

A Prescription for Peace

This book is for humanity. If everyone does just a little we will soon have a much better world.

1st Edition

By Sir Michael Douglas Carlin

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sir Michael Douglas Carlin - Biography

Michael Douglas Carlin has been prolific. He has a body of work that includes motion pictures, books, magazines, a distribution company and a newspaper. Michael grew up as the son of parents that owned a lighting and grip company in the entertainment industry. Michael worked for many years in the family business rising through the ranks to run the company as Executive Vice President of Marketing and Finance, and Director. Keylite PSI supplied lighting and grip equipment on *Ordinary People*, *Platoon*, *JFK*, *That's Life*, *Reservoir Dogs*, *Back to School*, *Hoosiers*, *Boyz in the Hood*, and hundreds of other feature films and thousands of hours of television. Michael served as President of both the Osmond Studios and the Valencia Studios subsequent to his departure from the family business. Michael has always been an avid writer winning 4th place in the 1984 Milton Friedman National Essay Contest. Michael enjoys a career in book publishing that includes his publication of *The Entertainment Funding Sourcebook*, *The Studio White Pages*, *Media and Entertainment Institutional Investors*. Michael learned the publishing business during his time at Trader Publishing Company where he rose quickly through the ranks to serve as the Albuquerque branch's General Manager. Subsequent to his departure from Trader Michael co-founded Targeted Distribution Company, a magazine distribution business that continues today to deliver most the free titles that are published in New Mexico. Michael also began Barnett's Magazine by publishing the first three issues of the magazine. The magazine continues today. Michael Carlin launched the Century City News a few years back and continues as the Publisher and Editor. In addition to Michael's professional career he traveled with Sir Edward A. Artis, and Sir James Laws to Nicaragua in 1996 and became a Knight of Malta in a self styled priory, in 1997. Through his association with Sir Edward Artis, Michael has learned much about the plight of the human condition that has given him tremendous insights into the issues that face humanity today.

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SPECIAL THANKS TO: My mother, Carole Dorothy Carlin, has been a tremendous influence in my life, both of my sons Brian Douglas Carlin, and Edward Douglas Carlin have been significant influences on this book in shaping the discussion. They will recognize many of the parts of this book as discussions that we had over the telephone or over meals, Alpine Mannix, Helene Freeman, Kenny Alexander Foster, Mike Alber, Rick Myskey, Don Bridger, Lisa Rene Ramirez, Vanessa Leigh, Tom Proctor, Bret Ladner, Gloria Herrera, Tom McCullough, and Barry Marlin have also impacted my thinking.

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to Sir Edward A. Artis, a noble man, Ambassador of Peace, Servant to Humanity, and true Knight. Ed has demonstrated his love for humanity through his actions. When the half-American, half-Vietnamese children, who were a by-product of the Vietnam War, had no advocate – Ed stepped in and said to them “I will champion your cause.” When a Mormon Girl was arrested falsely on gun smuggling charges in a foreign country, Ed stepped in and broke her out of prison and returned her safely to her family. Participating in the rescue of 43 Nuns, bringing IDP’s (internally displaced persons) food and tents as winter and war both loom heavy, bringing Russian Afghani War Veterans Medical Relief, participating in bringing wheel chairs to children that have never had mobility, sending medical supplies around the world with stewards that get the goods delivered to the end user, to bringing them personally in some of the most dangerous regions in the world, Ed demonstrates his love for humanity time and time again. Additionally I am aware of many behind the scenes influences that Ed has had with humanitarian work around the world that will never be generally known and I am sure that he has done many more good deeds that will never be known. Ed is always willing to share the wealth of relationships and resources with all who do the work with a sincere heart and pure intent.

Ed I salute you and dedicate this book to you and to the enormous swath that you have cut through the world bringing a measure of peace and hopefully empowering humankind to do their part to bring long lasting and binding peace upon humanity.

Much of the philosophy contained in these pages springs from the 35+ years of Ed doing humanitarian work throughout the world. My 20+ year association and friendship with Ed has compelled me to commit what I have learned from Ed and others to writing. Ed’s message to the world is that normal people can have an immediate and lasting impact. The future of the world depends upon ordinary people all doing their part.

Many of the things that are contained in this book are my own whacked out philosophies...so please don’t hold those against Ed. Ed represents the best of humanity. To me and many people around the world he has been a father figure, a friend, and mentor. Any good within me should be credited to the influence of Ed.

