusalem that one day the Jews would again be home. In May of 1948 the country of Israel was born and has existed ever since despite the best efforts of their neighbors in the Islamic countries. The Bible also predicts in the Book of Daniel the rise and fall of all of the world's great empires.

Personally, I enjoy relaxing in front of the computer after smoking a joint and listening to someone read the Bible over the Internet and then I like to engage others in discussions in chat rooms. I wasn't always so into the Bible, but as a father it became more important to me as a tool for teaching my culture to my children.

My personal background got me interested in studying the Bible in historical perspective, but after college it was my friends in the pot business who kept me interested in the Bible. I kept meeting people who had discovered Jesus while they were incarcerated or going through some deep troubles. One friend in particular named John. He was arrested for a second time on charges of growing marijuana for sale. He went to jail for 18 months because he choose to plea guilty. He was actually sentenced to twice that amount of time, but because of good behavior he only served half his sentence incarcerated the half of his sentence was served on parole where he had to check in with his whereabouts and hold a regular job.

He told me how horrible jail was. The food was bad and everyone was smoking cigarettes, even though it was illegal in the rest of the state to smoke indoors, in that place. He was out selling and growing pot right away, but he was now preaching the Bible as he did it. He had grown up with a family of church goers, so he was no stranger to the Bible. He was convinced that the reason he had been busted was because he had sworn his life over to Jesus before and then not kept his word. So, he rationalized that if he had kept his word to Jesus that Jesus would have kept His word to him and protected him. Therefore, he kept right on growing and selling pot only now he was preaching Jesus as he did it. The fact is he hasn't been busted in the last 8 years as he became the preaching dealer. If you buy weed from John you are going to get an earful of Jesus in the process.

13. HARVESTING WEEDS

“Scientists in Australia are working on making biodegradable car parts out of hemp. This might get confusing. When someone says, roll up the window, they might mean, roll up the window!”

Jay Leno (1950-)

After dropping some LSD with a college roommate at UCLA we hopped on our skateboards and headed for a local parking lot in Santa Monica. It was ten o'clock at night on a weeknight and the parking lot was empty. We ran up the stairs and then raced down as fast as we could. We didn't do any fancy jumping or grinding. To slow down we would sometimes fishtail out our back wheels as breaks, but that was about as fancy as we got besides jumping on and off curbs.

Growing up I had heard that if you dropped LSD at three times that you were legally insane and couldn't testify in court. Albert Hoffman the scientist who discovered LSD-25, acid, turned 100 years old this year and he is still alive. The drug really became popular in the 1960s when the CIA and Harvard professors were experimenting with it. Up until 1972 it was possible to purchase legally in the state of California and it was often sold in record stores which routinely doubled as paraphernalia shops in Southern California.

The first time I tried LSD it was quite a trip. I had moved to Beverly Hills at the age of 12 years old, but on a trip to Lake Tahoe at the age of 18 years old I had been arrested for having a suspended license. I cleared the matter up as soon as I returned to Los Angeles. I had failed to file an insurance form with the DMV when I had been struck by a drunk driver. It was my first accident and I didn't know that I was supposed to do that. I had assumed my insurance company was taking care of everything, but that was a false assumption. Anyway, on my way back to Lake Tahoe to clear up the matter I stopped in Danville to stay with my God Father. While there I called an old friend from elementary school. That is where the trip started.

I had not seen him since we were 10 or 11 years old, prior to puberty, so when I saw him he looked the same, but now in man form. Anyway, we hit it off as if we hadn't missed a beat. He asked if I had ever tried LSD and of course, I answer, “No.”

He told me where we go to get some, Berkeley. It was only a twenty minute drive and then we needed to drive around near the park until we saw “the polka dot man.” I asked if he knew the man and he said, “No, but my brother has told me about him.” That was good enough for me.

We jumped into my mother's car which she had loaned me for the journey and we headed off to the streets of Berkeley. We drove up and down the streets for ten minutes. Telegraph Avenue at the base of Cal's campus is always busy with people and this afternoon was no exception. Suddenly, we both spotted him. There was a guy in blue overalls with no shirt on. His entire body had circular polka dots tattooed all over it. That had to be the guy. My friend jumped out with our money and went up to talk to

the guy while I drove around the block. The first time I came around they were still talking, but when I returned again he jumped in the car and we heading back through the tunnel to Danville where I spent the night at his house because I couldn't go back to my God father's house on acid, he is a doctor, and I thought he would know if I was tripping on LSD.

My friend and I laughed our asses off all night. It was the funniest thing. We came back to Danville and shared some of the acid with his older brother. He ate his, but we had already eaten ours, so our trip had started. My friend and I decided to go for an ice cream; we barely finished the ice cream because our sides were hurt from laughing so much. We talked about old times, girls and our parents then we decided to find his brother and some weed.

We thought the weed might help us relax and keep us from laughing so much. On our journey to find his older brother we ended up at a party with people I had gone to elementary school with and now suddenly we all were 18 years old adults. The people were all recognizable, yet completely different versions of them. It was strange enough seeing not seeing people for 8 years then on top of that I am under the influence of a hallucinogenic drug and they have all gone through puberty. Needless to say, my mind was racing a million miles an hour.

At UCLA I found my roommate, or I should say my roommate found me because of marijuana. I had begun speaking out against the injustice of the Drug War. An artsy girl I was dating had taken me to a small theatre playing a documentary about Berkeley in the 1960s. It focused on the Free Speech Movement, which became a force for voicing opposition to the war in Vietnam. I decided after seeing this film to restart the Free Speech Movement at UCLA to help bring about an end of the Drug War. I was already in a location with talented future leaders, why not organize them to help me achieve my goal of ending the pot prohibition?

There was a free speech park with a microphone, speaker and podium built in. It was named after a teacher who supported free speech by sponsoring the communist party's right to have a club on campus, which was a dangerous thing to do in academia at the time. The school honored him after his untimely death with a park named after him, The Meyerhoff Free Speech Park it was called. The only people who ever used the park were Christians who came out to preach the glory of Jesus and sing, but no one ever paid them much attention. Occasionally, well at least once a year, a controversial minister would come out and call the kids sinners and yell at them and he would actually get a crowd. He was my favorite and I sometimes copied his style to gather a crowd at my free speech rallies.

Our free speech club was only allowed one hour of free speech a day. I was working at the Comedy Store on Sunset and barely got five minutes of stage time once a week, so I was grateful for the one hour a day. What I did was do five minutes of topical stuff until we built our normal crowd. I would sometimes insult people walking by, but instead of calling them sinners I would make fun of their hair cut more in the style of a comedian. Then I would invite speakers to sign up in our list to speak and then we'd invite them up one at a time to have the microphone and say whatever they wanted to. It was a great exercise in democracy and we made some good friends out there.

After my first gathering the schools suddenly started placing more and more restrictions on free speech. Their first restriction on me was that I could no longer check the microphone out as an individual student. I had to form a club and get a faculty sponsor. This was just a tactic to control us, but we connected with a fairly cool administrator who told us that, "I believe in what you are doing," so he sponsored our group.

The first meeting to organize the group was held at an authentic Mexican restaurant in Santa Monica. It was real authentic because none of the employees spoke English, but everyone from California can get by in Mexican restaurant. I had driven over my 1956 Chevy that I had inherited from my great-grandmother. It only had fifty thousand original miles on it. My future roommate had the Honda he drove in high school. We were both transfer students. He had been at DePaul and I had come from SMC. After the meeting he asked, "Do you have any smoke?"

"At my house," I answered, "I do, but I don't like to drive with it."

At my house I had two ounces of freshly dried marijuana and we smoke three fat joints together and talked into late in the night. When he asked where I got the weed from I said, "You really didn't notice it on the way in here?"

He said, "Notice what?"

Just then I stood up and said, "Follow me," I led him to the door with had a glass window on the top. "The fucking thing would be nine feet tall by now and growing over the fence if I didn't keep cutting it back. I have taken a quarter pound off of it so far."

"Oh my God," he said, "That is the biggest bush I've ever seen." We slapped each other 'high fives.' Our palms met above our heads in joyous celebration as we slapped hands. "Your landlords don't mind you growing that here?"

"I know," I answered humbly, "I was shocked too, but my landlord is this little Chinese lady. I hiked 240 miles this summer. I did the entire John Muir Trail and when I returned she said, 'Look I water your tomato plant.' I guess I had thrown some seeds in there not thinking about it, but the day she said that I went out and bought the six tomato plants you see around it." We both laughed and slapped hands again. From that moment on we were friends and became known as 'the free speech guys' where ever we went in Westwood, the village around UCLA's campus, but back at our pad we knew each other as, "The Farmers."

We truly thought that growing pot made us farmers, and it did. We learned about plants reproductive cycles, soil, the history of farming and we came to have a new respect for farmers, or any one who brought a plant to market. We had respect for this industry because we knew how difficult it was bring an agricultural product to the marketplace.

14. THE TREE OF LIFE

“And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manners of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.” **Revelation 22 King James Version**

The Havasupai Indians living at the bottom of the Grand Canyon are literally living on the edge of civilization. By civilization I mean the conveniences of the modern industrial world. There mail is delivered by horseback. This is the only place in the United States where this occurs. All of their food and resources are either brought down on mules or flown in by helicopter making everything much more expensive and the opportunity to earn money, in such an isolated place, that much more difficult.

Having become friends with people down there I began to worry about the affect of Peak Oil on their tribe. Even though there are no roads or gas stations in their village some tribal members do own cars, mostly trucks and vans, and they are completely dependent on oil for their necessities. There are no food processing plants down there and although a few traditional people still garden and hunt they are still, for the most part, relying on food that can be purchased at the store for their basic needs. Last year my family brought down thousands of seeds to grow food because we thought prices would rise there more sharply as gas prices increased nationwide.

One of my strangest experiences down there was when I stayed with my friends the Manakaja family. I had hiked down too late to make the family dinner and didn't eat on the hike, so I went to bed without dinner. I awoke in the middle of the night thirsty and hungry. I had brought food that needed to be cooked, so I could share it with the family, therefore I didn't even have good snack food. There are no 24 hours markets down there. One over priced market services the entire community. Recently someone has started a small store in their house as commercialism spreads there as everywhere.

That night I awoke at three in the morning with an incredibly dry throat. I wandered into the kitchen of their house and filled a plastic cup with water. It was refreshing. It is necessary to keep ones body hydrated when hiking in the desert, but I was hungry too, so I opened the refrigerator. I couldn't see anything. The light in the refrigerator was not operating. I turned on the kitchen light. I had to do it because I felt as if I was starving form the eight mile hike after a seven hour drive. When I open the door of the refrigerator all of the shelves were gone and in there place was the hind quarter of an elk. The fur was still on it and there was a pool of blood on the floor below the leg. Suddenly, I realized that my hunger would have to wait until morning.

“The water is sacred to us,” Roland shared with me in the morning. Supai is the only place on earth I drink coffee. Roland and I get up before the sun. We drink it black with lots of sugar.

On this morning the sun will rise between stone pillars known as the Wi'gul Eeva. We are kicking back

in his living room sitting on mix-matched chairs listening to reggae music while we drink coffee and smoke bowl out of a CraigX Presidential Bong. I auditioned to be on a reality show called, "American Candidate" that was on Showtime prior to the election of 2004. For the campaign I bought a bunch of bongs designed like the American flag and put my stickers on them. The red and white stripes ran up and down the tube and the rounded water catchments at the bottom were a blue background with stars. It had a glass pull stem for the bowl.

