

- [Home](#)
- [Abortion](#)
- [Are the kids really to blame?](#)
- [Cancer](#)
- [De Facto-itis](#)
- [FAQ](#)
- [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Ken Payne](#)
- [ken speaks](#)
- [Ken's Favourite Song](#)
- [Ken's Poems](#)
- [My Bona Fide's](#)
- [Ordering](#)
- [Poems in Perpetuity](#)
- [Products](#)
- [The Camel](#)
- [The Peril We Face](#)
- [Verse in another vein](#)
- [Warning](#)
- [X Ray](#)

 Search

## Arts Ministries

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Feeds:

[Posts](#)

[Comments](#)

## Products

### *Books and Tracts*



#### **Book 1 "When The Walls Came Down."**

A direct approach was made to John Howard just before the last elections were held. Some of us thought the mental health issue was of such vital importance, that an election could be won or lost on the issue, and we encouraged Howard to follow a few suggestions that may have thrown the balance of the election his way. Howard by this time had reached the point of arrogance, at which time he assumed he was invincible, and he totally ignored letters like the following.

#### **Testimonial**

"The Hon John Howard

Prime Minister,

Canberra ACT

Dear Prime Minister,

**May I ask you to consider a suggestion regarding mental health?** My sister was Superintendant of Nursing at North Ryde Psychiatric hospital, Morisset, and Stockton. As a boy, I visited the hospital when she was at Morisset. The grounds at

Morisset hospital, the lake, the gardens, and the workshops contributed to the betterment of the clients and many were restored to stability. We would do well to listen to the nurses and Matrons who once ran a successful mental health system. I commend to you and the Hon. Tony Abbot, Ken Payne's book, "When The Walls Came Down" that so clearly portrays the shame of closing down a wonderful rehabilitation system for the mentally ill. My wife and I have known Ken Payne since the 70's when he was a Charge nurse for the criminally insane at Morisset. We supported his work to win his patients to a faith in Jesus Christ by attending a bush Bible study and prayer meeting in the grounds of Morisset mental hospital. I remain yours sincerely for the betterment of Australia and its people." **Norman Smallcombe.**

"Dear Ken, In the last two days I have been reading your book, "When The Walls Came Down" and can see that God has blessed you with great intelligence that comes through with your writings. I am in no way saying this to puff you up, but I commend you for the tremendous effort you have gone to in the writing of this book. I can heartily agree with your sentiments in shoving mental patients back onto the streets and into the "wings" of general hospitals. All the best." **Norman Smallcombe, Senior Pastor of the Assemblies of God Church for the past 50 years**

In the book in question, I had outlined a fool-proof plan for an ideal holistic healing centre in the grounds of the old Morisset psychiatric hospital that would not have cost the government a red cent. But this of course cut right across their neurosis of the existence of all mental hospitals and their determination to destroy all public mental institutions at all costs.

#### **Testimonial:**

##### **To Whom It May Concern.**

Congratulations are due to the author for the brilliantly written and presented book, "When The Walls Came Down," on one of our National disasters, that is, the failure of our present mental health system.

Having been a friend and colleague of Kens for over 45 years, and during that period having shared the responsibility of managing wards at Morisset hospital, I feel that he is qualified to discuss this issue in an authoritative manner. I, and hundreds of staff predicted the future of the proposed deinstitutionalisation scheme before hundreds of the mentally ill were "turfed out" of our hospitals onto a gullible and unsuspecting community. This process was doomed from the start.

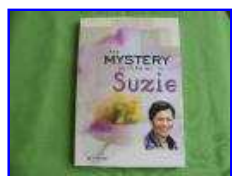
Neither we, the staff, nor the public were consulted. All we could do was follow orders and witness the tragedy as it unfolded, reluctantly saying, "I told you so."

Knowing the author as I do, I am certain he has not written this book for financial gain. Ken acts only with an honest intent to raise awareness of this issue in the community and to present his alternative plan to those with the power to shape the future.

