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## Words of Wisdom

2 messages

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**Bethany Emerson** <bethany.emerson215@gmail.com>

Thu, Nov 3, 2011 at 9:12 PM

To: Michael Harbuck &lt;michaelharbuck@gmail.com&gt;

**Anything that annoys you is "for" teaching you patience.  
Anyone who abandons you is "for" teaching you how to stand on your own two feet.  
Anything that angers you is "for" teaching you forgiveness and compassion.  
Anything that has power over you is "for" teaching you how to take your power back.  
Anything you hate is "for" teaching you unconditional love.  
Anything you fear is "for" teaching you courage to overcome your fear.  
Anything you can't control is "for" teaching you how to let go and trust the universe. :)**

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**Michael Harbuck** <michaelharbuck@gmail.com>

Thu, Nov 3, 2011 at 11:46 PM

To: Bethany Emerson &lt;bethany.emerson215@gmail.com&gt;

| **Anything that annoys you is "for" teaching you patience.**

You do not annoy me.

| **Anyone who abandons you is "for" teaching you how to stand on your own two feet.**

I have not abandoned you.

| **Anything that angers you is "for" teaching you forgiveness and compassion.**

I have forgiven as much or more than you have had to.

| **Anything that has power over you is "for" teaching you how to take your power back.**

Humans are controlled by chemicals. I do not want to dominate you or tell you what to do. Your power comes from inside, and your love for yourself. We are both bull headed, and want to be dominant. It means we are both strong, and both have been very hurt before. If it does not kill you it only makes you stronger.

**Anything you hate is "for" teaching you unconditional love.**

I used to never use the word hate, and struck it from my vocabulary. It is only in america, that I feel subjected to the ignorance of the masses, and unfortunately allow it to affect me. What you call freedom, is a lack of diligence for education, and gross materialism governed by mass media.

| **Anything you fear is "for" teaching you courage to overcome your fear.**

I fear dying an old man and not being loved. I hoped you were the one for me. You make my heart yearn for the unconditional love of my life.

| **Anything you can't control is "for" teaching you how to let go and trust the universe. :)**

Go to Africa in the middle of a terrorist war and be yourself and trust and learn from others. It will teach you to trust the universe not to return you to cosmic dust at the had of a hungry native. I do not want to control you or anything. In fact, I abhor it. It is the reason I am so unconventional. In that respect, we are exactly the same.

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**In the universe, Bethany, galaxies spiral around each other, thier gravity affecting and "controlling" the other heavenly body (pun intended). They mold and shape the other. Tear and pull at it, throw it off balance, create havoc, they dance a looming conversion. And then. They become one.**

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I had to control myself today and not write you. I feel very rejected, and unloved at the moment. I am a man, and should not care but I do. It is part of the reason I recieved the best education in the world, from the greatest minds and power of a thousand years of european learning, power, defeat, religeon, and passion. Much however, I learned from the school of hard knocks. I am in the prime of my life, am a professional, can do as I wish to in the future, have a great mind and personality. I have never been like this before. It must be an american thing, which I had hoped to avoid having to feel. I am sorry that you have had to go through this before with others. I am also sorry that you have made me experience it also. I can however learn from it, and forgive and forget. I do not really have a problem, with your prior relationships at all. I just hoped you would not associate that with me. I hope it is not too late for that. My goal was to be as different from your past heart breaks as possible. I have also had my heart breaks. Crissy Legrand. Cheated with the drug dealer while she was with me. I even drove her in my new car at 16 to his house so she could cheat, and found out later. She became a free spirit hippie do anything that moves dead head drug fried gypsey, and loves every minute of it. Heather Elaine Walters. Raped by two men at the age of 17 while they were drunk and or high on hard stuff. Our relationship was based on pot and sex. Two years together and she took pain pills everyday to forget it. It hurt me to see her hurt so mucuh. I am glad that she learned love from me. She had sex with someone else from school while high in her car, on campus. Her cousin, who was our pot contact was contracted to seduce me, so that it would be alright, and it would be my fault, and she could then leave me, with it all being my fault.