Roland continued on about the water when he had finished taking a hit from the bong. "It is so sacred because we respect how she brings life. The water is a living thing to us. We just don't get how you white people," he looked right at me as if I represented all white people in the world at that moment, "can Jet Ski on or pollute something so sacred." His mouth curled into a frown, "Yet, there you are," he said that looking right at me, "playing on your Jet Ski polluting the water."

I wanted to say, "Dude, I've only done it once," but it wasn't true and it felt lame saying anything, so I just kept my mouth shut. Roland didn't always lecture in this way, but on this morning he was letting me know.

There would be no life without the water." He shakes his head in disbelief, "A Native person wouldn't do that from our point of view that would be like pissing in the creek, our drinking water. You would piss in my drinking water would you?" It was a rhetorical question. I didn't answer even if it wasn't.

Havasupai means 'people of the blue green water.' The tribe is intimately connected to the water, as are all humans. The Supai simply seem to be more aware of that connection. At the head of their village is a crystal clear stream of water that pops out of the ground. This fresh spring is the largest tributary to the Colorado River. This place has been called an oasis in the desert, the Shangri-La of Arizona. Supai, sometimes called 'a hidden gem' is famous for the waterfalls that grace their rugged terrain, but it is the healing waters that the Supai find sacred that creates a reason for people to exist here.

Over the years and years of visiting this place, bringing my own children and watching the Supai children grow up and then starting their own

16. THE LIBERTY OF AFGHANISTAN

“In the truest sense, freedom cannot be bestowed; it must be achieved.”

Franklin D. Roosevelt (1882 - 1945)

Abdul Rahman's life is not safe. He is an Afghani man who had been living in Germany for years until he felt it was safe to return to his home country. After all, his motherland had just been liberated by the wonderful nation of the United States of America. The Taliban no longer wandered the streets beating innocent women and children to keep them in line. However, he is currently sitting in jail facing the death penalty under the newly liberated government. His crime is converting to Christianity. For this, he is facing death.

The diplomats and government officials in the United States are going crazy. President Bush and Condoleezza Rice have both become personally involved in the effort to save this man's life. How does that look on them if a country we liberated from an intolerant, psychotic regime kills one of its own citizens for having faith in Jesus Christ? Freedom of religion doesn't mean the freedom to practice your religion; it is the freedom to change religions. Every one should be able to commune with the Creator in a way that they see fit.

It seems as if Rahman is willing to be a martyr for Christ. He was offered the chance to revert back to Islam or claim insanity as a defense, but many moderate Muslim clerics who seem to support the stability of U.S. troops being in their country said, “He is not crazy. He knew what he was doing. They should just cut his head off and get over with it.”

Rahman himself says he is not crazy, “I am a man of faith. I can not deny the truth and if I have to die, I will.” Now, that is a commitment to Christ that most Americans don't have. I wonder how Americans have become so caught up with the pleasures of the world and would sooner give up going to church than give up their television sets if forced to make the choice. Think about it, they watch television or go on their computers on a daily basis, but typically only think about Christ once a week at church, if that.

Then Rahman reminded the world, “Somebody, a long time ago, did it for all of us.” He was referring the sacrifice that Jesus of Nazareth made nearly 2,000 years ago.

Rahman's faith is giving him strength to face death. His faith that Jesus Christ was who he said he was all those years ago, His example of sacrificing His life on the cross, so that others may live, so inspired 41-years old Rahman that he willingly risked his life to return to his country of origin to repatriate and participate in its rebuilding after it had been liberated by the United States. He didn't try to blow himself up to prove his point or to exact any type of vengeance on his accusers. I would bet my life that as he still sits in jail in Afghanistan today he is praying not full of hate, but instead is has love in his heart and is praying for his nation and his accusers.

Who was it that accused him of this horrific crime of apostasy? It was his parents who turned him in to the authorities. How loving of them. His daughter and Uncle then tried to save his life by declaring publicly, "That he has a history of mental instability." Of course, Muslims believe anyone who would leave the faith must be crazy or why else would they become an apostate.

The Wikipedia free on line encyclopedia describes the word "Apostasy" as coming from Greek αποστασία (apostacia), a defection or revolt from a military commander, from απο, "apo," (away or apart) στασις, "stacia," (static or standing) is a term generally employed to describe the formal renunciation of one's religion, especially if the motive is deemed unworthy.

Hadiths are a collection of sayings that come from Muhammad himself regarding Islam. Different sects have faith in different Hadiths, but Muslims believe these sayings come, not from God like the Koran, but from the prophet himself. One of these sayings is, "Whosoever changes his religion, Kill Him!" This has been used as the basis for the Shari'a, which authorizes putting Abdul Rahman to death in Afghanistan and it is the reason he is in jail right now.

Shari'a has been used to justify the killing of a film maker who dared to expose the honor killings done in Europe. This is where fathers and brothers kill their sisters to protect the family's honor. Shari'a is used by supporters of Islam to justify the death penalty of all critics of Islam. And, simply telling the truth about Islam is considered criticizing it. The Hadiths are used to justify Shari'a itself and the majority of Muslims consider them to be indispensable appendages to the Koran.

Today apostasy is punishable by death in the friendly countries of Saudi Arabia, Qatar, Afghanistan, and Yemen and those are just our associates. You can also be put to death for this crime in Iran, Sudan, and Mauritania (which I have never heard of before doing research for this). In the country of Pakistan, our ally in the "War on Terror," blasphemy towards the prophet is also punishable by death.

The news is reporting that the Christian, Abdul Rahman, facing possible execution for converting from Islam is likely to be released from jail "Soon." Even if the government decides not to prosecute him for the crime of apostasy following enormous pressure from America, and other right thinking countries, he still faces the possibility that violent Muslims will kill him in the name of Allah the minute he gets out of jail no matter where in the world he goes.

How often does the U.S. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice telephone a nation's President, such as Hamid Karzai, to personally step in and pressure a foreign nation's leader to free a citizen of that country facing the death penalty, or life in prison unjustly? I would bet that this does not happen often. This is the first time I have ever heard of it occurring. I am going to say that it may have happened before, but not that I know of.

The United States is actually trying to extradite my friend Marc Emry, publisher of Cannabis Culture magazine. His story was featured on the television show 60 Minutes and the interview can be downloaded from the web. Besides publishing the magazine, Marc has a seed company that distributes different genetic strains of marijuana for cultivation.

In my book, Marc is a hero saving the seeds that will eventually end our oil addiction, but to the U.S. law enforcement he is marijuana enemy number one. Why? Marc Emry donates much of profit towards the campaign to end marijuana prohibition. He, like Abdul Rahman, is willing to risk his life and freedom for something that he feels is right and neither of them is hurting another soul. The fact is most of

Marc's countrymen agree with him too, but because the United States is powerful, economically speaking, the long arm of the law is trying to reach into a sovereign countries legal system.

Condoleezza Rice claimed when fighting for Rahman's freedom, "There is no more fundamental issue for the United States than freedom of religion and religious conscience." And, yet it is her government that is trying to take away freedom and deny the expression of an individual's spiritual principles that being Marc Emry's.

Even Canadian Prime Minister Stephen Harper said he telephoned President Karizai to express concern about a possible execution of the Christian Rahman. Harper later said, "President Karizai conveyed to me that we don't have to worry about any such eventual outcome. He assured me that what's alarmed most of us will be worked out quickly." Has the Prime Minister ever spoke out on behalf of his citizen, Marc Emry, my brother from the 420 Nation?

The newly formed Supreme Court of Afghanistan said it was trying to find a "good solution" to the case, the first of its kind here since the country was liberated by the American soldiers. One possible "good solution" in the mind of the court would be to persuade Rahman to revert to Islam, but this seems unlikely since he is willing to die for his faith. Notice that he is not willing to kill, but he is willing to die for his faith. That is the difference between the two faiths. Shari'a, on which the new Afghan constitution is to a degree based, rules that switching of one's religion away from Islam is to be punished by death, if the accused person fails to revert. Christianity says that followers are to love even their enemies.

17. A TRIBAL SEPARATION

“We sleep in separate rooms, we have dinner apart, we take separate vacations,--we're doing everything we can to keep our marriage together.”

Rodney Dangerfield (1921-2004)

I was in the sweat lodge and we were on our fourth round of sweating, which is always the hottest round. This round is sometimes called the ‘warrior round’ because it is so hot only the toughest of individual can take it. I have been tempted myself to want to get out of the sweat, but instead found myself getting lower to the ground to avoid what seemed like cooking to death. On this day I was sitting tall when the water man, my friend Roland on that day, stopped talking and started leading everyone in song.

I have been sweating with the men at the bottom of the Grand Canyon for years now. I know some of their sweat songs by heart and I have shared songs in the sweat over the years that they now know. On this day however Roland started us off with a song that I did not know, but the other Supai men knew it. It was a peyote song from the Native American Church about Jesus and it was in English instead of in a Native tongue.

“Jesus, Jesus save us, He came to save us,” I couldn’t believe my ears. Here were the traditional elders of in a Native sweat bath singing about Jesus saving them. It seemed to me that in the tribe there was a conflict between the Christians and the traditionalists, the people who maintained the sweat. It seemed as if the missionaries of the early 1900s had converted a decent percentage of the tribe to Christianity, but they could convert them all. The remainder of the tribe seemed committed to their traditional ways of story telling and maintaining traditional rituals, such as the sweat bath.

The Supai Christians, to some extent, have had more success financially speaking than the traditionalists have had. It seems as if the Christians were more willing to engage in the larger white man’s world while the traditionalist have been more suspicious of the changes that the white man has brought into their world. The traditionalist are descended from the tribal leaders of the past and often comment about their chieftain grandfathers where the Christians have derived much of their power since the Tribal Council system was implemented in 1934. Their power comes from the fact that they have been able to control the purse strings of the tribe by working with the government agencies.

The traditionalist maintain that their power and authority to speak for the tribe come directly from Ba’giova (“Man’s Creator” or “Creator of Man” in their language), the Supai word for God. The traditionalists take responsibility for the survival of the entire tribe. Traditionalists further claim their power with their words simply by stating it as fact, “This whole canyon is mine. I am one of the guardians of the Grand Canyon, even the park that you guys (the U.S. government) took. I protect that too because it is mine.” When a Supai traditionalist says, ‘you guys’ speaking to a tourist they are

usually referring to the 'white world' or people from the outside.

It is in this tradition that I take responsibility to lead my nation, "the 420 Nation" through these troubled times that we live in. I am a leader of this nation because I say that I am and I take responsibility to lead my people. I act as a guide in ending the prohibition. Whether it is selling legal marijuana with a tax stamp at Super Bowl XXX in Arizona, getting arrested for calling a water pipe a "bong," or spreading the word to our Native brothers, so they use their sovereign land to spread the seed I am out taking a lead in this civil war. I am a General and leader in the fight to end the war on marijuana, which the Drug War has become since 80% of all drug arrests are for cannabis. Recently my work has led me to appear on television and in the movies.

