

# **Lampshade for the Light**

**of the Last Day of the Third Month of the Year**

**By**

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I'm using the word:  
**lampshade**  
to remind you what the Nazis made out of Jewish skin.  
European, Jewish skin may have been so thin  
that the Nazis could make it into lampshades.  
But the American, neo-Nazi movement of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century  
won't be able to do that with American skin.  
Black skin is too dark.  
Brown, Catholic skin is too scarred.  
And gay skin is too thick.

As a gay-Jew,  
my skin is only thin in a few places.  
It's very thick, dark and scarred in others.

If neo-Nazis try to get under my skin  
to turn me into a lampshade,  
I'll haunt them for the rest of their life.  
And when they finally flatline,  
the God Who Made us all Will Deal  
with what's left of them.

In my opinion,  
it's time for some Americans to change direction in life.  
It's time for them to illuminate themselves  
to a different light.  
If not,  
the shadows they're casting may swallow them up.

## **the Last Day of the Third Month**

(March 31<sup>st</sup>)

is International Transgender Day of Visibility.

This is the day dedicated to  
raising awareness of the discrimination  
faced by transgender people worldwide,  
as well as a day to celebrate their contributions to society.  
It should be no surprise that this day comes the day before  
April Fool's Day.

If you care about not leaving this world looking like a fool,

I suggest you spend your time  
on the last day of the third month of every year  
asking yourself why most people  
don't want to change their gender  
to become the one they love.  
And if straight people won't change  
their gender to love themselves,  
why would gay men change our sexuality  
to have sex with people we aren't sexually attracted to?

Obviously transgendered people don't fit  
into the sexual paradigms created by straights or gays.  
Therefore, love must be a mysterious thing.

Love starts within  
with love for yourself.  
It emanates out from there  
with feelings for others.  
If you don't start by learning about self-love,  
you'll succumb to self-hate.

I actually care very deeply about what it says in Torah  
about gay men being an abomination before the Lord.

But He Can Deal with us as He Sees fit.  
It's the hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths  
who sadden me.

## Emancipation Declaration

My name is Darlean.  
I was named Darlean because I'm lean, not mean.  
I'm the inner child of Glinda,  
the good witch of the North in  
"The Wizard of Oz."  
I just celebrated my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday.  
I'm now emancipated and in full voice.  
Glinda was a transgendered fairy,  
not a witch.  
Her name before that was Gabriel.  
You may have heard of him.  
He's the Archangel Gabriel  
described in the Abrahamic scriptures.  
I'm feminine like my inner mother  
and masculine like my inner father.<sup>1</sup>  
But I'm an angel fully disclosed,  
while they had to be angels in disguise in their day.

Everyone has an inner child.  
I happen to be a female, inner child.  
But some people have a male, inner child.  
Those whose inner child is female vote Democratic.  
Those whose inner child is male vote Republican.  
Teaching Republicans about their inner child  
is like herding cattle.  
Any cowboy can do it.  
Teaching Democrats about their inner child  
is like herding cats or cherubs.  
It's exasperating!  
The Dems can't even explain to you  
why cats were Given nine lives  
or how an angel, like me, who's earned her wings, can fly.

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<sup>1</sup> **Gabriel** comes from the Hebrew "gavri-El" which means  
"the masculinity of God."

## Keywords

If I had to describe this book using keywords, I'd start with the word: **death**. This book is about death and learning how to die in a way that makes you feel like you're coming alive. It's about living as though life is a school and this book is the manual on how to pass your final exam.

I'd also use the keyword: **mental wellness**. Everyone talks about mental illness and the world going **insane**. Everyone could use a book on how to go **sane**.

Other keywords I'd use to describe this book are spirituality, LGBT+, transgender issues, philosophy, psychology, politics and selfless self-help. If these topics aren't of interest to you, don't waste any more of your precious time. Move on.

Lastly, if I had to describe this book using one spiritual keyword, that word would be **Word**. This book is about the Word of God. In brief, God's Word is **good**.

## God Is Good

Today is March 31<sup>st</sup>, 2020. Tomorrow is April Fools' Day. The Messiah Is Set to show up 220 years from now. Ask any orthodox Jew if you need to know the exact day and time of His Arrival...

If you think the year 2020 has been filled with hope and inspiration, just imagine what this world will look like when 2240 rolls around... Expect a lot more in the way of reckoning from God (the generic term for our Creator) before then.