Not only has the author boldly allocated the blame for this disaster upon the shoulders of various do-gooders, ably aided and abetted by State and Federal governments anxious to unload such costs and responsibilities, he has suggested options. His proposal for the reform of the mental health system would see a return to proven methods of successful care for the voiceless pawns in this political struggle. No amount of taxpayer's money will fix the problem as it stands. Complete restructuring is needed."

**Ralph Mullard-Retired Senior Charge Nurse, Newcastle, N.S.W.**

#### **Book 2. "The Mystery According To Suzie."**



I had asked God to reveal himself to me and began writing a book to record what would happen. Nothing happened for three chapters and I was going nowhere. On a Friday morning, my wife packed the goodies into our car and we took the one and a half hour's drive to Melbourne to spend the day with our daughter. These trips were very infrequent and we enjoyed them immensely when they came along. When we arrived at our daughter's unit, I left my wife unpacking the goodies out of the car boot and barged in through the front door to find our daughter lying dead on the floor across the hallway. Finding our daughter that morning was of course a terrible shock, yet I can never attempt to convince a soul of the wonderful peace that my wife and I felt at that very moment and from that point in time, I had no trouble exhuming the material with which to finish my book. Here then are some testimonials of some of those who have read the book.

“The Mystery According To Suzie” is a gritty, honest story of a young woman’s struggle with life. Real life.”

“And in the midst of her story, something amazing begins to unfold. As her father takes us on a journey that plumbs the depths of despair, something extraordinary emerges. A love so amazing that we can barely comprehend it. A God so...So vast, that we can scarcely breathe His name on our lips. And a mystery so deep, that we are moved Christward beyond anything that we can comprehend.”

“Suzie figured it out. A woman that should have been bitter was able to speak of God’s deep love.. In the midst of her pain, her kicking and her screaming—she discovered that through it all, “God was working a plan of love in my life.”

“Suzie knows the answer to that question-”What sort of God?” It’s the sort who loves us so much, that He didn’t even spare His own Son. A God who cries out from the cross of Christ-”Don’t you realise? Don’t you realise how much I love you? It’s a cry that rings down through the centuries to you and to me. Here today.”

“It’s a cry that rings out in Suzie’s story. She knows the answer. Do we? Really?”

I encourage you to explore God’s love for you afresh and anew in this book.

—**Berni Dymet, CEO, christianityworks.com**

“I believe your new book will change the lives of many by the on-going testimony of Suzie your beloved daughter. Does God not say that His word will not return unto Him void without accomplishing that for which it was sent?”

“I believe Suzie’s story must be told especially to the younger generation that they may gain an insight into what the Almighty has in store for them. “The Mystery According To Suzie” must be told wherever there are young people...in the schools, in the sporting fields, in the clubs, and in the Churches. God indeed has a plan, and He will perform it.”

**Kenneth Lamont, Mildura, N.S.W.**

“I enjoyed reading your book very much and it reminded me in reading it how fortunate I was to have my children, and I have thanked God for them since reading your book. I would like to meet you.”

**David Gazard, Senior advisor to Peter Costello, Canberra.**

Now Harry was an old bloke who I met most mornings up in the back track through the bush. He lived just across the gully from my place and the conversation was usually politics and religion. Of the former he was a radical and fanatical Labor supporter all his life and of the latter, he loathed the Catholic Church of which he was born into, and treated God and religion in general with contempt, and was in fact an uncouth man amongst uncouth men. He had peculiar ideas, one of which was that he always insisted that the holocaust never happened but was in fact a propaganda stunt by the Jews to deceive the world. It was useless to argue with such a mentality, yet on the other hand Harry was well-read and communicated continually to leaders all around the world on many issues for many years. With a back ground life like that, I gave Harry my first copy of Suzie’s book and asked him to read it and offer me his honest opinion. I thought that would be the acid test. This is part of what he said.

