



I was fortunate to be a part of last year's Antactica trip.

About an hour after we set sail across the Drake Passage,
my satellite phone rang. It was my son Carson.

The news was not good...

My 17 year old son overdosed on drugs...

He was two minutes from dead
when the paramedics arrived...

I knew that the trip to Antarctica was going to be the
adventure of a lifetime...

As a solo offshore sailor, my dream is to one day sail the
Drake Passage, and there I was...

Looking back, the adventure of a lifetime that was
beginning that day...

was just the start of a much larger adventure....



Carson's mom found a local treatment center...



And off he went...



On May 17, 2022, my boy turned 18.

And guess what he did?

What most newly minted 18
year olds in rehab would
do...he checked himself out.

I must admit, I would have done just as he did had I
been in his shoes...

Little rascal...

Yeah, there was a part of me that was proud of him...

Proud as I was, I knew where this was headed, and I knew that it wasn't going to take long to get there...

So out came the private investigators and secret informants...

Even a brand new Lojack device with a Kia attached to it...





The phone rang on the morning of July 2nd.

My son had overdosed on fentanyl.

One of his friends realized that the drugs were bad and dumped it off of the balcony before Carson could have any more...

Had it not been for one of Carson's friends, he would be gone.

The good news is that my boy gave me a six week head start to figure out what to do when my little boy, a drug addict, relapsed...

I used the time wisely...

The only other piece of good news is that Carson, in his completely gone state of mind, stole my cell phone and ran.

He spent the next week in jail cooling his heels...



Then straight to intervention with 21 of his friends...

Then straight to California to an inpatient facility near San Jose, California...near
Dr. Matt Cook.

Using advanced IV therapies and injections over the course of eight weeks, Dr. Cook was able to reverse the physiological effects of heavy drug use.



This is a process that, occurring naturally, takes two years or more.



And so it began...

Weekly trips across the country to bring my boy to Dr.
Cooks for treatment...

I dropped my happy son off, but did not pick my happy
son up the following week...

No...Each time that I arrived at the drug treatment center,
a stranger appeared...

Not my son, but rather a depressed, frustrated, bored,
lonely, scared boy...

What to do...what to do....



And just like that...



My boy was back :)

I dropped my happy son off, but did not pick my happy son up the following week...

No...Each time that I arrived at the drug treatment center, a stranger appeared...

Not my son, but rather a depressed, frustrated, bored, lonely, scared boy...

Wash

Rinse

Repeat

And every week I found my son again...



And then dropped him off at rehab and lost him again...

Wash

Rinse

Repeat

The drug treatment center was NOT helping.

It was boring the life out of my son with ten hours of group therapy, inside, out of the sun, seven days a week.

What to do...

What to do...

What to do....

This:



We bought some very thick wetsuits, a pair of surfboards and headed for the ocean just north of Santa Cruz, California...

And I threw my son in the ocean for five hours a day for twelve days straight...



Well, guess what we didn't do much of during those 12 days?

TALK !!!

There was a looooot of silence.

I did not initiate conversations.

I left the door open for time to think and reflect...or talk...

It was twelve straight days of reflection.

There were no boring group sessions.

There was no processed food three times a day.

There was no mention of twelve step...or being powwwwwerless...

Nope, none of that.

Nope, Just organic food, exercise, nature, sunshine...

Good ol' Vitamin D!

And guess who came back?



Soooo, boring a young man senseless, day after day after day without letup, depriving him of exercise and sunlight, and shoveling processed food in his face didn't work.

In fact it did the opposite of work.

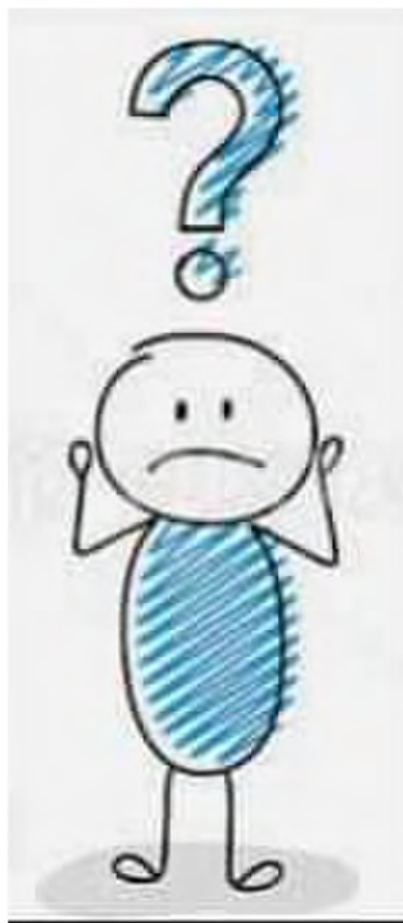
Hmmmm...go figure...



