

Bitcoin is Life



All my organs failed, except for my heart and lungs. Days four and five grew so gruesome, blood transfusion was my only cling on to life.

I should not be alive, but I didn't know that I was alive. It all seemed surreal. Eleven days elapsed.

A few days later the hospital released me in a state of half-life.

My doctor notated on my discharge papers that he wasn't convinced of my diagnosis, rather, there were some kind of neurological effect with a combination of ten other possible conditions.

I wish I could write the whole story, but I don't know the whole story.

I can only piece together bits and pieces. It is merely a recurring episode and I can't tell if this is reality or the nightmare.

The day I got out of the hospital I saw my baby. Instantly, I felt live flood back into my veins. He was being fostered at a neighbor's.

The powers that be kept him from my bosom for two months. The pain of our separation was much sorer than the fierceness of the coma itself.

Convalescing at home those first days out of the loony bin, I sought for relevance. The only thing I found to rely on bitcoin. Not for the price or the market value.

Bitcoin lets me know whether I am dead or alive. Unlike a clock that repeats its cycle every 12 hours on analog or 24 hours digitally, bitcoin has no stop, start daily cycle.

Some use the bitcoin chart for pricing and panicking, I use the bitcoin chart as a reference on life. Bitcoin is my stethoscope.

Hallucinations still blur my sense of reality today (no psychedelics).

I was anxious for a thing that would not increase my already rooftop level anxiety. Each day, when I remembered, I listened to Bitcoin Ben.

"And We Are Live" became such a pillar to my slumberless nights and mornings.

Soon I realized his show was in the mornings. This brought some sense of time relevance back into being.

Ben inspired me to start hosting the UtahBitcoinSummit.com.

Looking for a big enough venue that could accommodate six feet of separation between attendees, led me back to Utah Valley University, where I first launched my career as a journalist back in 2005.

Soon I began teaching at UVU as a part time adjunct instructor of Bitcoin and Blockchain Basics.

It was therapy to help me do something that would regenerate some brain activity (and my sanity).

I developed the Ten States of Bitcoin for my lectures. This curriculum grew into The 21 States of Bitcoin, which is the thesis of this edition of TOKENS Magazine 2023 edition.

I awake and peer deep into the dim trying to decipher what phase of existence I'm experiencing. My brain takes time to assimilate with each new day.

Each satoshi, ignited by an electron illuminating a light emitting diodes around the world, like light when stadium lights first come on, ballast by ballast, but a bit of an extended delay in my morning brain.

In the end each diode is synchronized to the heartbeat of every living being on planet earth. Even if some diodes go out, the whole stadium or the world stays lit. That's life of the Bitcoin network.

I'm alive only because my life is synchronized to Bitcoin. Everything I've done these last few years thank you Bitcoin.