“Dear Ken,

Your honest and direct book about your beautiful daughter challenges readers to listen to Suzie’s harrowing story. One would have to have a heart of stone and be devoid of compassion not to regard her as one’s own daughter. I was so moved, I visited her grave site to place a posie of violets there. [ Harry was 89 and had to walk 4 kilometers to the cemetery,] and have cogitated many times since, hence my indecision to responding to your request to give an opinion on your book.”

“Firstly because I am a “Doubting Thomas,” despite being naturally disposed to knowing that humans have an inner need for spiritual nourishment, I am none the less content to know that Suzie ‘went home’ happy and satisfied. To Suzie’s credit, she re-identified herself fully with her creator, no doubt helped by the prayers of her parents and others. Other young people see nothing ahead in an increasingly hopeless and wicked future, but may now be able to see a way back to forgiveness and peace of mind with Christ in heaven.” [This changed attitude of old Harry shocked me.]

“This excellently written book should be a great help to a great number of young people who cannot make up there minds at present, and of course to the huge numbers of confirmed religionists demanding something more definite than what they have got. Your book would or should find a very welcomed response from the public.”

[Harry told me shortly after writing this letter to me that he was trying to stop swearing and that he was praying to God every night, He died a short time later.

**Harry Sobbot, Willow Grove , Victoria**

"I have read your book about Suzie for at least the third time, and am beginning to come to terms with my own suffering and what our suffering is all about. My husband Ron has read your book over and over and I have lost count on the number of times he has read it. It seems to be bringing him closer to the Lord."

**Pam Scifleet, Retired Matron, Cudal, N.S.W.**

"Last night I finished reading your book. It was the first time I had heard of Suzie's death. Your book Ken is a revelation and is just amazing, and should be read by all. But how do we get those who should read it to do so? I feel I just can't put my copy on the shelf. I need to do something with it. I am praying the Lord will direct me as to who I should pass it onto."

**May Barnett, Pastor's wife, Frankston, Victoria.**

"What a testimony your book is Ken of both your lives and Suzie's. I think you have written it so well. I believe Ken that you will do a lot more writing because it is a gift from heaven above. I am going to send your book to my son in Adelaide."

**Wendy Bennet, Retired nursing sister, Hastings, Victoria.**

"I have not collected myself since reading your book. I closed it after it took me ten hours to read it in one sitting. Never before have I read a book and emptied a box of tissues in the process. A blessing is like the rush of a wind when it moves something. That movement is the result cause by the wind. So your book brought me a blessing, it made me laugh but cry most of the time. The time and ability to write that book are blessings God gave you and I thank God for it, and trust many will read it and be moved."

"I am afraid to contaminate you with the dirt on me. I feel myself a fake and a liar because I am crying as I write this. Whilst reading your book, it was like as if you were around me, and I was experiencing the same as you were when you wrote it. When I closed the book, I felt lonely and abandoned. Don't ever send me a book of that calibre again. I couldn't stand it. Ken and Doris, thank you for letting me be part of your life."

**Chas Pieters. [ex work mate] Hilversum-Netherlands.**

"I first want to let you know how touched I was by your book about Suzie. I so appreciated your honesty about pain and unanswered questions. Losing your daughter seems so unberable to me, but your book ends so hopeful. I gave the book to my daughter. She is reading it now. She does question God. You do have a way of writing about pain, but I found myself laughing through it. Only those who have felt pain can relate to this. All Christians sooner or later will find this helpful."

**Prudy Martin, wife of Californian Police officer. Escondido, Ca. U.S.A.**

"Your book is excellent Ken and really brings home the message. May the book really be used of God to stir people's hearts. I am sure it will speak to people who will not read your average Christian book from Word book stores. Your book is honest and cuts to the bone in many ways. It is one of the most honest books in trying to deal with the problem of pain, unanswered prayer, and the extreme tests of faith in the midst of not seeing tangible results."

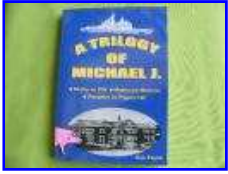
"As a Pastor, I am always aware when you preach faith, there is always people who have the disappointment of unanswered prayer. Your book weaves the story of the unfolding of God's hand. You can't manufacture that."