However, that day in the sweat lodge I could not understand how the Supai traditionalist could be singing about Jesus since the biggest division in their tribe is between the Christian and the traditionalists. What was it that separates these two groups from the same small community, the same tribe? The answer is simple, MARIJUANA and Christ. The Christians don't trust the traditionalist because they perform a 'pagan' ceremony, the sweat lodge, and because they smoke marijuana, an illegal drug. The traditionalists don't trust the Christians because they see them as collaborators with the U.S. government to strip them of their culture, the sweat lodge and the herbs they grow.

The Supai traditional people have been called in High Times magazine, "The Rastas of the Grand Canyon" because of their mutual love of reggae music and marijuana. The Godly message of Bob Marley's music rings true to them. They have been featured in magazines depicting the great beauty of their canyon, as well as their deep respect for Bob Marley and his music, and their love of this weed. So, why sing about Jesus and yet not commune with Christians of your own tribe?

Traditionalists who maintain the sweat lodge know the story of Jesus. They know they Jesus sacrificed himself for the good of others, so that they would not have to suffer. He paid the price for others sins by allowing himself to an offering. The sweat lodge ceremony is done with that in mind. It is a sacrifice for others. Each round is dedicated to others. We sometimes pray for our own healing or something for our family, but most of the time in the sweat is spent praying for others. Traditionalists don't take an animal when hunting with out offering something to its spirit, they don't harvest a plant without giving the same thanks, and even when we have planted seeds in Supai the traditional people have always offered prayers for others.

When I asked my friend Roland about this seeming contradiction to me he stated that the traditionalists didn't need to read the Bible. "We live the Bible with every day of our lives. We give thanks for all that we have and we recognize that Jesus was our brother, but we don't need to go to church to recognize him. We can celebrate his life in our way. That is why we sang about him in the sweat lodge today."

The Christian population in the tribe sees the sweat lodge ceremony as a throw back to the tribe's pagan ways. They have built a church in the village and have traditional Christian services on Sunday mornings. The tribal members who maintain the 'sweat' all seem to smoke marijuana outside the sweat and this really bothers the Christians too.

On the reservation, as is life off the rez, marijuana is illegal because the tribe is subject to federal law, which is enforced by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Recently, in the past few years, pot laws have not been enforced at the sweat lodge and with the traditionalists because of the federal government's desire not to trample on the religious freedoms of Native peoples.

Now, that Christianity is under attack around the world, the conservative Christians wanting to protect their own freedom of religion are beginning to respect the rights of others to practice their religion. In a Supreme Court decision on February 21, 2006 the Supreme Court decided in an 8-0 ruling that religious freedom supercedes federal drug laws. The case was called, "Gonzales vs. O Centro Espirita Beneficiente Uniao do Vegetal" and allowed a Christian organization to use an illegal Schedule I hallucinogenic drug in their ceremony because they claimed that is how they communed with God.

Prior to the "Drug War" in 1970, Congress passed the first Controlled Substances Act, which was updated in 1990. It is this legislation that decided what drugs were to be available to doctors in their pharmacopeias of medicine. There are five classifications called 'Schedules' of drugs. Here is a breakdown of their significances. 'Schedule I' means that the drugs in this scheduling have a high abuse potential, no recognized medical use, and that general use of them shows a lack of medical safety. Some of these drugs are Heroin, LSD, Hoesca (the drug the church mentioned above is now allowed to use) and Marijuana. This is not a complete list, but a few examples of Schedule I drugs that are famous.

'Schedule II' drugs have a high abuse potential as well, but these drugs have some recognized medical utility even though they carry a high risk for dependency. A list of these drugs includes Opium, Morphine, Cocaine and Methamphetamine. I have heard addiction expert's stated opinion, "It is easier to quite a cocaine addiction than it is to quit a cigarette and nicotine habit."

Our nation is addicted to more than just oil. We have a nation that is addicted to caffeine, the sex industry, nicotine and other vices. One only has to look at America's largest corporations to see what our nation's addictions are. Most of our addictions like computers and watching hours of television fall into a category more like 'Schedule III' drugs which are described as having a lower risk for abuse, some medical utility and only a moderate risk of dependency. A few of the drugs that fall into this category are amphetamines, barbiturates, such as Valium or Xanax, Anabolic Steroids and Codeine also fall under this scheduling. 'Schedule IV' drugs have a limited risk of being abused; they have a high medical efficacy, and the risk of dependency is slight and a Schedule 5 drug is even more efficacious with only a limited number of minor side effects or potential problems.

It was the Native American Church that inspired the Freedom of Religion Restoration Act of 1993, after their church members had been arrested and jailed for transporting the peyote medicine. In traditional Native culture everything is looked at as a medicine and can be spoken of that way. Does that thing that is being spoken of bring "good" fruits into your life or not. If it brings something good than in that world view it is considered "good medicine." A relationship can be considered good medicine. Most Christians consider their relationship with Jesus to be good medicine or a relationship with healing powers.

It was cannabis that first bridged the gap between my friends in Supai and me. Cannabis has always been used in that way. I noticed with my Free Speech club at UCLA that we had the most diverse group of people on campus attending our meetings and joining our club. Most of the leaders of the group were pro-pot, but we didn't have a particular political agenda other than to make friends. There were conservatives, liberals, science student and liberal arts all participating in the democratic process of speaking freely and it was cannabis that inspired the whole thing.

It all started with me getting arrested for a needle the cops planted on me. I knew the cops were using the Drug War to set me up. I was never charged with anything other than J-walking, but the incident made me realize how real and dangerous an experience with law enforcement could be. Therefore, I

decided that the Drug War needed to end, so that law enforcement could not abuse the powers bestowed upon it to fight the menace of drug addiction. The prohibition had become worse than the problem.

Prohibition inflates the price and profits of the illegal substance thereby promoting corruption that vast sums of ill gotten gains can buy. I learned everything I know about economics from pot growing and dealing. As a history major studying the result of alcohol prohibition on domestic crime I noticed a parallel to the current Drug War situation. This knowledge and my experience with corrupt police were catalysts for me to take action.

As a white person from Beverly Hills I had always felt confident that my pot smoking was not going to land me in jail. The most I was possibly facing was a slap on the wrist or a ticket for possession of marijuana. Hundreds of thousands of these tickets are handing out every year and most Americans who receive one simply admit their guilt, pay a small fine and they go along their merry way. I made a decision that I was simply not going to let this injustice continue in my life. That is what inspired me to form the Free Speech club. That and the movie I had seen where students from the 1960s worked peacefully to end a war they felt unjust in their era. My sense of justice, my love of weed and the culture that surrounds it all inspired me to dedicate myself towards the goal of ending prohibition on the cannabis plant.

18. ON THE SET OF WEEDS

“I think that marijuana should not only be legal, I think it should be a cottage industry. It would be wonderful for the state of Maine. There's some pretty good homegrown dope. I'm sure it would be even better if you could grow it with fertilizers and have greenhouses.”

Stephen King (1947-)

The first time I went onto the studio lot of Weeds it was a little nerve racking. I had already told my friend Brian Holtzman that I'd be working on this new show coming out on Showtime, but I really didn't have the job.

He said, “Yeah,” in his sarcastic voice, “Don't count on it until it is on the air.”

“Wow, what encouragement,” I thought, but that was just Brian's way of being Brian. He was a late night sarcastic comment. He had been in a few movies, but he was yet to get his big break. Mitzi really like him and he was a late night pleaser with his over the top negativity.

“I thought I was going to be in a few things on Showtime too, but at the last minute,” he frowned, “you know how it is.”

“Yeah, I do,” I confessed. “Look Brian, I actually came all the way down here just to see you.”

“What are you going homosexual on me or something?” Brian asked with a quick comic sense of timing. He sounded like Jackie Gleason from the Honeymooners.

“No, I want to start doing comedy around here again. Tommy said that I need a comic to sponsor me and I was wondering if you would be that comic for me, please.” I asked him straight up expecting a straight answer.

“Sure,” He said looking me over, “you are a funny guy. What do I need to do to sponsor you?”

“Well, Tommy,” that is the name of the talent coordinator, “just said that he'd call whoever was going to be my sponsor to verify if it was true, so I would expect a call from Tommy some time soon.”

Mitzi Shore was tired of seeing unprofessional comedians, so she created a rule that if she was going to look at a comedian they had to be sponsored by one of her paid regulars. If they were not, they did not get an audition, it was that simple. If a comedian sponsored a horrible comedian it reflected poorly upon that comedian and Mitzi might not give them as good as spots.

Tommy told me that Mitzi was not going to be looking at any new talent for a few months, but that since I was a sponsored comedian that he'd make sure I got some stage time to practice my routine. I took every advantage of this opportunity that I could. I did comedy seven nights a week at the comedy and anywhere around town that I could get some stage time. In the two weeks leading up to my first meeting with the writers, creator, director and producer of Weeds I had been on stage ten times and was feeling ready. My buddy Jono had gotten me the meeting and told me to make the most of it. I told him, "I am going to turn it into a job."

As I got out of the car I fumbled around collecting everything that I had brought there, some magazine article about me, the Arizona Department of Revenue Tax Stamp, and some medical marijuana candy bars. I was wearing a suit trying hard to project an image of success and business. I have even got a pair of clear glass that looked like prescription glasses, but the lenses were simply clear. I made my way upstairs to the conference room of 'Building D' at the Ren-Mar Studios on Cuehenga Blvd. It was great telling the guard at the gate, "CraigX here for a meeting on the set of Weeds."

The dark skinned black woman in her grey uniform looked down at her clipboard, "Okay, do you know where you are going?"

I shook my head no, and she was about to hand me a map, but my hands were full. Noticing my situation she held onto the map and said, "Go straight down here and make a right at the corner of this building. Then at the end of that path go right, and right up stairs, they are waiting for you there."

Everyone was excited to see me. Jenji Kohan, the show's creator, was the only person that I recognized. Jono, her brother, had invited me to a Christmas party for the cast and crew of his twin brother's show, "Will & Grace" only six months before. At the party I met her and her husband and their child. The party was at a CBS studio lot in Studio City. The whole thing was done first class as most entertainment industries parties were. The food was great and that is what Jono and I spent the evening doing. We went from one food venue to another and enjoyed ourselves.

I reached the top of the stairs and walked into the building where the meeting was going to be held. There were boxes piled up on the left side of the hallway. The offices looked like they were being used. The first door on the right was the conference room where the writers did most of their creative work. There was a dry erase board on one of the walls. Everyone was laughing in the room. It was a fairly relaxed work environment. They all seemed to be good friends. They invited me in and pointed me to the head of table.

I had seen the star of the television show "Monk" as I walked through the lot. I guess they also filmed at this studio. It was just an exciting place to be at that moment. There seemed to be an air of anticipation. We all sat around the conference room with an ease and comfort that comes from knowing someone for a while. I easily joined in with the collegiate banter that was going on in the room. It was fun, it reminded me of the times when I had visited High Times magazine in New York. There were a group of professional people dedicated to what they were doing, yet they were so good at what they did they were able to relax and enjoy the doing of whatever it was they were up to. I love being in the pot business, and television was looking good at this point too.

On this day, at this hour their job was to mine my brain for information about the pot culture. After a few minutes Marc Burly the producer of the show took charge, "Okay, why don't we then?" the room went quiet, "Okay, if you all are ready?" he asked looking at me and I nodded in the affirmative, "Why

don't you introduce yourself?"

