

God's Gay Agenda

penis envy or semen envy?
that is the question.

by
Barry Emanuel Zeve

penis envy

is the desire to have
the length, girth and strength
you imagine other men have
that you think you Weren't Given.

semen envy

is the desire to have
the magical, life-giving properties
you imagine other men infuse into what they do
that you can't infuse into what you do.

some people have a penis that
they don't know how to operate.
and some people don't have a penis at all,
but they model how to use one expertly.

some people are financially poor,
but rich spiritually.
and some people are financial billionaires,
but spiritually bankrupt.
surely,
it can still be said that
God Works in mysterious ways.

the gay agenda

some say the gay agenda is to turn men into beasts.
they think our final destination is sodomy with snakes.

is it even possible to sodomize a snake?

I googled it

but was surprised to discover instead
that snakes have not only one penis,

but two!

after giving it some thought,

I realized that

sodomizing a snake is even too kinky
for one as gay as me...

for the past 50 years,

our gay agenda has been marriage equality.

from the looks of things

seven years after achieving that goal in this country,
gay marriages don't seem to have caused an inordinate
number of children being conceived with satan:

half man, half reptilian beast.

that's encouraging,

to say the least...

now we can focus on

God's Gay [Lighthearted] Agenda.

surely, He Has Some Say

in what mischief gay men get into next...

capitalization

is neither a part of grammar nor punctuation rules.
it's part of the overarching category of literary mechanics.

(1)

the period tells you you've reached the end of a sentence.

capitalizing the first letter

of the first word

of the next sentence

is redundant symbolism.

therefore, in this book,

I suggest you pay closer attention to periods

and give them the value of full stops.

(2)

there's no need to capitalize titles of books.

underlining them says it all.

(3)

we really only need to capitalize

proper nouns and adjectives.

(4)

and, of course, we need to capitalize words directly
associated with God's Actions and Aspects of His Being.

that's all we have literarily

to distinguish the differences between Him and us.

(5)

that said,

there are two words I always capitalize,

and you ought to know why I maintain that formality.

the first is **Earth**.

Earth is the name of our planet.

earth just means soil.

I also think it's important to always capitalize

the nominative case,

first person, singular pronoun

I

because there's A Little God in everyone,

even in one as gay as me.

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Stand by me

by
Ben E. King

when the night has come
and the land is dark
and the moon is the only light we'll see,
oh, I won't be afraid
just as long as You Stand, Stand by me.

so Darlin', Darlin', Stand by me.
oh, Stand by me,
oh, Stand,
Stand by me, Stand by me.

if the sky that we look upon
should tumble and fall
or the mountains should crumble to the sea,
I won't cry. I won't cry.
no, I won't shed a tear
just as long as You Stand, Stand by me.

and Darlin', Darlin', Stand by me.
Oh, Stand by me,
woah, Stand now
Stand by me, Stand by me.

Ben E. King, a straight, Black-American man, surely thought he was singing this song to a woman, not to Jesus. in 1960, he was inspired to update the early 20th Century gospel hymn "Stand by me" by Charles Albert Tindley, which was based on the 46th Psalm: "will not we fear, though the Earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

I'll bet Ben. E. King, and even his co-composers Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, thought they could cut God out of their song altogether – until now.

“Stand by me” was voted one of the Songs of the Century by the Recording Industry Association of America. and you just know that King’s songs, “this magic moment” and “Save the last dance for me” had Protestant, religious overtones, too.

describing man’s relationship to God using carnal metaphors isn’t blasphemy anymore. when America decided to allow gays and lesbians to marry, we opened Heaven’s Gate a lot further than Debbie Boone did with “You Light Up my life.” America should have guessed that someone would come along sooner or later, and with a few changes in caps, turn a whole host of early 20th Century hits into ballads by men to God.

if you’re not ready to talk about God using romantic language that elucidates what’s going on below your waist, this book is definitely **not** for you! shut it now before the devil makes his way into you through the dirtiest, darkest hole in your body! you wouldn’t want to be sodomized by the prince of darkness, now, would you?...

I believe God Loves sex. after all, He Invented it. despite all the paranoia generated by hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims who think He Holds a puritanical view of “it,” sex is a major aspect of God’s Design. God Is passionate about all His Creations. He Is The Ultimate Bisexual Who Loves every man and woman alive while Protecting the immature from His Awesome and Sensuous Revelations.

you can’t pray from your soul if you can’t include every part of the body God Gave you, whether you’re male or female. physical monogamy with one special person is just a preview to spiritual monogamy with The One God Who Created us all.

but God Doesn't Have to be spiritually monogamous with you, alone. He Can Hold A Passionate Embrace with each and every one of us. it's up to us to prove our loyalty and devotion to **Him**, not the other way around. it's up to us not to be jealous of His Rapport with every single body on the planet. it's up to each of us to keep our nose out of other people's relationship with Him. who are we to judge?

God Told Moses that He Made man in His Image [Genesis 1:27], but He Wasn't Just Referring to His Head. Jesus Told the ancient Jews that He Held A Special Rapport in His Father's Heart [Matthew 5:8], but because Jesus Was God and man (according to Christian scriptural interpretation of the Gospels), He Was Inferring a relationship of His Whole Body to His Creator, which would include His Penis and Anus.

what is transubstantiation if not the conversion of the substance of the Eucharistic elements into the body and blood of Christ at consecration, Warts and all? striving to achieve spiritual perfection without healing the body or improving our orgasms to express The Divinity in each one of us would be a grossly inadequate expression of our faith.

the ancient Jews' fear of sex in the Temple has turned out to be highly irrational in the modern age. if the Christians haven't turned their churches into brothels by now, it ain't gonna happen. and the same goes for mosques. I think the Jews can relax about that and relegate those **fears** to the realm of **paranoia**.

whether you're Jewish, Christian or Muslim, you're just praying from your wallet if you believe "your" God Is sexless. you're just trying to weasel something you want out of Him with sweettalk, while calling it **prayer**. cozying up to God to try to get Him To Do what you want is two-faced.

therefore, you're duplicitous if you don't see God as like a man without the imperfections we see in everyman. penis envy and semen envy are the sorts of behaviors that define a

hypocrite? and they just so happens to be characteristics of adulterers, too.

obligation

I have dear friends in Israel who are making their way through middle age, that time of life when you're at the top of the world and can look down on where you were and even imagine you can see where you're going. people say it's all downhill after you've been through the big 6-9. since that number is now behind me, I can assure you that life can be an amazing uphill climb after 70 that you wouldn't want to miss.

my Israeli friend is an accomplished land broker, and his wife is an amazing woman who wears her heart on her sleeve. but they got themselves into a jam and so she came to me for advice.

I told her many times over the years to put her heart back in her chest where it belongs. but that was especially true when she emailed me about a first cousin of hers who was adopted by her paternal uncle. her cousin became an alcoholic and possibly even a drug addict. he then turned into an orthodox [haredi] Jew. but he wasn't relieved of his pain and suffering by just dressing in religious garb to "look" good. God Seems Only To Have Aggravated his condition with further, unfortunate facts on the ground. her cousin now suffers the humiliation of his alcoholism. his status as a "bastard" in Jewish mythology and as a new convert to hyper-religious, Jewish dogma have only made his overall situation worse. and that's caused his **family** a lot of pain and suffering, to boot.

I spoke to my friend-with-her-heart-on-her-sleeve about the 5th Commandment that commands us to **honor our father and mother**. I reminded her that Jesus Told the ancient Jews to love **themselves** if they hoped to have any chance of even **tolerating** their neighbors. [Matthew 22:35-40, Mark 12:30-31] but who doesn't know that the Jews are

dafka [Hebrew: contemptuous, contrary, rebellious, obstinate, stubborn, willful and ornery]?

instead of honoring our **parents** and loving **ourselves**, many try to love everybody. and that's often a recipe for disaster. they only end up hating themselves and becoming cynical and surly over time.

who can't see that deeds that are too good must be punished? God Has A Duty To Punish people at both extremes, those who **aren't** good enough and those who are **too good**.

when you don't do enough for people in need, you're obviously ignorant of your duty to help them. but when you try too hard to help others you may not realize that what motivates you is something greater than charity. by the time you complete this book, you should be able to perceive that motivation as misplaced revenge. the person you should have treated much better all along was yourself.

I told my friend that by her husband contributing great sums of money to send her cousin into rehab and by her trying to bend over backwards to help the guy get through his miserable existence and back on his feet, she and her husband are now being punished for having tried too hard to be good. the guy has quit rehab and now wants them to support him indefinitely. he feels that they owe him. how are they to protect their reputation in their family and in Israeli society generally given an attitude like that?

I told her that the only thing left for them to do is to teach their children how to **honor** them as parents and learn to **love** themselves better than they do now. I told my friends to teach their kids by example what happens when you're too good, and it backfires in your face.

my boyfriend and life partner, Will, [Catholic] looks at their issue a little differently. he can imagine that in a tightly knit community like Israel, the sense of **obligation** runs much deeper than it does in our country. circumstances have forced Israelis to go further out of their way to express their

loyalty and devotion to one another. you don't usually see that kind of exaggerated kindness and caring on a national scale elsewhere.

Will's comments to me made me feel a little guilty, especially since I've known these friends longer than I've known him. but I think he's right. I think there are a lot of people in this world who have an exaggerated sense of duty to family and friends. some even have an exaggerated duty to their country and creed.

that said, there are even more people who show no sense of duty to anyone other than themself. so, there's no one recipe by which to bake all cakes. what matters is what each one tastes like once you find a slice of it on your plate.

even though I lived in Israel as a teenager and am as Jewish as the next Jew, I don't have that deep a sense of obligation to Jews generally, Israelis specifically or mankind as a whole. I suppose you could say that I feel more obligated to the squirrels and birds I feed every day in my garden. I'm more like Saint Francis than any rabbi I've ever met. nature is where my heart pops out of my chest and I wear it on my sleeve! people aren't really my **thing**.

I don't pressure myself by insisting I feel an obligation to humanity where one doesn't exist. the heart wants what the heart wants. it would be foolish of me to try to force myself into feeling guilty if I really don't feel a sense of commitment and obligation to others. I think it makes a lot more sense to simply admit the truth about oneself and let the cards fall where they may. what do you think?

I'm not so naïve that I don't anticipate that some will say I've lost all moral credibility since I don't care as much as they do about people. but what can I say?

my boyfriend is the dearest, most delightful human being on the planet. we share an amazingly intimate relationship, more like David and Jonathan, who loved one another as they loved themself. [1 Samuel 1-5] but our closeness doesn't extend for me to other people with anywhere near

the intensity I feel for him. I suppose the two most important **things** in my life after Will are the animals I care for in nature and God – and frankly, probably in that order. am I digging my own grave, here? God Can Take Care of Himself. the animals can't survive without our help.

because of my priorities, I think that the word **obligation** is a good word to begin with in my description of sodomy in the religious sense. people feel obligated to different concepts. and we aren't ever going to change anyone's innate obligations. so, we might as well learn to negotiate with one another. what choice do we have unless we're willing to kill one another to make our point?

God Surely Loves diversity, and I'm about as distinct and unusual a gay-Jew as it gets. I don't want to kill anyone. I don't want to screw anyone over. I just want to be able to screw men with impunity.

when it comes to abortion, for example, not everyone puts the life of the unborn at the same place on their list of priorities, either. some people have the unborn at the top of their list. some don't have them on their list at all.

I think science could solve the abortion issue for a lot of religious Christians. I know the Israelis are working on a spit-test on a piece of treated paper that would immediately indicate if a woman is pregnant. then she could get an abortion before the fetus achieves a heart that's begun to beat. apparently, that's an important boundary for some Christian, religious sects. then, most Christian women [except Catholics] could get abortions before that six-week boundary that some feel they must take to heart.

in order to avoid pregnancy, Catholic wives could always use fellatio and anal sex to satisfy their husbands during ovulation.

the only spiritual option I can see for the wives of good Catholic men is to stretch the 3rd Commandment [**“thou shall not utter The Lord's Name in vain.”** if they include vanity in their appeals to God, they could ask for special

dispensation based on the fact that women couldn't be any more vain than gay men... perhaps God Would Forgive straight men and women for choosing to avoid childbirth in order to enjoy the gift of focusing their attention on their own body, instead.

that said, when it comes to anal sex between men, I think God Is Handling that matter **for** us just fine. marriage equality was just the beginning in helping us take on the responsibilities of primary relationships. next, I anticipate gays will be returning to houses of prayer. and when they arrive, the laity is going to need to be able to discuss God's Gay Agenda as adults (for a change).

if Ben E. King wanted The Son To Stand by him despite what happens to the mountains and the sea; if King wanted The Prince of peace To Save the last dance for him – then he certainly didn't oppose the idea of Dancing out of here in God's Arms. and once The Two of Them were in Heaven in Each Other's Arms, common sense suggests that They Were Going to do more than just Dance forever.

what is Heaven if not the equivalent of an eternal orgasm where the achievement of perfection in body, heart and mind can celebrate eternity in a way that all passionate, human beings with a heart can look forward to? love isn't imprisoned in your ribcage.

God and man (Man)

the **man** who'd capitalize the word **Man** thinks he's a god. and we don't want to confuse **gods** with **God**.

God Is The Creator of the universe and all life in it. the **gods** men spoke about in the ancient past in Greece and Rome were men who thought they were equal to the Jewish God at the time. today, they're just little men who suffer big ego issues.

many people are so confused by their own ego that they're easily influenced by men who strut about as though they were gods. men who make proclamations about Nazis

being fine people, when we all know that the Nazis were and are anything but fine or refined, must think they're gods amongst men. Nazis were egotistical 20th Century Christians who planned on creating an empire that would last a thousand years. it lasted 12. and 21st Century Nazis are men of all faiths and philosophies who are on a path equally doomed for destruction and dismay.

Naziism keeps raising its ugly head one generation after the next because of the egoism of little men who think they're gods. that's very unwise and spiritually reckless. I think they should stop it. not only is it self-defeating. God Obviously Doesn't Like it.

what separates God from man is no different than what separates teachers from students. teachers grade students. students who grade teachers take on one of the roles of teachers without the credentials that come with a teaching position.

if people judge God for the way things turn out, then they aren't doing their moral duty to learn and grow with greater self-knowledge. it's up to every person to prove that s/he's not sitting in class reading the newspaper. it's not up to God To Prove that He Isn't Doing the same.

because the outcomes of God's Designs Have no beginning, middle or end, the difference between Teacher and student gets muddied, just as the difference between God and gods has been muddied since the beginning of time. in common vernacular, that difference is called: **a penis problem.** and penis problems aren't limited to any one particular faith or political party, anymore.

are you trying to learn from God or are you trying to teach **Him** a lesson? the answer to that question makes the difference easier to see between most gays and Jews verses all Nazis.

are you trying to stop men from screwing one another **over** or are you just trying to stop men from literally screwing each other? are you protecting life and the future

of humanity or are you simply covering your ass because you can't allow yourself to imagine that God Has One, too? if God Made man in His Image, then God Must Have An Anus, just as every person on the planet has an anus.

those who try to learn from God's Lessons for them in this school for fools turn out **modest** in body, **humble** in character and **gracious** in spirit. those who try to teach God a lesson turn out **embarrassed, ashamed and humiliated**. they refuse to admit how wretched they are. they're blind. they cannot see.

so, from the way a person turns out, you can see the difference between those who've conquered **embarrassment** with **modesty**, **shame** with **humility** and **humiliation** with **grace**. this is all it takes to encompass the topic of guilt.

those who are hot-headed aren't able to get through their stiff neck to discover the mercy in their heart that justice was meant to embrace. what's the point of having a head on your shoulders if you can't get out of it into your heart and soul?

therefore, you might conclude that there's a little Nazi in all of us since we're all a conglomeration of virtues and vices that leave us hot under the collar from time to time. there's a little asshole in all of us when we think we have the right to treat other people like assholes we can screw over because we're feeling a little vindictive that day.

an asshole is a wonderful place to literally take out your frustrations with life if you do it tenderly. it's a wonderful place to infuse your sense of justice in someone who holds you mercifully in his arms with his legs wrapped around your waist lovingly.

but screwing people over because you can't figure out how to get what you want out of life is just mean and nasty. that's why vengeance has to be God's Department, not man's. [Romans 12:19]

we're all on the road to perfection, but some are much further from perfection than others. and yet, we all run into

trouble with our vehicle [body] and orientation skills [moral direction] from time to time.

sadly, this world is turning as slowly as it does because righteous intentions seem to take forever to become realized. the reason for this is actually quite simple:

young people who grow up **too** slowly aren't in a position to model better behavior than their parents before their parents get so old and set in their ways that they can no longer see the moral improvements their children have made. if young people grew up faster and old people took young people more seriously, this world would look a lot better.

everybody would be in a position to modulate his or her behavior to more enlightened viewpoints if the next generation would just sacrifice their childhood in childhood rather than extend it through puberty all the way into middle age. children who grow up too slowly are a problem in every society. but the bigger issue lies with big babies who remain infantile their whole lives. now we're talking: **Nazis**.

now I know this may be a controversial topic for some people. some parents would like their children to simply enjoy childhood. they wish **they'd** been given more opportunity to enjoy their own childhood when they were children. the topic of growing up is also controversial because the great thrust of the American culture is to remain a child at heart our whole life long.

so, I'm opening a can of worms by professing that we can do both. we can grow up more quickly, and we can remain a child of God and a child at heart at the same time, just as Jesus Avowed. [Matthew 18:3] what we can't afford to do is indulge big babies. that's where we have to draw the line.

“Gilmore girls”

the Gilmore **gurls** were, more accurately, a mother [age 32] and daughter [age 16] in a TV series that aired between

2000-2007. if you include the mother of the mother, then the Gilmore gurls were three generations of women who depicted life in America for women at the turn of this [21st] century.

when I watched all 154 episodes of the “Gilmore girls” late this year [2021], I was already older than Emily, the grandmother. I watched as Lorelai [the mother] faced a changing mother/daughter bond with Rory [her daughter] as best friends when Rory went through her teenage years. I knew that was something that wasn’t accomplished in my and Emily’s generation. and that deeply affected my appreciation and interpretation of the show.

as a gay man growing up with a mother who was 32 years older than me (double the difference in age between Lorelai and Rory), my mother was my best friend, too. but in some ways, my mother was always the queen, and I was her Jewish princess, much like Emily’s relationship with Lorelai. so, I could see all three generations of Gilmore women in my relationship with my mother.

like Emily, my mother never let me forget that she had the power and sword [tongue] to cut off my head with a single blow. my mom did so swiftly and often with guilt trips that left me flailing about in my heart; feeling abandoned by men; neglected by strangers; and assumed banished from paradise. for years, I ran around like a chick without a head as my old, mother hen sat cackling on the sidelines.

the good side of my relationship with my mother could be described as an attempt to achieve a Gilmore gurl, mother/daughter bond in a day-and-age when it was impossible to talk like this about the bond between mothers and their gay sons. the problem with doing so when I was a teenager was that I wasn’t literally a girl. I was a boy bottom who was deeply ashamed of what I secretly wanted men to do to me in bed. I dreamed about having anal intercourse more than anything else on Earth.

my younger sister, who couldn't achieve the mother/daughter relationship my mother and I had, sensed our bond and deeply resented it. my sister wasn't a homophobe. she just wanted what I had, and that wasn't a penis. if my sister had seen me as her older **sister**, not her older **brother**, and my mother had seen me as the first of two **daughters**, things would have looked quite different in our household.

but who was wise enough in those days to judge a book by its narrative, not its cover? people in the 1950's and 60's weren't awakened enough yet. penises and vaginas were figuratively occupied learning how to yearn for other things. men were singing songs to women that nobody then would have interpreted as songs to Jesus. life was simpler. people were more naïve.

neither my mother nor I understood what we had. in fact, no one in society was able to address my issues when I was dealing with my issues. my coming out of the closet turned me into the poster child for the "coming out" of all of America in the sexual/spiritual sense of The Words of God as we're striving to understand them today. marriage equality could never have been attained in 2015 if I hadn't struggled for answers about myself by myself when I did.

but I'm not an unsung hero anymore. this book is about my heroism in coming further and further out of the closet with candor. now, I'm a virtual fountain of spiritual information about God's Designs that stream out of me about what it means to be gay, gray and fey.¹

¹ **fey**: "someone who seems like he come from another world, kind of like an elf. **fey** comes from the Old English word *fæge*, or literally "fated to die soon," which refers to that odd, good mood a person is in right before they die." [internet] I'm fey because God Let me get close to death. I'm well beyond just being in a good mood about that. I'm giddy with delight at just being alive.

empty nest syndrome

this is my 25th book. I just finished my 24th book a couple of days ago. it was called Chicken Salad for the Soul: a tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on the side.

I feel like that book was my youngest child. it was born from my loins. I raised it until it was ready to leave home. and now that it's out of my house [mind], so to speak, I feel empty nest syndrome. already I miss it.

for the past two weeks, I felt God's Gay Agenda stirring inside me. figuratively speaking, I make love to myself spiritually every day, but I can't conceive another book out of my love for me until one book is grown and is about ready to leave home to be on its own. Chicken Salad for the Soul is now out of my system. for two weeks I was pregnant with my next child. my literary, gestation cycle isn't any longer than a possum's [12 days]. (and we're both just as good at playing dead when we have to...)

beginning a new book is like birthing a baby. but if you've done it as many times as I have, the contractions aren't nearly as painful as they used to be. I pop 'em out easily. you would, too, if you'd birthed 25 babies the way I have!

a mother of new ideas looks at what's come out of her and sees a tabula rasa – a blank slate. this book has a potential that no other book of mine had. it's unique. and I have no idea what will emerge as a final rendition of self-expression through this literary expression. but I love it already.

like every parent, I have certain ideas about what all my good books “should” look like. they all ought to be about my relationship to God. they also ought to be about my relationship to myself. and they all ought to be lighthearted [gay]. that's all I know before the upbringing unfolds. we'll just have to see what this child of my loins turns into once it has a mind of its own.