Well, fortunately for Carson, Dr. Cook's treatments would be done in two weeks...

And then we could put the "drug treatment center behind us...

Or could we ?



Well, Carson's mom hired one of the best drug treatment consultants in town...

We had countless
conference calls...

To discuss
available options...

AND FINALLY....

The recommendation was made to enroll Carson in a twelve month,
twelve-step inpatient treatment facility in New Jersey.

I ran this by the boy...

"Bad news" said the boy...

"No F-ing way" he added...

"I will run the day you send me there!"

My boy heard it for two months in the first treatment center...

My boy heard it all again...day in and day out, nonstop, for weeks on end in California before Dad pulled him and tossed him in the ocean for 12 days...

And then he heard it all again...and AGAIN...AND AGAIN...

Day in and day out for another two weeks...

Yeh, me too if I were him...

No FFFFFFFFFF-ing way..

A common definition of crazy is to try the same thing
over and over again and expect a different outcome.

Hmmmmm...



Well, guess what?

I said no too... and offered to take my son to my
oceanfront home in Colombia...

Which happens to be the largest tree house in South
America

(as far as i know)



And off we went...
On a grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrand adventure...

I for sure had no clue what I was doing...

And I wasn't sure if it was going to work...

But I knew for darn sure...
What we weren't going to do...

Any more wash, rinse, repeat!



BUT WAIT...

Before we start that adventure,
let's think for a moment what
would have happened if we took
the treatment professional's
recommendation and sent my
boy to New Jersey...

Well, as promised, Carson would have run...

In New Jersey...

Where he knows no one...

But loooooooves xanax and all of the other good stuff....



But let's not dwell on what could have been...

... Back to the grrrrrrrand adventure ...

This paradise consists of my dream home, my partners dream home, and our beautiful factory for
cocosalvaje.com...

Our all natural skin care company...

¡ENVÍO GRATIS PARA PEDIDOS SUPERIORES A \$150,000 COP

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**Descubre que hace que nuestros
desodorantes sean tan efectivos**

11 DE ABRIL DE 2021

En nuestra búsqueda por ofrecerte lo mejor de la naturaleza, hemos seleccionado:
exclusivamente cada uno de los ingredientes que conforman nuestros desodorantes.



Toward the end of the first month,
Mihal, a poooooooooooooooooooooowwwerful
shaman (and close friend of mine),
arrived on the scene, goodies in hand...



And we practiced plant medicine...



AND IT WAS EXHAUSTING WORK...



And guess who woke up the next day?

Ohhhh, it was Carson all right...

But something was different...

I had had my boy back for a month...not the zombie that I picked up
from the drug treatment dungeon each week in California...
No, something was new...something was different.

And what it was I had not
seen in my son in longer
than I could remember...

I saw a young man
thirsting for life...

Carpe Diem!

...TIME TO MAKE THE ADVENTURE EVEN GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAANDEH...

So we bought a 46 year old Land Rover Defender...

And headed to Bogota to pick it up...



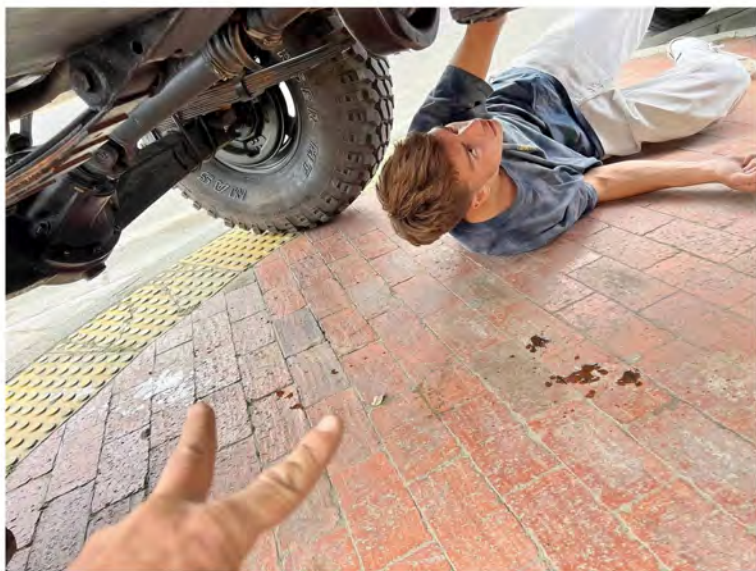
Thankfully, Pablo Escobar's second cousin on his mom's side happens to be an excellent Land Rover Mechanic....