I stood up and began my presentation that lasted for two and half hours. I spoke for about 30 minutes about my own background in the industry, my soon to be published book, 9021GROW, the history of the marijuana movement, my involvement in the pot world, specifically about selling pot at the Super Bowl and getting arrested by the cops at my store before I built Bong Canyon. "Okay," I thought, "I've established my pot credentials."

My experience getting up on stage and doing comedy even, if it was only for two weeks, prepared me enough for the meeting that I was able to confidently speak with humor about my subject. I had these guys laughing, especially when I'd lose my train of thought for a moment because I was interrupted by one of their questions. "What was I saying?" is what I would ask trying to get back on track after answering one of their random questions regarding the 420 Nation.

That became a trade mark line for me in episode three of the first season. They used several of my suggestion from that day and I noticed throughout the first season that one or two of the characters would say the exact same thing that I had said in our meeting. For instance, when Nancy tells the guys who buy pot from her that if they come into my club to buy medical pot that their names will be on a list, I had told the show's writing staff that is the reason some of my lawyer friends don't buy their pot from these clubs. One of my big contributions to the first season was suggesting that if someone was going to earn a living from selling pot that they would eventually have to have a cover business to hide their income. Nancy, played by Golden Globe winner Mary-Louise Parker, eventually did just that by opening a bakery on the show.

After the meeting was over the producers Danielle and Mark pulled me into their office and offered me the job of being the 'Cannabis Consultant' on the show. I readily agreed to take the job, but went further and said, "Actually, I'd like to be on the show."

"Brilliant," is what I recall Mark saying. He is very nice and liked me right from the beginning. I liked him too. Many of my friends from high school had gone on to become big stars and I always felt as if I could do it too. It was just a matter of getting the right break. I once read a book called, Ask for the Moon, You just might get it, and the premise of the book was that you have to ask for what you want in life. I had applied this principle before in my life and it was successful, so I used it again and sure enough it worked.

The principle went like this: You have to ask for what you want. The worst thing that could happen is that you might be turned down. But, if you don't ask you'll never have the opportunity to do what it is you want. The book said that you have to look at it like this. Do you like to help people? Does it make you feel good to help others? Therefore, sometimes when you ask for something for yourself, like for a job or an opportunity, you are actually giving someone else the chance to do something that will make them feel better.

"Brilliant," was a good indication that he liked the idea. "Of course, I'll have to run it by Jenji, but I am sure that she'll agree that it is a good idea."

"Awesome," I thought, "I have just landed myself a job a regular on a television show."

The next time I saw Brian Holtzman he asked about the television show. I told him with confidence that it was still going forward. He warned me, "You never know in this business until you have a check

and it is on the air.”

His words would become somewhat prophetic. I told several of my friends and another amateur comedian who I was performing with around town that the show was in the bag. It was still in pre-production, the writers were writing the episodes and I was confident that they were creating a great character for me. The day after my original meeting with everyone I began my consulting job from home. One of the writers or director would email me with questions, “What is the difference between Indica and Sativa?”

Then the show started to shoot. The writers didn’t quit writing or tweaking out the scripts as they were being shot week-by-week. From what I gathered of the process they created a story line for the entire season in pre-production. Then the drafted potential scripts for all ten episodes, but as each week went on they continued to refine the script until the moment they were laid onto tape.

Once the first show was taping I started to visit the set. Everyone was so nice to me and they all knew my name, “Hey, CraigX, how are you?” They would say.

They allowed me to go everywhere, eat any of the food and watch whatever taping I was interested in seeing. It was an awesome feeling to feel so welcome on the set. I took every advantage that I could and visited as often as possible at the beginning of the season. I learned what really went on while making a television show. I had always imagined what had gone on, but I didn’t have a realistic idea of how many people it took, how important it was to control the environment for sound and lighting, and basically all of the technical-know-how that it takes.

I tried to learn the names and jobs of the guys on set. I learned the difference between a ‘grip’ and ‘dolly.’ I knew the difference between an ‘executive producer,’ a ‘producer’ and a ‘line-producer.’ I jumped in a got as much education about making a television show as I could get without going to school for it. Finally, I got the call after two weeks of shooting. “Craig,” Mark said with a little bit of hesitation in his voice. “You are not a member of S.A.G. (the Screen Actor’s Guild) are you?”

“No,” I said about to get upset, “I told you guys that before.”

“Don’t worry, don’t worry,” he tried to calm me. “But, the Showtime people are going to need to see you, so you need to come in for an audition with the director.”

I was totally nervous that they were going to use this as an excuse to not have me on the show. I had gotten this close and now I was going to get shut out. My mind was full of worry. I really wanted this to happen. It was similar to the feeling I had the night before I turned 16 years old. I could not sleep that night I was so excited about getting my driver’s license the following morning.

“Isn’t Roberto the director?” I asked because I had been given a list of the crews email addresses, cell, work and home phone numbers and on that list it clearly said ‘Director Roberto Benabib.’

“Yes” Mark answered politely, “but he is not directing your episode. Craig Zisk is and he is going to need to see you too. Also, because you are not a member of S.A.G. we’ll have to audition some real actors for your part too because you are not S.A.G. we can not just give you the part.”

“Oh great,” I thought, “Suddenly I am the slim shady of actors. Would the real CraigX please stand-up, please, stand-up?”

All I could think of was what Brian Holtzman had told me, “Not until you get the check and it is on the air.” How many stories had I heard of people who had ended up on the cutting room floor?

That night at the comedy store a friend and fellow comedian who worked at a talent agency during day said that he had seen my role on the casting breakdown sheets for “Weeds.” “Yeah,” he said, “The role of role of CraigX was to be played by TBA.” Then he questioned, “What is with that I thought you had the role? CraigX that is you, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” I answered back. “You would think that was the case, but because I am not a member of S.A.G. they are making me come in for an audition tomorrow.” I took a moment to think then said shaking my head, “To play myself. What a shame. I hope I pass the audition.” I shook my head in despair and then laughed thinking how funny it would be at the same time. “Yeah, it would suck if I didn’t get the part.”

He agreed, “Yeah, that would suck.” Then he wishes me, “good luck.”

I show up for the audition sort of nervous. I certainly don’t want to have to explain to my friends and family that the guy playing CraigX on television “captured the essence of my character better than I could.”

In the room are Mark, the producer, and the director Craig. He is much younger than the director that I imagined in my head. I imagined a director being an older authoritative guy, who bosses everyone around, but Craig was a young guy with curly hair and a trace of childhood freckles could still be seen on his cheeks. He had a nice smile and a friendly attitude that put me right at ease.

They handed me the script to read over a few times. I read it, tried to memorize it in a few minutes. Then we ran through it once or twice. In the scene I am play the owner of a medical marijuana dispensary. When I had first made my presentation to the staff one of the things they found most incredible was the fact that there were clubs selling medical marijuana in California just blocks from the studio.

They didn’t believe me at first, but I gave them a ‘Bliss’ candy bar called the “CraigX Presidential Bar.” My friend Chris Bliss made humorous candy bars with funny names that he sold in the medical marijuana clubs and he put my name on one because I was trying to get a reality show called, “American Candidate” where unknown citizens go through the process of campaigning for President of the United States.

There was no Showtime executive there, but there was a camera, so that they could send the audition tapes to some, unknown to me, corporate executive, with the fate of my acting career lying in their hands. It seemed as if they really wanted me. After reading it over a few times we tried it without the script. I sort of rushed through the lines rather quickly and they both asked me to, “slow down and relax.”

I took their direction and the next time was slower. Then Craig asked me, “Can you take a beat before the ‘what was I saying’ line? I want you to sell that more.”

I wasn’t sure what he was talking about, but when I got to that part in the script I stopped. I felt my heart beat at least twice as I pretended to search my thoughts then I said, “What was I saying?”

“Perfect” shouted Craig, “That is exactly what I want.” It was then that they turned the cameras on and started taping my audition. I supposed they taped the other guys and then sent the tape to Showtime. They told me that I did better than all of the ‘real’ actors and that they were going to Taft-Hartley me, so that I could be on the show.

When I arrived on the set the day of shooting my first scene I felt comfortable because I had been there so often prior to that day. Some of the executive offices had been converted to look like a medical marijuana dispensary. The set designers did a great job of duplicating one of the many clubs that they had visited. The club owners wanted the crew to actually use a real dispensary, and pay them a rental fee, but the show’s producers decided it was cheaper to convert their executive offices into the dispensary.

When I told the writers how my pot dealing friends were being put out of business by these medical marijuana clubs they were really intrigued. At the time there were only about 40 medical marijuana clubs in the entire state of California. One year later, at the start of pre-production for the second season of Weeds there were over 40 medical marijuana clubs in Los Angeles alone. It turned out to be just the right job for my character on the show because that business has become so relevant to the industry.

Many people have asked me how it is to work with Mary-Louise Parker and Kevin Nealon. The answer I usually give to tell a story that I told the producer of NBC’s last comic standing when I auditioned for that show.

Kevin Nealon was just being nice on my first day of filming. He came up to see how I was going, “Hey,” he said starting the conversation off with a greeting, “I heard this was your first day of professional acting. How is it going?” He was being polite it seemed. Maybe there was a question I might have that he could help me with was the subtext of his statement.

“I am a little nervous,” I admitted. “But, I am just trying to pretend as if the cameras are not there and that everything is happening for real.”

He looked right at me with a straight face. Then he put his hand on my shoulder, “They call that acting,” he said with complete earnest. Then he admonished me to, “Keep up the good work!”

19. MEMBERSHIP HAS ITS PRIVILEGES

“I should have no objection to go over the same life from its beginning to the end: requesting only the advantage authors have, of correcting in a second edition the faults of the first.”

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790)

In my life I have always felt protected by the hand God or His angels. I have always had faith and trusted that the God of the Universe is looking out for me personally. There have been incidents in my life where I could have easily died and in each of those situations it seemed as if some external force reached in and plucked me from the clutches of danger to save me. Even when I had done stupid things and could have ended up in the hands of the police I was always been saved at the last moment. To me each of these occasions has been no less than a miracle.

The other day I went for an interview with the President of television Production Company to sell him a show idea that I have. The show is, “Temple 420,” the story of me building a national church the uses marijuana as a sacrament. As far as I am concerned it is in the Bible from the beginning to the end, from the first Book of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation cannabis is there. One of the questions the company President asked me was “Do you have a criminal record?”

When I was in college I accidentally started selling marijuana to an undercover LAPD officer. I say ‘accidentally’ because no one starts selling marijuana to an undercover officer on purpose. I actually liked the girl and thought that she liked me too. I thought we were having a relationship when I realized she was a police officer. The good thing was that I realized this before I had been arrested.

I prayed to God for a solution to my dilemma. The answer that I received was to know that there would be an earthquake and that I would be safe. I acted with the faith that God would save me if I prepared and warned people about the quake which came a few days later. I warned several people, including the police officer and I prepared for the disaster by purchasing 60 gallons of water over a three day period. I was saved. After the earthquake I was never arrested, but the officer did call me again to ask me how I knew the earthquake was coming. I told her that I had prayed on it, which was a true statement. The truth was that I had prayed for it.

On January 17th 1994 a huge earthquake struck Northridge at 4:31AM. The police officer, Nicole Morgan, then called me and asked me how I knew the quake was coming? The only thing I could tell her was that I had faith. That I had prayed about it, which was true, and that I had been warned.