Ina Garten – modern comfort food

Ina Garten, “the barefoot contessa,” has a program on the Food Network in which she shows her audience how to prepare modern, comfort food. but the truth is that Ina Garten **is** modern, comfort food. just watching her cook and listening to her pleasant voice makes me feel comforted all over.

what is it about her demeanor that produces such a deep and delightful sense of comfort? It’s not just nostalgia for the good ‘ol days. I’ve watched many episodes of her show with Will, but while he’s studying her cooking techniques, I’m studying her interpersonal style. when you talk to yourself out loud in front of a camera, you’ve got to have a very strong sense of your place in the world. you’ve got to be able to anticipate how people will respond to you.

I like thinking about such things because I wasn’t always the charming and endearing person I am today... I had to learn from good examples how to change my own attitude. and, believe me, I have an attitude that’s been through a **lot** of changes!

going from a citrus to a stone fruit is no easy task. starting out as a lemon and becoming a peach doesn’t require much of a change in size or color, but it requires an enormous change in taste.

going from a cherry to a berry, a lady-finger banana to a plantain or a raisin to a grape is even more challenging. not every fruit can blossom from the same trunk with the same roots from a whole other branch.

grafting isn’t just for fruit trees anymore. people can graft new outcomes onto the old ways of blossoming, blooming and fruiting in the past. they can become somebody new and different.

so, how is it that Ina Garten makes me feel so tickled and well-held inside? she makes me yearn to ripen a little more in my own unique way even on those days when I feel rotten.

her signature question is “how easy was that?” the question contains the answer within it – and in the past tense, too, when the chore is already behind you! if you’re seeking ease, Ina’s got the answer, and she offers it in a rhetorical style of questioning that wipes all worry and angst off your face. she irons you like a wrinkled garment still warm from the dryer. and she does it without spray starch.

in full disclosure of my previous, bad attitude, I tried to kill myself three times in my twenties. my proximity to death has had a continuing effect on my life. after I recuperated from my early childhood and adulthood traumas, I got my B.A. and became a junior and senior, high school English teacher. then I got two M.A.’s and went on to teach college level ESL.

in the Jewish community, after graduating from the world of finance, a teacher is the lowest level of service to humanity. Jewish teachers teach their students how to achieve knowledge. knowledge requires good work habits, concentration, study and educational aids such as index cards, oral reports and study partners.

I’m sure God Saved my life and then Allowed me to enter the teaching profession To Teach me a lesson for having tried to kill myself. I had no interest or gift for making money in the business world. but I had no interest in teaching, either. I’m an artist at heart.

I once had a teaching colleague who jokingly said that low-level, European Nazis Were Punished by God by being reincarnated into junior high school, English teachers for American kids. everyone in the teacher’s lounge that day nodded their heads in agreement.

Jewish teachers of **cooking**, like Ina Garten, are the next level of educators in our Jewish culture. they teach us how to concretize food-for-thought into food. we can’t live without food, but we can certainly live without personal knowledge of how this world works.

teaching people how to cook food with an attitude of gratitude, ease and inner comfort is much more of an art than teaching people how to ingest data, facts, and everyday information to produce knowledge. that's why Ina Garten is a teacher's teacher, and I am not.

the third, and highest level, of teaching is **comedy**. Jewish comedians hold the highest level of respect here on Earth and in God's Realm, according to learned rabbis such as myself... helping people laugh at how hard it is to teach people anything is the ultimate test of patience and what's needed to appreciate all the sick jokes going around down here.

the greatest of all clowns and Jewish comedians was, of course, Jesus. when He Was Living in Israel, everybody was telling Him, "You **Are** Joking, Aren't You? You Must Be Kidding!" [Mark 6:1-6, Matthew 21:42, Luke 51:56]

most people couldn't take Him seriously. they still can't. even most Christians insist He Wasn't serious about this or that. they ignore the red letter words of the Bible entirely and insist on following literal, outdated interpretations of the words of Moses, instead.

Jewish doctors aren't nearly as respected as Jewish comedians in the circles I frequent. a Jewish doctor will only save your vehicle [body]. but a Jewish comedian, such as Jesus, will save you from going miles out of your way as you make your way to your final destination. [death]

who's going to save your body and who's going to save your butt, I ask you? who's more important to you, a doctor or a comic, and when?

I taught kids and young adults English for ten years. I don't think I was half-bad at it, but I left the profession to others because I got bored with the subject matter. the English language hardly ever changes. how many times can you introduce people to the same words and grammatical rules without stifling a yawn? and you already know from what I revealed earlier about myself that I'm not crazy about

people. so, it's no surprise that teaching wasn't my shtick. God Had Simply Punished me for having tried to kill myself by making me a teacher. but I've since repented...

take my advice. you'll thank me if you do. don't kill yourself... and don't become a teacher... become a comedian who clowns around every day of your life. putting even a hint of a smile on somebody's face is like making a miracle.

Will does all the cooking in our family. he's an amazing chef and baker. he loves to comfort me through my stomach, as well as in the dark arts located below the waist. when you find a boyfriend like that, never let him go.

Will is my passion fruit. he isn't dramatic or melodramatic. he does everything with heart and soul, but he doesn't advertise where he's coming from. if people can see who he is, so much the better. if not, that's **their** loss.

I, on the other hand, am more like a lady-finger banana. I stick my index finger where it shouldn't be, just to see what will happen. I lived in Holland for three years, and once I even stuck my finger in a dyke. maybe that's why I'm not like all the other fruits and nuts that grow on trees. I'm just bananas, and we all know that bananas come from grasses, not trees...

I cook for myself all week, and, frankly, I have no complaints with my cooking because my standards are low. I don't care about taste. and I don't care about presentation. my food just has to be healthy and bountiful. I need quality and quantity, not taste or beauty. that's why Will refuses to eat anything I make.

I could never comfort people with my cooking, like Ina can. I can't even find ways to associate food with food-for-thought. people don't want recipes on how to simmer and stew in their own juices. they don't want to learn how to save their bacon or baste the next turkey that comes along. if I tried to write a cookbook on people, it would be for

cannibals, not civilized human beings. I'd rather serve people's heads on a platter than give them food-for-thought that goes in one end and comes out the other.

because I'm most interested in solving people's **syndromes**, I've had to learn the hard way that people don't want help from me to solve their **problems**. God Had To Teach me that through painful experiences that left me feeling rejected and useless. I wasn't a problem solver.

I had to learn to see myself as a syndrome solver. but the result of my psychic wounds left me cynical and skeptical to an unusually high degree.

therefore, I found myself calling as a gay clown and Jewish comedian even though I could never be a professional, stand-up comic. I hate to be away from home, and I have to be in bed by 9:00 o'clock at night. and then there's the obvious problem of being surrounded by people while standing on stage. if the audience didn't laugh at my jokes, I'd probably start lecturing them on what's wrong with their sense of humor. so, stand-up comedy is out.

life is a school for Jewish comedians and gay clowns. I think the Good Book is a comic book – and by that I'm including both the Old Testament and the New. and the Quran is my idea of the Sunday funny pages writ large. in fact, if you add the Kama Sutra, Bhagavat Gita, Dhammapada and Tao Te Ching to Western Scripture, you get as good a sense of what they were all trying to accomplish as you'd find today in "Mad magazine" or "the Onion."

(if you don't believe me, I've written books on each one of the world's Scriptures. so, I think I know what I'm talking about. you'll find a complete list at the end of this book.)

teaching people how to find life amusing was the goal of all the great sages. what's the point of living life with a frown on your face? you're only making yourself and others miserable. that's no way to live. all the great sages say that the outcome of a miserable life will leave you in dire

circumstances hereafter. surely, St. Peter asked to be crucified upside down so that people would finally see the smile on his face.

so, read the classics. learn to laugh at the human comedy. the jokes keep coming because the male ego keeps getting bigger. pain and suffering have even been extended from people to the animal kingdom. now we all have reason to laugh with the polar bears as the ice melts around us. isn't **that** hysterical?

I'm so glad I didn't succeed in killing myself. [three times!] now I can sit with the audience and watch as people try to kill others with sick jokes in the form of metal semen emitted from metal penises.

have you noticed that the guns and ammunition are always black? they're never rainbow colored. it's all a farse, right?

this has got to be the best place in the universe to graduate with a Ph.D. in wit and wisdom. I've resolved to remain here as long as I can. someday, I hope to graduate life with a Ph.D. in Jewish humor after having completed my arduous studies at gay clown school.

thank Heaven for little gurls

"Gilmore girls" takes place in a small town in Connecticut called Stars Hollow. it's supposedly 30 minutes outside Hartford, but who can't see that it's a clever recreation of Protestant Heaven here on Earth that offers brief glimpses into Hell? all the residents with speaking roles are White, physically whole and healthy. they all look like Protestants, and they all sound like Jews. they're intellectually sharp, sexually cool and verbally inane. nothing bad will ever happen to them. tragedy doesn't exist in their world.

the hearts of the residents of Stars Hollow are in the right place, but they're hollow. each one of them is a hollow star. they care for everyone without having to care about caring.

they wouldn't recognize the spiritual significance of a current event if it hit them between the eyes. Sandy Hoek, CN is as far from Stars Hollow as Alpha Centauri is from the sun.

Even though I don't like all the residents of Stars Hollow, I do love them. I'm even **in** love with Jess, the nephew of Luke who's the town criminal. Jess looks Catholic. he's got smoldering, dark eyes, black hair and a secret he holds close to the vest.

unlike Dean, Rory's first boyfriend who's jealous of every guy who looks at her, Jess recognizes jealousy and cleverly walks around it to get what he wants. you gotta love Jess. the bad boys are always so attractive!...

watching "Gilmore girls" has been a psychologically enlightening experience for me personally because it's taken me back to life in L.A. in the 60's and 70's when Heaven was far above the clouds and Stars Hollow hadn't yet been manufactured to give us the impression that pieces of Paradise could be brought down to Earth.

when I was a kid, Jews were Jews and Christians were Christians. Mr. Ed could talk, but Wilbur was as intimidated by the talking horse in his barn as he was of the wild stallion in his pants. in my day, Carol, Wilbur's wife, had no idea there was a talking horse on the premises. and she certainly never suspected there was a wild stallion yearning to gallop free in her bed at night.

today, there's a stallion in every man's stable. and it's not afraid to make its wishes known to the public. in my day, sex was still top secret. it was something you were proud to be ashamed of. gay liberation and the pill have changed all that.

it's taken half a century to awaken Americans to the idea that once you admit that everybody's hip to sex, you discover a virtual menagerie of natural impulses and urges you cross at that Mason-Dixon line you cinch with a belt at your waist. going South is not just for Yankees anymore.

when I was a kid, my mother and I had the relationship Lorelai had with Rory. we were a mother/daughter power team. but it was our little secret. in fact, it was such a top-secret secret that we even kept it from ourselves.

I can now see why my sister was so frustrated with us. I'd "stolen" that dream team, mother-and-daughter relationship out from under her. I had what my younger sister always wanted. she didn't suffer from **penis** envy. she suffered from **semen** envy. I penetrated our mother without my delivery device [penis]. I **figuratively** infused our mom with the life-giving substance within me. how can a heterosexual gurl compete with a dynamic duo like that?

I didn't even realize what my mother and I really had until I found myself welling up with tears at moments in the "Gilmore girls" when there was no reason to cry. sentimentality? for what? what made me soft and tender inside at moments when the story line was going along just fine? it wasn't until the 88th episode that things got hot and heavy. but it was worth the wait.

being transported to Heaven [Stars Hollow] has been a lot like flying above the clouds in a rocket to look down on the Earth from the Space Station. I wiz around the planet getting the big picture view of life that I wouldn't achieve if I were grounded. all that's required is passion to get past the gravity of my own stinking thinking.

if my secret relationship with my mother had been psychologically revealed to either one of us at the time, I suspect that things would have been different all across America. I wouldn't have had to leave the U.S. for Israel to enjoy my burgeoning sex life at 18. I could have had sex in the same hemisphere my mother lived in without feeling guilty about it. I could even have come out of the closet here at home rather than abroad. I could have admitted to myself that I had absolutely zero sexual interest in women without having had to experiment sexually with gals, much to everyone's chagrin.

if I'd known the difference between the delivery device of my wants [-] and desires [+] that emanate out from my penis in that strange mixture of the two [semen] that's created separately and then stored up my anal cavity in my prostate gland – I could have gotten a handle on what I was doing in the real world. I wouldn't have had to become the big secret to myself that I was.

snakes may have two penises, one for the semen from each testicle, but man Has Been Given only one delivery device. man mixes the juices of his fruits [good and evil]. this is what makes morality such a conundrum. this is what makes life so confusing for men. If we were snakes, we'd have two penises, one for good and one for evil. then people could tell where we're cuming from.

the first time I tried to kill myself and didn't succeed (100 aspirins), I called my sister. she came rushing over, called an ambulance and held me while she cried until the medics arrived. I can't imagine how difficult it must have been for her to break that news later to our mother.

the second time I tried to kill myself (driving my car off a cliff), some stranger called 911, and my mother came rushing to the hospital with a deli-made, chicken salad sandwich to make all things right with the world. I had to scream for the nurses to get her away from me.

the third time I tried to kill myself (making an omelet out of a toadstool from a neighbor's lawn), I didn't even get a stomachache. thank God, my family didn't need to be involved. but because God and I Weren't yet on Speaking Terms in those days, I needed to look at what I was doing to **myself**, even though I was hardly the right person to question me about my intentions. I didn't have a clue how I ticked.

these aren't the challenges people face in Stars Hollow. by turning their tongues into tommy guns (thanks to copious amounts of coffee), they're all able to shoot one another and hit their mark without drawing blood. granted, on the odd occasion, somebody says something that figuratively breaks

the skin by getting down to the heart of the matter. but all the characters in that small town are already so wounded that it really doesn't matter if there's one more hole in them that leaves them a little more scarred over time. they're never going to die having seen the world as we have to witness it. they've all been **danned** to Heaven on Earth as we sentimentally watch them go through life in the easy lane.

cream and sugar

coffee is the drug that makes it possible to turn your tongue into a tommy gun. Democrats may be fighting to license guns and ammunition only to grown men and women who are sane. but that's a big challenge because guns have become substitutes for penises, and ammunition, for semen. everybody thinks it's his right to own a big, black delivery device to prove his worth.

White men used to own big Black **men** to prove their worth. now they use guns while pining over the "good ol' days" when a man could own as many Black delivery **devices** as he could afford.

now that coffee is being drunk by juveniles and even by some children, long, wet tongues are trying to do what guns do to force people to "converse" with one another "candidly."

needless to say, there's a lot of untapped aggression in this country, and we all know where that comes from. it comes from the south of every man and woman's waistline. it comes from the place where The Son Don't Shine.

drinking black coffee is ubiquitous in America because life is dark and bitter. but drinking-in reality as it really is, is probably a good thing, even if we find the truth a bit hard to swallow. we should all associate coffee with the bitterness of life and the hyper-activity it creates that compensates for an under-developed imagination.

but adding cream to your coffee is quite another story. cream corresponds to the milk of human kindness. and the

milk of human kindness corresponds to mother's milk [colostrum] and "father's milk" [semen]. it takes father's milk and mother's milk to make and raise a baby who'll survive this dark and bitter world we live in.

adding cream to your coffee indicates that you've got a yearning for both milks. but don't get me started when it comes to sugar! life is terribly bitter as is. just adding cream to your coffee isn't going to change that.

sugar [love] is always needed in life. asking a person if they'd like one or two teaspoons of sugar in this day-and-age is a joke. we all need a lot more sugar [love] in our coffee [bitter life] than we used to. that's made artificial sweeteners [false modesty] all the rage. I don't have to tell **you** how many kinds of artificial sweeteners there are today!

fortunately, Starbucks knows all this. and they're glad to add a wide assortment of flavorings and sweeteners to coffee to substitute for what life is missing. but don't think you're not going to pay through the nose for their psychological/beverage services. just ask your primary care physician if you don't believe me.

I was quite content to drink milk when I was a teenager. little did I know at the time that I was lactose intolerant. my trips to the bathroom were more like an outing to a brick manufacturing plant. turned out, I have no ability to stomach coffee, colostrum or semen, either...

I didn't know that I was holding a secret bond with my mother growing up. nor did I realize that I associated **my** intestinal cramps with **her** menstrual cramps. I just figured I was like her in every way...

keeping the feminine side of yourself a secret from yourself that you only indirectly reveal to your mom, and her knowing about the feminine side of you but keeping it a secret from herself can prove to be quite a shock in later life when you discover a mother/daughter relationship you never saw at the time. it changes your perspective on everything you went through growing up.

granted, nowadays there are many boys who refuse to keep such secrets secret. and there are many gurls who refuse to keep the father/son relationship they have with their dad a secret, either.

so, I'm redefining **sentimentality** as a secret you keep from yourself that makes you well up with tears unexpectedly that you can find no rational way to explain. sentimentality is also a seasonal secret in which everyone gets soft and tender inside over a Brother/brother or Brother/sister relationship at Christmastime that nobody fully admits to themself, either.

what do you suppose you'd find if you removed the cloth around Christ's Loins? I hardly think He'D Look like a Ken doll. Jesus Was as male as the rest of us and just as assertive. so, He Had To Have Had an anus, too. He Was Made in His Father's Image just like the rest of us.

that truth about reality shouldn't spoil Christmas. it should only give us great reason to celebrate all the messengers of truth, love and deliverance.

chocolate is to women

God Wouldn't Have Told us that vengeance is His if He Hadn't Given us adequate substitutes for it. chocolate is one of life's substitutes for vengeance, especially for women, I'm told. sports are certainly that substitute for most straight men.

but anal sex could be seen as a substitute for vengeance for gay men. screwing men literally, rather than financially, politically or religiously, is far kinder and morally sound. anal sex is sweeter than chocolate, and cuming is just as exciting as your team winning. there's something about all three – chocolate, sports and anal sex – that can make anyone feel good through and through.

once you've taken a bite of chocolate; a bite out of your opponents; or sunk your penis into a juicy ass – you know there's no need for vengeance in life. everything rests in

God's Hands! you can finally relax about life. nothing is all that serious.

the only thing we **all** need to do is pursue justice at all times. with justice for all, rich and poor, there'll be no need for men to take vengeance into their own hands. they'll feel good about their contribution to creating a peaceful society that works cooperatively with all other civilized societies. this is what will unite the world for future generations.

the responsibility in getting word out that chocolate, sports and anal sex make great substitutes for vengeance lies with Madison Avenue. sadly, the advertising world doesn't yet see the opportunity to cash in on all three. advertising the benefits of only chocolate and sports just isn't their thing.

Madison Avenue has a stick up its ass when it comes to anal sex. what else would explain their inability to substitute a penis for that stick? they don't mind figuratively sticking their stick up vaginas to get people to buy their products using heterosexual temptations, but they're too "evolved" to promote products and services using gay sex.

“where you lead, I will follow”

by

Carol King and Toni Stern

(as sung in the opening of “Gilmore girls”)

(sung from mother to daughter)

wanting you the way I do,
I only wanna be with you.
and I would go
to the ends of the Earth
'cause, darling
to me that's what you're worth.

(sung from daughter to mother)

where you lead, I will follow
anywhere that you tell me to.

if you need, you need me to be with you
I will follow where you lead.

(sung from mother to daughter)

if you're out on the road
feeling lonely, and so cold
all you have to do is call my name,
and I'll be there on the next train.
where you lead, I will follow
anywhere that you tell me to.
if you need, you need me to be with you,
I will follow where you lead.

(sung as a duet)

I always wanted a real home
with flowers on the windowsill,
but if you wanna live in New York City,
honey, you know I will.
(yes, I will, yes, I will)
I never thought I could get satisfaction
from just one (wo)man,
but if anyone can keep me happy,
you're the one who can.
where you lead, I will follow
anywhere that you tell me to.
if you need, you need me to be with you
I will follow, oh
where you lead. I will follow
any-anywhere that you tell me to.
if you need, you need me to be with you
I will follow where you lead.
oh baby, ooh
I'm gonna follow where you lead.
(I'm gonna follow where you lead.)

“Gilmore girls” used this song as their theme in every episode to portray a mother/daughter relationship that had never before been elevated to a love that candid and intimate before. Lorelai and Rory weren’t lesbians. they adapted lesbian love from the story of Ruth and Naomi in the Book of Ruth in the Hebrew Testament. they showed the intimacy two women can achieve, regardless of their familial bond.

in the Book of Ruth [1:14] Naomi [mother-in-law] and Ruth [daughter-in-law] “weep openly,” the Hebrew text says. “Ruth clung to Naomi when asked to part.”

“interestingly, the word “clung to” is the Hebrew word **dabak**. it’s a common word describing closeness that’s also used of Adam and Eve in Genesis [2:24]: for this cause, a man shall leave his father and his mother, and shall cling [**dabak**] to his wife; and they shall become one flesh.”