Acts of God aren't limited to the Coming of the Messiah. They're happening around the world as we speak. Those in the field of indemnification know exactly what I mean.

There's a Biblical importance to the number 120, not 220. Moses lived till the age of 120. He killed an Egyptian slavedriver when he was 40. Then he wandered as a shepherd for 40 years. At the age of 80 he had a vision of a better world for the Jews of his day, so he went back to

where he'd come from (ancient Egypt) despite his guilt and fear. Then he led the ancient Israelites out of bondage to a land of promise (Israel), a land of **milk** (love) and **honey** (wisdom). He died on the Eastern shore of the Jordan River at the age of 120 unable to complete his mission for God in leading the Children of Israel (the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob) into the land God Was Giving them to forge a nation.

My inner father, Gabriel, can remember back to the Book of Genesis in Torah when Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac, and God Asked Gabriel to send one of his angels to stop Abraham. It was Gabriel in the Gospels who told Mary she was going to give birth to the Lord's Son. And Gabriel travelled from Heaven to Mecca to carve the Words of the Lord in the prophet Muhammad's heart, giving us the Quran.

If you've read my previous books, Home Schooled and Call Me Glinda, you know that my inner father, Gabriel, had a sex change. And now I'm here speaking my mind in your mind as Glinda's inner child, Darlean, to tell you that there's a lot of work that needs to be done in the next 220 years if your descendants have any intention of being a meaningful part of the first and second Coming (first for the Jews, second for the Christians).

If you read my other revelatory, angelic reports, you also know that the word **work** in Hebrew has two meanings, **work** and **worship**. And you know that Glinda spelled that word, "**werk**," as in the gay expression, "Werk it, gurl!"

Life is a school, gurlfriend! You may think you can touch yourself anywhere you want while you're reading me, but while you're reading me, I'll be reading you, too... Self-improvement is the hardest job on Earth. Never forget it!

I hope to motivate you to make serious changes in the way you touch yourself in anticipation of those who'll be living here 220 years from now. If your descendants won't be satisfied with the Messiah's Rulings, just have them blame Darlean for the way things will have turned out...

Have them tell God it was all my fault. See how that works out for ‘em...

Life is a school that everyone graduates. If you’re interested in what Is Going to be on your final exam, you need to know that I have every intention of touching you in places you aren’t accustomed to being touched. If that offends you, tell the Teacher I touched you inappropriately. See if I care...

Here’s what you ought to know about me before we take off our clothes one garment at a time and get real with one another:

I’m the personification of what you get when you cross the Tree of knowledge (male) with the Tree of life (female). You get a burning bush. And boy howdie! Let me tell you that at the age of 21, my bush is on fire, gurl!

If you haven’t yet associated the serpent in the Tree of knowledge with man’s penis and the two fruits with his testicles, you’re already behind... Picking forbidden fruits takes on a whole new meaning when you look at them up close from a burning bush’s point of view.

The descriptions of these two Trees comes from the Garden of Eden in the Creation Story in Genesis. The Tree of knowledge and the Tree of life Were Planted by God in the abstract as idealized conceptions in His Mind.

I’m one of the billions of personifications of those two idealized Trees here on Earth today. I’m fully emancipated in every sense of the Word. The only thing I can’t do until I’m 25 is rent a car...

I’m a Democrat. So, I love gay and transgendered people. Glinda is also a Democrat. She loves them, too. But I’m also the daughter of the Archangel Gabriel. He loves all those who love God and take Him at His Word. I was born by immaculate conception in my inner parents’ minds’ eyes.

Gabriel revealed himself to those who loved Him in the past. You can read all about his works in the Old Testament, New Testament and Quran.

Gabriel dearly loves all three of the Abrahamic faiths. Gabriel contributed to the Old Testament by inspiring Daniel when he was in the lion's den. And he was Named by God as the guardian angel of Israel.

But Gabriel, unlike Caitlyn, changed political parties when he changed genders. What Gabriel saw happening to the Republican Party in the last century shocked him. And what he and Glinda have seen from the G.O.P. since then has utterly appalled my inner parents.

Glinda and I are helping to achieve peace here at home in America. Gabriel is working on achieving peace in the Middle East for the sake of the Coming of the Messiah to Jerusalem 220 years from now. He Will Arrive using the name of Jesus for the Christians and using His Generic Name (Messiah) for the Jews.