I have prayed for the souls of all who perished that day. I know most people would say that I can’t be held responsible for causing an earthquake that I just got lucky with the timing, but I have always felt somewhat responsible for their deaths because I actually prayed for that earthquake. The bottom line was that after that I was never prosecuted, I got married, started the store and had three children, but the people who died that day have always been in my prayers.

After that I have had a hard time trusting people. My friend Don Barris, he opens for Jimmy Kimmel Live every night, created a show that had a cult following in Los Angeles. The show was called, "Windy City" it premiered on Comedy Central. It as all about this guy named Scary Perry. Perry was an unknown comic that Don tortured for years by coaxing him along thinking he that Don was going to make him a star. They made an entire movie with Bobcat Goldwaith and the movie was about making the movie and driving Perry crazy, which was not difficult to do.

The whole point was that real comics played fake people in Perry's life and he couldn't tell the difference between fake personalities and real people. How many of us feel that way anyway? When you are in the pot industry you never know who is real and who isn't. After my experience with an undercover cop in my life it became difficult to trust people after that, and why did they never arrest me? Is it because I had predicted the earthquake as my vision had told me?

In Los Angeles you never know if people in your life are being real or there is a hidden camera somewhere. In this city I have a tendency to distrust everything and everyone I see. "Who are they and what do they want from me?" This is my attitude most of the time. The only person I trust in life is God because that is the only way I have of explaining some of the things that have happened to me in my life, miracles.

A friend of mine decided to give up the Hollywood dream. She had been for working for four years in a children's talent agency. The money was good; she had a nice apartment, and drove a respectable car for a woman her age. She had a fancy blue brand new BMW 325i, which for the time was a hot car. But, my friend wasn't happy working with bratty wannabe star children. She wanted to become a private investigator and catch cheating husbands. She said she would be good at it because her last three boyfriends had all been married men.

She came over to my house to buy some weed from me. She usually got a quarter ounce for \$100. I was smoking her out to few bowls as we were kicking back on the couch. She was telling me about her new school and how she was planning on getting her license as a private detective.

I began looking through her book on questioning a suspect. The investigator was supposed to look the suspect directly in the eyes and notice the reaction of the suspect's eyes. If they looked one direction they were making things up and if they looked another direction they were recalling something that actually occurred. Each direction the eyes moved said something, each little facial gesture had a significance that the investigator needed to pay attention to and there were so many.

I had closed the bong shop back in the year 2000 and moved up to my ranch in the little town of Snowflake, Arizona. The town was located in the Northern part of the state in the White Mountains. I was blowing glass at home, so I could stay home and take care of my three small children. For two weeks they were with my ex-wife and for two weeks with me. I drove a green conversion van and wore my hair long, so after '9-11' I was suddenly a terror suspect in the eyes of Arizona law enforcement.

Prior to that I was just another hippie living in the mountains and I was never bothered by the local police. In fact, I had even been pulled over for speeding, and I was speeding, and the police officer let me go with a warning. That had never happened to me in Beverly Hills. If they pulled me over in Southern California, I was getting a ticket.

After '9-11,' as the tragedies of September 11th 2001 are referred to popularly, I was pulled over ten

times in six months all in the state of Arizona. I saw a pattern emerging. I knew that it was going to be time to move back to California soon. I love Arizona, but I stood out in that state. In California I was just one freaky dude among many, especially in Hollywood. In Arizona I stood out as someone who didn't conform to the button up Christian standards of the small town and the state was loaded with small towns that I had to drive through to do business.

One of the state's mottos from local pot heads was, "Arizona, come for vacation, leave on probation." I was only once given a ticket for a driving infraction and I fought it. But, on this one occasion I could have gone to jail for life in Arizona and I was protected again, by what seemed to me, the hand of God.

I had been a vendor at several large events and had found that I made a lot of money. Upwards of \$2,000 in a single day, so I was looking forward to this event in the Glen Helen Outdoor Pavilion. It was the former members of Cypress Hill in some All-Star Pot show. I told my Snowflake neighbor Mike that if he came along for the ride that I'd pay him for the days work at the concert. I sold him on the fact that he'd be away from his wife, who wasn't all that nice. They have since divorced.

Everything seems to happen for a reason. Thank God Mike came along. My car broke down. I would not have known what to do had he not been there to help fix the problem. Had I been alone it would have been a much bigger problem because I didn't have enough money to fix it at a shop. What would I have done?

The car broke down at two in the morning. We were in the middle of no where. A place called Desert Center. There is a gas station and a two large circle of palm trees that the guy who owns the gas station owns. He owns that and about 400 acres around there. Mike and I discovered that his father planted the trees back in the 1950s. They are tall, unkempt, and few of the heads have fallen off and died, but it is unforgettable if you have ever passed it because it is an oasis in the middle of a hot dry barren desert.

In the morning the owners of the gas station let me pile into their station wagon with them. One of them was on the way to the dentist. They dropped me off in town about 100 miles away. That is when Eddie called. I hadn't heard from my friend Eddie since my 33rd birthday, but he called right then and offered to come pick me up. He said, "Of course, I'll come get you CraigX. You are the Wizard of Weed; you'd do the same thing for me."

I am not so sure if I would do the same thing for him or not. He went hundreds of miles out of his way to pick me up and drive me out into the middle of no where to return me to my car with the new bearings and some tools to fix the wheels of my van. I was extremely grateful to Eddie he had appeared out of no where to save Mike and I from being stranded.

Mike had been a truck driver in his previous life, up on the mountain he puts shoes on horses for a living, and he sometime broke wild horses for people. That is how we met I was helping him to break untamed horses because I wasn't afraid to get on them and see what happened. I was good at not falling off. So, for extra money when I wasn't on the road selling glass I helped Mike break the wild horses that he was afraid to get on.

We got the car fixed and Eddie offered to let us spend the night at his house. It had been three years since we had seen each other. We had been great friends up until my birthday three years before and then he seemed to drop off the face of the earth. I was in my office having just returned from celebrating dinner with my family. When he called, "You are never going to believe this Craig," Eddie said extremely excited, "My legs are working. It is like they are filling up with blood and I can feel

them. I don't have complete control, but they are shaking and it feels like I have sensation. I ate some mushrooms like we did on the beach the other nights and Bam!"

"That is awesome," I said three years early obviously surprised because ever since I have known Eddie he has been in a wheelchair. "What are you doing about it?" I had an instinct that he needed to get up and walk and starting building a muscle memory from this experience.

"Right now," he said, "I am just tripping out. I think I am going to be able to just get up and walk in a moment."

"Well," I said, buying time while I thought of what to say next, "Why don't you drink some hot chocolate? I'll call my cousin who is a doctor and see what he has to say about it. In the meantime, it is my birthday and I am just heading out the door to have dinner with my family. Can I call you when I get back?"

We hung up the phone that evening and that was the last time I spoke with him until that day three years later when he picked me up in the wasteland. Eddie was just like that he'd really go out of his way for a friend.

Eddie had been one of several friends who I had been camping with on the beach of Malibu. Once I had graduated from UCLA and opened a business I no longer had the free time that I once had to visit Joshua Tree National Monument and Supai, AZ, as I used to on a nearly monthly basis when I was in college. After opening the store I began to go to sleep on the beach in Malibu where camping is allowed. You are also allowed to have a fire there.

On full moons we'd pack up my van with camping gear and my friends packed up their cars and we headed out to North Malibu near the county line and then we'd camp on the beach and each magic mushrooms under the moonlight. We liked going on full moon because it provide natural lighting that didn't require us to carry flash lights or stay right next to the fire to see. This was Eddie's first experience with the magic mushroom and the setting of the coast is a fine place for that experience. Eddie's legs began to move that first night on the beach. He said it was the first time that they had felt that way since the accident, but he didn't have the feeling that he could walk, just that they were moving on their own.

I shared with him what I knew of the fungus. I knew that LSD-25 had been discovered when looking to isolate the medicinal properties in the healing magic mushroom plant. I knew that Harvard doctors experimented with LSD to heal patients with obsessive compulsive disorders. To understand the drug that some of them, the scientist, had taken it themselves. In their investigations they took the drug to India to religious gurus because they were having a difficult time describing what they were experiencing when they consumed this medicine.

One guru commented, "It figures that you Western's who are so tied to the material world have put Jesus Christ in a pill."

They said that when they ate the drug they "tripped out," but that when the guru ate the medicine he just sat there in quite meditation. One of these Harvard professors, Dr. Richard Albert, left his career in the hallowed Ivy League and became a modern day American guru writing books about meditation and introducing young people of the West to Eastern philosophy. He even went so far as to change his name dropping the doctor title he became known as Ramm Dass. He has published many books under this

name and is quite well known in the “New Age” community. Dr. Timothy Leary was another of these well known professors of the age.

I had told him how the famous curandera, Mexican healer, Maria Sabina had introduced the pharmaceutical company’s ethno-botanist to the fungus that was eventually turned into LSD. There were rumors and documented stories of this woman, Maria Sabina, healing paraplegics. My friend Eddie didn’t have the use of his legs. Sabina did this in a midnight ceremony that included the consuming of the magic mushroom, on a full moon and the drinking hot chocolate, a sacred substance of Native Americans of Mexico.

That night, after we returned from the family dinner, I tried to call Eddie back. After Eddie had called me I called my cousin who was a doctor and confirmed my initial thought that Eddie needed to get up right away and start to walk. My cousin said that if Eddie felt that he could walk he should do it right away in order to build muscle memory. “Start moving and don’t stop.” That was my cousin’s advice, but I was never able to give it to Eddie.

Instead of waiting to hear from me Eddie jumped in a car with his cousin and drove out of town to cow country to buy some magic mushroom. That is the region of the nation that they grow because they grow in cow poop. I found out three years later that they had driven to Oregon that night and bought the ‘shrooms.’ On there way back he was arrested and did 24 months in jail for being in possession of two pounds of magic mushrooms. Eddie was only trying to heal himself with this magic fungus, but it was illegal in the state of California for him to try and do that. Once getting out it took him a year to track me down because I was living in Arizona.

Eddie had faith that the mushrooms were going to help get him up and start walking again. His life is all about dealing with being in a wheelchair, but he is praying to one day walk again, so he goes out to buy some medicine and ends up in jail. And, Eddie is praying. He is a faithful Muslim, who fasts, wakes up at 5AM everyday to pray, and faithfully he prays five times a day, but his prayers didn’t keep him out of jail on that night, or the following morning. He is an honest man and I consider him a friend even though I think he is praying to a false god, Allah. I will never criticize him or any other Muslim for their faith. They are the most sincere people that I know and more devout than most Christian that I know, but their god in my mind is a false God. Allah is not the God of the Jews, but that is not an excuse to treat them as anything less than brothers because we are all brothers under the one true God.

Now, out of the blue my car breaks down in the middle of the desert and I hear from Eddie. It is a miracle. I hadn’t heard from him in three years. Where has he been? When I last heard from him I was living in Los Angeles and now I was a citizen of the state of Arizona. When Eddie called on my cell phone and I explain the dilemma and he says immediately, “Don’t worry, I’ll be there.”

There was no other way for me to fix that car. Without Eddie’s help I would have been stranded in the middle of no where for who knows how long? There he was like a savior in the desert and what a blessing that Mike was with me. Mike was able to replace the bad bearing with a new one. That was the problem exactly as he had predicted. We broke down walking distance to the only gas station for 100 miles in either direction. Someone was looking out for us.