"In the midst of his tragedy, Ken finds a new outlook on life that answers many of the questions that had been troubling his own mind. He finds like many do, that the diamonds of grace are often found in the mines of darkness. These precious gems continue to be found by Ken and Doris as they continue their faith journey up to the present."

"Having known Ken, Doris, and their daughter Suzie for almost 20 years, I have seen first hand the reality of what Ken has written. This is not an easy read book, but it is a heartfelt and very personal account of a father who honestly chronicles both the pain and the joy his daughter has brought him."

**Pastor Rick Brouwer. Melbourne city Church, Victoria.**

### **Book 3. “The Trilogy Of Michael J.”**



Now this book is a bit of a conundrum and sits in boxes in the back shed. I have never tried to promote or sell it. I gave it to two mates to read. One said it was really a great yarn. The other was a movie buff of past years who once appeared on a quiz program because of his astounding knowledge of movies and actors. His simple comment after reading the book was, “It’s the best plot for a movie I have ever seen.”

The trilogy is a story of myself, of my early Navy days and the mutiny on H.M.A.S. Anzac that proved you can only push men so far. It compares the mutiny on the Anzac to the one on the Bounty and draws the parallels that cause all mutinies. They are all caused of course by cruel, dictatorial, and bad leadership by captains and first lieutenants who have no feelings or concerns for the welfare of those who serve under them.

The next phase of my life was when I began working in a mental hospital and let me tell you, that was a little different to firing torpedoes. The first day on the job, I attended a post mortem. There are many humorous stories of the events that occurred in the hospital in this section of the book. You had to create a sense of humour in a place like that to avoid going nuts, and we had our moments. The final phase of the book turns a little more serious. The events depicted could have, or should have happened. Maybe they did. I will leave that to your imagination.

Patients began to go missing from the hospital, disappearing into thin air which led to a Police investigation over many weeks. The more patients that went missing, the more the pig herd up on piggery hill began to react and behave in a mad manner like so many humans do. What was the connection? It really had Bob McAllister, the Newcastle detective in charge of the case really baffled, and it was to be his last case before he retired. What made McAllister’s job more difficult was the fact that there were 20 murderers walking around the hospital grounds that had been let out of the criminal section on a trial period before being considered fit to return to society.

Which one of these madmen were killing the patients, and where were the bodies? McAllister was up against the wall and he knew it.

### **Book 4. Memories and Observations in Verse.**

There are four sections to this brief account of my life in short story and verse, and the sections are as follows: In Private, In Passing, In politics, and In perpetuity. Please refer to appropriate pages for poems.

**Available Tracts:** All of my tracts are true stories that mostly came out of my experiences in a mental hospital and during my ministry.

#### **1. The Camel.**



The Camel was the name given to one of the inmates of maximum security. He had been released into an open ward and was a well behaved prisoner, but no one ever forgot or forgave the horrific crime he committed on a 9 year old boy for which he had been locked up most of his life. The Camel came up to be one day and asked me to show him how to become a Christian which I did. 12 days later he dropped dead at my feet. The words he spoke to me seconds before he dropped dead were, "If I died tonight, I know exactly where I'm going." The challenge of the booklet is simply, 'do you know where you are going the minute after you are dead?' The booklet will give you an answer.

The Camel tract has gone into many jails, even into death row cells in jails in Africa and the U.S.A. The responses have been rewarding. The tract consists of 15, A5 pages.

## 2. The Airman, The Cop, and The Hotshot.



God was moving in the hospital in the late 70's and men were getting saved. I spoke to three men one week concerning their eternal destiny. The Cop walked away disinterested and probably returned to his drug addiction when discharged from the hospital. He had been sacked from the Force so what else would he do? The Airman received Christ on the spot and died in a seizure at 10 pm that night just a couple of hours after I had spoken to him. The seizure was brought on by his withdrawing from addiction, but he got into heaven just in time. The Hotshot laughed at my pleas to give his life to Christ. He was killed in a car crash 6 days later.