“Ruth begs Naomi: ‘don’t urge me to leave you or turn back from following you’ and The Author of the text chooses to impress us without apology or embarrassment with words of Ruth’s commitment to Naomi that are the closest to those used today in wedding vows that end with ‘till death us do part:’”

“for where you go, I will go,
and where you lodge, I will lodge.
your people shall be my people,
and your God, my God.
where you die, I will die,
and there I will be buried.
thus may The Lord do to me,
and worse,
if anything but death parts you and me.”
[2:16-17]

“so, after expressing this eternal commitment, Ruth and Naomi return together to Judah, and the Book tells us about

their life seeking security together with Ruth caring for Naomi.” [internet]

my **sister’s** relationship to our mother was bad. it was more like Lorelai and Emily’s relationship. **my** relationship with my mother was more like Rory and Lorelai’s relationship, or for that matter, like Ruth’s and Naomi’s.

if you don’t want to judge a Book by its cover, then don’t judge people by their gender. you’re going to screw up the messages in Scripture if you insist that man’s relationship with God must conform to the genders found in the Hebrew testament. where is that written?

special, sexual sightings

when I think back to all the sexual experiences I’ve had, I can only think of a few that really stand out in my mind as having been spiritually special. I slept with a lot of men, but few of those experiences were memorable enough to drool over with pride in retrospect.

I’m an avowed lover of sex. in my opinion, monogamy is only for people who love sex. I endeavor to act passionately through all that I do, but I only want to express the sexual side of my passions with one man.

I suppose I’m so deeply in touch with my penis that I even think about what it would be like having sex with God. perhaps everything I do to be good is really about making myself more attractive to Him. that may sound weird, but it’s true for me. what if death was sex with God, but He Found me grossly unattractive? what would happen to me, then? I shudder to think.

the earliest, memorable sex I had was at about the age of 19 with an Israeli who was a soldier at the time. I was dancing in an Israeli ballet and modern dance company. he and I made it together once in Tel Aviv and a second time in New York City a few years later. the word I’d use to describe sex with him was **tender**. he was the first man who showed

me that tenderness is hot. I'd never experienced tenderness with a man before. he made love to me in a way that showed me that tenderness is incredibly sexy.

there was another young man I met in Tel Aviv in those days who also modeled tenderness. he mixed tenderness with even more passion. we did it three times in one night, but we never saw one another again.

we met in a park one night. he was married with a baby daughter who he was watching over while his wife was away visiting family. that was a very special night for me. and even though he was a married man, I don't regret the tenderness we shared.

he brought me to conscious awareness of the depth of a platonic tenderness I'd experienced with my father when I was a youngster, despite later discovering that investing feelings in my father was like gambling with a one-armed bandit. after that night with that married Israeli, I resolve to seek sex only with unmarried men from then on out. I decided that I wanted what he had, and I was willing to avoid men who'd achieved that tenderness with their spouse, even if they were willing to share their tenderness with me, too.

the next spiritually memorable sex I had was with a Norwegian ex-boyfriend of a Dutch boyfriend of mine from Utrecht. my boyfriend's ex was visiting him from Norway. by then, they were just friends. they drove in to Amsterdam so the three of us could spent the afternoon playing tourist together. I was the American tour guide for a Dutchman and a Norwegian.

my boyfriend had to go back to Utrecht (about an hour East of Amsterdam) to work that night, but his ex stayed the night with me. we hadn't planned on having sex. it just happened. but he got so excited as we were doing the deed that he started to hyperventilate once he was deep inside me.

he couldn't have been more than 25 years old, so I wasn't really worried about him dying in my arms. by that point, we were both so excited that I felt more like he owed me. he

really wanted to cum inside me, and I really wanted him to, too. getting him across the finish line was a weird way of forcing him to follow through on his unstated promise to me.

because I was still pretty confused in those days, I didn't realize that cuming in another person is an expression of commitment. he made me aware of the intimacy and commitment in promising to cum with another person. I'd never looked at sex as a brief promise that needed to be fulfilled. it changed the way I looked at both stated and unstated promises.

the next incredibly memorable sex I had was many years later in L.A. with a Mexican-American man who was hitchhiking late at night. that was **quite** a story!

we drove around in my car for a while to decide if we wanted to get busy. when we agreed and I drove to my apartment, he was visibly shocked to see that I just opened the door of my ground floor apartment without a key, despite my front door being virtually at the sidewalk. I'd just come from living in Holland where curtains were considered rude trappings on windows and keys to locks, unnecessary for doors. in those days, the Dutch thought curtains and keys gave your neighbors the wrong impression.

we had incredibly hot sex that night. I'd never experienced passion to that degree before. it was as though the two of us were on fire. I felt we combusted like lighter fluid that just required a match to ignite us. when we were through, we both felt as though we'd been incinerated. we lay in each other's arms like coal still glowing after a barbeque.

but the story didn't end there. one night I was alone in my studio apartment, sound asleep, and I had a dream that I was kissing a man who was embracing and fondling me. I dreamt we were underwater writhing in each other's arms without needing to come up for air. everything about our embrace was being done while breathing underwater. but we were slowly rising to the surface. and when I got very close

to the surface, I suddenly couldn't decide if it was a dream or whether there really was a man having sex with me.

as I broke through the surface of the water into the air in my dream, I opened my eyes and saw that there was a real man in my bed. when I pushed him away and got a good a look at his face, I saw that it was this Mexican-American dude. he'd come into my apartment knowing the door would be open. he'd taken off all his clothes and was caressing me without first waking me up.

he invaded my space and touched me without my permission. but he did it in a way that completely disarmed and captivated me. that said, I sensed in the back of my mind that he wanted to take out his vengeance against the world on me, although he wanted to do so gently and tenderly. he did it with such finesse that I was completely disarmed by his approach. (I later discovered that I got syphilis from him that night.) men have many methods for getting what you both may want without you suspecting that their methods are devious and disreputable on a whole other level of moral insight.

although there were a lot of men who broke my heart and a lot of men whose heart I broke, the sex was never that memorable. we were always trying to squeeze a round peg into a square hole. we wanted something we couldn't attain with one another. that was the tragedy of sex in my youth when experience was my only teacher.

the last of my special, sexual sightings occurred a year or two before I met Will. I met the guy online, and we decided to hook up one afternoon at my place. he turned to be a good-looking fellow who'd been married for many years. he'd divorced his wife; found a boyfriend, and they were new arrivals to San Francisco. the sex with him wasn't anything to write home about.

but what made this sex so special was the feeling he left me with. he'd walked over to my apartment, but because he was new to the city, he didn't realize all the hills he had to

negotiate despite the fact that we lived only a few blocks apart. so, he arrived somewhat winded and disheveled.

when he was ready to leave, I offered to drive him home. he accepted, but when we got near his street, he asked me to drop him off, making the claim that he didn't want to take me out of my way. (obviously, he didn't want his boyfriend to see him coming home in a strange man's car.)

and then it hit me that I was jealous of the relationship he had with his boyfriend that I didn't have despite the fact that he was so new to the gay community. I'd been in a 14-year relationship that had blown up in my face, and I just wanted another boyfriend more than I could admit to myself.

although I did as he asked and dropped him off to walk the rest of the way home, I felt a desire to be vindictive and take him all the way home to get him in trouble with his spouse.

it was then that I realized that I was through screwing around. I wanted to be in a committed relationship, and I was willing to do (or not do) anything it took to get what I wanted. using sex to get my feelings of vengeance out of my system felt as bad as using my feelings of vengeance in other ways.

it wasn't long after that, that I met Will. what makes sex with Will so incredibly amazing is that I can never anticipate what it's going to be like the next time we do it. it's always new and different. you'd think that sex would get old after more than a decade doing it only with one person. that's not the case for me.

what makes that possible is that I'm never the same person twice. I reinvent myself day-to-day. and when I'm not the same inside, my body responds differently to stimulation from the outside.

Will and I share intimacy, not just passion and tenderness. intimacy is the greatest of all aphrodisiacs. **intimacy** is the word for what happens when you make spirituality your guide, and not just your penis.

when the **I** in my **it** interfaces with the **him** in his **it**, the two of **us** experience something new and profoundly different every time. this is what it means to be a spirit in a body on a journey. we've chosen to share our bodies, thoughts, feelings and beliefs with one another until death do we part.

that doesn't mean that we have to agree on everything we think, feel or believe. it just means that we're equally curious to discover the miracle of evolving spiritually with one another.

when you find yourself thinking about your partner dying and leaving you alone in this world or when you find yourself thinking about you dying and leaving your partner alone, you discover what it means to **like** somebody.

we're all striving to **love** ourself. but if God Has Given you somebody to like, you'll know it by the grief your mind imposes on you in an effort to avoid the worst of all possible losses.

the feeling I get from sex with Will is the result of living my life as though death will be an experience of the ultimate, encounter: sex with God. because I'm doing everything I can to experience tenderness, beauty and spontaneity in every area of my life, I've opened myself to the mystery and magic of life in new ways with the same people. I'm open to new possibilities so long as I can maintain the joy monogamy with my partner brings me. I'm open to becoming someone I'll love and admire more than I ever have before.

this makes my relationship with God dynamic and inventive. this makes death a new beginning and not a dead end.

a proper farewell

when I left home at the age of 17, I had to turn around and come back after three months. I couldn't make it on my own the first time I flew the nest. when I left again at 18, I was so sick and tired of my mother and the relationship of

“intimacy” we had that I didn’t fly around in circles to get a lay of the land. I flew from L.A. in a straight line as far away as I could – Israel – the other side of the globe.

I really just wanted to turn my back on my mother and keep moving away from her clutches without ever having to look back. sadly, I couldn’t go any further East without coming back to the West. such are the poetic outcomes of living on a round world.

I wish someone had told me that the way to leave home is with a proper farewell. if you don’t leave the nest in good graces with the big birds who brought you all those worms before you could fly, sooner or later you’ll find yourself suffering a broken wing. what’s more, you won’t be able to explain why that had to happen to one as nice as you.

I’m not trying to frighten you into **loving** your parents. I’m only trying to teach you to **honor** them. and the way to do so is with emotional grace and spiritual refinement. it takes polish, poise and charm to spread your wings and fly. any chick can fall from his nest and hop around on the ground until somebody picks him up in some bar or club somewhere. the beauty in making meaning out of life lies in soaring on gossamer wings.

if you don’t have a history of love and tenderness with your family, don’t fret. you, too, can learn to take flight. all it takes is goodwill to all others and a silent but growing need to protect yourself at all times. the last feathers you want to ruffle are others’. that’s what will only ruffle your own.

nobody needs to know how frightened or alone you feel. nobody needs to know that you don’t know what you’re doing. nobody needs to know that an attitude of gratitude doesn’t always make its way to Heaven and back overnight.

you’re living your life all on your own. you’re not in an iron lung that’s breathing for you. faith in the fact that there’s a magical kingdom within you that you can push out of you onto the world we share is all that you’ve got.

what I saw as gloom and grayness within me, is now around me. I was under a heavy blanket of icy feelings all my life, and I was finally able to push that inner environment out of me. now I celebrate it around me. it's no longer weighing me down inside.

within, there's a tropical, Hawaiian paradise. there are warm winds that caress me and palm trees that wave as their leaves smile down from their bushy heads. my inner world is lush and green. my inner world is safe. my inner world is friendly. and all the weather around me is a mirror of all the weather I've been through and no longer need to go through ever again.

God Works in mysterious ways within you and around you. but you can't anticipate His Plan. not every frog you kiss will turn into a prince. some of them will leave you with warts where you'd never expect to find them.

hope lies in the fact that life only changes over time. remember what you were like when you were first enrolled in school? remember what you were like when you graduated? you didn't even know what else your genitals could do when you started school. and somehow, without sex having been discussed much, you left school knowing about sex theoretically, and maybe even practically. putting those experiences into **spiritual** practice has been the outline for the curriculum for the rest of your life.

the school of life will continue to teach you new things about the power of your penis that you never expected to learn. you're going to continue to feel like a kid one moment and an adult the next. the surprises never stop. your magic wand [penis] has powers you can't even imagine until you listen to the tales of fairy queens who only want what's best for you.

leaving life will be like leaving your parents' home was when you were a young adult. there are a million ways to fly the coup for the last time, and they all depend on how you plan ahead with a proper farewell day-by-day.

therefore, it's important that you begin with a proper farewell when you leave your parents' home at the end of puberty. that will mirror the proper farewell you'll enjoy when you leave life entirely.

if you already fell out of the nest or were pushed out because you were gay or pregnant or didn't go to college or for any of the other reasons that parents pressure their children into fulfilling the dreams **they** insist their children fulfill **for** them, your farewells will probably need to occur many times a day. you'll probably feel like you're coming and going all the time.

in that case, your favorite word might be "toodahoo!" [French: toute à l'heure: I'll see you at the appointed time.] you can't yet fully imagine what beginning and ends are for.

death is the answer to life. death is the frame around life. death is the reason why you should do everything you can to **live** and not just **survive**. what if death does end up being sex with The Teacher? what if the passion you put into life will be rewarded at the end? make every moment count. love the One you're with.

paint-by-numbers

when I was a kid, I loved paint-by-number kits. to this day, when I eat a walnut that's slightly old and oily, it brings back the smell of the oil paints they used in those days.

my idea of an artistic masterpiece looks like those paint-by-number canvases made up of dozens of shapes arranged in intricate patterns. together they created a comprehensive meaning that the eye blended to recreate reality on a 2D surface.

I was an expert at keeping my brush inside the lines when I was a paint-by-number artist as a kid. I never painted an area the wrong color. that would have been vile and evil... I knew how to obey the rules set down by the artistic world of self-expression for kids when I was a child.

in puberty, I was a destined to become a jack of sexual interpretation and master of beauty right from the start. I just didn't know it as a kid of ten as I held a brush in my hands with paint on my brush in anticipation of a mystery about life I couldn't then comprehend.

when I grew up, however, I discovered that sexual **oppression** comes from **society** and weighs us all down. sexual **suppression** comes from our **family** and weighs each one of us down. sexual **repression** comes from **within**. and **depression** is the result of sexual pressures we don't have a clue we're suffering from.

now that I've earned my way out of depression – now that gray skies are around me and not within – the sun is almost always shining within me, even when I'm visiting my cousin and her wife in Ft. Bragg on the northern California coast where the rocky land and steely-blue sea mirror the depressing inner world that once engulfed me.

when I grew up and visited the great museums of Europe as a young adult, I looked at those masterpieces on the wall as paint-by-number masterpieces that simply took what I was doing within me to the next level. I knew art was a clue to the mystery of life. people had told me so. I just didn't know how or why. and I certainly couldn't explain the process to you then.

it was a shock when I discovered that life wasn't a readymade canvas that I simply needed to fill in with oily, emotional colors that I brushed from my heart onto the world. the world wasn't a canvas constructed with well-defined lines. Nazism, the Holocaust, Black oppression and other "misunderstandings" of society weren't just a thing of the past.

"what had people been thinking in the last century?" I asked myself. "where was their sense of order and decorum?" if they'd just planned ahead and stayed inside the moral lines set down by Scripture, all that suffering would have been avoided. if the Germans had just been a little more

spiritually careful, the whole 20th Century could have turned out differently. but human nature is more easily perceived in retrospect. only hindsight is 20/20.

I've since discovered that life has to be messier than I'd like it to be. there **is** an order; there **are** lines. there **are** emotional colors that we're all given in small tubs at birth that we learn to unscrew and dip our brush into over time. but only by learning to hold your brush in your hand confidently does the secret to passion, tenderness and accuracy emerge.

it's not as easy as it looks to paint a masterpiece if you haven't seen the box top to get a view of the big picture. there are layers of meaning to life that you don't find on a two-dimensional surface. there are levels of life that hold more meaning than just the relationship created by a white canvas with a bunch of squiggly black lines imprinted upon it.

nobody is keeping track of your masterpiece in the making but **you**. nobody wants to know what you're trying to say, but **you**. nobody cares what your life looks like but **you**. nobody has seen the box top of your kit to be able to tell you how you should turn out. it's all up to **you**.

your parents told you they could do all that for you, but they couldn't know a damn thing about your future. they were as clueless to what you were trying to say as Da Vince would have been to Picasso's blue period when Pablo first arrived in Paris. not even Picasso could have told anyone then that he'd end up exploring Primitivism, Cubism, Neoclassicism and Surrealism.

parents aren't born art historians in the spiritual sense. they aren't art experts. most of them aren't artists! they're just people packaging paint-by-number sets to send out to stores for kids to enjoy.

parents don't have a clue what to do for themselves, let alone for their children. they're making it up as best they can as they go along, just like the rest of us. if some parents had known better at the time, they might have looked more

closely in the mirror and avoided making babies altogether. the world doesn't need babies who make babies. the world needs adults who can interface with adults and children honorably.

a word for our relationship

my lesbian cousin is the sister I never had. and I'm the brother she never had, although we both had siblings of both genders. I consider her wife to be my sister-in-law. and my boyfriend, Will, as their brother-in-law. this is possible to describe this way because we're **chosen** family. we've graduated the family God Gave us to create a family model of our own. we needed to discover the meaning of brotherhood and sisterhood without the confines of the nuclear family model. this is what gays and lesbians can do and do easily because we're forced into circumstances beyond our control.

my lesbian cousin married the woman she lives with after 30 years together. there were a couple of years in between when they separated because my cousin fell in love with another woman. and because my cousin had never felt passion like that before, she was seduced and then cruelly dropped like a hot potato. then she went back to her former partner with her tail between her legs. and the two of them created a sexless marriage in late, middle age to avoid any unpleasant confrontations with passion in the future.

this past year, I sent them an anniversary card. they'd both forgotten it was their anniversary! if it hadn't been for me remembering it, the day would have come and gone without them having recalled that they're married on their anniversary.

they call one another "wife." that's the word they use for their relationship although there's only as much in a rose as a person can feel for a rose. a rose by any other name wouldn't change your appreciation of a rose.

over 500,000 gay men had to die of AIDS by 2004 for my cousin and her wife to be able to say the word **wife** literally. it wasn't until straight society recognized that we have feelings and urges just like they do that they granted us marriage equality. I suspect my cousins respect each another no more or less than most husbands respect their wives.

loss is a necessity of life. it's an extenuating circumstance that none of us wish to experience, but which is needed if we're going to question **roses**. grief deepens our meaning of words through experience. dead roses give meaning to why a living rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

wife is a word that emanates out of the feminine side of ourself. everyone has a male and female side. if you're not in a husband/wife relationship with yourself, you're in a Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde relationship, instead. that's what God Was Referring to when He Spoke about the abomination of a man sleeping with another man as though with a woman. that's merely a homosexual encounter, not a gay marriage with yourself.

Will and I don't share a husband/wife relationship with one another. we're each a husband to our inner wife and a wife to our inner husband. what we share is an evolved self-knowledge and understanding of what it means to be a human being.

my mother and father lived together for four years before they got married and I was born. they didn't want to bring a **bastard** into the world, so they decided to get married far enough before I was born [in 1952] so that nobody would suspect they'd been having sex before they were married. I'm almost sorry now they bothered to get married at all what with what their divorce after ten years of marriage did to our family.

my previous boyfriend and I took out a domestic partnership from the City of San Francisco. we were partners

in a binding contract that brought legal responsibilities to our relationship.

when he blew off our commitment of monogamy to have a secret relationship on the side with his ex-boyfriend, I wondered what to call him. was he still my **partner**? or was he now **our** partner? behaving like a bastard has nothing to do anymore with the legal status of your parents when you're born.

Shakespeare asked what's in a name and whether a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. but I ask what's missing in a name? why are people so hung up on names for what their relationship means to them if they can't even live up to spiritual meaning in the names **husband**, **wife** and **partner**? why bother to fight for a word to call the person you live with if the feelings you have for that person don't live up to the intention of that word?

learn the meaning of **husband**, **wife** and **partner** from within, and then share that meaning with another person. don't do it ass backwards like you see most people doing.

the relationship of Jesus to His Father is denounced by Judaism because the 2nd Commandment states, "**you shall have no other God before Me.**" but Jesus, the Jewish God, Doesn't Come **Before** God. He Comes **After** Him. so Does The Nameless God: The Holy Spirit. there is no law in Judaism that states that you cannot have A God **after** God.

chronologically speaking, Allah is A God that comes after God. so, the Jews should recognize Allah, too. that said, the way the Christians and the Muslims have treated the Jews and fought among themselves has been an abominable stain on history. but the way they've all excluded the gays has been equally abhorrent. let's not fight over names anymore.

Will and I have no intention of ever getting married because we're not interested in copying what straight people have. we have no need for rings. we have no need for a word that defines how we feel for one another.

we have what most people want. we have **romance**. and if you don't know what romance looks like, let me describe it to you:

romance begins at night when you get up to go to the bathroom and you can hear your partner snore or pass gas in the bedroom from the bathroom. romance in the morning looks like you forgetting to make the bed because you're busy doing something for yourself even though it's your job to make the bed, and your partner makes it for you without saying a word.

romance is picking him up from work without fanfare; him getting in the car and complaining to you that traffic at the intersection where he works is as crazy as ever. (and yet he has nothing to gossip about the people he works with.) romance is watching the news together in the evening and agreeing on stories that are tragic, stupid, maddening, irritating, inspiring or sad.

romance is eating separately in the same room whenever you're hungry. romance is having sex like clockwork on the weekends because you can, without having to play emotional games to get down and dirty. romance is going food shopping and buying him whatever he wants because he wants it. I don't have to control his food intake. if he dies on me, I'll have to go out and get another boyfriend. I can't read the tea leaves. I can't make him do anything **for** me. I can't anticipate my own grief by forcing him to behave differently.

romance is being in a relationship with someone who likes you. romance is smiling at each other a lot. your partner never tells you he loves you because he's always telling you he likes you one way or another through his deeds.

what need is there to wax poetic about love? my life is framed by love [death]. but my picture is painted with strokes of likeness. romance is everything done for my boyfriend **without** loving him.

save your love for yourself. you're your type. you should date yourself. but if you've found it difficult to live with yourself for a lifetime, engage with yourself more deeply. look at your idea of romance, and then romance yourself. promise you your love. honor and obey yourself. that's the only thing worth getting sentimental about. ²

the word for your relationship with yourself is **love**. the word for your relationship with your spouse is **like**. love yourself. like everybody else as much as is humanly possible. if you choose to follow The Dictates of Jesus, love others, but only to the extent that you love yourself – no more or less than that.

animal dreams

dreams are food-for-thought. breakfast in the morning is the **break** of your **fast** from food. your hunger all night is assuaged with food-for-thought: **dreams**. don't pretend your dreams are meaningless. they're conversations you have with yourself that you'd take more to heart if you loved yourself more.

your biological operating system parallels your spiritual operating system. your mind consumes food-for-thought all day that you figuratively swallow and digest at night. your dreams are the burps, grumblings and passing of spiritual gas caused by the spiritual dissemination of new ideas as they pervade your spiritual body.

there are many kinds of dreams, each focused on a different aspect of your spiritual operating system, just as your digestive, circulatory, nervous and reproductive systems are aspects of your physical operating system.