So after a few days of this....



And a few days of that....



We were on our way...



Just me and my boy...

And what an adventure it was....







And in the end, our 46 year old
Land Rover died...

About 300 miles from home :(

So we tossed the keys to a local
farmer, and off we went...

In this....



An old Soviet troop transport truck...

Back in paradise, we surfed, we cooked from scratch and ate all organic food, we played with Coco, we rode bikes, we made soap, we had fun...

...and planned the next step of the adventure...more plant medicine...



And more adventures, and more experiences, and more understanding of the world, and more excitement about the boundless opportunities only available to a hungry young being....

We said goodbye to Coco...



And Anastasia...



And Jose and the boys...



Aaaaaaaaand, off we went...

Next stop Colorado, where another world renowned plant
medicine practitioner was waiting to greet us....



We stopped in Houston to clear customs and catch our next flight...



To Colorado...

Carson's bags came, and while I waited for my last bag, Carson excused himself to use the rest room.

He never returned.



My son had been through a lot...

My son had come a long way...

He made a lot of progress...

A looooooooooot of progress...

He missed his friends...

Was I proud of my boy siezing the moment...

For taking the reigns...

For putting his foot down and saying:



"This is my life...
I am taking control. NOW!"

Yeah, I was proud of my boy.
A chip off the ol' block, for sure...

I want to say that this story has a happy ending...

I want to say that my son is sober, doing better than ever and taking college classes...

I'd like to say all of this and more...

I can't.

Carson is back on drugs...

He has tattoo'd his fingers...

He comes to work high...

He gets high at work...

He is NOT a productive employee...

So why wasn't he fired already?

Because he works for one of my best friends and I am
paying his wages...

(Shhhhhhhhhhhhhh!)

It may very well be too late for my boy...

My son may not be alive when I return from this trip.

I stopped and balled my eyes out after writing that last page...



There is a saying that one can only be as happy as their saddest child.

Sadly, I get it.

Yes, my son may not be a survivor of this epidemic.

Have I found peace with this?

NO!

Am I ready to give up on my son?

NO WAY!!!

So...

*What am I going to
do about it?*

I'M MAKING A SOLUMN
PROMISE...

TO MYSELF AND THE
WORLD...

THAT I WILL SPEND THE
REST OF MY LIFE TURNING A
CURRENT SUCCESS RATE OF
5-10% INTO A SUCCESS RATE
OF 50 - 85 %...

OR DIE TRYING...

AND GUESS WHAT?

I know how...

Not surprisingly, it looks nothing at all like the current accepted and traditional treatment model.

There are no endless days of group therapy in cramped rooms and incandescent lights...

There is no "I am hellllpplesssss...."

There is no endless wash, rinse, repeat...

No...groundhogs are not welcome :(



Groundhogging does not work...

Not at all !!!

OK...well...it does...

It works 5 - 10 % of the time.

BUT WAIT:

Didn't someone say that the groundhog could
be bested to the tune of a 50 - 85% success rate?

Now THAT has got to be some kind of animal...

As a form of therapy, animal husbandry is a highly effective way to treat certain types of trauma...

So for sure there will be animals on the ranch...lots of them!



There will be domestic cows, and ducks and chickens and horses and pigs and goats and sheep...

There will be farm raised turkeys, pheasants, quail, geese and, who knows, perhaps an ostrich or two...

As a large ranch backing up against millions of acres of pristine federal land, there will be an abundance of native species to admire...and help manage the health of the herd based on annual herd counts and other available data...

Interacting and working with animals is a great way to reconnect with nature and the natural world...And simply getting back to nature is a HUGE part of an effective recovery plan.

So what exactly does "getting back to nature" mean?

- It means getting outdoors and soaking in sunshine and creating vitamin D...
- It means going for long walks and breathing in fresh, clean air...
- It means taking off shoes and walking barefoot in the grass...
- It means saddling up a horse and going for a long ride in the wilderness...
- It means getting exercise...getting the heartrate up...getting those endorphins flowing...
- It means grabbing a pack and camping supplies and heading off into the wild...away from noise pollution, cars, trucks, smog, crowds and constant hummm of the concrete jungle...
- It means eating healthy, organic, unprocessed, non-GMO food that is grown without the use of pesticides...
- A healthy body is a fundamental aspect of mental health. Fill the body with processed food, alcohol, tobacco, drugs and smog, while not exercising and spending time outside every day and a recipe for disaster is afoot...