Two weeks later, when the children were with the ex-wife again I called Eddie. I was heading back to California to sell glass pipes. The experience at the concert was great, Mike and I made money, and I was feeling blessed for having seen Eddie again and finding out why I had never heard from him again after my birthday. Plus, I was thankful for him saving me from baking in the desert as I waited for a

ride hitch-hiking.

The next trip to California was not quite as successful, but on my way out of town I stopped by Eddie's to smoke a bowl. He had an extra room, so he invited me to spend the night at his house and leave for Arizona in the morning. He woke up before dawn to pray and I woke up at the same time when I heard him making noise. I wanted to get out of town before traffic, so I jumped in the shower right away and then got dressed. Before I left Eddie and I sat to smoke a few bowls and talk. Then as I was leaving he offered to give me weed for free. I was so grateful.

He asked what kind of weed I was smoking out in Arizona and I told him some green Mexican weed that I have to clean before smoking because it often is loaded with seeds. He felt badly for me because he knew that I used to have the best of the best back in the day, so he hand me 21 grams of some 'Afgooie' that he had and I put it in the right side pocket of the cargo pants that I was wearing.

Eddie and I first met when I started the original medical marijuana club in Los Angeles back in 1994 and we had been friends ever since. Once proposition 215 passed there was no reason for me to stay in the medical marijuana dealing business, but Eddie had remained involved in it as much as he could. We had been friends for some time then on November 22, 1998 after calling me he disappears, his phone number changes and he is no longer at his address. I wondered what could have happened to him. He was there helping me to sell medical marijuana at Super Bowl XXX in Phoenix, Arizona. When we all bought our Arizona Cannabis Dealer's Licenses Eddie actually picked up and moved to Arizona to deal weed legally. Our friendship went way back and then he suddenly disappeared only to reappear now.

After all of the publicity we received selling marijuana at the Super Bowl the Arizona state legislature cancelled the tax program and we were out of business. Eddie moved back to California and we saw each other often. He was even thinking that he wanted to open a 2000BC, my bong shop, franchise and we were discussing the idea when he disappeared.

Now that we had reconnected it was nice to be speaking with my old friend. He and Mike hit is off too. I had been doing a lot of driving from state-to-state selling the hand blown glass, and as I stated, the trip after the concert hadn't gone well, but I did manage to connect with Eddie and he gave me some free weed, for which I was thankful.

Ever since Eddie met Mike, who owned an 80 acre ranch near mine, the two of them had become friends and spoke on the telephone. Mike had a guest house that he told Eddie he could rent for \$100 per month. He also told him that he would be allowed to grow medical marijuana there since Arizona had recently passed a medical marijuana initiative similar to the one in California. Eddie was looking forward to getting some fresh air and seeing some horse run free. As I left his house that morning Eddie asked me to take some seeds and lighting equipment to Mike's house. Since the trip hadn't gone well I still had a car full of pipes. There were nearly 5,000 of them rattling around in the back of my van, but I still had room for his stuff, so I agreed to load it in, plus he had just given me that entire bag of free weed.

The pipes in the back of my van were unused and separated by styles into various plastic buckets, so when I carried them into a store the owners could purchase one style or another more easily. Somewhere along the trip my headlight had gone out. As I passed a police officer going through the town of Payson, Arizona, I saw him pull out of his hiding place behind me. On the next block I pulled into the Giant Gas station as I always did. It was only a few seconds after the cop had pulled out. This was part of my routine. I had no idea the guy was following me, but he followed me right into the gas

station.

I jumped out of the car put the credit card in the machine and began pumping unleaded '87 Octane' into my tank. The police officer pulled up behind my van and starting speaking into his two-way communication device, I could not hear what he was saying, but I was not sure he was interested in me at this point. I then began to walk away towards the gas station's mini-mart, coffee stand, and restroom area. I had cotton mouth. I had a pocket full of weed and a car full of pipes, this was not good.

"Where are you going?" The officer demanded.

"Am I am under arrest?" I shot back.

"No, but your light was out on the front of your van." He was young. Younger than me for sure, but he had an authoritative voice. "That is why I pulled you over."

"Oh," I said sounding surprised, "I didn't think you pulled me over. I thought that I stopped for gas."

"Well, do mind if I see your driver's license, registration and proof of insurance?"

"Not at all officer," I said instantly complying. I returned to the vehicle where I had all three of those things handy for any officer of the law to look at and since I had been pulled over so often recently they were handy. I handed him the documents and asked, "Is it okay if I go inside and get a coffee?"

The officer asked, "Why did you stop here?"

I answered, "I stop here every time I drive through town. Ask the guy that works inside he knows me. We always chat every time I come back from a trip."

"You travel often?" The officer then asked.

"Yep," I said, "And every time I stop right here at this same pump for gas."

I knew that he had the right to pat me down at this point because I was out of the car. He had the right to lightly feel the outside of my clothes to see if I had a weapon on me and might in any way pose a threat to him. If he chose to ask me to be patted down I would sort of be forced to comply or he would be suspicious. I prayed he wouldn't ask.

Suddenly he said, "Do you mind if I search your car?"

I said, "Yes, you don't have any right to search my car." I knew my Constitutional rights. Then I thought about the weed in my pocket and he suddenly looked even more suspiciously at me and he unsnapped the leather strap over his weapon. He started to say something and my intuition told me that it was going to be, "Come here, so I can pat you down."

Right at that moment I suggested a compromise, "Look, I am coming back from road trip selling. I have been away from home for nearly a week and didn't have the best trip; you wanna to look in my car?" I said trying to buddy up to him after I had offended him by exerting my right not to have my car search unreasonably. Before he answered I continued, "You can open the back door and look, but you don't have permission to enter my vehicle, you can just look." I tried to be as clear as possible that I

was allowing a limited search praying that this would buy me a free moment to flush the weed down the toilet.

Sure, I had a legitimate reason to possess medical marijuana, and there were the spiritual reasons that I smoked cannabis too, but the last thing I wanted to do at that moment in my life was to try and defend myself in court. Especially after '9-11,' when pot was being linked to terrorism on government sponsored television advertisements. I know that government propaganda was B.S. because my old pot dealer had been used in that nationally famous commercial when I was a teenage, "This is your brain," the image of a frying pan was shown. Then some eggs are thrown in the hot pan and they begin to sizzle and Sasha Mitchell continues, "This is your brain on drugs." All I could think of was what a hypocrite, the government is not telling the truth, and I used to score weed from that guy.

Back at the gas station where I was trying my best to keep cool I said the officer, "Now, can I go and get my coffee?" As I said that five other police cars had come rolling into the station. There was already an incident that had taken place there early that evening, so the police were on high alert. Next to the mini-mart were a row of outdoors public phones and they were all taped up with yellow police crime scene tape.

I found out inside the mini-mart that the F.B.I. had been out there. Apparently, someone had poured baby powder on the public phones. This was during the middle of the anthrax scare that came after 9-11. Some people from the Post Office died and so did an employee from Star Magazine. This was just one of many hoaxes based on the scare.

Now that other police officers were there, he had my license, registration and proof of insurance he said, "You can go get a coffee, while I run your license, but don't go to the bathroom." What kind of ridiculous statement was that and yet that is exactly what I was thinking. "Don't go anywhere that I or another officer can't see you." He ordered.

"Thank God," I thought. I had the worst cotton mouth at that point and my mouth was getting drier by the second. I wanted to make a mad dash and flush the entire bag weed I had in my pocket down the toilet as fast as I could, but before I could get to the door of the gas station the place was loaded with cops. It was a small town like Payson it takes the police two minutes to get anywhere in town, especially if they thought there might be some action. At that moment I was the hottest action in town.

It was at this point that I began to pray for my life. I had never put myself in such a stupid position in such a long time. Every once in a while I do something stupid in my life and there is such a fine line between having no criminal record and being locked up in jail, especially when you are involved in the cannabis industry your whole life.

I was praying in my head, "Please, God let your will be done. I am not going to get nervous or fight with these officers, the feeling in me is strong that I should just run and hope I can escape into the woods to live out my life as a squirrel, but if your will is that I should go to jail for life than so be it. If not, if there is some reason you don't want me to be a felon then please protect me from these over zealous arm's of justice." There were now eight police cars and at least ten officers wandering about the gas station.

All of the police were there because of me and one gentleman; an extremely large, tall and muscular, police officer opened the door for me to enter the mini-mart part of the station. He looked all yoked out as if he were on steroids and would like nothing more than to beat me to a pulp, but he was professional

and polite. He was like a guard dog being held back on a leash just waiting for me to make a break and try to run for the woods. The mini-mart was large and clean with the dominant color being red. The moment seems frozen in time in my mind. There was the possibility that my life as a free person might come to an end right then and there, so I was soaking in the moment. I prayed this memory would not become a living hell. If I was arrested I was going to act as a perfect gentleman. "Thank you very much officer," I said to him for holding the door open for me.

The muscular officer watched me closely as I filled up my cup with hot chocolate. I moved my hands a lot to distract his eyes away from the weed in my pants. I didn't really drink coffee, but it was what I told the other officer. I explained to the muscular cop how the officer who pulled me over didn't want me to go to the bathroom, but asked if he could accompany me since I really needed to go. He asked what my business in there was to be.

"I have to take a leak," I told him.

He said, "Yeah, I'll watch you while you are in there, but you can't use the stall."

"I don't need to for peeing." I replied.

It was strange being a grown man and father of three and having a police officer watch me pee. I really had to go, but with him watching me nothing was coming out. I joked, "I think my dick is afraid of being arrested. He has stage fright." The officer laughed and just then I started to go. "There it goes," I said. I really wanted to run into the stall and through the weed away, but I remained calm and handed my fate over to God.

The cops explained that they have not gone beyond that search that I authorized, but that in the search they discovered hundreds if not thousands of glass pipes. The cop calmly explained to me that the pipes they found were unused and therefore were not considered paraphernalia that is, unless there was marijuana in the car, then all, however many there were became individual felonies. I was looking at life in prison for sure, but I was calm because it was no longer in my hands, it was in God's hands, so what could I do at that point?

"I understand what you must be thinking," I told the officer.

"We are going to have a dog search your vehicle," the police officer informed me. "We have the right to do that since we have found the pipes. We are not going to send a human into your car, but the K-9 unit will look for a hit."

Taking a sip of my hot chocolate savoring what could be my last moments on earth as a free man. I breathed in the cool mountain air and asked, "Do you mind if I get my pillow out of the car? I have no problem with the dog searching my car. I don't have anything to hide," I added looking him directly in the eye thinking of my friend's private eye book and I could tell the officer was looking at my eyes to see if I was nervous or looking away to make up a lie. "I'd simply like to remove my pillow because I am allergic to dogs and I don't want dog hair all over my pillow." I emphasized 'dog' to make it seem more real. It was a lie, but I was looking him right in the eye and he agreed.

I grabbed my pillow and returned to the steps of the mini-mart with it. I had stayed as far away from the car and that dog as I could. If he smelled what was in my pocket he would have gone nuts barking. It smelled like I was smuggling a small skunk in my pocket. I held the pillow on my right side, the

same side of my body as the weed. The weed was just above the knee on the right side of my leg. My arm went around the pillow and my hand was resting on my waist. The pillow in my mind was one more distraction to keep them from looking down at my pocket full of weed. In the other hand I slowly sipped my hot chocolate pretending it was coffee, one more distraction, and I was just one of the boys in blue sipping hot coffee on a cold mountain night.