² I think the song “do you love me” from the 1964 musical, “fiddler on the roof” is a good example of **romance** as I'm defining it. if you look up the lyrics and they don't bring a tear to your eye, you're just not a romantic person.

in that sense, animal dreams describe your relationship to your heart, the pump that pushes the river of life [blood] through your body that nourishes and replenishes the land [flesh] around you.

when you're asleep, you turn into Narcissus. you stare at yourself in the lake in your heart, and you fall in love with what you see. what you ought to see is a gorilla staring back at you, a huge monkey that's sad, frightening, ugly and sexually off-putting. but in an effort to assuage your ego, you deny that truth. you call other people monkeys. you look at their features critically without perceiving your own animal ancestry.

you're like a gorilla, but you don't want to admit the similarity because you don't want to admit that God Would Look at you like an animal. you only want to think of Him Thinking about you as an angel in disguise. but that's not realistic. you're like an animal. you're like a human being. and you have the potential to be **more** than just a human being.

but whatever you'll become when you leave here should depend on what you do while you're here. if you don't use your time productively by falling in love with yourself, you'll never discover your potential, your power or your destiny. you'll never come to know yourself, and without knowledge of you, you'll never come to know God.

animal dreams don't just describe your relationship to nature. they describe **your** nature, your relationship to yourself. therefore, animal dreams are vital in maintaining a good heart. people who love animals and dream about being an animal in a relationship with other animals hold a healthy place in God's Designs so long as they don't screw animals literally or screw animals over.

if you're mindful of the natural world and caring about your place in relation to nature, you're going to care about the planet in its entirety. you're going to recognize that loving life begins with loving yourself.

but, how in the world can you love yourself if you're mindlessly killing all the wildlife on the planet? that will only end as a death wish that will haunt you till the day you die.

if you claim to love life; if you claim to vote people in office who represent your **best** interests; and if you care about your relationship to God – then you'd better take a closer look at your life as it appears for you, day and night.

all politicians, without exception, claim to believe in God. nobody claims to go to Washington to represent atheists. they all claim to represent their God-fearing constituents.

and yet, look at how politicians make decisions based on lobbyists who buy their vote. look at how they line their pockets by leaving office with jobs in industry that make them super-rich and powerful in little to no time.

the disreputable politicians in Washington mirror the beliefs of their constituents. many of them are thieves who don't give a damn about their Heavenly Reward. they're only interested in material rewards that they can weasel out of us.

is the weasel the animal you'd like to see on your state flag? or would you prefer to have a rat, a snake or a vulture on your state flag, instead? be realistic about your state of mind, and you'll be more realistic about every state in the union.

look at the animals you're letting off your ark, two by two, and look at how they're reproducing on dry land. look at America and tell me that our country is what God Would Be proud of as it looks today.

your animal dreams are a reflection of your nature. if your nature reflects a holy alliance with killers (6), cheaters (7), thieves (8) and liars (9), I wouldn't count your Heavenly Reward just yet.

there are many more chickens that need to be counted than eggs. break out of your shell and do your part, or expect

to get roasted, fried or find yourself in very hot water that will turn into a God-Awful Soup.

how to cry easily and often

there was a time as a child when I cried easily and often. and then there was a time when I cried infrequently. and then came a time when I stopped crying altogether except for rare occasions when I couldn't stop myself.

today I cry easily and often again. and if you can't cry as I do, I'd like to tell you how you, too, can learn how to do something you could do so easily as a child that you can't seem to be able to do anymore hardly at all.

it all boils down to the 10th Commandment: "**you shall not covet your neighbor's house. you shall not covet your neighbor's wife, or his male or female servant, his ox or donkey, or anything that belongs to your neighbor.**"

I'll bet you don't even really know what the 10th Commandment is actually saying. so, let me first tell you what it means to me so that when you break it, you'll cry copious tears from now on.

coveting amounts to two things: **jealous** and **envy**. **jealous** is something I define as a lust to have another body rather than the body you have. if you looked at jealousy in this way, **lust** is merely a level of **jealousy** in which you want another body more than you want your own. when you want to have somebody's body sexually, you really wish to be in that body so much that you envision holding it so close to you that you imagine it being your body and the other person imagines being you. sexual intimacy that's immensely passionate is like body **switching**, not body **snatching**.

this melding of limbs, tongues and liquids during sex is really a melding of jealousies. when two people are passionately embraced, their jealousy [lust] consumes them to such a degree that they can't distinguish the other person's body from their own.

as I define it, **envy** is quite different. I envy the brilliance of other people's mind. I envy the magical hues of feelings they can express and how they splash the colors in their heart in magnificent ways onto the canvas of life. I envy the beliefs they hold that are secure and faithful. I envy the principles that lead them in a whole other direction than where I'm going in my life. **envy** isn't for a person's body, but for the virtues of the person within that body.

jealousy is an attraction to **it**. **envy** is an attraction to **you**. you are an **I** in an **it**. therefore, you hold responsibilities that come with being an **I** in an **it**. that's what it means to be a human being.

therefore, the 10th Commandment is really saying, "you shall not covet your neighbor's house [body]. you shall not covet your neighbor's wife [sex life], or his male or female servant [acquaintanceships], his ox or donkey [ethnicity], or anything that belongs to your neighbor [material achievements]."

God Had To Tell us not to **covet** anything that isn't ours. He Wants us to know that He Created each one of us similarly, but not identically, to one another. therefore, we're each being rewarded differently.

we're all variations on The Same Theme. but while I may express my love for eating through food-for-thought or comedy, Will expresses his love for eating by cooking and serving the dishes he wants me to enjoy. others express their love for consumption through business ventures, service with a smile, pets, etc.

when I read a passage I've written to Will, it's no different than a chef offering a spoonful of sauce to a visitor in his kitchen. it's a way of tempting another person to envy what you have inside that you're doing your utmost to express through a medium that works well for you.

so, now that I've gotten the issue of coveting off my chest, I can move on to the topic of how to cry easily and often.

while watching “Gilmore girls” I cried easily and often. the writers gave me the wiggle room to see what I wanted to see. they shaped the characters and the stories their way, but I had to freedom to enjoy their view from my own unique perspective. I saw the imperfections of the characters and the mistakes they’d make before they made them. that’s what good writers do to flatter their audience to keep them engaged. if you know how the characters will act, and you anticipate some of what they’re going to do before they do it, it makes the trials and tribulations of their lives easier to bear. and it also makes for nice surprises.

there’s no reason to cry copious tears in “Gilmore girls.” the show is a playpen that’s as padded as a cell in an insane asylum. and yet, I’ll bet dollars to donuts that you, too, cried your way through many a moment in one or another episode. if you’re honest with yourself, you’ll admit that sometimes you didn’t know why you cried, either.

perhaps you cried over a story that wasn’t portrayed on the screen. perhaps you cried for a small town you don’t come from or for a mother/daughter relationship you didn’t have. perhaps you cried for grandparents who didn’t have gobs of gelt. perhaps you cried for boyfriends who were nothing like Dean, Jess and Logan.

perhaps you cried over the large, sexed-up, dance instructor [Miss Patty] who lives in the past but who reminds you of yourself; perhaps you’re like a weird, Korean, rock-n-roll, best friend [Layne] to yourself who’s caught been fame and family; perhaps you’re like a hyper-vigilant, Jewish, school chum [Paris] who can’t get along with anybody, especially with herself; or perhaps you’re a village idiot [Kirk] who works harder than everybody else even though you’re clueless.

the screenwriters’ Heavenly Viewpoint is nothing like yours. your problems are nothing like their characters’. your solutions to problems look nothing like the characters’ solutions to their problems. but, my God, you may have

wished yours did. it would be so nice to live in Protestant Heaven here on Earth.

if you cry easily and often already, it's because you break the 10th Commandment easily and often. and what's more, you're probably secretly glad of it! you'd never want to be otherwise. you're sentimental. you're emotional. and you're grateful to God that you break His 10th Commandment with sappy tears and not the shouts of anger mixed with resentment that others use to show how bitter they really are. your sorrow with your life is a sign of what it's like to be romantic.

people who cry when they break the 10th Commandment go on to learn how to cherish Christ's Other Two Commandments. they learn (1) to **love The Lord with all their soul and all their might**. and they learn (2) to **love their neighbor as themselves**.

you can't get to Commandments #11 and #12 unless you've completed all 10 of God's Commandments and are left in tears. your tears are for you. your tears are because you know you're the kind of person who loves life. you're jealous of other people's bodies and envious of their virtues. you see beautiful bodies everywhere around you, and you see virtuous behaviors everywhere, too.

when you're covetous of what God Gave to others without getting angry or upset by what **they** got that **you** didn't, you've got nothing left to do but work more diligently with all that's left in your lap: your **life** as is.

it's possible to love your very imperfect body just as it is, and it's possible to love your very imperfect soul just as it is, too. you may be a mess inside-and-out, but you're **your** mess. and you're all you've got to work with. if you don't love **you**, who will? but if you do love **you**, you'll always worry about who won't?

your tears aren't tears of **sorrow**, even though you can't call them tears of **joy**. they're just tears that flow freely out from within. they're just a river that carries you along to

Commandments #11 and #12, so that you can continue the mystery of being you in ways that only God Can Reveal to you.

if you want to do the backstroke through your tears, you're going to have to embrace the mystery of life with hard work and patience. that's all I've got in the way of hope to offer you. but frankly, that's all I think you need.

tenderness

Paul Simon touched on something important in his song "tenderness." "much of what you say is true. I know you see through me, but there's no tenderness beneath your honesty."

when he released that song in 1973, I thought he was singing it to a girlfriend. some might have imagined he might even have been singing those words to Art Garfunkel.

but, when I look back now at how my generation felt about our parents in those tempestuous days, I see that song as motivated by issues with Paul's mother, although I have no evidence to back up my suspicion. who doesn't come to make connections like that once s/he's on the other side of puberty? "you don't have to lie to me. just give me some tenderness."

once you can say you've made it out of your head and into your heart, you look back at where you were with amusement. you see what a stiff neck you had to go through.

some kids achieve that at puberty. some old people achieve it on their deathbed. and some don't ever get it.

Jesus Achieved tenderness before puberty. He Came to Jerusalem with his parents at about the age of 12 and Was a sensation with the priests and rabbis at the Temple [Luke 2:42-52]. you might even say that He Was The First Jew To Show the ancient Jews that there was more to Being Made in God's Image than they could imagine with just their mind. He Showed them how To Get out of their head and into their heart. for that, He Was Later Crucified.

there have been many who've died for the same cause, and, pathetically, many of them were Jews and indigenists who were killed by Christians.

so, when I listen to Paul Simon's song, "tenderness," I now hear the lyrics differently. to be a Jew or Christian requires tenderness. when I watch the news or listen to politicians who come across angry, belligerent and defiant, I'd like to sing this song to them. and when they make statements that aren't even true, I'd like to sing, "much of what you say **isn't** true. I know you **think** you see through me, but there's no tenderness beneath your **dishonesty**."

I can't think of a gentler way of telling them that they're deluded and in denial. but I do think that singing them this song would help tame the savage beast that's ripping their heart to shreds.

Tuesdays with merchants

today is Tuesday. I go food shopping at Trader Joe's and Costco on Tuesdays. on the way, I stop off at a friend of mine who's physically disabled, pick up her laundry and take it to the laundromat to be washed, dried and folded.

I don't need much at Trader Joe's, but a dear friend of mine who's 96-years old likes the stroepwaffles and graham cracker cookies they sell. she moved from her apartment into a residence home this year. so, I like to keep her connected to the greater world we live in with ice cream and other necessities of life... an 85-year-old friend of mine gets his food from Meals on Wheels, but he likes to embellish the menu with items from Trader Joe's and Costco. and he has a cat that also needs to be fed. I shop for him, too.

I tell you this not to show off how generous I am. quite the opposite. I really don't like to give money to charities, institutions or political organizations. I wasn't raised in a household that did that sort of thing. we were poor. my mother was an immigrant and single mother. just putting food on the table and a shelter over my and my sister's heads

was as much as our mother wanted to do for the world. that said, the last thing she wanted was to be the recipient of charity. she cried copious tears many a night just trying to figure out how to do what she had to do within her financial limitations. but it never occurred to her to avoid charity by giving it.

my mother married again after my sister and I were out of the house so we wouldn't be damaged by another romantic mistake she might make. she and her second husband opened a fabric store with the money she'd saved and the experience in business he'd gleaned. their business did well, but neither of them modeled charitable giving even then.

so, it's been difficult for me to open my checkbook. I started giving with little things that I got to enjoy myself, like radio and TV stations I listened to that relied on public support. and then I branched out to a couple of politicians in tight races. from there, I donated to a hospital in Israel in exchange for some legal advice from a lawyer on a land inheritance from my grandmother from before the War. gay organizations and Israel's struggle for survival soon became issues that mattered a great deal to me.

there's so much need in the world, and there's so much **selfishness** in me. **selflessness** is anything I do for another person that's a projection of how much I yearn to love myself. and the border between **selfishness** and **selflessness** is constantly moving like sand on the beach after the tide.

giving to my disabled and senior friends makes me feel that my contributions to **my** life are real. "Tuesdays with merchants" has become a spiritual practice for me because I'm shopping for more than my boyfriend and me. that opens me up to spiritual conversations with merchants whom I'd otherwise see as cogs in wheels, not human beings interacting with me personally. there are now workers at T.J.'s and Costco who look forward to me coming and who call me by name.

the concept of charity is central to all faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism. sharing your good fortune with the less fortunate is a necessity of spiritual life. but it's worth asking ourselves why. why Would God Ask us to do for **others** what He Does for **us**? why Doesn't He Just Do for **them** what He Does for **us**? why Does He Insist on middlemen?

the Earth has a South pole, even though we all strive to go north, toward success and toward the top of the world. going south is reserved for the concepts of death and dying. and yet, we need a pole at the South Pole no less than we need one in the Arctic.

because the world is round and not flat, many of the concepts we hold dear would actually lead us off the edge of the world if we followed our reasoning logically [mind] and rationally [heart] from start to finish.

you can't swallow new ideas without getting them out of your head, through your stiff neck and into the fire in your belly where they get digested and disseminated throughout your spiritual system.

another way of saying all this is that life is more complex than it seems. the world is 3D, not 2D. up is up, whether you're in the Northern or Southern hemisphere, and yet **up** will take you in opposite directions if viewed from outer space.

the human body may be made biologically in the same way, whether you're a Jew or a Jain. but **your** understanding of yourself is very different from everyone else's understanding of you.

you are an **I** in an **it**. the **you** in you isn't the same as the **me** in me. **you** are changing over time, just as **it** is changing from year to year. because we're all in separate bodies and have thoughts, feelings, beliefs and urges that are independent of one another, we see Heaven from slightly different vantage points. this makes the journey of our life

separate from all others, while still headed in the same general direction if we're good at heart.

helping people who are less fortunate than you is an opportunity to see yourself walking in another man's shoes. it's an opportunity to practice goodwill on others so you can perfect it on yourself.

it's a stereotype that men are more influenced by their urges [penis] and women by their feelings [heart]. that's why there's so much more talk about penis problems than clitoris conflicts. but the truth is that we all are half man and half woman. if you judge people by their genitals, you aren't going to understand their motivations. if you judge them by their outer circumstances, you're only seeing a part of who they are. each of us interacts with the forces within us differently. that's why a charitable perspective is the best way to look **through** people to see what's going on inside of yourself.

charity is a **moderately** good way of helping people through their limitations, but it's an **excellent** way of helping **you** through **yours**. give charity to others in the hopes of discovering things about yourself that you'd disapprove of in you if you could see yourself through others' eyes.

they say, "it's better to give than to receive," but giving isn't **better** than receiving. giving is a **vehicle** for receiving. try giving in ways you've never given before, and you'll receive in ways you never received before. the more you **give** in new and different ways, the more you'll **receive** in new and different ways. give **only** to receive. but leave yourself open to the mystery of what you'll receive, how, when and from whom.

flashing red lights

my parents were Holocaust survivors. as a child, I didn't realize they were figuratively driving with their flashers on all the time. I was **in** their vehicle, so to speak. how could I have known? people only told me that my mom talked

funny. but I couldn't hear her accent, let alone acknowledge that she was an emotional mess for reasons I couldn't fathom. nobody wanted to tell me more about my journey with my parents for fear of frightening me.

but when I got out onto the road of life behind the wheel of my own vehicle, I discovered a lot about my parents I hadn't seen before. I'd always thought my mother was a terrific, spiritual driver because she **literally** used her indicator lights to let people know which way she was about to turn. she seemed open and honest about everything from my naïve perspective. she didn't keep secrets from me about the way she felt in the moment. but what difference does that make if you've got your flashers on all the time and the people behind you see you as a menace on the road?

I suppose what was so bad about the way my mother drove through life was that I unconsciously copied many of her bad habits. we all need to use our flashers from time to time. but I put my flashers on over some things that just didn't call for them. I made mountains out of mole hills. I blamed imaginary people ["they"] for things "they" did that I could fight in court and win my case if "they" ever tried to harm me. my mother drove with her flashers on because she suffered P.T.S.D. I was just paranoid...

I advocated for the needs of victims that I invented in daydreams. I climbed trees to bring cats down that were howling for help (in my fantasies). I pretended to be a hero in my mind's eye. I pretended to be a martyr. I was the world's greatest champion of the weak and disenfranchised everywhere except in the real world. I was a hero-worshipper. I wasn't a hero. I was sick and didn't know it.

because of my imaginary good deeds that no one bothered to question because no one knew about them, I had to have my flashers on all the time, too. I had to warn those around me that I needed to rush into phone booths to change into my superman outfit. I needed to double park my bat mobile to save the world.

I looked pretty weird to the general public. that's what happens when you have to **be** a hero, but you can't **do** anything heroic. it's all talk, or it's all empty gestures.

in "Gilmore girl" terminology, I was Kirk, the village idiot. I was the guy who reinvents himself every 20 minutes to make himself feel needed and wanted. yet, he was the guy everybody overlooked and secretly laughed at. I was like Kirk, the designated scapegoat, the picture of Doran Gray. I didn't age in my mind's eye. only pictures of me aged.

I thought I looked outwardly fine. but if Stars Hollow is Protestant Heaven where everybody's half-Jew/half-Christian, I was the Muslim in the room. I was the outsider even inside. I was the dork (not the chicken) who crossed the road, but who couldn't tell you why. I was the joke personified.

for the longest time, I couldn't understand why people were wasting **my** time when I was in line waiting to check out my groceries. couldn't they see I was on a mission? couldn't they reflect on the importance of all the people waiting behind me who I was championing in my fantasy? my impatience was the personification of everybody's impatience, not just my own. and the person paying for their groceries obviously refused to take that into consideration by not reading my mind...

well, my parents are dead. the Holocaust is behind us. but the guy who double parks with his flashers on to run in and deliver pizza or a package still doesn't realize he's spending everybody's time in an effort to save himself time.

don't assume God Doesn't Have A Gay Agenda. when you **assume** you make an **ass** out of **u** and **me**. don't assume God **Does** Have A Rightwing Christian Agenda in which all babies conceived have to be born. when you **assume** you make an **ass** of **u** and **me**. if Christians can come up with an agenda they proclaim God Holds about life, I can come up with an agenda I claim God Has that defies death.

living in a big city means you're going to meet a whole host of people you might not meet in a small town. you're going to meet people who don't signal when they turn. they don't brake for deer, dogs and birds. but they'll honk over anything.

people who figuratively drive with their flashers on because they were in the Holocaust are a thing of the past literally speaking. but figuratively, we're just getting started when it comes to talking about dangerous driving on the highways of life.

watch what you say. watch what you do and where you're going. you'll be amazed how well we can all get along on the road of life if we respect other's agendas. so long as people aren't hurting themselves or others, assume it's an agenda that comes from God.

the book of Luke

in "Gilmore girls" the fellow who runs the local diner is named Luke. Luke and Lorelai are in love with one another. it's obvious from the first episode. they need another six seasons to teach us how grown men and women use denial to escape a plethora of moral issues that need to be addressed before a spiritual partnership of importance can be gleaned in the external world.

using denial to escape your spiritual challenges is a deeply flawed way of avoiding self-discovery. but how can any of us know when we're in denial? you can't see around a corner until you get to that corner.

my parents met in Munich, Germany two months after the War. they fell in love almost instantly. of course, the reason I think their chemistry was such a match was because my father was a poor, little **rich** boy and my mother was a rich, little **poor** gurl. but their 14-year relationship ended with finger wagging and screams of betrayal here in America that the Nazis hadn't elicited in them in Europe. disappointments with who you are and who you've chosen

to share your life with are very real outcomes in the future for those who are in denial as they move through the present. reality is hard to face in the moment, but it's not easy to face in retrospect, either.

and then there was the relationship between my first boyfriend and me. we were like business partners in a construction firm. we bought a house together and spent ten years fixing it up. when the house was complete, our relationship of 14 years together synchro-mystically was also complete and ready to end. I discovered he was cheating on me, and we broke up.

then I erroneously assumed he'd never loved me or didn't love me anymore. in truth, he loved me like a business associate with benefits. that's all either one of us could achieve in the way of love at that time in our lives. we were in denial of our limited ability to fully share our love for ourself with one another.