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I was born and lived in the city of Phenix City Alabama until I was the age of 13 years. My earliest memories are of a red VW beetle which belonged to the neighbor college kids on 40th street, which was my parents first house. My grandmother helping me into my treehouse, and burning the entire palm of my hand off on a newly installed muffler I had helped my dad with on the ford truck. My mother was beautiful, and my father has worked everyday of his life from the age of 14 to provide for her, and for us, as we came along in sucesion. My parents travelled quite a bit in thier young days, at the start of my life. They owned a 1971 VW camper mobile. Bought new. I travelled to the northeast, Canada, and all over the southern US. I remember crab festivals, having diarrhoe and having to my new underwear at kmart. I once removed the chocks from under a 24 foot sailboat on a trailer which my father owned and sailed. It took 10 men to catch it from rolling into a ravine. I entered into preschool at the age of 5 like everyone else, at the local church. We attended a methodist church, where I would take my books and read during the sermons. My father was in the choir, and liked to learn and sing Handel.

Moment, ich muss ein bissle Ravi Shankar aufsetzen... danke, bin zurueck.

I was a member of the childrens chior, and was one of the older children who was chosen to put on a

musical. My mom took me to dance classes, as well. Tap. I did a recital and sang a song to Besty Benton, as I pulled her across the stage in my "Little Red Wagon"

Grades K-6 I attended at St. Patricks School in Phenix City Alabama. In the fourth grade, Jake Denard arrived. ADD, and a rebel at that. He brought cook stuff to school. Switchblades, army surplus, and the like. My mothers best freind from hight school was named Laurette Smith. She had married a low life blue collar worker named Greg Smith, who was a racist pig bigot, and used the word nigger in every sentence. I used to spend the night with them, as I was friends with Christ Smith, thier son. It was here that I learned the n word, and it was at the same time, that Sister Grace Raymond and a bar of soap taught me that it was a very bad word. I have never used it in anger or malicious context since. I am very fortunate that my parents were "enlightened" and not persons of the south who had been fouled my the hatred and ignorance which was taught, developed and tolerated. In fact, they were directly in the middle of the entire civil rights movement, and came out of it unchanges, as they were not the problem in the first place.

Fourth Grade. My first love. Shannon Easter. A beautiful girl with long brown hair. Her mother was the fourth grade teacher.

We moved out to the country when I was in the third or fourth grade to a rural neighbourhood. I had alot of space to run and be free. I built forts, and tree houses, and burnt down a couple of acres near the house, and dug caves in the side of the steep red clay roadside. I openedand smelled my first beer I found on the side of the road and tasted it.

Tammy and Kelly Williams lived three lots away. There were only six houses out of 20 which had been built, and it is still the same way even today. Thier father was Gene Williams, a hippie community college teacher who was a very nice man, and very smart. His wife Mabel., was a horrific alcoholic and a very, very mean woman. Kelly used to babysit me once a week or so when my mom wanted to go do things. Only once did I see her (mom) put a jigger of Jack in her coke after picking us (Susan and I ) from school. I wonder if she had had more that I did not notice. One day, while I was upstairs with Kelly in my room, she asked if I wanted to go to Hawaii??? I had no idea what this meant. She was 16 at the time, and a beauty at that. She told me to go into the closet and she would show me. She said she wanted to see what I had in my pants. And I showed her. She got onto the bed and pulled me on top of her, and she said that this was going to Hawaii. All of this while my mom was downstairs. We would go to the woods to a place where constuction materials had been abadoned, and we would kiss, and she would show her boobs, and her pussy. At her house, she showed me dirty magazines, the images of which I still can see in front of my eyes to this day in clear detail. A hustler, with women in SM leather costumes with the crotch and nipples cut out. With bloody spiked dildos which where supposed to respresent the government raping the peoples. It was an "art" composee. I can still see the pages. 32 years later.