Who doesn't have at least two names?

Glinda and I want to see the **kinder transport** to the Southern border dealt with justly through recognition of global warming and the need to help the poor people of Central America who are starving due to lack of rainfall there.

Gabriel is working to get the Muslims and Jews to make peace with one another in the Middle East so the Messiah Will Have a throne on the Temple Mount from which to judge the world in 2240.

I rent a studio apartment on the ground floor of the Abrahamic edifice (Judaism). The orthodox Jews don't believe I can be trusted with my own sacred space because I'm gay. Screw them!

Glinda has a three-room condo she leases on the second story (Christianity). She can see much further than I from her windows. But the conservative Christians don't dare look out the building. Screw them!



Gabriel owns a luxury flat on the third story. He has floor-to-ceiling windows up there from all sides. He enjoys the big picture from the penthouse where the Muslims reside (Islam). It's a good thing they don't know he had a sex change. I'm sure they'd evict him if they did. Screw them, too!

I don't particularly like having to listen to Glinda stomping around over my head. And she doesn't like having to hear Gabriel doing the same above her.

You'd think angels would walk softly. But we don't. Did God Walk softly when He Approached Adam and Eve in Eden? They could hear Him Coming a mile away.

As we all know, one angel's ceiling is another one's floor. But the Abrahamic edifice was constructed like a tin can! What goes on, on one story reverberates in the other two. That's especially true if, like Glinda, you're living on the second story and have to deal with neighbors above and below you.

All the problems we have in the Western world today lie in Gabriel's jurisdiction. But, so far, he hasn't been able to convince the Muslims that the Roof Garden (Paradise) is open to everyone who lives in our building. You don't have to reside in the penthouse to go from there up to Paradise. The Roof Garden is open to Christians, too. Hell, it's even open to gay-Jews who only rent on the ground floor! So great Is God!

God Created this world like a garden for all of humanity. And, like I already said, the two ideal Trees He Planted in His own Mind, the Tree of knowledge and the Tree of life, were brought down into man's mind by Moses through Torah, which was the First Word God Uttered in the West.

Men are the empirical personification of trees of knowledge. Women are equivalent and referred to in Torah as trees of life. That makes infants, seeds; children, sprouts; and teenagers, saplings.

Over the past three millennia, people have intellectually cross pollinated to the point that, in many cases, you can't tell one tree from another, anymore. And that change makes the hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths nervous...

As a burning bush, I really don't see why. I don't give a damn about the gender of trees or how they choose to pollinate. Some use busy bees (matchmakers) to get the job done. Some let the wind (chance) do it for them.

Sometimes, I can't understand the older generation of angels who are guiding wo/man. You'd think these simple truths would be self-evident. Who can't see that the First Word of God (Torah), Second Word (Gospels) and the Third Word (Quran) were all meant to be combined within every human being on Earth?

What's the point of having a head (Jewish), heart (Christian) and soul (Muslim), if you don't learn how to use them in conjunction with one another?

Every individual, regardless of his or her faith or philosophy of life, has been Planted here with the potential for a divine and righteous destiny. That's how people turned this garden into an orchard of tress in the practical sense of Words. <sup>2</sup>

Those who don't know about the concept of the orchard (**pardes/paradise**), don't think of themselves as trees at all. They live in an inner desert, wandering around aimlessly looking for an oasis to quench their thirst.

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<sup>2</sup> The Hebrew word for **orchard** is "pardes." This world looks like a **paradise** in childhood, an orchard ripe with the potential for new experiences. Only as you grow up do you realize that your childlike view of reality has to be renewed with hope and inspiration, or it dies like a tree that bears no fruit.

A little later on, in the short story called, “The Meaning of Weaning,” I’ll explain how human beings went from thinking of themselves as Trees to behaving like animals.

Because people can be so cruel, this world has gone from a garden to an orchard to a forest. Good people can get easily lost in the forest. They end up homeless, hungry and scared. They end up confused, baffled, perplexed, bewildered and befuddled. And they can’t find their way out of the forest up to the orchard (**pardes/paradise**) above us all.

The hyper-religious Republicans don’t believe in the potential for spiritual evolution of every individual regardless of the name they use to address God. They’re like dinosaurs living in a quagmire that’s drying up. They don’t care how many reptiles have to die for them to achieve world domination. They don’t care how many mammals will perish along the way, as well. All they care about is keeping themselves safe in their swamp.