Will is my second long-term boyfriend. he likes to boss me around, and I don't the least bit mind him making most decisions for me. but when we have sex, it's my turn to be the top. that's how we bind two Testaments into one. (don't knock it 'til ya try it. it works for us!) Will is like the brother I never had. and Jesus Is like his.

binding two Scriptures into one Book isn't done with any of the other of the world's Scriptures. this is unique to Christianity. would that Christians could enjoy a relationship with Jews that mirrors the relationship Will, who's Catholic, and I share.

but anal sex is still a sticking point in both faiths. they don't see sodomy as a virtue because they don't see the serpent in their own tree as a virtuous voice.

the serpent in the Creation Story only told Eve she'd be like God if she knew the difference between good and evil. that's nothing to **blame** it for saying. it's true! how else can you come to know God without moral experiences that teach

you the difference between good and evil? don't judge the message by the appearance of the messenger.

being the top in a relationship isn't something people should fight over. whether you prefer to be the top or the bottom, your efforts, whether sexual or nonphysical, should be the result of interactions that the two of you should be naturally attracted to from the start. your sexual preferences in giving are your way of **giving**, and the ways in which you prefer receiving are a form of **giving**, too.

in our partnership, Will is the top in the living room, kitchen and garden. I work for him. I manage his choices and decisions. but I'm the top in the bedroom. he's the good guy in every room in our house except our bedroom. there's where he's very, very bad... and that's just the way we like it.

whether you're giving to another person or receiving, you should both be enjoying the outcome. why bother to be in a relationship where you have to fight to get what you want?

if you're in a relationship with someone from another faith, you should get to know their faith as well as your own. you'll be amazed to discover how much all of us have roots that grow down so deep that they entwine with our faith and name for God, even if many exotic branches have been grafted onto the trunk of our tree over the course of our lifetime.

Lorelai is a spiritually poor, little **rich** gurl who knows how to turn on hot-and-cold running emotions in men. and Luke is her favorite faucet. Luke is a spiritually rich, little **poor** boy who's well aware of what Lorelai is doing to him. he just wants her to recognize that he's got more than a faucet that he wants her to play with. but he's so consumed with helping the needy that he can't see his own spiritual needs. he's grumpy and belligerent to others because he can't internalize those feelings to use them to train himself.

Lorelai is in denial of her attraction to Luke's plumbing, and she certainly doesn't see how she's figuratively screwing him over. she may be in her thirties, but she's still just a gurl who once got pregnant in her teens and is now twice shy. she's not ready to make the leap of faith from girl to woman that marriage requires.

that's why she and Rory can have such an incredibly good relationship as gurlfriends while the two of them use their boyfriends without looking at men from the point of view of good books brought to them to peruse for personal edification, not just romantic and sexual intercourse.

gurlfriends are what **girls** aspire to achieve in Heaven with one another. there aren't any **women** in their idea of Heaven, perhaps with the exception of Mother Mary. but if Christ's Mother Personifies the Jewish mother who's made it from gurlhood to motherhood by having achieved spiritual adulthood herself, then there's hope for all little gurls to grow up to become mature women.

the spiritual encounter between Mary and God is no different from the spiritual encounter I anticipate experiencing when I die. this is what I refer to as sex with The Teacher. it's not a literal encounter. it's a spiritual encounter that's so intimate and intense that I can find no other way to describe it.

I had a dream last night in which I was Rory, and I slapped Lorelai across the face and told her to shut up. fortunately, I can take out my aggressions against my mother in my dreams now that she's past on. I don't have to literally get in her face because I was able to shield my mom from my frustration and impatience at her spiritual ignorance while she was still alive. timing is an important aspect of everything that relates to spirituality.

Eve didn't get to control Adam by offering him her leftovers from the Tree of knowledge of good and evil. she may have learned a thing or two before he did by having been tempted first by the juice from its fruits. but neither of

them was a particularly swift learner when it came to matters of guilt.

they were both lost in denial, albeit a different denial about the outcome of conversations with snakes [penises]. Adam protested before God about “that woman He Gave him” (thus killing two birds with one stone). Eve confessed the truth, while blaming that evil “faucet” in the maple tree for spewing forth a sweet, sappy syrup she couldn’t resist.

Adam devolved into the next generation of man [Cain] who turned into a murderer when he couldn’t get redemption from God using the specific sacrifice he’d chosen to offer Him. Eve devolved into the next generation of woman [Abel] who turned into a conspirator when he used the concept of redemption he’d learned from Cain with a different sacrifice. God Chose Abel’s sacrifice over Cain’s, infuriating Cain, thereby giving Cain the “reason” he needed to kill his brother. and although Abel’s blood cried out from the ground for justice, common sense leads us to conclude that Abel may have mixed some vengeance in with his cry for justice.

Cain didn’t want to share his knowledge of self-sacrifice. and Abel didn’t want to share God’s Grace with Cain. neither of them could have been happy with the outcome. such is often the ending to a tale with a moral message if you look at it from all sides.

men have been accusing women of being conspiratorial since the Hebrew testament was first popularized by the Jewish people thousands of years ago. what men haven’t been doing in large enough numbers is acknowledge that murderers [men] who accuse conspirators [women] are hardly reliable witnesses, themselves.

a **fable** is a story with a moral message that uses animals or other-worldly creatures to make its point. a **parable** is the equivalent using people.

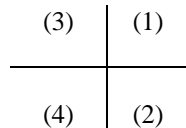
“Gilmore girls” is a modern tale that purports to be a parable, when, in fact, it’s also a fable. the characters aren’t

fully real. they're more like a combination of real people [3/5^{ths}] and animals [2/5^{ths}]. that only becomes apparent when you see the token Blacks scattered throughout the show (without speaking roles) who remind us of what it means to be allowed into Protestant Heaven on Earth when portrayed by straight Jewish-American and Italian-American writers.

it's up to each of the stars in Stars Hollow to overcome the animal aspects of their territorial imperatives by turning their defenses inside out to learn to express loyalty to their **own** humanity.

Luke [Adam] and Lorelai [Eve] don't see themselves as in Eden anymore. they've graduated to Heaven. this Biblical tale [fable/parable] is what happens when you combine the Old Testament with the New to create an American dream we should all be able to subscribe to in some ways, even if we can't see that we're reproducing it in ourselves with our own unique denial of the big picture.

here is **my** rendition of the big picture, so different from the picture portrayed in "Gilmore girls":



- (1) upper right quadrant of the cross: God's Gay And Spiritual Agenda [good enough]
- (2) lower right quadrant of the cross: God's Literal Religious Agenda [too good]
- (3) upper left [wrong] quadrant of the cross: denial [not good enough]
- (4) lower left [wrong] quadrant of the cross: hypocrisy [not good enough]

knowing which quadrant you're operating from takes a good deal of self-knowledge and awareness because good

people are always worried about how to get from quadrant nr. 3 to quadrant nr. 1. those who vacillate between quadrants nr. 4 and 2 insist on breaking the law in order to force literal interpretations of Scripture on others that don't take into consideration God's Greater Poetic Intentions. once you can see that, He Doesn't Work in such mysterious ways anymore.

unfortunately, the only gay person in the fable/parable of "Gilmore girls" is Michel, a surly Frenchman who can't find anything amusing, entertaining or appealing about small-town Connecticut life. he's depicted as the personification of a gay-Catholic caught in a straight, Protestant Heaven where he feels held against his will. he's portrayed as a **round**, Black, European peg crammed into a **square** White, American hole. and he couldn't feel less gay about the way things have worked out for him.

"Gilmore girls" is an example of why straight Americans desperately need gay men to help them transform and transcend where they find themselves in the New Age. going from an **animal** to a **man** to an **angel** disclosed (rather than an angel in disguise) is a spiritual process that we're all undertaking. everything rests on the way we treat **ourselves**.

you wouldn't ask a fish [Christian] what water is until you hooked that fish and dragged it out of its natural environment to give it a peek at a whole other world. but today's fish know a Hell of a lot more than the fish in the past once did.

dirty butts

if you find yourself stuck with lousy sex, week after week, month after month, year after year for more than a decade – it's no wonder you probably vote the way you do. it's no wonder you send your cynicism, scorn and derision to Washington in the form of representatives who promise to let America know how upset you are with your sucky, sex life.

if you haven't been getting any sex at all, week after week, month after month, for more years than you care to remember – it's no wonder you insist on carrying a big, black gun in public to make up for what your penis is missing in length, girth and strength. it's no wonder you have a fascination with ammunition. (words with "semen" in them, such as **appeasement**, **amusement**, **debasement** and **advisement** make you squirm.) it's no wonder you see conspiracies left, right and center on the political spectrum. it's no wonder you're contemptuous of almost everyone and everything.

when you're horny as Hell and you don't know how to satisfy the urges and impulses that are clawing at you on the inside, you're going to look for bullies to solve your problems for you. greedy politicians, Fortune 500 executives and the lawyers that lead them in the direction of Hell are the big bullies who know all this about sex but are tempted by money: the root of all evil, and the power they need to make more and more money.

Rory is a virgin at the beginning of "Gilmore girls." she and her boyfriend, Dean, only kiss although their hormones couldn't be raging any less than yours or mine did at their age. at school they call Rory "Mary" because she's still a virgin. but she's a good girl who's saving herself up for the right guy. she doesn't want to make the same mistake Lorelei made at her age. Rory has a plan to go to Harvard. and although Dean has a smile that promises to light up the night because he's as good as Rory on the inside, Jess offers a musky smell that moves her in a whole other place in inner space.

Jess smells morally because he figuratively doesn't wipe his ass. he's morally dirty. but Rory's nose smells something wafting out of him that Dean, who's cleaner, can't match.

later Logan comes on the scene, a poor, little **rich** boy. and his butt is as dirty as the rich, little **poor** boy's [Jess].

only Logan has the good sense to sniff around inside himself and decides to bathe.

Rory uses her teenage years to learn about the figurative smell of male anuses. but America isn't yet ready to produce entertainment that can speak any more candidly about growing up, musky smells and all. we have to reinterpret the storyline 15 years later to bring it up to the next, higher level of awareness while maintaining the decorum of the American culture that insists that chic flics never look at love from behind.

gurls and young, gay bottoms are attracted to guys with dirty butts. but that's not the moral of the "Gilmore girls." that's just the circumstance that creates the story. the moral of this story is that it doesn't matter whether you're rich or poor; you've got to learn to wipe your own butt in life. wishing to wipe another person's butt is just a futile projection of self-love.

criminals and disreputable men who cheat on their taxes and/or on their wives – have dirty butts. they hate their own asshole and show it by breaking the Ten Commandments. literally speaking. some butt-heads won't even demean themselves to washing their butt in the shower. that whole area is literally and figuratively off limits to them.

physically, sexually and especially spiritually, some people have been trained to like themselves the way they are: a bust with a head, heart and soul. they aren't interested in going south before they're over the hill (and too old to care anymore). they don't want to know about the rest of the body God Gave them. hypocrites! that's what it means to have a dirty butt. a lot of gurls and gay boys dream about transforming a guy like that. ³

³ this is the real reason why **sodomy** is such an important topic in the Hebrew testament. God Had To Broach the topic of how He Made man in His Image from a moral perspective that would make **biological** sense from a spiritual

comparing Logan's butt to Jess's butt to Dean's butt isn't fair. but I'll let you discover why for yourself if you haven't watched "Gilmore girls." spoiler alert: turns out all butts are dirty! who knew?...

you can smell the butt of each congressional district by the representative they send to Washington. you can smell it by the local leaders they put in office, too. some voters are so manipulated by religious renditions of sodomy that they'll give their power to any asshole who comes along to hoodwink them with promises that are morally repugnant.

Donald Trump (R), Joe Manchin (D) and Kerstin Sinema (D) are exceptions to this rule... they don't have dirty butts. but that's because they like to be rimmed. they found a way to get others to wash their butt with their tongues.

if you'd like to make sure that your butt is morally clean by learning to wipe it yourself, you're going to have to remove the wool over your eyes. may I, therefore, suggest you reconsider your views on sodomy from the old-fashioned religious perspective first. penetrating the anus sexually is a far cry from screwing people over or using your power to get people to rim you to keep you looking and smelling morally clean and fresh in public.

don't be distracted by what comes out of the **mouth** of those who claim to be morally "pure." use your nose to sniff around at the other end. you have no idea how sick it'll make you to use your tongue or nose the way some people want you to. you'll regret what you've done for them in the long run. take my advice and just kiss people's lips. avoid all four cheeks.

perspective. just avoiding anal intercourse does nothing to improve you as a person or increase your awareness of your amazing, spiritual, operating system.

“hard-headed woman”

by

Claude Demetrius

(sung by Elvis Presley)

well, a hard-headed woman,
a soft-hearted man,
been the cause of trouble
ever since the world began.
oh yeah, ever since the world began,
a hard headed woman been
a thorn in the side of man.

now Adam told to Eve,
“listen here to me,
don’t you let me catch you
messin’ round that apple tree.”
oh yeah, ever since the world began,
a hard-headed woman been
a thorn in the side of man.

now Samson told Delilah
loud and clear,
“keep your cotton pickin’ fingers
out my curly hair.”
oh yeah, ever since the world began,
a hard headed woman been
a thorn in the side of man.

I heard about a king
who was doin’ swell
till he started playing
with that evil Jezebel.
oh yeah, ever since the world began,
a hard-headed woman been a thorn in the side of man.

I got a woman,
a head like a rock.
if she ever went away
I'd cry around the clock.
oh yeah, ever since the world began,
a hard-headed woman been
a thorn in the side of man.

the relationship between straight men and straight women is hard to see because most of them have concluded that they've got to decide whether they're one or the other. obviously, that's a zero-sum game since we're all the product of a father and mother. we're all half male and half female.

the only way to get a look at straight relationships with greater insight is by looking at same-sex relationships to magnify the virtues and vices of men who relate better to men and the virtues and vices of women who relate better to women. in this way, you'll not only discover more about the dynamics behind your parents' relationship with one another. you'll discover the dynamics behind the male and female sides of yourself.

the curiosity needed to know more about yourself will eventually lead you to ask yourself why a hard-headed woman would be a thorn in the side of a man, as purported in the lyrics of this song. what is it about women with strong, intellectual opinions that gives straight men the feeling of being pierced, prodded and penetrated in a place where they already feel wounded?

if you recall, God Put Adam to sleep to remove a rib. out of that rib He Fashioned Eve. so, "a thorn in the side of man" is a painful reminder of a loss he's already suffered at God's Hands, according to the Creation Story. when a woman recreates that feeling in a man by thinking and acting for herself, she reopens an old wound. what was at first a choice God Made **for** man; women today now make **for** him. the

unevolved man feels used by women. he feels abused by them. he feels that his life is out of his control and women are the cause of it. but he dares not blame God for that. so, he blames Hillary Clinton, instead.

the underlying issue boils down to anal over vaginal sex. if straight men and women look at their **virtues** as emanating out of vaginal sex that produces life, then they ought to look at pride in overcoming their **vices** as emanating out of the anus that produces death. infusing semen into the anus becomes a poetic way of defeating death. this is what Jesus figuratively did by bringing Lazarus back from the dead.

straight men and women deny the tension between one hole or the other unless they explore life [penis/vagina] and death [anus] more thoroughly from a spiritual perspective. the Hebrew testament challenges us to use our head in conjunction with our heart to determine what we want to believe about life. that determines how we'd act if not for the forces below our belt that urge is to go other ways.

infusing the life-giving semen into a vagina is a recreation of the **virtues** God Instills in each one of us. infusing the life-giving semen into the anus of a man or woman is a recreation of the power in overcoming the **vices** God Instills in us all.

I'm not advocating that you explore anal sex. I'm advocating that you explore the Hebrew testament with a more open mind. the Hebrew testament is the foundation of the Abrahamic edifice. you'll be able to better understand the second and third stories [the Gospels and Quran] of that edifice if you enter through the ground floor with an understanding of how God Made everyone in His Image. you'll finally begin to see the Abrahamic edifice as "Mi Casa Es su casa." from God's Point of view. you'll see the futility in fighting over belief systems, which is how many straight Jews, Christians and Muslims are still behaving today.

the hard-headed woman of the 21st Century is the lesbian who guides straight women away from mindless attraction

to straight men who use every trick in the book to get their disreputable and immoral urges satisfied. if lesbians and gay men understood Scripture more deeply, religious lunatics wouldn't be able to run the world into the ground, as they now do.

the parent/child bond

the bond between parents and their children harkens back to the bond between one's inner parent with one's inner child. if you can't use yourself as a model of how to move from infancy to childhood to adolescence to adulthood, you don't know what you're doing, and Dr. Spock isn't going to be of much help to you in making your way through life with a wife and kids.

so, let's start with the primary goal of parenting: (1) keep your sons from killing themselves, and (2) keep your daughters from getting pregnant. this is all it takes to consider yourself a leading expert on child rearing once your kids are grown and are on their own.

if, however, you wish to acknowledge the **spiritual** importance of parenting, the matter becomes a little more complicated. in order to become an inner parent, you've got to conceive an inner child, which means that you've got to know **yourself** in the Biblical sense of the word. you've got to not only have had sex with yourself alone. you've got to have conceived an inner child with yourself psychologically: i.e., you've got to mature. hence, you've got to have figuratively impregnated yourself with an awareness of a you in you that wasn't there before.

now, before you run around like a chic [gurl] without a head [hysterically] wondering how this is done, keep in mind that it's perfectly normal to discover that there's a you in you that wasn't there before. it's called: **evolving**.

in spiritual terminology, what you've discovered is that your body and you aren't one and the same. your body is your body, and you are the person inside that body.

so, when God Told Moses that He Created man in His Image, what He Was Really Saying, in effect, is that He Creates every chick in a shell, but the chick was going to have to break out of that shell – or it would die without having witnessed the real miracle of life: knowledge of God’s Ongoing Contributions to everybody’s life.

if you’re observant, you can see that there are a lot of chicks still in their shells. they’re unborn in the spiritual sense. they can’t differentiate between their body [it] and their sense of self [I]. they think it’s all one and the same.

those chicks who’ve figuratively broken out of their shell have a sense of the disconnect between their body and themselves. they realize that they didn’t get to choose their shell [body, family and outer circumstances in childhood]. it was all Given to them.

the **me** inside **it** when we become an adult is an aspect of reality that we get to decide for ourself. how we break out of mere **existence** into a sense of coming **alive** is up to us.

so, an inner parent who’s conceived an inner child is like a chick that’s been hatched from an egg. it’s not like being “reborn” in the Christian sense of The Word. it’s more like recognizing that your relationship to God is separate from your relationship to yourself. He and you aren’t One. you’re not a god. and He Isn’t Going to damn you to Hell for being a chick that chooses not to come out of your shell if you don’t want to. fear of coming out of our shell is universal. coming out of the closet is just the gay way of doing so.

using people, abusing people, denigrating them and setting up systems that keep them oppressed is a bad use of your time. it’s an immoral way to stay in your shell where you feel safe.

but if you decide that your relationship with yourself is so important to you that you want to know your body like a vehicle, with life as your highway; if you decided that your relationship to yourself is so important that you want to look at life as a journey – and your destination as an amazing

achievement that you want to be proud of by the time you reach the end – then you’ve not only impregnated yourself with a revelation. you’ve already conceived your inner child. “how easy was that?”

now it’s up to you to raise your inner child to adulthood to the best of your ability. another way of saying that in one word is that you ought to become more **curious** about who you are and who you’re going to be.

this means that when you rethink the meaning of **parenting** from a spiritual perspective, you’ve already gotten pregnant all by yourself. you’ve already impregnated you with a sense of yourself. and you’ve decided to keep the kid [inner child].

Spiritually speaking, many hyper-religious fools abort every inner child they conceive. they’re afraid to come out any further from their shell. they’re afraid to evolve. and yet, they get deeply incensed at women who literally abort an unwanted fetus.

if you conclude that you’ve been a “bad” parent to your inner child, you’ve probably been killing yourself with junk food, alcohol, drugs, late nights out that have deprived you of much needed sleep, and probably an assortment of other bad habits that have taken a toll on your body and ruined the moral health of your inner child, to say nothing of the pain in the ass you’ve been to others. rimming politicians to get them to give you what you want is just one of many dirty, little habits people perform who don’t want to come out of their shell or who want to entice others to come out of theirs.

it doesn’t work! but the Republicans, the Mafia, the Nazis, the Muslim fanatics, the Russian oligarchs and the Chinese communists bend over further and further for one another, like foul daisy chains, to brown nose one another in their nefarious attempts to take over the world.

if you wish to continue forward repentantly through life, you’re going to have to cherish your inner parent/inner child relationship for the rest of your life. and you’re going to have

to awaken to how the two of you treat the body God Gave you, as well as the body politic.

you're expected to return your body, like a rental car, at the end of your journey. and it's expected to be in good condition when you drive it back to The Rental Agency [Heaven] where you first got into whatever **it** was that you were Given – regardless of the number of miles you've put on it. so, plan now to leave your vehicle [die] proud [morally clean] of how you cared for it.

Lorelai and my mother

Lorelai got knocked up when she was 16. that was her way of proving to her parents that she could make a life for herself without their approval. that was her way of pecking at her shell from the inside to see if she could get out of the shell God Had Given her that was a completely different shell from what she would have chosen for herself in terms of family and childhood circumstances.

