

Bitcoin is LIFE

When I remember, I check the bitcoin chart to mark living events in my day. Bitcoin is the only measure I have of real life on planet earth, with real certainty.

It takes hours for my mind to assimilate with my surroundings. When I awake I peer deep into the dim trying to decipher what phase of my existence I'm experiencing.

Usually, I check my cellular phone, but it doesn't mean anything. I wonder what day it is. I wonder if the time is right, I'm often wrong. What I see on the screen with my eyes is not what my brain sees in my head.

It's not that I'm disoriented or confused, I just never know which plane I'm on, time becomes irrelevant. There's probably a medical explanation somewhere. The best I got out of the doctors is lowered cognitive ability, at best mild dementia. But it's more than forgetfulness. It is more like I'm missing a chunk of time from life, specifically 11 days or so.

My brain is then operating as though my life never did stop, for a bit. This condition is a lingering effect from a February 2021 traumatic event.

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/by Neel Kashi

My name again. A number of medics surrounded me. Why? They seemed happy to see me. More scrubs rushed around. My nose. Something was not right. "Charlene. Charlene. Do you know where you are?"

Searching for sounds, all I found was something to choke on. Was I dead? Where was I? Where was my son? What was happening? That's when I knew for sure I didn't know anything for sure. Perhaps dreaming. What happened? Stress.

Emotional trauma and mental stress at work had boiled over to the point where my entire endocrine system shut down and threw me into a coma. They charted me for type one diabetic coma.

...OR, PERHAPS I'M DREAMING

/BY CHARLENE BROWN

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 and I was transferred from intensive care to general admission.

The hospital released me in a state of half-life. My doctor notated by discharge papers stating that he wasn't convinced of diabetes, rather, there was 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 blur.

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 wouldn't let me take him home and kept him from my bosom for two months too long. The pain of our separation scored 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. I rely on Bitcoin to 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 cycle.

Some use the bitcoin chart for pricing and panicking, I use the bitcoin chart as a reference on life. Bitcoin is my stethoscope, my heartbeat. Hallucinations still blur my sense of reality today (no psychedelics).

Fourteen months later, I really don't know much of what happened. However, the never-slumbering bitcoin chart lets me know I am alive. As long as bitcoin's ticker keeps ticking, I know I'm alive and kicking.

Many friends, mostly strangers, played a role in my continuing recovery. As I searched for an escape from the night's grip on my life, there was one voice, not loud, not harsh, in a still and somewhat fragile tone came the anthem "and we are live."

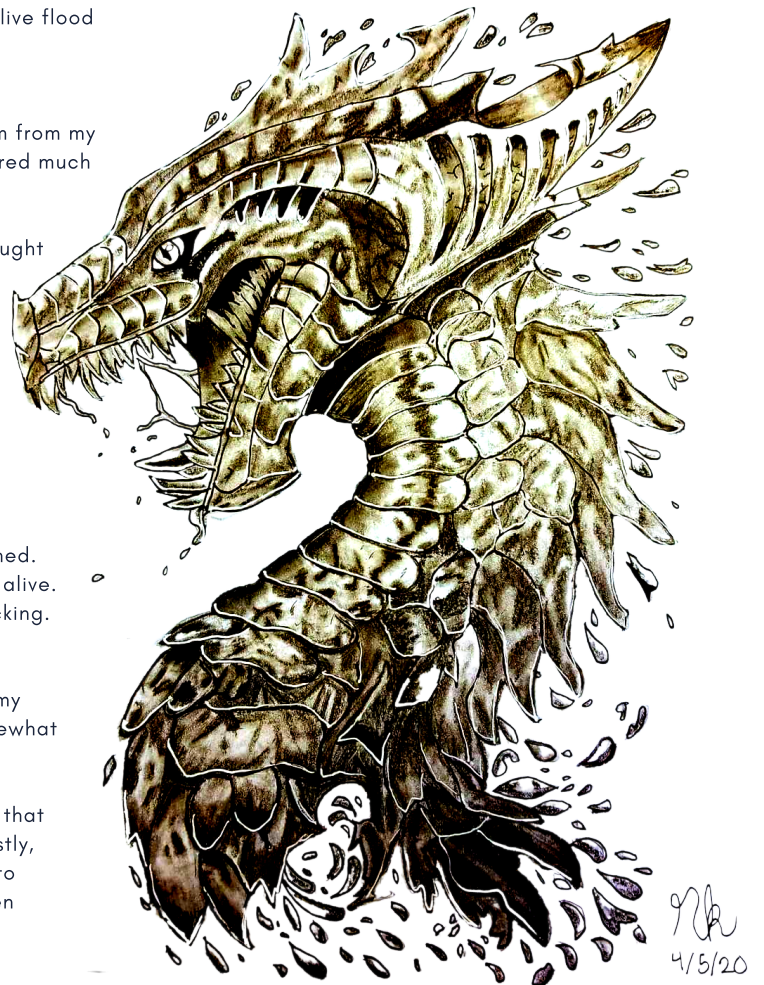
Ben Semchee, host of his name sake the Bitcoin Ben show, was that voice. I had heard him a few times prior to my coma, and honestly, the noises around me and in my head made it even impossible to watch any form of entertainment, no music, not movies, not even worship.

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

Soon I realized his show was in the mornings. I joined his Patreon group. The daily notifications of Ben's shows started to bring some sense of time relevance back into being.

Ben inspired me to start this UtahBitcoinSummit.com. That led me back to Utah Valley University, where I launched my career as a journalist in 2005. I've come full circle to be working (volunteering) at UVU as the adjunct professor of bitcoin and blockchain.

"And We Are Live" became such a pillar to my slumberless nights and mornings. I'm stronger now that I hardly have time to listen to Ben's shows. When I do, my cup runs over with joy that I heard this guy. Seriously, I attribute almost everything I've done these last 14 months in the crypto space to Bitcoin Ben and the timeless bitcoin chart.



/by Neel Kashi