The boss, or head officer in charge came over to me. He was a man in his late 40s. He looked as if he had been in law enforcement for years. He had an old time sheriff's mustache and he seemed tough. "The dog didn't find anything." He was watching my eyes to see if I gave something away. "Did he miss anything?" he asked directly.

I knew I had to tell this guy the truth. That was his job figuring out liars, so I gave him as much truth as I could, "Sir, there is not any marijuana in my car," I told him the truth. I was looking him directly in the eyes and I didn't have an ounce of hesitation in my voice because I was telling the truth. Of course I didn't mention the three fourths of an ounce in my pocket, but he didn't ask.

He believed me. I could see it in his eyes they went from suspicious to trusting in a moment. Then he explained, "You can understand our suspicion when we see so many pipes in the back of a car."

"I do understand, but I don't have anything to hide that is why I allowed him to look in my car. The only reason I didn't want him digging all through there is that it is a mess and I just want to get home to my children." I was being honest and trying not to say too much, but wanted to make myself seem more human to them, rather than simply a suspect, now I was a father.

The officers let me go and I thanked God. I knew in my heart that I was one wrong move from ending up in jail for life. I truly think had the spirit world not intervened on my behalf that I would have received life in jail. After that day my faith grew stronger and I began reading the Children's Bible to my children, it became our regular night time reading.

20. MAKING AN ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

“Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them.” **George Orwell (1903-1950)**

At UCLA I had studied the historical Jesus of Nazareth, not as a religious figure, but as a study in the history of man. The course was called ‘History of the Early Christians’ and the professor was Scott Bartchy, a premier scholar in the field.

Studying the early Christians was interesting. I expected to learn something about Christianity, which I did, but it was mostly about Jews. I had previously studied a lot of Jewish history, so I was surprised when taking the course to find that most of the early Christians were Jews. I just didn’t know that much about the second half of the Bible. As a skeptical Jew who didn’t know much about Jesus or his ministry before that class, I once asked the professor in a private meeting about his personal beliefs.

“You know,” he said buying time and trying to sound stately, “As a professor it is not my place to state what I believe.” This made me think right away that he was a Christian. Then he went on, “It is not important what I believe. Every person must come to their own understanding of what historical Jesus’ life meant on their own. It doesn’t matter what I think.”

That seemed fair enough. He was a wise man and one of my favorite professors because he had a passion for what he was doing and the subject matter was so interesting. Then I said trying to trip him up, “What about the resurrection, do you think Jesus really was killed and came back to life?” As a Jewish person the fact that someone died and came back to life was a stumbling block for me. It made it difficult to think of Christianity being real. “How could anyone do that?” I thought, but didn’t say it. I waited for the professor to answer.

He took a deep breath and look at me straight in the eyes. His hand gently stroked his beard, “I guess there is no way to prove it.” There was then a long pause, I thought he had just conceded my point then he said, “But, I like to think that He is reborn every time some has faith in him.”

I left the professor’s office feeling light on my feet. Instead of taking the elevator down the six flights of stairs from his office I flew down the stairs with my skateboard in hand. I flung open the metal door at the bottom of the stairs and jumped on my ‘deck’ all in one movement. Before I knew it I was flying down the road towards Westwood village for a slice of pizza. What the professor had said made sense to me, especially after taking so much LSD in college.

When under the influence of LSD it is possible to hold on to two realities at once. The normal, 'hold on to a job, finish your homework, water the lawn, and put gas in the car' reality and the alternative, 'None of this is real, my body has melted into a oneness with the universe, I am bliss, I am love, I am everything and nothing all at once' reality. I am not saying for anyone to run out and try this powerful mind altering drug, quite the opposite, it is extremely intense and can be extremely dangerous, but my recent experience on it had allowed me to get what the professor was saying.

What I understood him saying was that Jesus, although a real physical human being, was more than that, He was spirit. He was a being who is eternal. Spirit can never be killed because it is not of the flesh. So, that when someone had faith that Jesus was who He said He was, than His spirit entered their body and He was alive walking the earth today.

Jesus Christ is alive today in the living, breathing, active body of Christ, those who put their faith in His sacrifice, and carry on in His name. At the time I wasn't a believer, I didn't have faith that he was who he said he was, but I suddenly understood what Christianity was all about. The gears in my brain rolled over, the synaptic connections were made and the world was a less confusing place.

As I kept reading Bible to my children, over and over, I started to see a pattern emerging. I noticed that the Old Testament was a model for the New Testament. Every single story in the Old Testament seemed to have some prophetic way of describing the New Testament. The one that struck me the most was the story of Joseph who had been sold into slavery by his brothers.

Joseph was given prophetic dreams, the ability to see the future and to interpret dreams. He was always careful to give the credit to God. He was his father's favorite child. His jealous brothers had sold him to traveling gypsies and told their father that they did not know what happened to him. The father's heart was broken when the older brothers returned with his bloody robe. However, God blessed Joseph no matter where he was. He became a powerful man in Egypt, the wealthiest country in the world at that time.

A famine came to the land of the older brothers and they were forced to go to Egypt to be saved from the disaster. In Egypt heir brother was their savior and they didn't recognize him on their first trip there and he chose not to reveal himself to them. Things eventually were bad again in the brother's land, so bad that they once again returned to Egypt to call on their brother, their savior, for help. This time they brought their little brother and they were surprised when Joseph sat them all down in the order of their birth. Actually, they were scared, but it was only then that he revealed himself to them and instead of punishing them for their earlier betrayal he forgave them and rejoiced with them that they were all together now. He told them that it was God's will that things turned out the way they did and he forgave them for their earlier unfaithfulness to him.

These brothers are the patriarchs of the Jewish tribes. It was this story that made the Jews who they were. They had gone into Egypt a family, but came out, under Moses' guidance 400 years later, a nation. This was also similar in my mind to the story of Israel, the nation, not all recognizing Jesus as their savior, but it is predicted that one day they will acknowledge their iniquity. It won't be until the Messiah returns, as he said he would, that the Jews will recognize him.

There was a light that went off in my head. I then began to see that all of the Old Testament stories are prophetic about a coming Messiah, and that Jesus was that person. When as I read the King James Version, not to the children, but in my own studies, I realized that from the first chapter of the first book and the last chapter of the last book there was a reference to God giving man plants for their use as well.

In Revelation 22 it the Bible talks of a healing plant with twelve manners of fruits that are harvested 12 months a year. There is not another plant that I know of that has 12 manner of fruits that is harvested 12 months a year. I feel that my obsession with ending prohibition has been inspired by God. It is because of pot that I came to know Jesus. The Natives think that when you smoke your prayers and thoughts are carried away to the Creator on the wind the carries away the smoke.

Why then are my people, the 420 Nation, being prosecuted? Why did Judge Ginsberg have to withdrawal his nomination to serve on the Supreme Court? The public answer was because he had smoked pot in college. Clinton admitted to smoking pot and it was okay for him to become President. There is a common understanding that former drinker President Bush has also tried cocaine and marijuana and he still has made a fine President, in my opinion. I don't think prior drug use should disqualify you from having a job in this country. The problem is not the drugs or alcohol. The problem is the poor behavior associated with people with people who sometimes use and or abuse those drugs. Marijuana is now practically legal in California with over 200 medical marijuana clubs in existence in the state.

I am thanking God that I don't have a criminal record right now and so is my friend Carlos Mencia. Things could have turned out different for either one of us. When Carlos was first starting out in comedy I booked him for a gig at UCSB. We drove up from Los Angeles together and I shared with him some stories of my activism for pot. He shared with me some of his experiences with drugs too.

One of the stories he shared with me was quite negative, but it changed his life and it is part of the reason he is where he is today, with his own show on cable television, The Mind of Mencia. "Yeah, I actually sold coke before," he shared with me referring to the drug cocaine. "It is the reason I am in comedy today."

"Why? What happened?" I asked curious how one thing could lead to another.

"I was thinking I was a bad ass," he had his Chicano accent going; "You know how it is?" He continued, "I was always funny, but I didn't know what I wanted to do. I was doing comedy, 'open mikes' (an open microphone night is one where anyone can sign up to perform comedy) and stuff, but nothing serious, but I was selling coke to pay the bills. I didn't want to get a job, so could do comedy, but the next thing I knew I was a coke dealer."

"That is pretty scary. I know how it is. There is such a fine line between being a good person and being a bad person." Alan Thick was the emcee that evening and driving up to Santa Barbara from L.A. in my convertible rabbit. We had the top down and it was a warm evening as we were racing up the coast to perform.

“It was like that for me with cigarettes,” I said trying to find something to relate too, “I never imagined myself a smoker and after buying my fourth pack in a row, I realized I had become one. The next thing I knew I threw the pack out the window and have never smoked again, cigarettes anyway.” I then added keeping the conversation going, “Did you ever get in trouble for dealing coke?”

“Well kind of,” he said piquing my interest some more, “you see that is why I quit.” I nodded to show him that I was paying attention and he went on, “I broke into this guy’s house?”

“What?” I interrupted. I had known Carlos for about three or four months, but this was our first close conversation because we were driving for two hours together in the car from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara.

“Yeah, this dude owed me money and he was avoiding my calls, so I went over to his house and he wasn’t there, so I went in and jacked some of his stuff.” He suddenly sounded remorseful, “That is why I quit. I never wanted to be the type of person that I had become, so that afternoon, right then, I realized what I had done was wrong.”

“Did you give the guy his shit back?” I asked nosily.

“Hell no,” he shot back, “The fool owed me the money and he was ripping me off, but I just thought about the type of person I had become. I had always looked down on people like that and now I had done something like that because of money and coke. I knew it was wrong and I made the decision to not go down that road. I got rid of all my coke that day and never touch the stuff ever again and I never will. That was the day I got serious about my comedy. I even changed my name after Mitzi (Pauly Shore’s mom) suggested Carlos Mencia instead of Ned Holeness.”

He then copied Mitzi’s voice, a high pitched whiney shrill, “You don’t look like a Ned. You look like Carlos Mencia.” We both laughed at his imitation.

Why is the government fighting a war on marijuana when former Presidents have inhaled? It has become obvious that the government will never win this civil war. But, how did the fledgling U.S. defeat the mighty British Empire when it declared independence? We certainly were no military match for the British, but what General Washington was able to do was forge an alliance of personal will among the American people. That is the goal of Osama bin Laden as well as other Islamic jihadists. It is their goal to divide the world into followers of Islam and Infidels. It was Nixon’s goal to divide his followers, the conservatives, from the law breaking pot smoking liberals of his day that is what started the Drug War.

Can we form an alliance of will among the 420 Nation? I think so. One of the strategies that I have in mind is to form an alliance with Christians. Can the Iranians threaten us enough to get our nation to attack them? Maybe it will be in our nation’s interest and maybe it won’t be. I certainly think that if a radical Islamic nation such as Iran had a nuclear weapon that they would feel justified in using it for their ‘defense’ because Islam is a religion of peace. However, I do not think that we can defeat any terrorist nation with weapons alone. We must import Christianity to the Middle East to combat the violent influence of the past 200 plus years.