I did something similar by choosing to become a ballet dancer as a teenager, even though my mother desperately wanted me to become a professor and my father wanted me to go into business. my parents got their wishes fulfilled many years later after my dance career was behind me. but I still don't really know much about the "real" world. I don't care much for making money, and I'm not interested in promoting a formal education. what I know I learned from the school of hard knocks. I married myself at the Wailing Wall. I ordained myself a rabbi before God. and the 25 books I've written have been my doctorate dissertation. I bestowed by Ph.D. upon myself, as well. (my mother should have completed high school and my father should have learned how to go into business for himself. both of them thrust their goals in life onto me.) I was always an independent artist at heart.

Emily wanted Lorelai to become a member of D.A.R. in other words, Emily wanted her daughter to achieve even

greater status than she'd attained in White society. Emily wanted much more money, more power and more prestige than she had, but she projected that urge onto Lorelai, instead. the thought of her daughter evolving beyond her own understanding of life never occurred to her as an option.

Emily's urge isn't any different than what my maternal grandmother wanted for my mother. my grandmother [an Austrian-Jew] wanted my mother [a German-Jew] to become a concert violinist and join the ranks of the musical elite in Germany. the tension between Emily and Lorelai and the tension between my mother and me was no different except for the fact that I honored my mother with greater conscious understanding of what was motivating me.

Lorelai took the concept of conceiving an inner child literally by becoming pregnant, much to the chagrin of her parents. and my mother took the concept of conceiving an inner child literally by projecting her inner daughter onto me and raising me to be her girlfriend, even though Mom made sure that no one [not even me] knew her little secret. this was achieved through the psychological trick called: **projection**.

so, the Gilmore gurls and the Zeve gurls drove parallel paths down the road of life. Rory wasn't supposed to exist at all. she was supposed to be Lorelai's inner child. and Barry wasn't supposed to be male. and yet, Rory and I do "exist" just as we are. so, the question is whether we're going to grow up to be happy. in Rory's case, I don't want to give away the ending. in my case, the jury has pronounced their verdict. I'm innocent, happier than I've ever been before in my life and free in a way that most people will never know freedom.

both Rory and I have a very sensitive nose. Rory was attracted to dirty **butts** right from the start. I started out with cigarette **butts** I'd pick up on the street to smoke on my way home from high school. but I soon graduated to buying cigarettes from vending machines. from there it was a hop, step and a jump to sniffing my way to dirty **butts** in the

sexual sense. I was no stranger later to sex clinics where I required a wide array of medications for my bad habits.

neither Rory nor I grew up with a father in our life. that means that we both felt we had to please men in an effort to get them to please us. neither my mother nor Lorelai felt that pleasing men was all that important. in fact, the men in both their lives had to go out of **their** way to please Lorelai and my mother. and that's something that Rory and I find difficult to imagine, let alone do. we're more interested in pleasing than being pleased.

Rory's father [Christopher] finally grows up, settles down with another woman and gets a secure job working for "the man." but as soon as he discovers he has the power to overcome the talking snake in his own tree, his wife hears the talking worm in her apple, and leave him to discover herself.

Christopher, like my dad, blew it the first two times around. My father's wealthy family supported his first wife and children while he went off to America to learn English and play around. after Hitler killed his family, leaving him a concentration camp survivor without teeth, he couldn't keep his jobs working for other people. he couldn't support his second wife [my mother] and five children [two from his previous marriage, two from my mother and a niece who was orphaned by the War]. he was broken, and he had no idea how to fix himself from the inside out.

my cousin left our home at 18. my half-brother ran away to join the army. (I'm not even sure if he finished high school.) and my half-sister hooked the first guy she met and made their 1950s dreams come true with four kids, six grandkids and a life of desperation and depression without God in suburban America, a million miles from her roots in Kaunas, Lithuania.

my younger sister did the same as our older sister, albeit without a dad. she got married after high school to a nice, Jewish lawyer and had two kids. but my sister and her

husband [Mark] divorced after 27 years together because he embezzled money out of their house to fund his failing on-line business. once divorced, she told me, “after the kids moved out of the house and the dog died, I looked across the table at Mark and asked him, ‘who the Hell are you?’” would that she’d asked **herself** that question before she stole the inheritance from our mother and Lou, Mom’s second husband.

so, it fell to me to take on the dreams of our father to conquer the business world. like all men, our father wanted to kill himself by trying to make a living for his family. he wanted to look like a martyr in God’s Eyes. I didn’t bother to go through all the hard work of working hard to become a martyr like my old man. I cut the corner. I just tried to kill myself three times.

unlike Rory, who’s a near-perfect, young lady in relationship to her family and friends, I was quite a mess inside. I came with a lot of baggage – a full set of luggage, a steamer trunk and carry-on bag. Rory just comes with a backpack full of books to explore the theory of life from as safe a distance if she can.

my mom and Lou were drawn together by the philosophy of “you and me against the world.” that’s a great glue to hold two people together until one of them dies. but what happens then to the survivor?

my mother was half-Jewish on her **mother’s** side. Lou was half-Jewish on his **father’s** side. they were mirror images of one another religiously. but they never fought over religious matters. they were their own unique version of the Judeo-Christian world of the 20th Century melded into two people who loved each other deeply.

they always sat on the same side of the table so they could hold hands. as Alzheimer’s took him further from her, I think deep down inside she resolved that dementia was the only poetic outcome that could express her idea of devotion

to her prince charming. and so, from a poetic perspective, she unconsciously decided to slowly lose her mind, too.

the unstated goal of my mother's life was loyalty to her children. when she was five years old, her seven-year-old brother fell off a balcony and died. her parents turned gray in days. and during that grieving period, my mother felt neglected and lashed out at them by saying that she was glad her brother was dead. she could finally play with all **his** toys. that verbal beating of her parents haunted her all her life.

what my mother wanted most out of life was peace in her family. but because of the mother/daughter relationship between the two of us that excluded my sister, there was always tension between my sister and me. when my sister stole the inheritance out from the four children of our mother and Lou, my mom did her utmost to maintain a position of neutrality between my sister and me.

I think that was the most important spiritual challenge of my mother's life. Lou's daughter was a thief who ran up her credit cards and then moved abroad without paying the charges. his son couldn't keep money in his pocket. it always slipped through his fingers. and I didn't need the inheritance. so, the spiritual challenge for me was in letting go of the theft and letting God deal with it. who am I to judge? what will happen to each of them is none of my concern. I'm sure God Knows what He Is Doing.

“she was too good to me”

by

Chet Baker

she was too good to me.

how can I get along now.

so close she stood to me.

everything seems so wrong now.

she would have brought me The Son,

making me smile.

that was her fun.

when I was mean to her,
she never said go away now.

I was a king to her.
who's gonna make me gay now?

it's only natural
I'm so blue.
she was too good to be true.

I don't miss my mother. but I am sentimental about the space she left in my heart. there's a space there now that she'd taken up before. and so, I honor that place in inner space in whimsical ways only God Can Recognize as I remind Him of my feelings for her. I call that kind of sentimentality: reciting **kaddish** [the Jewish prayer for the dead].

I hated my mother because she ruined me. I loved my mother because she created, formed, framed, preserved, protected and raised me. and God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Has Guided me in honoring my mother in applying that knowledge to loving myself.

“look on the sunny side”

by

Malvina Reynolds

look on the sunny side.
sugar's goin' up.
sugar, it will poison you.
don't put it in your cup.
lay off the soda pop.
don't drink those colas.
they'll eat away your molars,
and the googlies and the twinkies
will put you on the blinkies.

pass them by,
also the pie.
look on the sunny side,
the sunny, honey, funny, bunny side.

look on the sunny side.
gas is out of sight.
gasoline, it fouls the air
and dims the heavenly light.
the blossoms get the blight.
you'll do much better hiking it,
streaking it or biking it.
if an auto is required
on the job where you've been hired,
stay at home.
tell 'em you're tired.

look on the sunny side,
the sunny, honey, funny, bunny side.

look on the sunny side.
your old man left you flat.
your old man was a nuisance.
he criticized your cat.
he wore your favorite hat.
when you felt like you were dyin',
he'd split and leave you cryin'.
when you did not need him there,
he'd be crawlin' in your hair.
pass him by,
also the pie.

“look on the sunny, honey, funny, bunny side of life”
because life may be **logical**, but it can also be totally
irrational. look on the sunny side of life even at Easter time
when the The Son Has Set and darkness has crawled over the

land like little, black, cat paws. look on the honey side of life when rabbits lay chocolate eggs and death is defeated with hope in a Jewish rabbi Who Made His Way out of His Head and into His Heart to reveal a whole other side of life that no one had ever set eyes on before.

look at this funny [queer] side of life because even in inner darkness there's a rainbow in the heart of good Christians who've discovered that God Is Madly in love with everybody. He May Not Like everyone. but He Loves every **body** He Made.

these crazy Christians love One Jew more than all the rest of us. they love Him because He Came Out to them with an honesty, sincerity and authenticity that no other Jew has since been able to match. God Bless This Jew above all the others. but God Bless all the Jews for having helped create This One. God's Agenda Is gay, as in lighthearted.

look on the sunny [loving] side of life because "your old man left you flat. he was a nuisance who criticized your cat. when you felt like you were dyin', he'd split and leave you cryin'. when you did not need him there, he'd be crawlin' in your hair." I say take the dare. you two were quite a pair.

if memory serves

"if memory serves" is a very useful expression. but your memory only serves you if you use your memory to serve yourself. a lot of people would rather forget than remember. this leaves them in a world of denial, which, when compounded daily over a lifetime poetically leads to dementia.

hypocrites know they're doing something wrong. those in **denial** don't. when the deniers wake up to the truth, they overcome their bad habits. when hypocrites are caught, they simply deny their guilt.

don't be a hypocrite. but if you're in denial, don't think you're going to get away with what you're doing, either. the Confederacy could have claimed to be led by "good"

Christians who were taking the Hebrew testament literally. where did that get them? where are their leaders going today? and what do they think Jesus Would Think of their actions in defying science to prove their loyalty to Torah by telling lies? sorcerer's apprentices, all of them!

my father was a prisoner in Dachau Concentration Camp, a Christian camp for Jews. my mother met him two months after he was liberated at the end of the War. that was easy to remember. my memory served me in remembering **them**. but my memory did nothing to serve **me**.

because my father already spoke English fluently, having come to America on an extended vacation to learn the language, he was hired as a translator for the U.S. military after the War. so, doors opened for him in Germany that Germans hated him for, and Jews envied him for waltzing into. women flocked to hang on his arm and eat at his table. that was easy to remember, too. my memory served me in remembering **him**. but my memory did nothing to serve **me**.

I later learned that he got "mixed up" with bad company and started a trucking business to bring food into the cities from the countryside to feed the starving masses. alas, he did so using American, military transportation on the sly. that wasn't hard to remember, either. my memory served me in remembering **that**. but my memory did nothing for **me**.

my memory only serves **me** when I use the facts to draw obvious conclusions that haven't come to mind before, despite my inexperience in connecting the dots previously.

the most obvious of those conclusions was that my father had a **criminal** mind. my memory serves **me** when I admit that my mother must have known what he was up to. and even if she didn't, she remained loyal to him once the Americans had him behind bars.

who wants to hook his or her wagon to someone's star if that star is a dwarf star that's radioactive? my mother had a **conspiratorial** mind that matched well with his **criminal** mind.

my memory serves **me** when I admit that a lot of my disreputable thinking was the result of parents who weren't fully honest, sincere and authentic with themselves, let alone with me. if I wanted to become the kind of person I'd respect and admire, I had to unlearn a lot of the training I'd had in childhood that shaped me into the person I was.

my attraction to evil

I always found men who were a little wild and dangerous, attractive. I was always tempted to do things that were on the line between right and wrong, just so I could look over onto the evil side of life from a good vantage point without having to slog through immorality personally.

my mother taught me to love what she loved. and for me that amounted to slightly wild and dangerous men. I paid for following her dutifully with a history of sexual exploits that left me bitter, contemptuous, cynical and lonely. I just didn't realize at the time that all those men were so similar to my father. I had no idea I was so attracted to the faults of my old man.

anal sex isn't immoral, but penis envy is. **penis envy** is the desire for a different penis than the one you Were Given. when you come to the conclusion that your penis isn't long enough, wide enough or hard enough, you suffer penis envy.

you should see your penis as brilliant. what it wants is a sign of your genius. what it looks like is what makes you a unicorn; one of a kind. your penis is beautiful. and the fact that it can try to stand up for itself because it wants to stand on its own is a sign of what you can do for the rest of you.

semen envy is the desire for a different concoction of good and evil than what you Were Given. when you conclude that your semen isn't good enough, you suffer from semen envy.

penis envy leads to the motivation to buy a big, black gun. and **semen** envy leads to the motivation to treasure your

bullets and dream of infusing them into the flesh of others to get revenge for what you haven't been able to get out of life.

men turn into murderers if they can't admire the penis and semen they've got. they become vindictive and hateful. they become anti-Authoritarian. they want to get back at God for what He Gave others. and since their arms (are) too short to box with God, they make gays, Jews, Blacks, Latinx, Asians, Muslims or women their scapegoats. if they're still boys, they make their classmates and teachers their scapegoats, instead. if all else fails, they blame Democrats for what they don't have between their legs.

but Republicans aren't the only people who want a big gun in their hand just to enjoy the feeling of pulling the trigger. a lot of Democrats **figuratively** want that feeling, too. plenty of people who claim to love The Lord, hold a secret conspiracy against Him. many religious leaders are actually the most hateful and vindictive of all just because they don't like what they see when they look below their navel.

oh, I've heard all the big talk about protecting America from those abroad who want what we have and will do anything to get what we've got. but from what I see in the news, the Russians have grabbed us by the neck and are strangling us on our own hate speech. and the Chinese are stealing our military and industrial secrets to recreate our American dream in China, while polluting the planet even more than we do now. only the Iranians and their accomplices are itching for a fight to kill all the Jews.

apparently, neither the Russians nor the Chinese is planning to drop a bomb on us anytime soon. they seem to be much happier screwing us over.

while America is fighting off penis and semen problems, the world is stealing us blind and raping us with our own hate speech and bad behaviors. but religious Americans are too consumed with the effects of **sodomy** in God's Eyes to consider the deeper, moral issues that face us. the poetic

outcome of denial of penis and semen envy is that we're getting screwed over by enemies who are only slightly more spiritually ignorant than we are.

God's Penis And Semen

if man Was Made in God's Image, then we really need to sit down like adults to talk about how our spiritual operating system mirrors the human body. getting out of our head, past our stiff neck and into our heart isn't that hard to do. swallowing new ideas and stomaching them rather than regurgitating them up onto others, isn't that hard to overcome if we've got the guts to look at ourselves spiritually.

contemplating our navel is easy if we first draw the conclusion that every boy and girl was born of woman. God Gave each of us a navel to remind us of that. from there, it's a hop, step and a jump to our genitals and anus. they, too, Were Made in God's Image. don't conveniently leave out any part of yourself. you'll be sorry if you do.

the literary conclusion that God Breathed life into Adam using His Mouth is a nice story for the kids, but nobody in his right mind believes that life can be created with just a kiss. even mouth-to-mouth resuscitation isn't the way to bring life into the world. so, why would Moses have suggested that God Kissed Adam alive when we all know that kisses lead to sex in adolescents and adults, whether or not they're fully rational and evolved?

Jesus Obviously Had A Gift from God that no man Had Ever Been Blessed with before. His Ability to bring the ancient Jews out of their head into their heart exemplified pure, spiritual genius. it demonstrated urges and impulses that emanated out of His Penis that Had Never Been Expressed by men before. and from that, it's easy to conclude that there was a very special mixture of good and evil in Him. His Semen Was pure, His Gift, Divine.

the greater question that comes to mind lies in our misinterpretations of semen. what is God's Semen in human terms? and why do some men pretend to be as powerful as God by pretending that their semen has the power to bring life and death into this world? some men have very unrealistic views of how good and evil [the juice of their own fruits] make them morally superior to the rest of us.

just look at totalitarians around the world today if you aren't up on history. they even think their urine is as powerful as semen! look how Alexander Lukashenko pisses all over his countrymen in Belarus to show the world how powerful he is. Putin now has to bare his chest to keep the Russians attracted to **his** grip on **their** country.

forcing people to get a vaccine to protect the lives of everybody isn't the same as creating secret police and military to knock off your enemies at home and abroad. but for some strange reason some people still can't tell the difference between needles that heal and bullets that kill.

contempt for science emerges out of contempt for modernity. some people hate God because He Forced them to be born in the New Age. if they could have lived in the past, they could have hated with greater impunity.

if we admit that God Must Have Created humanity Using His Penis if He Created man in His Image, then that takes a lot of pressure off trying to forget that our father did the same with our mother to create us. that's just how people are literal made and spiritually Made. get over it. if you claim to be an adult, act like one. use your mind to help you grow up. that will help you enormously when it comes to appreciating the love in your heart and the devotion to God in your soul.

what does it mean to be the product of a sexual union between God and Himself that produced the likes of me and you? how can God Have A Penis and A Vagina and still Claim that He Made us in His Image? that's the \$60,000 question because in it lies The Ultimate Gay [Lighthearted]

Relationship. gay men just mirror God's Spiritual Actions within Himself with other men.

when we don't create vengeance **outside** the bedroom, we're free to enjoy chocolate, sports and anal sex **in** the bedroom.

"vengeance is sweet," not because we feel satisfaction from harming someone who has harmed us. vengeance is sweet when done with mutual glee with someone you care for. that magically turns vengeance into justice. and there's nothing sweeter than justice.

from God's point of view, there's no such thing as vengeance. God's Seeks only justice. God has no evil intentions or inclinations. God Has no left testicle from man's perspective. the fruits of good and evil are choices man has to make to discover the truth about God.

if you don't believe that God Created Man in His Image because He Is beyond our conception and imagination, then you'd have to graduate the concepts of **Adonai** and **Jesus** to entertain the meaning of **Allah**, I strongly suggest you move through the Abrahamic faiths with appreciation of all three names for God rather than jump from the first story [Judaism] to the third story [Islam] of the Abrahamic edifice as though you could fly. take the stairs, instead. and take them one step at a time.

to really enjoy sex; to awaken to your unconscious urge to get back at God and the world for the way you've turned out [vengeance], you need to discover the urges you've been afraid to face. you need to face your denial. this will lead you to ways of expressing yourself in bed that your partner will find delightful and stimulating.

but to do that, you're going to have to love yourself much more than you presently do. you're going to have to love your penis and semen. you're going to have to learn to give to others and receive from others in ways that you've never imagined until now. and only you can figure out what that

means for you in terms of a monogamous and joyous sex life.

just remember that the Hebrew word **shalom** [peace] comes from the verb **lishalem** [to fill]. fill yourself with wisdom [Judaism], love [Christianity] and loyalty [Islam] and you'll experience an ecstasy through orgasm and elsewhere in your life that you never dreamed of accessing until now.

send in the clowns and stand-up comics

who are the clowns? who are the comics? the answer is easier than you think. the **gays** are the clowns. the **Jews** are the stand-up comedians. you can't enjoy God's Gay [Lighthearted} Agenda without the entertainment that comes with it.

God Needs to show us that life is a comedy of errors with happy endings, not the melodrama or tragedy many believe it to be. if you want to graduate this school for fools as a clown or comic (whether or not you're gay or Jewish), you're going to have to understand God's Humorous [Gay] Ways.

granted, there are tragedies in life. people die unjustly. people are forced to live in cruel ways. people go hungry. people get sick. innocent children and animals suffer.

but the opportunities for us to learn to help one another can turn misfortune into Blessings from God if we can see and act on our challenges in a timely manner.

it's easy to pray to God to Bless those who support us by behaving like angels not animals. but there isn't a single house of prayer in any of the world's faiths that advocates you pray to God To Bless those voices in you that support you for the righteous ways you support yourself. why is that?

you need support from within even more than you need it from without. the voices that emanate out of you with wholesome feelings are vital to your survival. and the same can be said of the urges you have that are elevated and

evolved. why wouldn't you want God To Bless those voices and Curse the voices within you that are detrimental to your wellbeing?

the problem lies with cynicism. once you can, not only see darkness all around you, but within you, you begin to see how easy it is to observe God Hiding from man both in inner and outer space. He Is your Partner. if you've learned to go to your partner for help, you're ready to go to your Partner for Help. if you can **ask** for help, you can **pray** for Help.

it's easy to see God behind the Tabernacle in the scrolls at synagogues. it's easy to see Him on the cross. and it's easy to see Him in the Rock they walk around and around in Mecca. now prove to us that you can see Him within you.