Here is a brilliant cartoon my boyfriend found on the internet that explains millions of political words in one picture. I’m sorry but he couldn’t find the name of the creator of this cartoon:



Turning the forest into a swamp is the hyper-religious Republicans' only agenda. And if you don't agree to politics their way, they pass laws to keep you from voting altogether.

Their constituents are kept poor, downtrodden and weak to make the claim that only they're meek enough to inherit the Earth. [Matthew 5:5]

Anyone can see that the hyper-religious, Republican, leaders' enormous bodies are buoyed with huge amounts of money from billionaires and Russians in order to keep them comfortable in their swamp. We see how they strut around giving the impression that they've earned preferential, moral treatment from God because they have money, power and prestige.

We even see how powerful, Republicans with razor-sharp teeth attack smaller reptiles to assuage their voracious appetite. Watch out, Republican masses in politics and industry! They'll gobble you up!

Such is evidence of the moral devolution of the **fittest** in a modern world where good people are striving to evolve morally into the **finest**.

Donald Trump, the self-declared sovereign of the swamp, will go from a lizard to a snake that's lost its legs. He'll slithers about without a Twitter or Facebook account. He won't be able to strut about anymore. Poor people will see that he looks and sounds more like the serpent in the Creation Story than any Adam that you or I would want to encounter. He's an emperor without clothes on who'll, hopefully, be jailed and dressed in orange, which, apparently, has become the new black...

When that happens, I think the hyper-religious Republican will simply shrug their little shoulder and tiny hands and dress up their next T-rex with robes of cynicism, scorn and derision to fool all the fools yet again. It's always April 1<sup>st</sup> in the Republican Party...

Granted most of the Democrats are like the small mammals that once lived in a reptilian world millions of years ago. When it comes to being a follower, not a leader, you see pettiness everywhere.

Some people have no common sense whatsoever when facing antediluvians. And so, they're going to suffer the repercussions of their behavior as all animals did in the past.

Evolution wasn't kind to anybody. Those who were easily duped or gullible didn't survive. And the same will be the case with the spiritual evolution we're all a part of.

I can read Democrats and Republicans as well as you can. When it comes to politics, my fave philosophy is, "Better read than dead."

Because I'm the daughter of the guardian angel of Israel, I've been Given permission to read everyone, including hyper-religious, orthodox Jews, conservative Christians and

fanatical Muslims. That's what any burning bush can do. You might like to watch to learn how you can emulate me.<sup>3</sup>

When your fear of God is greater than your love for Him, you become tyrannical, and you behave like a Tyrannosaurus. You behave like a dinosaur that has no place to wallow in a changing world. Your swamp dries up.

But who can't see that the religious extremists in all three of the Abrahamic faiths don't believe their eyes even though the moral stench around us has reached everybody's nose?

They don't believe what they hear because their heart has been broken so badly that they won't ever be able to piece it together again.

Such is a description of the suffering of fools.

Don't get caught up in the religious nonsense purported by the belligerently ignorant. Stick to your guns (penises and clitorises) when it comes to spirituality.

This pandemic has broken a lot of hearts around the world. But today's hyper-religious, Republican leaders are as hard-hearted as the Pharaoh in ancient Egypt whose heart only got harder as his people's hearts were breaking from the ten pandemics (plagues) God Released onto the world in olden days.

You can see for yourself that today's Republican leaders' hearts break while Democratic hearts melt. That alone

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<sup>3</sup> Moses figuratively met his **inner child** at the age of 80. He described it as a burning bush out of which the voice of God Spoke to him. It was a voice inside that told him to face his mistake by going back to the scene of the murder he'd committed to help the Jews achieve freedom from bondage. This was God's First Mission for man. A bush that burns with a flame that doesn't consume its branches is a conscience. When your conscience has been ignited with enough friction to produce a spark of humanity, you behave better than you did before. You become a cherub in the Heavenly sense of the Word.

should be reason enough to ask yourself what your heart is doing? Are you using it to apologize to yourself, or are you still having to learn how to apologize to others?

The hyper-religious, Republican commentators of today are railing about Dr. Suess, Mr. Potato Man and the Muppets. They distract their constituents with nonsense to try to make them forget their sorrows and ignore their copious tears.