Abdul Rahman had to be smuggled out of his country in the middle of the night and he is now living in Italy, but there is a death warrant out on his head, the same as Salomon Rushdie. He is fleeing from a country that we supposed liberated with American blood. The working person's goal who sent their son or daughter into the military thought that we were spreading freedom of thought and religion and free speech to the rest of the world, but we weren't. What are we doing? Are we only making Afghanistan safe for an oil pipeline?

Bush is making deals with the Presidents of Canada and Mexico in Cancun while millions of Latinos protest on the streets to become citizens of the United States of America. Why are we trying to keep these Christian brothers from become integrated into our society? The problem is with the government in Mexico, not the people coming over. Most illegal aliens that I know are hard working people who only want an opportunity for their children to contribute to this society by being allowed to pursue higher education. They are not worried about getting a job; they have jobs. They are hard workers who use their family and community connections to find employment.

I have lived in Mexico and understand their culture, country and speak their language well enough to know some of their problems. The problem that has become our illegal immigration problem is really that the government of Mexico is racist and corrupt. The trouble is that the European ruling class nationalized the oil resources in 1938 when they kicked out foreigners and foreign investment. They didn't end trade because the U.S. is their number one customer of this oil, but they nationalized this industry in the name of national security. What they created was one of the largest companies in the world. Its 50 billion dollars a year in revenue is more than one third of the country's entire GDP and it finances the corrupt regime of Mexico.

The government is so corrupt that millions of its citizens have risked their lives to come here, to the United States, so that their children can have better futures. But, we are partly to blame because our nation supports this unjust racist system that discriminates against Native American Indians living in Mexico. Under the economic model that the Mexican government has established the Native American citizens, the majority of Mexicans, suffer under the same problem as in many Arab countries. The ruling class of these countries does not have to answer to their populations.

The governments do not derive their money and support from the citizens, so they don't answer to their citizens. The money that it takes to run the government comes from oil revenue and not the people. When a government gets their money from selling oil directly from the ground just like the Arab nations they are not usually responsive to the peasant. It doesn't matter to the ruling class if their populations are happy or not because even though Mexico is supposedly democratic its institutions are bought and paid for by their nationally owned oil company.

What can America do to spread the bounty that God's grace and mercy have blessed her with? It is obvious that our nation has been blessed, but why? I think it is because we have worked to allow a nation that is united under God. Around the world our nation is known to stand for truth and justice and, although we are not perfect, millions of citizens of the world would be glad to say, "I am an American."

Why then are millions of illegal aliens, Spanish speaking people from all over Latin America, and Americans of Mexican descent suddenly taking to the streets in fairly peaceful protests? They are upset and I understand why. Most of the illegal aliens are descended from Nahuatl speakers, Mayan speakers or are from other tribal societies like the Pai Pai, Yaqui, Zapoteco, Otome, or any one of the other

Native American societies that exist in Mexico. They are called the peasants to the wealthy Mexicans. They use the word, 'campesino,' which is derogatory term for country-bumpkin. The issue for most of these people is that they are from North America and feel right at home here in America. Especially, the Southwest which used to belong to their nation only 160 years ago and historically indigenous peoples have always migrated to find a better life.

Mexico lost the Southwestern states, not New Spain. The fact is Mexicans don't really like Mexico; it is only once they are here in America that they want to have a cultural background like the rest of the Americans who take pride in their cultural festivals, such as Italians and Columbus Day or the Irish on Saint Patty's Day. There are some Mexican radicals who want some imaginary nation of Atzlan to emerge, but these people are usually just anti-white or anti-American racists.

It is amazing though that there exists a radio station called "La Raza" meaning the race, or more specifically an imaginary Latin race. This station brags that it plays "our music for our people." This is a sign of the dangerous nationalist movement taking place within our borders. Could you imagine a white radio station named "the Race: White Music for White People." Of course, this would be condemned immediately.

Therefore, in the U.S. it is okay for everyone to be racist or take pride in their ethnicity except the white male? This double-standard highlights the way different ethnicities are treated. European pride is a prohibited while multiculturalists everywhere congratulate the Black power and Chicano power movements as noble advocates for social justice. What can bring us all together, besides a nice big fat joint of some Kush bud?

The threat of violence coupled along with new technologies. That is one way to control a population. I am afraid if multinational corporations have they way they will want to chip us with RFID the way they are convincing people to chip their dogs. Corporations want to chip all of the products they produces, so that future smart houses will be able to generate shopping lists for you based on your personal product usage and your current level of supply. Several of my friends have worked for IBM in as actors in their commercials to promote such technologies.

Just like my friend Mr. Mitchell who did the anti-drug commercial even though he was a former pot dealer. It was an acting job. I am sure that the actors in the IBM commercials have never thought of the long term ramifications of their actions beyond cashing their own pay check, but will they be first in line to get the 'chip.' I doubt it. I have the feeling it will creep into our society in a more benign way. It will be put in a shot that kids receive. Once some sexual predator abducts some little kid with a chip and the child is saved. The next year all responsible parents will have their little juniors chipped, "for their safety."

Once a child has grown up with a chip, a cell phone and a credit card in a cashless society they'll have no problem signing on for whatever else that entails. How do we keep our nation safe and fair? I think that we need to strongly request of Mexico that it put an end to the corruption of their society. It won't be easy, but the solution is the same for the Middle East. And, what about the Godless society of China how will they adapt to the coming global world that is being created?

It must be our sincere goal to never go to war with China. There citizens will want to be our friends if we are allowed to speak with them. Hundreds of million of them would accept Christianity if only they were allowed to know anything about the Bible. I strongly urge that our foreign policy begins to mix church and state and that we support all of our nation's religions to work in nations around the world. It

should be part of our free trade agreements that governments that we do business with must respect the freedom of religion principle that guides our society.

America's government can not discriminate among religions, but it is my firm thinking that American citizens can spread our culture better than our military can. We can let American multinational companies assist the Chinese government in keeping their own population down for the sake of profits or we can demand that they assist the population by having access to the full range of information available on the World Wide Web. America's love of money could be her downfall. There is a way to defeat terrorism, secure our borders, and increase our national security, but are we willing to pay the price? What will convince people to freely choose not to sell out our country's security for money? What will really make our nation secure?

Stress and depression are the number one reasons Americans are taking prescription drugs in the massive amounts that they are. I recently read a news article where scientists in England have found traces of Prozac in the local water supplies. This was supposedly because of it finding its way into the ecosystem because people were using such large quantities of the drug.

I drove my daughter's fourth grade class to the museum the other day. I happen to drive a Suburban that gets 7 miles to the gallon because Mrs. X and I have 7 children between us, so it makes sense for us to have the large car. When I volunteered for the trip six children were assigned to my car. There were three boys and three girls. On the way home from the event the conversation went like this.

"Don't erase that." The three girls were in the middle seat and the three boys in the far back row. One of the girls was looking at video captured on a cell phone from the ride in the car, "I want to upload that to my iPod."

The students were in the fourth grade and they had tied strings around their fingers like rings. One of the boys that were in the back seat had a girlfriend in another car. I don't know how much of a boyfriend or girlfriend you are in the fourth grade, but they had tied these string rings on their fingers at the park after the museum. We had gone to park with a small creek to eat lunch after visiting The Authentic Calabasas Ranch Museum.

The ring was coming off and he took it off all of the way. The girl in the middle seat with the iPod said, "Oooh, your ring is coming off. You know what that means? You are going to get divorced, and then you'll be depressed and then you are going to have to take pills." Then the conversation slipped over to American Idol. That was their next biggest concern. Who was getting kicked of the show this week?

I was shocked at hearing what was coming out of their mouths. That was the society I was living in. We are looking at a War on Terror, a Drug War, a War in Afghanistan, a war in Iraq, a potential war in Iran, kids on drugs in record numbers, and I am not talking about the illegal ones. There are a large percentage of kids on drugs for ADD and ADHD (the sad thing is that I don't even need to say what these supposed diseases are that is how popular they are). The fact is there is nothing medically to indicate if these supposed illness exist. We have allowed the pharmaceutical companies to cure our every ill with a pill including children that misbehave. These medicines don't cure anything except bad parenting. The drugs are for behavior modification and nothing else, and yes, they are effective.

The ultimate behavior modification is creating a human that is willing to die for what they believe in. However, there are many levels of behavior modification. The suicide bomber is just one level of mental manipulation, but so is that fact that millions of Americans start their cars every morning not thinking twice about what the real cost of the fuel powering the vehicle.

Human beings can learn to manipulate their own minds by self programming. The truth is a powerful catalyst for organizing people. What turns most people off from the devout evangelical Christians is that they often try to convert others with fear of God's Judgment rather than with the power of his loving message. If one reads the Bible they can decide if it is the truth or not. If one reads the Koran it is possible to decide if that is the truth or not. I am not going to tell people what they should think, I am only going to say that the Iranians have a strategy and it is the same strategy as Osama bin Laden's. Their plan is to divide the world into Muslims and Infidels for a final apocalyptic battle, similar to the Christian battle of Armageddon. The Iranians can never beat us with their military, but like General George Washington who lost nearly every battle, but won the war, they hope to wear us out. That is the strategy of the insurgents in Iraq as well.

Recently, Christians have been driven out of every Arab country where they had lived in peace for hundreds of years. We are heading into a global conflict of ideas and cultures. The West thinks that capitalism is a philosophy that can bind people together, but it can't.

I am a capitalist and am all for the free market, but it is American values that set our nation apart from others. That makes us a city upon a hill to light the way for other nations, the principles, standards and morals that America has not always lived up to, but is continually striving for. It is this persistent struggle to live up to our own ideals set forth in the Constitution. Those are the traditions that set us apart as a nation. We have grown and improved as a nation. America currently stands for truth and justice (the more money one has the more justice one gets, but that is a topic for another book) because it is a Christian nation. This nation was founded by the body of Christ since all of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were Christians.

The truth is that I am member of the body of Christ too and I am adding to this nation's history by writing my story. Anyone who has faith in Him is a member of that body. The fact is that He is alive today because I have faith that He was who He said He was, therefore, His spirit is alive in me right now. Therefore, Jesus smokes weed.

Epilogue:

As usual CraigX is acting on his faith by opening “Temple 420.” This will be a Christian Temple protected under the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights. He plans to promote the Temple by filming a reality show about its beginnings. CraigX is working with Original Productions, the producers of the hit shows: Monster House, Monster Garage and Deadliest Catch. CraigX will be receiving screen credit for working as a Cannabis Consultant on the second season the hit show Weeds on Showtime. He will also be continuing his role as the owner of the Bodhi Sativa Caregivers Club on the show.

I walked into the offices of Original Productions to meet the President of the company Thom Beers to pitch my idea for a reality show, “Temple 420.” The outside of the building is unassuming. It blends in with the neighborhood, but the inside of the building is a whole other experience. From the minute you walk inside the plain glass doors with a handwritten paper sign taped to them that says, “Main Entrance,” you are transformed into another world.

Inside the doors there are giant flames and metal sculptures; the entire building is like an incident at Disneyland meets Monster Garage. The colors, the original creations in metal, each piece of custom made furniture and every time I turn a corner it is like entering another world. The kitchen is done in this modern Old West look and when we turn the last corner the hallway is something right out of Alice in Wonderland and all I am thinking is, “Welcome to Hollywood, Baby...”