So.....what exactly does this look like???

It Looks something like this....



1000 acre ranches in all 50 states

This is not simply a drug treatment facility...



It is far more...

THIS IS A TRUE INSTITUTION...

An institution for teaching, learning, researching, collaborating, lecturing, diagnosing and advancing of cutting edge innovations, practices and technologies.

Additionally, this is a working ranch and community for living, communing, sharing, working and for learning new skills, trades and practices.

Finally, this is a place to find help, treatment, resources, support, community, belonging, companionship and friends.

... Simply put, it is a place to get well ...

At first there will be no buildings...

And then there will be one...

And then another...

And another and another...

There will be one for substance abuse and recovery, accredited and certified so that health insurance can be accepted for those unable to pay for treatment outright...

Another will be a VA certified so that veterans suffering from PTSD can get the help that they have so duly earned and deserve...

There will be a spiritual healing center specializing in the use of plant medicines for the treatment of drug addiction, trauma, PTSD and other human challenges...

There will be a cooking school run by a nutrition specialist and Michelin star chef on site that teaches vocational trade to program graduates.. And it serves 100 percent organic, non-GMO, grown on premises food...meat, poultry, fruit and veggies...with NOOOO pesticides...and all produced by guess who? Yeh, program graduates who wish to learn a vocational trade...

There will be a world class fitness center. Will there be an Olympic swimming pool? Sauna? Hot tub? Yoga? Meditation? Reiki, etc? Yes...a WORLD CLASS fitness center with rock climbing, squash, tennis, basketball, pickleball...the works.

Could there possibly be a fully accredited teaching hospital on site that acts as the intake center and first stop on the journey to recovery?... Would this facility be a place where comprehensive physical and mental examinations are conducted, followed by specially tailored treatment recommendations based on each patients' unique individual needs?

HECK YEAH !!!

But wait...do all drug treatment centers comprehensively evaluate the specific needs of each patient before making tailored, individual treatment recommendations ???

*IT SEEMS
TRULY
INSANE
TO THINK
THAT
ANYONE
WOULD
NOT!*

Sadly, that is exactly what is done for most addiction related cases in the United States...

... *This is why* ...

It is well known in medical circles that it is not possible to accurately diagnose an addict in the first sixty days of sobriety.

Psych evals done during this period show inaccurate and or false positive results due to the physiological mental state caused by the drugs.

In layman's terms the results are as cloudy as the patient's brain for a couple months..

But that doesn't stop treatment centers across America from accepting addicts with open arms and...what else...?

Oh yeah, gobs and gobs of insurance company money...

- \$30,000 AVERAGE PER MONTH -

? HUH ?

By example, I'll explain why they they do this...

After Carson checked out of the first drug treatment center on his 18th birthday, I went to pay the executive director a visit. I had questions...

I wanted them to work with me to negotiate with my son...BEFORE his 18th birthday, while we still had leverage a stepped re-integration process starting with a sober living house, drug testing, counselling, and perhaps a brrrrrand new Lojack devise with a nice new car attached to it...

The center's position was a HARD NO! They would not take part in what I suggested and took a hard line that the recommended treatment for Carson was six months and then a re-evaluation.

It was a missed opportunity...and I was more than a little upset. I wanted...NO, I deserved answers!

WhEEEEEEEEllll....

We got to talking, and talking some more...and then some more.

Turns out the director was a recovering addict himself, turned psychiatrist and drug recovery specialist. He had been running the center for 11 years...

He explained to me that the goal in the first 60 days is to keep the patient safe and hope for a greater than 0.0 percent benefit. Simply put, it's warehousing (his words).

"At \$30k a month?!" I choked, having just choked up 60k for drug addict mini-storage.

"Yes," he replied, looking a bit defeated. "This is kinda it" he said with a deep sigh.

...and I was right there that I had to see a PRO-BABE treatment!

For the first 60 days that Carson was at the drug treatment center he was in no mental state to make any material progress toward recovery...

And what did they do during that time?



Sixty....SIXTY straight days of wash, rinse, repeat of endless groups in stuffy rooms with no sunlight and highly processed food...

Sooooooo...

Knowing what we know, what would be wrong with this alternative for the first 60 days of addiction recovery:

A thorough medical examination upon arrival at the assessment center, and if physically fit to do so, is released onto the 1500 acre ranch to convene with nature for a couple months.

- NO GROUPS - NO 12 STEPS -

Go saddle up a horse and go for a ride along the river that runs through the ranch...

Perhaps take a fishing pole and go fishing along the way...