The point of my writing this tract was to bring home as I usually do, the brevity of life. The very day that I finished the tract, in fact just a few hours later, the world received the news that Steve Irwin had died thus proving my point. 50,000 of these tracts have been distributed to every home in Frankston. Frankston has the same population as Nineveh had when God sent Jonah over to warn them what was coming if they did not repent. I wonder what God will do to Frankston now that its 120,000 citizens have been warned?

## 3. It's Not A Fair Fight.



One of the stunts the Navy used to pull to amuse itself was to put two half wit sailors into a boxing ring blind folded and make them fight. On the outside of the ring was a well-trained Physical Training Instructor moron who had a boxing glove tied to the end of a broom, and he would strut around the apron of the ring belting the two blind folded contestants in the face. This of course would cause no end of confusion and about two buckets of blood. The analogy I tried to draw in this true story was the reality of the spiritual warfare that confronts a Christian day by day. Most of us act like we are blindfolded and

we sit back and cop whatever Satan throws at us. Atheists and non- believers are not qualified nor equipped to enter this fight. If they accepted Christ into their lives, they soon would be, and Satan would soon show them how stupid atheism really is.


#### 4. Are you One In A Million or One Of The Ten?



Human beings have a track record of being ingrates. When we get from God what we want, we usually wander off and forget all about him. The 9 lepers who were healed and wandered off, were probably heading for hell. That's where they deserved to go. Only the tenth leper showed any gratitude. He came back and thanked Jesus for healing him. That was the least he could do. This tract is the story of two men. The first was a murderer, the most feared man in N.S.W., the second, a hopeless madmen sent up to us from Sydney because all the shrinks down there couldn't help him. This tract tells what God did for them in ten seconds, and what they did for God in return. Our salvation comes free, but there is an enormous cost in keeping it. The roadway of life will be stewn with millions of Christians who never made it home, that's to say nothing of the billions who rejected Jesus Christ.

[3 Comments »](#)

#### 3 Responses

1. on [March 2, 2008 at 10:30 am](#)  *Merv Mustchin*

Absolutly awesome mate. Keep up the good work. Give my love to Doris

2. on [May 17, 2008 at 12:00 am](#)  *ken payne*

I would have to agree you have a gift with the pen.

I especially liked the poem. "A Schizophrenic Letter." It is interesting to note that once the Christian witness was taken out of Morisset hospital, "The walls came down," and all hell broke loose. Thanks for the book.

Bev, N.S.W

3. on [May 17, 2008 at 10:44 am](#)  *Colleen Kosowicz*

Dear Ken

Ken your website is awesome, your book When The Walls Came Down says it all, as you know my favourite poem is a "Schizophrenic Letter" and I will continue to read it and send it to anyone and everyone.

When my own son was so very ill I prayed to God to take him and relieve his suffering, well God didn't take him but he did help him, not in the way I wanted, but today he is safe and he is getting the treatment he so desperately needs.

Just when I thought my life was over the Lord sent you to us, you have kept me alive and brought the Lord back into my life.

Love to both you and Doris  
Colleen. NSW

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- [Cancer](#)
- [De Facto-itis](#)
- [FAQ](#)
- [Glenn Hoyle](#)
- [Ken Payne](#)
- [ken speaks](#)
- [Ken's Favourite Song](#)
- [Ken's Poems](#)
- [My Bona Fide's](#)
- [Ordering](#)
- [Poems in Perpetuity](#)
- [Products](#)
- [The Camel](#)
- [The Peril We Face](#)
- [Verse in another vein](#)
- [Warning](#)
- [X Ray](#)

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- [Comments RSS](#)
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- [Stephen Hatton](#) on [Ordering](#)
- [Jemmy Jack](#) on [Abortion](#)



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- [Family Foundations International](#)
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- [February 2009](#)
- [January 2009](#)
- [December 2008](#)
- [February 2008](#)

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