The salty tears we all shed in memory of those we love who've perished needlessly remain like stains on our cheeks forever. If we don't think God Will Judge us by these stains on our cheeks, we surely haven't yet learned why we have an obligation to turn the other cheek. [Matthew 5:38-40]

But the only thing some leaders can remember to do is sit with their hands over their eyes, ears and mouth like see-no-evil, hear-no-evil and speak-no-evil so they don't have to admit that they sense there are angels in the room.

Well, get used to angels being here with you! My inner parents and I are the personifications of what angels sound and smell like.

We sound like paradox personified. And we smell like hickory, charcoal, seared meat and Memphis BBQ sauce.

If you don't like the sound and smell of angels who speak the truth, you're un-American and anti-Fourth of July. You only celebrate April Fool's Day.

I have more news for those who follow the news: The library is open 24/7 in America because here reading is fundamental.

My inner family and I love to read everyone. How do you think Gabriel got promoted from angel to archangel and then guardian angel over all of Israel? How do you think Glinda got a supporting role in "The Wizard of Oz"?

Reading isn't only fundamental while you're down here on Earth. It's also essential up in Heaven! On your final exam before graduation (death), your ability to read *yourself* Will Be Tested.

Reading can only be learned by consuming forbidden fruit. The serpent in the Creation Story tempted Eve to *read* herself, not to eat hot dogs in buns smothered with relish, Rocky Mountain oysters and meat balls and spaghetti. Picking forbidden fruit has nothing to do with sex or food. It has to do with learning to read.

We, Jews, are called the people of the book because we've learned how to read. We've had compulsory literacy for Jewish women for 2,200 years. We can all read the fruits and nuts God Has Planted in this world. If you don't want to leave here a vegetable, you'd better focus more of your attention on learning to read yourself.

The difference between a good Jew and a bad Jew is that a good Jew knows that poor Adam was only given leftovers from the Tree of knowledge by Eve. She gave him what she chose to share.

If you don't understand that your heart (Eve) and penis (serpent) will always beguile your head (Adam), you don't yet know the first thing about reading yourself. And then you'll never succeed in stopping your sensations and feelings from screwing with your thinking.

If you happen to be wondering why someone like me would choose to live on the ground floor (Judaism) of the Abrahamic edifice, rather than enjoy the better views from the stories above, it's because I can read everyone just fine from my window. I can look the orthodox Jews and rightwing, zealous Christians in the eye and tell them that their interpretations of Torah are antiquated, cruel and sinful. Who needs a religious education to see that the fanatical Muslims have their heads in the clouds?

From here I can read all the characters Moses described in his autobiography (Torah), including his main character: **himself**. I can apply their mistakes to *my* life. I can take Torah to heart.

That's what Jesus Did, and why He Was so revered by some Jews and reviled by others in His Day.



That's why God Told Gabriel to make sure Christ's Biography would be written down and disseminated along with the Hebrew Testament.

What good is a Bible if it doesn't tell you what *not* to do as well as what *to* do?

God Sent Gabriel back down to Earth after Jesus Was here to inspire Muhmmad from his heart to compose the Quran. By 700 A.D. it was clear that the view from the first two stories wasn't going to be high enough for Him. Such a work of beauty as the Quran could never have been inspired without an archangel uplifting God's Will.

I'm so proud of my inner father (Gabriel) for the contribution he made in constructing a third story on top of the other two. It's not easy getting into anyone's heart to inscribe it with inspiration. I think everyone should strive to live life like he did.

I may only be 21, but at this time in my young life, I can think of no one more entertaining to read than the hyper-religious Republicans who are all homophobes and anti-Semites (including the orthodox Jews in their party).

I'm not going to stop reading them just because it may make them uncomfortable to be read. By their politics, it's obvious they think it would be better to be **red** than dead. I vociferously disagree.

Who can't see how they yearn to turn people like me into lampshades to soothe their aching eyes? The illumination of the Lord is too much for them. He Gives them a headache.

I inherited all seven of the jewel tones God Gave the world in the rainbow. They glow in my heart. They don't glare in my eyes. The rainbows you see in the sky are made up of pastels, but the rainbows in nature are but a reflection of the jewel tones in the hearts of angels and the inner child of every good wo/man on Earth.

**Red** is the color of rage. I can see that you're deeply **red** yourself. Your blood bleeds **red**. I can even see the infrared rage you're holding inside that's invisible to the naked eye.