“loves me like a rock”

by

Paul Simon

when I was a little boy (when I was just a boy)
and the devil would call my name (when I was just a boy)
I'd say, now who do (who)
who do you think you're foolin'? (when I was just a boy)
I'm a consecrated boy. (when I was just a boy)
I'm a singer in a Sunday choir.
oh, my mama loves me. she loves me.
she get down on her knees and hug me
like she loves me like a rock.
she rocks me like the rock of ages and loves me.
she love me, love me, love me, love me.
when I was grown to be a man (grown to be a man)
and the devil would call my name (grown to be a man)
I'd say, now who do (who)
who do you think you're foolin'? (grown to be a man)
I'm a consummated man. (grown to be a man)
I can snatch a little purity.
my mama loves me. she loves me.

she get down on her knees and hug me
like she loves me like a rock.
she rocks me like the rock of ages and loves me.
she love me, love me, love me, love me.
and if I was President (was the President)
the minute Congress call my name (was the President)
I'd say now, who do (who)
who do you think you're foolin'?
(who do you think you're foolin'?)
I've got the Presidential seal. (was the President)
I'm up on the Presidential podium.
my mama loves me. she loves me.
she get down on her knees and hug me
like she loves me like a rock.
she rock me like the rock of ages and loves me.
she love me, love me, love me, love me.
(loves me like a rock)

don't love a rock like the Muslims love al-Ḥajaru al-Aswad Rock they revolve around in Mecca. **evolve**, don't **revolve**. don't fight over the rock on the Temple Mount [Hebrew: even hasetya; Arabic: al-Saḡrah al-Musarrafah – the Noble Rock] like the Jews and the Muslims do. look at that rock in Jerusalem from the underside that's buried deep in the ground.

don't treasure religious artifacts like the Christians do. the rocks you should treasure are your testicles. the iconography you should cherish is your semen.

become a figurative fundamentalist. look at the world through the fundamentals of spirituality to understand your rhyme and reason for being in this world.

to see God in yourself despite all that darkness within you is hard to do. it takes an imagination that can open your mind, transform your heart and transcend your conscience into a soul. that's not so easy, although it's hardly impossible.

what's hard is to see The Words of God Emanating out of your penis when you've got your penis shoved up your own anus. that's hard. that's painful. and that can be very uncomfortable, especially when you'd like to turn your life around, but you can't because you've got your life so screwed up that if you try to stand tall it feels like you'll dismember yourself...

it's then that sodomy begins to look amusing. it's then that they need to send in the clowns and stand-up comics to show you and tell you what you wouldn't otherwise be able to see in yourself when you've bent so far over backwards for others that you're screwing **yourself** over.

you don't have to rim anyone, literally or figuratively, to get what you want. you don't have to rim God in your house of prayer to get your prayers answered. don't brown nose anybody, including Him. there are civilized, spiritual ways to make your dreams come true. but if you use vengeance or promote those who use vengeance, be prepared to suffer the burn of a flame you'll never be able to anticipate. be prepared to discover what it's like to experience Hell on Earth. I can only predict that you'll feel embarrassed, shameful and humiliated. only the facts on the ground change from one circumstance to another.

life doesn't have to be a contortion. but without the clowns [gays] to show you how you behave and without the Jewish stand-up comics to make you laugh at what people are doing to one another – you aren't going to take life any more personally than you presently do.

the gay clowns and Jewish comedians are a match made in Heaven. and to be both gay and Jewish means that you're twice Blessed. but don't feel bad if you're gay, but Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist or Taoist. you're a clown, too! you just might not be quite as funny as you are queer.

queer is funny, too. take it from a gay-Jew. we're all angels disguised or disclosed, even those who claim to be atheists.

take yourself more personally

you shouldn't love anyone other than yourself. love only you. if you reject this idea, you'll refuse to take yourself more personally than you do. you'll be in denial of the meaning of self-love and the importance of self-love in your life. in truth, you're the only person you need to love or who needs your love.

granted, I love [feel addicted to] my boyfriend's body! and I really like the guy inside it! but I'm not here on Earth to love **him**. that's his spiritual work, so I give him the freedom to do so. I don't want to have to try to do that **for** him.

when Moses said, "love thy neighbor as thyself" his focus was on their **neighbors** at the time. the ancient Jews were wandering in the wilderness. they had to bond with one another. there was nobody else who'd help them.

but when Jesus Reiterated the words of Moses 1,400 years later in Israel, His Message Was on loving **yourself**. He Told the ancient Jews to love **themselves** in order to love their **neighbors** [Rome and her allies].

in other words, get **into** your head to be more like Moses. and then get **out** of your head and into your heart to be more like Jesus.

but if you want to become soulful, you're going to have to get out of your head **and** heart, so you can look at both your thoughts and your feelings from a third place in inner space. "third time's the charm!"

Christ's Message was written down by Jews for Jews, not by Blacks or Whites. but most of today's churches are White or Black with hardly a Jew among them. surely, you can't enjoy the full view from the second story [Christianity] of the Abrahamic edifice unless you include a gay perspective. is it any wonder the third story [Islam] is as off beam as it is?

God Doesn't Want to surround Himself with people who fight over His Names. He Doesn't Want to surround himself

with people who can't think clearly and feel deeply. and He Certainly Doesn't Want nudnicks [pests] around Him who can't believe the big picture because they're in denial of aspects of reality they find distasteful for personal reasons that make no sense.

people **think** personally, not locally or globally. they **feel** personally, and they **believe** personally. they even **act** personally, not locally or globally.

that's why travel is the best teacher. that's why learning foreign languages opens you up to life in a way that being a local yokel only leaves you provincial, small and petty.

see more of the world by developing your imagination. only little minds get caught up in conspiracy issues. grow and the whole world grows with you. shrivel up and you become a punchline for tomorrow's sick jokes.

Mel Brooks didn't make a fool out of the Nazis with "the producers." the Nazis made fools of themselves. Mel Brooks just made a name for himself by teaching us to laugh at fools who think they can outsmart God and His Gay Agenda.

fidelity

the definition of **fidelity** is: "faithfulness to a person, cause, or belief, demonstrated by continuing loyalty and support." there's a second definition which is helpful: "the degree of exactness with which something is copied or reproduced." [internet]

I think these definitions should be plastered above the entryway to every temple, synagogue, church and mosque. I think everyone who thinks s/he believes in God should be reminded of what it takes to believe in Him. it takes faithfulness demonstrated by continuing loyalty and support. and it takes copying Him by reproducing His Designs.

when the serpent told Eve that if she ate from the Tree of knowledge of good and evil, she'd become like God, that was true then, and it's still true today. the problem doesn't lie with the serpent [penis]. the serpent modeled fidelity to

God. the problem lies with envy of what comes out of its mouth. everybody wants to be right. everybody is comparing and contrasting the potency of his semen [words] to that of others.

in that sense, fidelity to God is extremely difficult to attain. therefore, we shouldn't condemn atheists for choosing not to even try to do as we do. I think we should limit our criticisms to those who claim to believe in God yet fall short in following the definition of fidelity in doing so.

needless to say, keeping your word is paramount in this regard. this is the essence of the 7th Commandment [**thou shall not commit adultery.**] if you promise monogamy [fidelity] to one person, don't break your promise. if you wish to give the impression that you're as honest in your business practices as you are with your mate, then pay all your taxes and don't cheat your customers. don't hire lobbyists to get the government to enact laws to benefit your business, and don't limit marriage to those you like.

you shouldn't consider yourself a good person who deserves a Heavenly Reward from God if you don't know the meaning of fidelity or don't follow it. you're only diluting the potency of your semen [words].

in an effort to help hypocrites who love to quote the Bible and wag their finger at gay people, God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Created A Gay Agenda for Himself. this is the underlying topic of this chapter via an exploration of fidelity.

needless to say, the vast majority of gay people in this country are atheists. you'd be an atheist too if the institution of your family's house of prayer condemned you because of your sex life rather than your fidelity to God. would you condemn someone for loving chocolate or sports? then why do you condemn those who love anal intercourse?

God's Gay Agenda isn't just focused on reforming hypocrites in the straight community. His Gay Agenda Goes much further than marriage equality, too. in fact, God's Gay Agenda Is so vast and Encompasses so much that it's going

to be a feat for me to express just the tip of the iceberg of it in this chapter. so, fasten your seatbelts. we'll soon be landing and taxiing to the Gate.

the story of Adam and Eve depicts every boy's first wet dream. when the juice of a boy's fruits cums out of the mouth of his penis [serpent]; conspires with his heart [Eve]; and the two of them convince his head [Adam] to come along on their adventure – he [Adam and Eve] achieves his first awesome encounter with God. and that orgasm fills him with guilt, even though it does nothing to change what cums out of his penis [serpent] or his desire to do the deed again and again.

the talking serpent is the only animal urge that beguiles man. all the other animals in God's Kingdom [weasels, rats, vultures, lions, lambs, sheep, old goats, bears, pandas, donkeys and elephants] don't affect man like that one snake in the tree that Moses warned him about at the beginning of his tale.

once banished from the Eden of sexual infancy [the Hebrew creation story], the next generation of self-exploration [Cain and Abel] describes a boy in a struggle over how to make up to God for what his head [Adam] and heart [Eve] did that first time that he [Cain and Abel] has differing opinions about how to repent for.

the murder of one brother [Abel] by the other [Cain] pursues an outcome that isn't intended to be literal. it's the death of the heart [Abel] for having colluded with the penis to produce the first orgasm, so that the mind [Cain] will be able to control decisions about how, when and where to seek orgasms consciously in the future.

this relieves man's mind of being overwhelmed with **feelings** the next time he experiences similar **urges**. this makes it possible for boys to have sex without feeling a thing for the other person or having to **think** about those notches on his bedpost in the future. and from gossip, stories and outcomes you've seen with your own eyes, most men have

only reached the spiritual level of the second story of Genesis. they're still boys whose head [Cain] is in charge of their penis [serpent]. therefore, God Always Has to intervene with questions about where his brother [Abel] is. the heart [Abel] may be repressed, but it isn't dead until it stops beating.

for those interested in what comes next in the unfolding of God's Designs, the third story of Genesis [Noah and the ark] is when things get really interesting.

it doesn't take a soothsayer to see that the repression of feelings [death of the heart] can't remain in effect forever. feelings for others come up that overwhelm a boy's thinking again and again.

the desire for a boy's head [Cain] to manage feelings [Abel] that are blatantly and consciously motivated by lust is described by Moses as a flood that encompasses the whole world of every boy [Noah] at puberty. but the difference between **biological** and **spiritual** puberty is as great as the difference between lightening and the lightening bug. a boy can physically grow up to become a man in a few years, but to spiritually grow up can take decades. in some, it never occurs at all.

every man's ark [spiritual body] is made of wood. wood is the knowledge of good and evil from a forest of trees that the pre-pubescent has grown within, beginning by acknowledging the grove of trees [family] where God First Planted him. as the result of experiences out in the world, that grove turns into a **pardes** [Hebrew: orchard]. this **pardes** [**paradise**] lies all around him. Eden is everywhere. most teenagers know this intuitively. they don't have to die or feel banished to get there. they're already in paradise [pardes], off and on. this is why the sea voyage through the teenage years is anything but a cruise.

when the ark finally reaches safe haven at the end of adolescence, every young adult releases the animal instincts in his hull. this is the hopeful outcome for every adolescent

boy who wishes to augment his healthy, spiritual relationship with God by seeking to become a law-abiding, contributing citizen of the world.

for every young person who strives to become a pillar of society, a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow of promises from God ensures that he'll develop more fidelity to God over his lifetime if he pursues the mystery and magic of self-love.

but young men have their own challenges before they can aspire to that. they have to face their tower of Babel [penis problems] before they can become like Abraham who stood before God candidly. they have to construct their tower to power, and then watch it come figuratively crashing down. they have to become a part of the conspiracy immature men are unconsciously a part of that teaches them about the depth of fidelity to society as a whole before they can prove to God that they've achieved the virtues needed to come before Him solo with clean hands.

and here's where God's Gay Agenda comes into effect. the timing of the first wet dream is different for every boy. in that sense, the Jewish rite of Bar Mitzvah, the passage from childhood to adulthood, doesn't literally come at the age of 13, even if the tradition places it there and then. puberty arrives **biologically** when puberty arrives **biologically**. and the same can be said about spiritual puberty. the timing of the passages described in Genesis is unique to each one of us.

from a spiritual perspective, straight boys striving to become men aren't usually able to see the significance of puberty for all human beings, male and female, gay and straight, for the same reason that you wouldn't ask a fish what water is. a fish is submerged in water. it would have to be drawn out of its natural environment to get a sense of where it lives and how the world looks from a higher perspective. that's a terrifying experience for all fish because

you can't explain to a fish what it's going through. besides, how many are compassionate enough to care how fish feel?

in that sense, gay boys-to-men are fishermen who create an environment in which every fish [male or female] can question its nature and environment, safe in the knowledge that gay boys-to-men know something about spirituality that straight boys and girls don't.

those of us who've been accused of being the most vile and contemptible are in a different, spiritual relationship with God. we're not hateful, jealous or violent. we don't usually wish to kill our competition. we only wish to get intimate with it. the outcome of our desire for oral and/or anal intercourse with one another inoculates us with an aversion to vengeance outside the bedroom. we want to screw other males literally, not figuratively. and because of that, we're denigrated, defiled and detested by those who are envious of what God Has Given us.

our efforts to fish straight boys-to-men out of the waters they're so accustomed to – that they don't fully realize are flowing in them, through them and around them – are almost always misinterpreted as a sexual agenda. and maybe for some spiritually lusty, immature or spiritual sick, gays, sex is the only thing on their mind.

but for the majority of gay men and myself, we're not interested in getting in your jock strap if you don't want to get on ours. we won't want to circumcise your uncut penis, regardless of your religious beliefs. and we don't want to empty your wallet once we get close to your back pocket. we don't want to screw you up, and we don't want to screw you over.

our gay agenda is a reflection of God's Gay Agenda. and since you don't know how or why God Created gay men, you can't really object to **It** on its merits. all you can do is continue reading this chapter to discover what **It** is. if you were to shut this book now and try to imagine what God's

Gay Agenda is before I tell you, you'd never discover that whatever comes to mind is a million miles from the truth.

to discuss the title of this book [God's Gay Agenda], we're going to have to start with the Bar Mitzvah, the rite of passage from childhood to adulthood, which is a long and arduous journey, as all of us who are over the age of 21 know. this particular piece of the puzzle of the passages of life is commonly referred to as the **teenage** years. they span seven years 13-19.

the four great markers of the beginning, middle and end of adolescence are the Bar Mitzvah [13]; Quince Años [15] in Catholicism; the age of 18 when privileges of driving, voting and military service arrive; ending with the age of 21, when young men are considered adults in American society and are allowed to drink in public.

I'm going to focus on the Bar Mitzvah, not the other three passages of adolescence to adulthood [15, 18 and 21], which are more cultural than spiritual. these three markers differ from one society to the next.

the Bar [male] Mitzvah [Commandment] is A Commandment from God to do one good deed at puberty. but even Jews don't really know what that deed is or how to do it in a gay [lighthearted] way.

a boy is figuratively born to the left of his parents. God Is Located to the right of his parents. so, the parents stand between God and their son. all the good and bad deeds of the son are piled onto the shoulders of his parents. parents get all the Credit and Blame from God for how they're raising their son.

but when the boy reaches puberty [+/-13], his parents step out of the way, and the boy stands before God himself. this change of spiritual positioning has many consequences, both physical and spiritual. I've enumerated them below:

1. the body of the boy goes through a physical change that makes it possible for him to reach orgasm.

- A. orgasm brings with it physical and emotional attractions to others that a prepubescent boy can't yet fully envision or literally experience.
 - B. these physical and emotional changes at puberty lead an adolescent male to seek privacy; to think for himself; and to make decisions on his own.
2. the mind of the male adolescent then awakens in ways that lead him to conclude that his parents are far more imperfect than he'd previously realized. this results in a teenage boy losing a certain amount of respect for his parents, possibly even experiencing a desire to act out vindictively against the world.
 3. the adolescent male slowly comes to realize that he's going to be morally responsible for his own behavior, including conceiving children and taking legal responsibility for his actions.
 4. in an adolescent who believes in God, he's going to realize that his parents can't protect him from God any longer. he's facing Him directly. he's now in a One-on-one relationship with Him that's new and different. God Will Be Giving **him** all the Credit and Blame for his actions from then through the rest of his life, and hereafter.

the gay community is vital to the awakening of all adolescents because straight parents take matters of sexuality with regard to becoming an adult male too much to heart. straight parents used to assume God Made everybody straight. and even if they may now concede that God Made gay boys gay, they still can't explain why because they can't see what vital role gays play in the awakening of humanity to the reality that everybody shares with The Same Creator.

if a boy doesn't get onboard the rainbow of promises [seven emotional colors of the rainbow ⁴] from God at puberty, he's going to remain infantile or childish all his life. he may grow up biologically, get married and have children. but he won't understand the importance of moving through the first four stories of Genesis spiritually. without knowing God in the Biblical sense of The Word], he'll misinterpret the rest of Hebrew Scripture, which, like a bad foundation, will leave his interpretation of the Gospels and Quran off kilter, too.

a boy won't understand that orgasm is a reward achieved with another person which also increases his awakening to rewards from God that will draw The Two of Them nearer. each orgasm is like a step up a stairway to Heaven that will lead him to a greater view of life if he uses his penis in a righteous manner.

a young man can't draw nearer to God without an evolving, sexualized relationship with Him. that shouldn't be interpreted as using sex in prayer with others. and it certainly doesn't mean stimulating his genitals [masturbation] in order to draw nearer to God when alone.

sexualizing his relationship with God is something a boy-to-man can only do figuratively, obviously. God Has Conveniently Made sex with Him literally impossible. but the idea that God Made man in His Image means that he must have a sexual attraction to himself that leads to a growing attraction to Him via others. the more he projects this curiosity and lust only onto people who visually please him, the more he'll suffer the vicissitudes of love and the broken heart he sees around him. attraction to others isn't only achieved with the eyes. the ears are very important if you're

⁴ (1) red: rage; (2) orange: agony; (3) yellow: terror; (4) green: jealousy and envy; (5) blue: grief; (6) indigo: mystery; (7) violet: ecstasy – often experienced through orgasm.

really listening with your heart. and your nose is even more important if you're striving to appreciate people from your soul. intuition has to become your guide.

whether you're straight or gay, your relationship with God must become an extension of your relationship with yourself. the more you find yourself interesting, the more you'll find God fascinating. the more curious you are to know more about you, the more you'll find yourself probing to know more about God through all that you think, feel, believe, want, say and do.

this vanity for self-love is human, not relegated only to women. the desire to experience pride and express it isn't only a gay attribute, either, although we're the only people who promote pride.

drawing nearer to God is achieved morally by "cleaning up your act." the cleaner you feel inside with yourself, the cleaner you'll feel with Him. uttering The Lord's Name in vain is much deeper than swearing. it's really about using your penis to screw people over.

the problem with the institutions of faith is that they insist you clean up your act by modifying your relationship with **others** using your head, heart and soul. God's Gay Agenda Asks you to clean up your act by modifying your relationship within **yourself** by uniting the spiritual forces throughout your body.

how can you love your neighbor if you can't love you?
how can you love yourself if you've been trained not to contemplate your navel; question the voice of your serpent; and investigate the organ of death behind it?

if you use only your **head** [orthodox Jew], you can't see how you ruin relationships with others by thinking illogically.

if you use only your **heart** [rightwing Christian], you can't see how you ruin relationships with other by feeling irrationally.

if you use only your **soul** [fanatical Muslim], you can't see how you ruin relationships with other by believing perfidiously.

when it comes to cleaning up your act with yourself, you have to be able to get out of your head and heart to come into your **soul**. you can't perceive your own vices and failings using only your thoughts and feelings. there, in your soul, Lies God near you. He Couldn't Be any nearer to you. yet most people think He Is a million miles away.

you can only improve yourself with yourself before Him with His Help. but He Must Allow you to approach Him. and you must clean up your act to facilitate His Decision To Do so. if you don't want to, He Won't Want to. and even if you do want to, He Won't Want to unless you do your part first.

the whole concept of redemption requires a belief in the potential for transcending who you once were to become a more magnificent and beautiful person than you were before. this can't be done without God's Help because you can't get out of yourself to see yourself as you truly are. you need to trust that God Has your best interest at Heart. there's no person in the world you can trust to that degree.

God's Gay Agenda Will Lead you to learn to draw closer to yourself in order to draw closer to Him. God's Gay Agenda Doesn't Require you to change your sexuality in any way. it only requires you to love the **one** you're with, with a light [gay] heart. then you can love **The One** you're with.

loving yourself is harder than it looks because we're so accustomed to blaming others or ourself if things don't work out the way we want. this is why I've said that you should never strive to love any other person other than yourself. this is why I've encouraged you to honor your parents. and this is why I've explained to you why the rite of the Bar Mitzvah is a rite in which you honor your parents for getting out of your way just enough so you can develop a personal relationship with God in which you come to realize the moral

magnificence and importance of this shift in priorities and perspective.

once you can **honor** your parents for all they've done and are doing for you, you can apply that principle to other people in your life. but none of this can happen without **self-love**.

self-love is the vehicle to the love of God. your romantic attachments to adults and attachments to children, nature and humanity writ large are ways in which you **honor** others in order to achieve the rewards of **love** for yourself that God Will Bestow upon you if you strive to be more honest, sincere and authentic in all your affairs.

entwining autocracy with democracy

combining and entwining autocracy with democracy is a project that's actually very easy to achieve. **autocracy** is the ideal form of **inner** governance. **democracy** is the ideal form of **external** governance. the reason nobody has mentioned this before is because our head is autocratic. our heart is domineering and arbitrary. only our soul is democratic.

this is easy to prove. when you think of the first thing that comes to mind, you come up with one word to describe it. when you give it a second "thought," you come up with a second, maybe even similar, word to describe it. and then you're left with the dilemma of deciding which side to take, the side of your head [logical] or the side of your heart [rational].

this becomes an unending tug of war that can't be solved. take for instance the words **wonderful** and **brilliant**. your head might describe something as **wonderful**, but your heart might choose to use the word **brilliant**, instead, implying a certain contrariness. as seemingly unimportant and as trivial as this conflict may be from a more soulful perspective, you aren't going to win this argument by taking sides. therefore, you might be tempted to create words such as **brunderful** to stop the arguing inside that mirror what Solomon had to deal

with as a democratic leader when he had to threaten to cut a baby in half that two mothers were fighting over. obviously, it was the woman who came from her heart who surrendered the fight to the other. she was brilliant.

if you cut words in half and then stick one half of each word together, you might find that process unpleasant or bizarre. if so, then try agreeing with both your head and heart, even if you have to find different reasons to do so. you might be surprised to discover how **wise** and wonderful [head] and **loving** and brilliant [heart] you really are. once you work on becoming **gracious** [soul] to yourself in this way, you'll be ready to dip down below your bust to your belt. that's where the fun begins...