Or perhaps just grab a tent, stop by the garden to pick up some food and head off to have a big old think, solo-style...

Orrrrrr, perhaps spend days at the fitness center, or taking naps, or maybe even stopping by the shrink's office for a chat...but not required at all...

Unlike traditional treatment methods, the back to nature approach recognizes and accepts that the first sixty days in recovery is not conducive to therapeutic activities.

By focusing on regaining physical health through proper diet, exercise and outdoor activities, significant progress can be made during this period to rebalance the mind, body and soul.

This time is meant to allow the patient to return to mental baseline...

Providing a 60 day introductory window to adjust to the drastic change in lifestyle reduces stress and anxiety...It's a time to settle in and regain mental and physical health.

At the 60 day mark, the patient is ready to return to the intake center to undergo a comprehensive physical and psychological assessment.

Upon completion of the assessment, a tailored treatment plan can be crafted to address each individual patient's specific needs.

To the extent that the patient is not ready to begin treatment, there is no rush, and no additional charge to stay on the ranch and do volunteer work in exchange for food and shelter.

And the cost of a two month's stay on the ranch, plus comprehensive physical and psychological evaluation: Considerably less than the \$75,000 cost of warehousing someone in a drug treatment center for eight weeks.

As I write this, I feel sick to my stomach...

The idea of knowingly warehousing patient at \$30,000 / month with the goal of achieving greater than a 0.0 percent positive outcome in the first two months of treatment is absurd!

Even more absurd is subjecting patients to endless group sessions that are known by the treatment providers to be ineffective.

Doing so isn't just NOT helpful...it is counter-productive. By the sixty day mark when patients are finally in a mental state to undergo meaningful treatment, it falls on deaf ears...

My son described seven day a week group sessions as a pure torture...

Since an accurate psychological evaluation is not possible in the first two months of recovery from heavy drug use, counsellors are blind to the individual needs of patients.

Instead of a tailored approach specific to each individual's unique needs, a one size fits all approach is used...

A one size fits all approach with an effectiveness of 5 - 10 percent.

Knowing what I know now, I am not surprised that my son almost died at the hand of this insanity...

Who in their right mind would attempt to treat someone with zero knowledge of underlying symptoms and causes?

It's time for a change... It's past time for a change!

I made a solemn promise that I would make this vision a reality or die trying...

My greatest regret in life will only be realized at the finish line, if my goal to make this vision a reality fell short.

As I said, I'm not sure that my son will survive his addiction. I pray that he doesn't become yet another statistic in this epidemic.

My mission is much larger than my son. My mission is for all sons...and daughters, and brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers...

My son almost died because of a failed system that we call "drug treatment."

I learned after my son checked out of the first treatment center that the staff knew full well that there was little to no benefit in the first 60 days of treatment. They knew and yet they subjected him to two months of boredom and monotony...and charged me \$60,000 for warehousing.

In retrospect, locking my son in a mini storage unit would have been cheaper AND likely more impactful. That I am half serious when making this comment is a reflection on just how ineffective are traditional drug treatment centers.

I will not mince words, the knowingly ineffective treatment methods that were used on my son and countless other sons is nothing less than negligent.

Insisting that a boy about to turn 18 in treatment stay for an additional four months...minimum, and being unwilling to entertain a sober living and drug testing integration plan wreaks of conflict of interest.

Acting in a treatment centers financial interest with complete disregard for the individual patients' circumstances is not only a conflict of interest, it is intentionally negligent...negligent of a patient in their care.

Treatment does not have to be punishment. Making patients hate being there is not conducive to recovery...

Feeding patients highly processed food and severely limiting outdoor activity is not conducive to recovery...

Performing little or no useful intake evaluation and then blindly jumping into a one size fits all protocol has a 5 - 10% success rate...

Does anyone go to Vegas and bet on 5 - 10% games? And yet we allow these games to be played with our loved ones lives?

Sooo, What happened with my dear boy Carson?

Did he recover?

Is he thriving?



Shortly after writing this tale, my boy got on a motorcycle without a helmet, his system flooded with Alcohol, cocaine and meth.

It has been nearly two years since his accident. He is alive, but in terrible shape. He is severely brain damaged, requires round the clock care, cannot speak and has limited locomotion and motor functions. The outlook is bleak.

There is not a day that goes by that I don't wish that I could have created a Phoenix Ranch in time to save Carson. I think about him and the countless others who meet similar fates every day. I think about their families and loved ones, friends and colleagues that are left feeling the pain of such tragic and avoidable losses.

It is time to put an end to this senseless waste of life. It is time for Phoenix Ranches...now, not later.