**Orange** is the color of agony. Jesus Was the Gay-Jewish Gift from God Who Came down to Earth to inspire us with His Love. He Was the Personification of all the jewel tones of the rainbow right up until the last day of His Life. Then He Burned **orange** (agony). That was the color that emanated out of His Heart for all those to see in their inner universe. That's why He is called the Son of God Who Shines like a sun.

Yellow is the color of horror. Who doesn't know what it's like to be **yellow** in a world such as this? Fear motivates everyone if faith in yourself isn't attained.

Green comes in forest **green** (jealousy) and spring **green** (envy). You probably can see **green** everywhere around you in nature. But have you looked for the **green** in your own nature?

Being jealous over the body God Gave others or envious of the virtues they've attained is one of the clues God Gives everyone that some people choose not to see.

Disappointment is as ubiquitous and **blue** as an **azure** sky. Grief is **midnight blue**. But, by now, you should have had your fill of sorrow. If not, enjoy self-pity, condolences and commiseration... But there's more to life than being **blue**.

There are two more colors you may not know as well that descend after those five. They are (6) **indigo** and (7) **violet**. **Indigo** is the color of awe, and **violet** is the color of ecstasy.

If you don't like being **red**, you probably won't like being read. But if you've got the patience to learn from a cherub whose Been Read by God, Himself, you might just be ready to learn a thing or two that you may not yet consciously know about the colors you shine.

### **Don't Condescend To The Patronizing**

In full disclosure, I, Barry, am a native-born American. My outer mother was born in Munich, Germany in 1921. She

was a German Jew who survived the Holocaust by running as a fugitive from the “law” in her own country.

My outer father was born in Kaunas, Lithuania in 1910. He hid in the ghetto until more than 95% of Lithuania's Jewish population was massacred with massive collaboration in the genocide by the non-Jewish, local, Lithuanian paramilitaries. Then the ghetto was set aflame, and those few Jews who were hiding in attics, basements, and such, were caught running from the flames. He was sent to Dachau Concentration Camp.

Because my father's family had owned a tobacco factory and were extremely wealthy and well-known, they'd been able to bribe Lithuanians to smuggle my half-brother and half-sister out of the ghetto and hide them in Catholic orphanages before the ghetto was set on fire.

I am the first born American in my outer family. I am the son of a slave. I'm not White. Don't confuse me with a White person! I'm Jewish. We Were Given a skin tone that can't be literally seen. We, not Blacks, are the reason why there are racists everywhere.

Although my outer parents loved me more than I can possibly describe to you in words, the most important lesson they taught me was presented without words. It was conveyed in unspoken gestures. Using body language, they impressed upon me never to ask questions.

So, as a child, I didn't ask them why they left Europe. I didn't ask them why I didn't have any grandparents, uncles or aunts. They only volunteered that I had distant cousins in America. They never explained why.

When you've been raised not to ask questions, paradoxically you end up not taking an interest in the one person who has all the answers to the most pressing questions of all: you. You don't dialogue with the one you're supposed to love more than anyone else on Earth.

When you don't ask yourself questions, you don't learn to ask other people questions. You may even become

condescending and patronizing without knowing it. You may even pretend to know things without bothering to ask yourself whether you can trust the source of the information you advocate.

And then, you may even end up condescending to the patronizing. You may be duped. You may look old-fashioned and odd in the eyes of your countrymen. People may find you cranky and disagreeable, no matter how much you'd like them to like you. Your message may get sidetracked and corrupted with excessive attention to what's going on around you.

You may even feel the need to create elaborate stories about who you really are and where you really came from to make up for your lack of curiosity about your potential to become who, deep down inside, you secretly know you could be.

### **Not Today Bod! Not Today!**

If God Got His generic Name (God) from Being **good**, then Satan should have been called "Bod" because he got his reputation from being **bad**.

People claim to be opposed to the bad and aligned with God in seeking the good. They claim to believe in **good** angels and **bad** angels, so they can blame their bad behavior on external causes. What utter nonsense!

Lincoln popularized the expression **better angels**. Pursue your better angels and leave bad angels to deal with themselves until they put Bod behind them to learn about the God within them who Is Motivating them to be good.

I, Darlean, don't have wings on my back. I already earned my wings. I've even earned a dimmer switch on my halo. (Would you like to spend eternity basking in your own light?...) Get real!

You surely remember having seen Glinda floating in a bubble in "The Wizard of Oz." She had her wings removed when she had her penis and testicles removed.