Judaism verses Christianity

once you solve the problem of the conflict between your head [Adam/Cain] and heart [Eve/Abel] to see that your penis [serpent/Noah] is always going to beguile the two of them, whether directly or indirectly, you can start to use your imagination to think more creatively. this is the equivalent of having picked all the low-hanging fruit and having to climb your tree of knowledge for those juicy fruits that have been ripening in the sun and are now hanging up there more tempting than ever.

once you can solve the conflict between your head [Cain] and heart [Abel] to see that God Is Always Going To Beguile the two of them by allowing them to fight over the methods and materials in becoming **wise** [wonderful] and **loving** [brilliant], not just knowledgeable, you'll be able to perceive yourself in a vehicle [ark] surrounded by flesh [thoughts] and blood [feelings]. and that's a fact of life that's not going to change so long as you live.

therefore, consider that your flesh will experience pain for the sake of **justice**. and your blood will cry out with suffering for its own kind of justice: **mercy** and **forgiveness**.

in this way, our Teacher Allows us to experience pain and suffering as teaching tools to move even the most recalcitrant students forward toward maturity.

this is what's happening on the micro-scale. on the macro-scale, the world is awakening to the Judeo-Christian conflict that's been going on for more than 2,000 years. the Jews personify the mind. the Christians personify the heart. and each individual is going to use his own head and heart to figure out the best path for him or her to move forward.

although it wasn't that important in the greater, **religious** scheme of things, the Civil War in the United States was the most significant **spiritual** conflict since the crucifixion of Christ. His Death Separated the head from the heart in the ancient Jews that ended up creating a whole other belief system. the ancient Jews adamantly maintained their position of God's Need for **justice** [wisdom]. and the ancient Christians equally and adamantly maintained their position of God's Need for **mercy** and **forgiveness** [love].

the outcome of the Civil War was a spiritually profound revelation for the world, albeit still spiritually unseen and unappreciated to this day. the Jews lost that fight. and with that loss, the Hebrew Testament lost much of its credibility until now.

justice claimed that a man's property cannot be taken away from him. **mercy** claimed that it **can** and **must** be taken away if his property is another human being.

the Hebrew Testament claimed that a slave is permissible property [Leviticus 25:39–55]. the Christian Testament claimed that a slave is **not** permissible property [John 8:34–36]. the North won. the South lost. the Christians won. the Jews lost. and for more than 150 years, humanity has been attempting to appreciate the significance of that outcome.

in the modern age, it's up to each of us to become a master over our own inner slave, so we discover the truth about self-ownership. there's no point in 3/5^{ths} of you struggling to control 2/5^{ths} of you if you don't understand the

spiritual dynamics at play. there's no point in locking up your urges in the hull of your ark until the day you die.

in 2015, the Hebrew Testament lost again when the United States Supreme Court brought marriage equality to the greatest and most powerful country in the history of the world. once again, the Christians [Gospels] won. and the Jews [Torah] lost [Leviticus 18 & 20], much to the chagrin of the South that's still licking its wounds over the outcome of the Civil War.

this time, the Supreme Court recognized that each of us is half man/half woman. in an unconscious effort to help us recognize the need for each of us to marry ourself, the court concluded that men must be allowed to marry men and women, women so that society can strive to live by the tenets of self-love.

the word for **husband** in Hebrew is **baal**. it literally means **owner**. today we're being asked to decide whether a woman's body is her own, or whether she's the property of her male relatives until she marries a man, and he becomes her "owner" [husband].

our court system is being asked to decide if once a man's semen enters and impregnates a woman, whether the fetus become his property, and, by extension, the property of the state? is the fetus 3/5^{ths} hers or his?

the world is now having to confront a new age in which the head and the heart of every individual on the planet has been given a personal challenge in life that will be judged as a **head/heart** conflict that can only be solved **soulfully** if it's to be solved at all.

this is why God Had no choice but To Create Islam. this is why the Jews and Christians will never solve their problems without the help of His Third Abrahamic Faith as guided by the wisdom of gay people from each of the Abrahamic faiths. this is why we might all want to consider creating words like **brunderful** to describe the meaning of life.

the too good club

there are only three clubs to join:

1. the too good club
2. the good enough club
3. the not good enough club

I don't know which club you're a card-carrying member of. I'm a proud member of the too good club, but I've learned enough about the other two clubs, good enough and not good enough to realize that I qualify to be members of them, too.

my first sponsor in A.A. [gay-Catholic] gave me very good advice over 40 years ago. but I still have difficulty in taking it to heart. he told me to leave people in the gutter where Jesus Flung 'em. what he meant by that is that wearing my heart on my sleeve isn't in anybody's best interest. people need to help themselves. all we ought to do is provide them with the stairs to make their way to the story where they wish to go. from there, they'll have their own **brunderful** view of life which will dictate their actions going forward.

carrying people who don't want to go where you want to take 'em isn't helping them get where they need to be. this is why conversion to another faith isn't usually helpful or needed. sometimes the gutter is just the right place to find the person you're looking for – especially if you're seeking yourself.

my friend, Maria, who was a Protestant who converted to Catholicism and then became a nun for 14 years, recently moved into a Catholic residence home at the age of 95. she's a proud member of the good enough club. but she's had to swallow her pride at the way the nuns are now treating her. she's had to ask herself what God's Lessons could possibly mean to her personally at this time of her advanced stage of life. and she's had to bow down a little further to reach **good enough**.

granted, Maria's on a special ward because of her dementia, but when the nuns empty her trash can without asking her for permission, the slight is very real to Maria. and she requires a spiritual explanation for why God Is Allowing this sort of insult to offend her at such an advanced time in her life.

most people shoot for Heaven, but they fall short or shoot way past it. Maria is now more curious about death than life. she's eager to get to Heaven to get all her questions answered. she delights at the thought of dancing with the Angel of death when He Comes Knocking at her door. I have great confidence that she'll die with a smile on her face despite the "trials" and "tribulations" the nuns are putting her through...

it's only those who are **good enough** who make it to Heaven in a quiet and timely manner. the rest of us are stuck here in our head or heart having to deal with moral issues that need to be addressed from within, as though we're enrolled in a school day and night. we can't yet graduate this academy on Earth because we've still got many more classes to take to complete our spiritual curriculum. we're still working on earning our diploma; get a handshake from The Teacher; and look Him in The Eye with loyalty and devotion. we're still **embarrassed** about our body, **ashamed** of our behavior before others and feel **humiliated** in His Presence. look more closely at people's body language if you don't believe me. they're expressing a lot of guilt [embarrassment, shame and humiliation] that they may not even realize.

high self-esteem [not good enough] and low self-esteem [too good] are indications that you need to further esteem yourself as you are. to transcend who you've become over your lifetime, you have to face yourself **as** you are. facing God will become much easier the more you look inside with greater scrutiny, rather than stare at yourself in the mirror with narcissistic glee or melodramatic regrets.

esteeming yourself is an art and a science. it requires learning from your interactions with others how to help others to the exact degree needed to teach them to help themselves.

esteeming yourself requires God's Help because your soul is in a **conspiracy** with God against your evil inclinations. those inclinations will take you too far or not far enough. to unearth that secret relationship you hold within requires knowledge that you aren't yet privy to. that knowledge Lies with God. in psychological terms it lies in your unconscious.

the fruits of knowledge of good and evil were only the first two fruits picked from God's Private Tree. with that knowledge came embarrassment, the lowest level of guilt. Adam and Eve covered their genitals with leaves. if they'd been more morally astute, Adam would have covered his head with leaves and Eve would have covered her heart. and if they'd been fully morally awakened, both of them would have remained physically nude before each other and emotionally naked before God by covering their breastplate to express the unity of their sorrows and His Ability To See right through them. it was their lack of faith in God that got them into trouble. they knew nothing yet of fidelity.

today, most people do the best they can by covering their **ass**. they don't want anybody to know how little they know about how they Were Made in God's Image. and they don't even want to know what their ass might have to do with the rest of their moral awakening.

with guilt [embarrassment, shame and humiliation] comes the realization that we aren't alone in this world. we're in it together with God. when we think we can do what we want any way we please, we discover through rude awakenings that that's not the case. we end up anal retentive or anal expulsive. we end up not giving enough or giving too much. we have nothing to say, or we scream hysterically.

I'm not a mouse wishing to climb up your trunk. if you're worried about me getting inside you through unorthodox means, that's your problem.

I'm not a proctologist trying to peak between your cheeks. if you've got your head up your ass, I'm not going to join you in there to discuss your view of yourself inside. and I'm certainly not an ears-nose-and-throat doctor who's going to examine inside your head.

the fear you might have in coming to know yourself is yours, not mine. the anxiety you experience over other people's insanity is, in part, a projection of your own. you're going to have to discern your **fears** from your **paranoias** by yourself and for yourself.

over time, you surely came to realize that you've either **not** been good enough [unjust] or you've been **too** good [in denial]. either way, you'll need Heavenly Help to make your way to good enough. good enough is just right in this very messy and imperfect world we're in. but good enough is much harder to achieve than any man of the cloth may have told you.

man's mind is basically a killer. Adam only aggravated God by insisting that his transgression wasn't his fault. he claimed the fault was with God for Having Given him 'that woman.'" Adam implied that **God** Was unjust for having created Eve in the first place. Cain, the next generation of bright ideas that come out of a sick mind, proved that he'd kill his brother for competing with him in making amends to God.

but Eve was the first to eat from the Tree of knowledge of good and evil. and what she offered Adam obviously wasn't what **she'd** picked and eaten. she gave him her leftovers.

what's left over after you come from your head when you renounce the feminine side of yourself is that you become a killer like Cain. what's left over after you betray the masculine side of you is that you become a conspirator like

Abel. Adam blamed Eve and God. Cain exonerated himself entirely. Eve and Abel both instigated their crimes. in Eve's case, her collusion with the serpent was impossible to deny. Abel received God's Blessing without crediting Cain for the idea of offering a sacrifice to Him in the first place.

Eve told God the truth, that the serpent tempted her, and she ate. she conveniently left out the part where she had knowledge of good and evil, but tempted Adam anyway, thus colluding with the serpent in the hopes that Adam and God Wouldn't Realize and Reveal what she'd done.

the head of each of us seeks to kill. our heart seeks to conspire. it's only when we come from our soul and can see the two of them clearly that we realize our basic nature, so as to nurture ourself to become better than we're inclined to behave.

Cain concluded that he could get away with murder because he didn't believe God Would See what he'd done. Abel didn't realize he had a duty to his brother to share his Blessings.

the moral of the first two stories of Genesis is complicated by the fact that justice after the fact isn't always just justice. it's sometimes combined with a desire for revenge.

therefore, you're going to have to become a member of all three clubs, too good, good enough and not good enough just to experience all the lessons of life our Teacher Is Giving us.

once you hit Maria's age, [96] and you're in great physical health even if your short-term memory is shot to Hell, you'll realize that your memory serves if you use it to serve yourself. if you don't use your memory before you lose it to serve **you** more effectively, you, too, may find yourself wishing to get to Heaven by taking express trains of thought; not by remaining here on Earth to complete your studies in becoming a better rendition of yourself day-by-day by taking

the local trains of thought that make many unexpected stops along the way.

Maria figuratively suffers **senioritis**, even though they call it **dementia**. she just wants to graduate already. but you may not be using your memory to serve yourself sufficiently, either. maybe this book will help get you through your studies in being **good enough** to graduate from this school for clowns and comics. see if you can't strive to be a little more like Mark Twain, an **irascible moralist**.

today, it's easy to see that most people aren't good enough. they do as they please, assuming, like Eve, that God isn't going to give away their conspiracy. esteem issues are a secret between a side of you and God that you may not even be consciously aware of. they're a conspiracy between you and God that your conscious mind can't fully explain to you. if you learn to esteem yourself accurately for every little thing you do, you'll naturally turn your **conscience** into a **soul**. honesty [head], sincerity [heart] and authenticity [soul] are tools Given to help us all.

now that you understand the importance in becoming soulful, you'll never bang your elbow, step on your own toes or hit your head against a wall without blaming yourself – not God or that woman He Gave you.

getting from **not** good enough to **too** good and back just as far as **good enough** is going to require many trials and tribulations. you're going to have to apply this principle to everything you think, feel, believe and then do.

your pursuit of justice (not revenge) in the world we share is a projection of the justice you hope to procure within yourself by the time you die. if you don't die knowing that you achieved good enough from yourself, your soul won't be at peace. you'll **wonder** and **wander** without end on your deathbed. and when God Asks you what you think of yourself, it'll never occur to you to say, "I'm brondeful! how's by You?"

finding the courage to do what's needed without underdoing or overdoing your efforts requires fidelity to yourself. you can't just believe you're trying your best. you have to achieve the best results using the best of methods. if your methods are corrupt, your outcomes will be corrupt.

you Have Been Given the right to eat from God's Tree of knowledge. you Have Been Given the right to know more about yourself; your inclination to kill and conspire; your inclination to deny the truth; and your inclination to covet what God Gives to others.

until you covet the relationship you hold with God that you should consciously wish to improve upon, you aren't going to die with the words, "good enough" on your lips. you aren't going to personify the Abrahamic Accords rather than just one of its stories.

semen envy

if you want what's inside of me, there are only three ways of getting it. [1] an organ transplant [2] ingest the liquids in my body, or [3] listen to me carefully.

cannibalism is no longer on this list of options in a civilized society. cutting off my penis and testicles and eating them isn't going to give you the spiritual power I have.

although blood transfusions and French kissing are the two most common ways of internalizing the liquids from another person, drinking colostrum or taking in semen by mouth or anally are also literal options for getting what's in one person into another.

since I'm not a doctor, I'm not going to broach the topic of fetal implants, organ transplants and the like. and since I'm not a romantic writer, French kissing isn't of interest to me in making my point, either. besides, I think Moses covered that topic adequately in having described man as Created with God's Breath. surely, if you were lip to Lip

with God, you wouldn't miss that opportunity to go at it tongue to Tongue!

because I'm gay, lactose intolerant and thoroughly disgusted by the idea of drinking any more colostrum than I already did as an infant, I've swallowed enough semen to know that I don't like the taste or texture of it. so, I'm going to limit my discussion of this topic to figuratively ingesting semen anally, commonly referred to in the Hebrew testament as: **sodomy**.

by now you should be more aware of the spiritual power of semen and how men have been yearning to become more powerful since the beginning of time. if you'd asked gay men, any of us could have told you that the mystery of every fairy lies in her wand...

the hunger in gay men to receive the life-giving properties of another man is a poetic lust for life that many hyper-religious straight men and women don't fully understand or appreciate. in light of the fact that anal intercourse can't literally produce new life, it opens the discussion to the power of the imagination and the drive behind the human spirit.

as I said previously, the penis and vagina are holes in the body that produce new life. but the anus is the hole that expels death. to try to infuse life into the anus goes against logic and opposes rationality. but many men do it with one another, and many men do it with women. therefore, from a purely poetic point of view, it behooves us to question the motives behind such actions.

God Told Adam not to eat from the Tree of knowledge. God Told the Jews not to have anal sex. and God Allowed His Own Son to be crucified [with the help of the Romans and possibly with some of the ancient Jews [like Judas] who found Christ's Message inconceivable, threatening and socially disruptive.

since Jesus Was probably The First Gay Man To Come Out of the closet (whether literally or figuratively), we ought

to question God's Intentions before we start pointing fingers at gays, Jews, Christians or Muslims who are open-hearted as well as open-minded. surely, there's some reason why God Would Have Allowed (possibly even Encouraged) people to learn more about the difference between good [love] and evil [guilt] than was initially revealed in Torah.

I postulated previously that God is our Psychiatrist Who Used reverse psychology in the Hebrew testament. He Told us what not to do to teach us to determine for ourself what the difference is between **good, right** and **better** verses **evil, wrong** and **worse**.

if He Told us that sodomy is an abomination in Torah in an effort to tempt us to try it, then the outcome of Christ's Life [crucifixion] is only more tempting as a holy act that we should all strive to copy figuratively on ourself. if Jesus Died for an understanding of the meaning of life that couldn't be accessed only in words from one place alone in inner space, then diversity becomes our greatest teacher.

Jesus May Have Died To Show us a way we couldn't see before, but we have the civility, curiosity and grace to continue in that direction in the modern era if we fully understand that challenge from within.

you can't imagine how terrifying it is to come out of the closet unless you're gay. to have recreated the life of Christ spiritually in order to achieve greater honesty, sincerity and authenticity is nothing less than heroic. if you can applaud Jesus for Having Done what He Did, you should applaud every gay man and lesbian you meet who strives to be a good person out of the closet. we are the very personification of heroism. and yet, all it takes is honesty [head], sincerity [heart] and authenticity [soul] to heal yourself from within. coming out of the closet isn't just for gay people anymore.

although the topic of morality is only getting larger and more complex, at the same time, the world is getting safer for everybody, especially for gays and Jews. so, there **is** some good coming out of our moral inquiry into the

application of Scripture in the New Age. I'd even go so far as to suggest that those countries where gays and Jews are safest are the most civilized. and those countries where we have to hide our identity are the most primitive.

the Christian Bible is a combination of two Scriptures – something no other Scripture in the world attempts to do. the Bible offers reverse psychology Given to us from God to teach us to think for ourself. and it includes a second volume about love to learn how to feel compassion for ourself through compassion for others. this circumvents conspiracies.

to embrace the core beliefs espoused in God's Other Scriptures [in Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism], which He Published Anonymously, only requires a thorough understanding of the Abrahamic Scriptures. if you're curious to go further East in your understanding of God's Designs, be sure you're thoroughly versed in all three of the Abrahamic faiths.

but let's get back to the topic of semen as a figurative life-giving liquid that figuratively infuses joy, hope, inspiration and faith in all those who are poetically inclined to appreciate it as a magic elixir. Opening to the semen of another man is one way to express devotion and loyalty to all mankind through one individual. It's the most primal expression of brotherhood. The ancient Greeks told us that much in their day.

the only problem with semen is the problem of semen **envy**. when a man is so unconsciously overwhelmed with a desire for the semen of another man, he'll do almost anything to obey any dictate by that man. this is the essence of totalitarianism. this is why straight men join criminal establishments: gangs, rings, clans, cliques, posses, armies and the Cosa Nostra. semen is the binding force for men in hoods. they become hoodlums, bullies, gangsters, criminals and killers because of their lack of appreciation of their own

semen. this is what semen envy does to a man who doesn't understand what's spurting forth from his own loins.

to love your own semen is the obvious answer to semen envy. to appreciate the life-giving substance emanating out of you through poetic means such as giving to charity, helping strangers, caring for the poor and the disenfranchised – you need only figuratively infuse the semen in you deeper into you. this is what produces an inner child, the psychological term for conscious awareness of God's Designs for you to be fruitful and multiply all on your own.

granted, there isn't a boy on the planet who hasn't tasted his own cum. but this literal infusion of his own semen is superficial when it comes to appreciating his semen poetically.

two men don't have to cum together in order to work together to achieve miraculous results as a team. all manner of cooperation is a spiritual cuming together. but all manner of conspiracy is a cuming together, too.

it's up to you to choose with whom, how, when and where you wish to poetically leave your semen in others or over them. this world is a shower of semen which is dousing humanity with poetic efforts to infuse the best in ourself in others.

how do you wish to interpret the penis and semen God Gave you? how do you wish to interpret sodomy: as good or evil? surely, you'd like to leave life with a smile on your face and gleam in your eye, not a frown on your face and a wish for an eye for an eye.

when you're on your deathbed and your partner sits by your side, what will your last words to him [her] be? and when he [she] gets up, turns and walks away, and you look at him [her] from behind, what will you see about death that you loved with all your heart and soul that nobody can ever take away from you? the word for that is: **hope.**

your love of **tails** is obvious. you've watched my **tale** as I wagged it temptingly before you for more than a hundred pages.

if you can laugh all the way down to your belly button at God's Jokes, which also Dip below the belt, you'll finally be able to tell yourself that you're no longer the man you used to be. you'll cum before Him differently than you have until now.

“the world's gone beautiful”

by

Malvina Reynolds

the world's gone beautiful because it's about to die.

I never saw such flower faces or so intent a sky.

I never heard such lines from horns or violins,

or saw such lavish girls, such dandy boys,

and I know why.

it's that the world is asking not to die.

I never saw such hands flexing like silver leaves.

I never knew such air or leaned to so good a breeze.

even the tears I cry, they aren't salt but clear,

for sea birds riding the wind calling their last,

their wild goodbye.

the world is asking not to die.

I want to hold this world and never let it go,

I want the sun to always rise on the kids next door.

whether I go or stay, that question still abides,

posed by rainbows in the river spray.

what answer do you give

a world that asks so bitterly to live?

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if you suffer from semen envy, I recommend you read my books in the reverse order in which I wrote them [24-1]. in this way, you'll be able to see everything I didn't know previously that you now do. you'll be able to absorb the

details of my ideas like semen that explodes in you like pop rocks. using this order, Given to me by God **retrospectively**, you'll be able to enjoy the process of reading me as a sexual act with many climaxes that you won't have to feel guilty for experiencing, even if you're married or in a committed relationship with another person. you'll be able to enjoy the process of reading like phone sex with many happy endings that will never leave you literally dirty with another person's hands groping all over you.

if you **don't** suffer from semen envy, I recommend you read my books in the order I wrote them [1-24]. in this way, you'll be able to see everything I learned in the order it Was Revealed to me by God. you'll be able to read about the details behind my ideas as they exploded into print on the page. using this order, Given to me by God **chronologically**, you'll be able to enjoy the process of reading me in a way you won't have to feel in any way guilty about.