One more note: Marlon Brando has also impacted this book with his philosophy of how he wanted to feed the world. Through a very strange chain of events his works in this area became known to me and the essence of them are included here. I watched Mr. Brando's 1994 interview with Larry King. You can check it out on YouTube. In the interview Mr. Brando keeps trying to tell the world about his plan and Mr. King stops him at every turn. His plan is included here. It is compelling and should be taken very seriously. I implore you all to study it and to help bring his tremendous vision to fruition.

SALUTE!

SIR MICHAEL DOUGLAS CARLIN

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Chapter 1 – My trip to Nicaragua in 1996

I have heard how stories grow over time. Since 1996 I have been sitting in many meetings, meals, and cocktail parties with Ed where the stories of Nicaragua were told. I can honestly say that the story is exactly as it happened. That brings me to believe that the rest of the stories that Ed tells about his experiences are also as they happened with slight discretionary adjustments to protect innocent people.

During the Cold War the Soviets backed the Sandinistas and the United States backed the Contras. The Nicaraguan Civil War devastated the infrastructure of the country. When the Cold War ended we all left the Nicaraguans to rebuild their country on their own with whatever resources they could muster. Ed Artis and Jim Laws planned a trip to Bluefields to help bring equipment, supplies and medicine to the Hospital. The intention was to also go up-river and see what aid they could bring to a few of the villages. Ed called me and asked me to join him on this trip.

When I arrived in Houston to meet up with the team (Sir Edward Artis, Sir Jim Laws, Jason Laws, Mike Alber and David Arrigi) before the flight to Managua I was briefed. "We don't talk about politics on this trip and we don't talk about religion." We are all very serious about these rules. By respecting other's beliefs we keep ourselves out of danger in what are often the most dangerous places in the World. At the time Nicaragua was quite dangerous as I would find out. I did not need to find out how serious Ed and Jim were about keeping our conversations to topics that did not include politics or religion. They made it clear that if we violated either of these rules that the mission was over for the offender.

We landed in Managua with an enormous amount of humanitarian aid. It must have been a hundred boxes of stuff that would have had significantly less value in the United States and much of what we brought would have ended up in the land fill. I remember Ed standing at the front of the line with his red passport and declaring that this was all humanitarian aid and that we were to be extended diplomatic status. The customs agents had seemed eager to get some type of bribe from us up to that point but with Ed in the front and Jim in the back and a few of us "Pack Mules" in the middle they whisked us through the customs station with no problems.

We over-nighted at a nice hotel in Managua and boarded a caravan of automobiles with our precious cargo and headed for Rama. We were told at the hotel not to tarry in Rama as it was a dangerous cross roads and bad things could happen to us there if we spent too much time there.

The minister of health sent up a boat from Bluefields to meet us and when we loaded our cargo it became obvious that four of us must remain behind. Ed, Jim, Jason and I elected to remain in Rama and to arrange for alternate travel down to Bluefields. We found what seemed to be the only café and planted ourselves there for the 10 hour layover. A family of 9 was also eating in the café. There was an older well dressed man that kept having a dispatch bring him what seemed to be news. The dispatcher would run in whisper in his ear a message would be whispered back and the dispatcher would leave. It seemed odd to me at the time but we were busy drinking beer and looking at the frail chickens that were running around the floor of the café.

We ordered chicken and fried potatoes. After the order it also seemed strange that I no longer saw the chickens milling about. A while later they were served to us. A great way to keep meat fresh in the third world is to keep in on the hoof. The little girl at the other table wandered over and also wondered where the chickens had gone and that broke the ice with the family. Ed communicated in Spanish that none of the rest of us spoke at the time. After a few sentences we were drinking with the Godfather of the town and he looked to the ship captain, Julian, and guaranteed us safe passage down to Bluefields.

Julian's boat looked like the African Queen. It took hours to load the beans that were being hauled down to Bluefields. We were added cargo that made the trip a little bit more profitable. We loaded a couple of cases of beer onto the boat and spent the five hours drinking beer and telling stories – some of which are the lore of Knights. It poured down rain on us that night but we were having too much fun to care. In Nicaragua there is very little bottled water that is safe to drink so that leaves Pepsi or beer to keep hydrated. We chose beer.

When we arrived in Bluefields it looked like a ship graveyard with many sunken boats and ships in the harbor. This was the harbor that the Contra's had mined during the Cold War. We arrived at the dock and began unloading our baggage. Jim was the first one off of the ship. When he plunked down on the dock it made a tremendous sound that alerted a massive guard with a

sawed off shotgun. He stood up and shouted to us, “who you be?” Without missing a beat Jim shouted back, “We be Knights.” The reply came, “That be good.”

From that story the motto has become, “we be Knights not Saints.”