And although Gabriel was depicted in European paintings with wings on his back, do you have any idea how hard it is for angels with wings to sit down and relax for five minutes? They have to sit on stools. Chairs with backs don't work for angels in Heaven. But sitting on a stool puts a terrible strain on your back if you're thousands of years old...

The truth is that I don't need wings to get from here to Heaven at night and back every morning. I don't even need wings in Heaven while I'm There. Chicken wings are for chickens. I'm not chicken.

I'm the inner child of two angels who've got one foot in Heaven and the other one in their mouth half the time... I'm a cherub advocating for changes my inner parents couldn't achieve. I'm fully emancipated from my inner mom and dad. I don't compare and contrast myself to them. I'm unique and one of a kind.

I hope you don't think angels are all that different from you? Angels are people, too, you know... We have our secrets, just like everyone else.

I've come to you to present you with a few of the questions you might like to ask yourself before you face your final exam on your way out the door. Your answers to these questions should even come in handy long before you graduate:

1. Do you ever seriously ask yourself what you're doing with your life, without inquiring rhetorically? In other words, do you talk to yourself earnestly?
2. Do you determine whether your love for you is real by first testing it on others? How will you know if your love for *you* is genuine unless you've tried it out on *others* first? All people are guinea pigs when it comes to love. That's why people have such horror stories to tell.

3. Do you prove your love only to others, but forget to apply your love of them to yourself? You're a person, too, you know.
4. You were probably trained to make a living to care for the needs of your body. But did anyone tell you how to manage the seven forces within it?
5. Do you ever treat yourself abominably? If you're a man, you sleep with a man every day of your life. What's the difference between touching yourself sexually and touching another man the same way?
6. Do you submit the evidence of your love for you to an inner committee for review? Do you even ask your inner parents for their opinions? You don't yet have an inner child if s/he can't admit to having inner parents.
7. A bad mood is a sign of inner weather turbulence. How do you expect to participate in improving the weather patterns of the world we have to share without dealing with the weather turmoil within you?

If you're worried about other people calling you crazy, just thing back to how you suffered in childhood and adolescence from unruly, inner voices you didn't understand then. Optics change as your hindsight improves.

Here are a few more questions you might like to ask yourself and answer:

8. Are you the last person on Earth you'd like to invite to sit down to have a chat with? Wouldn't you *like* to know what you have to say to yourself, or are you more consumed with what others say *about* you?
9. What is your superpower? If you're not behaving like Superman, you're surely behaving like Jimmy Olsen.
10. If you don't yet know your **mission**, what might you be **missin'**?

The seven forces within you Were Given to you by God. Each of them Was Elucidated beginning with Hindu scripture in India and ending with the Quran in Saudi Arabia. You can see these forces reflected in the seven days of the week, the seven colors of the rainbow, the seven taxonomic rankings, the seven major faiths and philosophies and the seven attributes of fire.<sup>4</sup> If you haven't yet internalized these clues to how to be you, how can you claim to be using all of the imagination God Gave you?

God Gave you seven inner forces, but you may not have given credit to the major world faiths for your origins:

1. your indigenist face that's one of a kind
2. your Hindu navel
3. your Jewish head
4. your Buddhist genitals
5. your Taoist anus
6. your Christian heart
7. your Muslim soul

When you have the courage to face your uniqueness and similarity to all other people, you'll be able to unite these inner forces into one cohesive human being Made in one, unique image of God.

You were once a child who was whitewashed with one faith, perhaps two. But if someone scratches that thin veneer of civilization you claim gives you the right to a Heavenly reward when you die, an idol worshipping savage may emerge with all his or her vindictive condemnations and accusations, seeking revenge.

Even though many people dress in a suit and carry themselves like they know what they're doing, they may not

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<sup>4</sup> The seven attributes of fire are: (1) illumination; (2) warmth; (3) burn; (4) smoke; (5) mystery (6) sound; and (7) smell.

know the first thing about how to use the tools they Have Been Given. What they really ought to do is look at themself like a computer they carry around in a leather case. When it comes to operating themself like a complex machine constructed using seven principles, they may be uninformed about their spiritual potential.

No wonder it's so easy to make them turn **red** when they're read. Some people's blood boils just thinking about having to be like a machine without Having Been Given personal instructions on how to use it.