Michael Eugnere Genett. He was a 17 years old son of my mothers "freind" Jane Genett. He was also a friend of Tammy Williams, who was a classmate at the hight school. Lanky, glasses. Well to do son of a stock broker and wealth manager. Jane Genett was a stuck up snobby bitch. I hated her, and thought she was very attractive at the same time. Jet black short hair cut, who always new best, always had to have the last word. Bossy, and a know it all. I am being objective and will not comment no my personal feelings about her. I flew with my mother to visit them, in Greensboro, NC in the summer or fall of a year which I cannot remember. It was 1981 or 2. Pink Floyds THE WALL had just been released. And antother brick in the wall was the song played most on the radio. Michael was cool. He had toys, Micronauts, which were fantastic, and battlestar Galactica figures which were also cool. He had records, and recorded tapes too. It was here that I began to listen to music. Pink Floyd, Styx, Kansas, ELO, which was my favorite, ABBA, and Judas Priest. My first audio tapes. On the second day of our visit, Michael had to go to babysit down the street. Both "mothers" agreed that I could and should go. Time for the Jack Daniels. At the sittees, Michael changed the girls diapers in front of me and explained all of thier sex organs to me. After that. I was walking around the house and found him in the bathroom masturbating with the lotion on the sink. He made no attempt to close the door, and I had no idea what he was doing. He just laughed and began to expalain what he was doing. I remember him ejaculating while I stood there watching. It mixed with the lotion and he wiped himself off.

The next day, in the evening. It was bath time. And to save time and water. (time for the Jack Daniels again). I was told to go with Michael to take a bath. I remember the look on my mothers face, but Jane was quite adamant about it. I went upstairs with him, and we undressed in the bathroom. Water was run, and he bent over and told me to put my penis in his anus. I did not know what it was, or that it was something that I was not supposed to do. So I did. I do not remember any of the physical feelings or such, nor enjoying it or not. I was not capable of that at that age. That was it. I did not run to my mother and say I had done in any naive manner, or such. I had already been used to such things with Kelly, and it seemed like what the big kids did, so it must be ok.

A month or two later, after being home. There was another boy who lived across the street. Steven Headen. He had a tent in his back yard. He was a boy scout, and was always practicing and or hunting, camping, et cetera. I went to this tent one day. and told him to take off his pants, and did what I had learned from Michael and Kelly. I remeber being on top of him as Kelly came into the tent. She did not look happy about it. I did not ever see him again. He had been smart enough to tell his parents. They were gone in a month. They did not however, tell my parents about it. So I did not know it was wrong.

Kelly only showed me her pussy one more time after that.

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I am tired. There is more, but you will have to wait.

7th Grade - Glennwood school.  
Move to FL  
High school.  
first (vaginal) penetration  
jobs and confusion

Germany.

Africa

Cavalial

present

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I do not need your pity nor your wisdom. What I needed you do not want to let go. Your heart for a man who needs real love. I WAS done with this whole spiel. I went to Germany and grew up. It must have been necessary to return here for some reason, unbeknownst to me.

I was anxious to be normal. To have sex with someone I LOVE, and to be loved like a normal person. It is not too much to ask.

It is good to write. I enjoy it as you know. You want therapy hour, you want to know what it is like to help. Well there it is. I AM over it. I mention because I had never done so before. I did not expect you to have been hurt also. Maybe not as deep, maybe more. I do not know.

I stayed home all day today. Tomorrow is the last day of the conference. Alot of it is not my specialy, and way over my head because I have not developed and seriously programmes in 10 years. I am able to interject and understand, however. The tuna salad for lunch is really good. And the free fruit and milk too.

I just wanted to rest today. Now I know why I long for the simple life. Monday is the start of a new cycle at the tutoring center. and pay day as well, finally!

thanks for teaching me the JOY of sex. Beautiful love making. Before I had always given much pleasure and passion to the women I have loved, but never felt pleasure and joy for myself until you. I had hoped to teach you the joy of non physical love. I do not think you need teaching. You are the elder anyway. I hope(d) you could be the one. I would and should fight (have fought) for that. If not, then it meant nothing.

I have never felt alone of empty before until now. I should be happy, to have (had) you as a friend. But I am sad for you for some reason. As I think you are for me because I am angry at being here, NOT at you.

Good night.



**echterdrama.rtf**  
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