### **Self-Intimacy**

The good Lord Gave you ten fingers. Granted those fingers are meant to be used as tools to handle the world around you. But they're also meant as digits to count the Ten Commandments, starting with the 1<sup>st</sup> on your left pinky, the one Commandment we don't think about because it wasn't a Commandment at all.<sup>5</sup> It was just meant to get the ancient Israelites' attention, so they'd count something with their fingers other than money...

When you're young you face North. You strive for success. The rising sun (birth) is on your right in the East and the setting sun (death) is on your left.

But, during the course of living a life full of mistakes, errors of judgment and denial, you turn to face the setting sun in shame, as you watch the light descend below the horizon. You become cynical, bitter and lonely. You rhetorically ask yourself what this is all for.

If you've lived an especially righteous life, you're allowed to turn again to face South and move into old age with the rising sun on your left (East) and the setting sun on your right (West).

This is when you realize that you're in an Abrahamic edifice (body) with your Eastern wall inside always on your

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<sup>5</sup> "I Am the Lord, your God Who Took you out of Egypt."



left. This is when you count the Ten Commandments starting with the pinky of your left hand,

Whether or not you have all ten of your fingers, you ought to figure out what really counts. You shouldn't depend on gossip, even if everyone around you agrees with the religious rumors that are the fashion of the day. You should decide these moral matters for yourself.

You Were Given two hands. When you put them together in prayer before God, you're uniting the two tablets Moses Was Given as a sign of his **love** of justice. When you put your hands together before human beings, you're expressing your **honor** of them.

Putting your hands together in prayer is an expression of **love** if you come out of the Western traditions or **honor** if you come out of the Eastern traditions.

Loving God is very different from honoring Him. When you learn the difference between loving yourself and honoring all others, you see why you need to learn to express both before God. You appreciate your efforts to learn about matters of faith as they're expressed everywhere in the world.

The 6<sup>th</sup> Commandment (killing) is represented by your right thumb, which was the best friend you ever had as a small child. You sucked everything out of that Commandment early on in life. Your desire to kill literally ought to be assuaged by now. Killing people should be off the table.

The Ten Commandments end with the pinky of your right hand, the emotion of coveting. When that pinky is high in the air, it's a sign that you're asking God to teach you more.

The 10<sup>th</sup> Commandment leads to the Two Commandments of Christ (which came from His Heart and Soul).

The Ten Commandments of Moses that you can count on your two hands leave you wise, and the Two

Commandments from Jesus come from your heart (for others) and soul (for God).

This is why we count food in dozens.

Just because you may raise your right pinky when you drink a cup o' tea in the English tradition doesn't mean you know how to take the 10<sup>th</sup> Commandment (coveting) personally. It only shows that you know how to copy other people's polish by applying etiquette to your actions. It doesn't indicate you're necessarily going to achieve what they have inside, or out.

The Commandments need to be manifested both literally and figuratively. They need to be modeled accurately and elegantly. Otherwise, you become a hyper-religious fool who only tells other people how to apply scripture to their life.

You shouldn't give people the finger (with either of your hands) to insult them. Surely, you learned how to break these two Commandments, too. Why accuse only them of doing so? Accuse yourself. <sup>6</sup>

If you're straight, you put a ring on the ring finger of your left hand to remind your spouse that you're a trustworthy person, as God is your Witness. If you're gay, you put a ring on the ring finger of your right hand to remind your partner and the whole world that you're a trustworthy person. <sup>7</sup>

But a ring on your 2<sup>nd</sup> or 9<sup>th</sup> finger doesn't prove that you put a ring on all your efforts through all that you do. You surely don't fully engage with yourself consciously in all that you do. Therefore, you may not have yet thought to

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<sup>6</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup> Commandment: Do not take the Lord's Name in vain.  
8<sup>th</sup> Commandment: Do not steal.

<sup>7</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> Commandment: Thou shall have no other gods before Me. 9<sup>th</sup> Commandment: Thou shall not bear false witness. (lie)

marry your conscience to everything Brought to you to contend with.

Leaving the hands and looking at the legs – ask yourself if you hate your legs, even though they give you the foundation and support you need to stand tall. Ask yourself if you dislike your belly, when at the center of it is a navel that will remind you of your relationship to your mother every day of your life.

You Have Been Given a Jewish head that's separated from the rest of your body. But you may not have bothered to ask yourself why that is. It couldn't only be because like a Jew, you too, have a stiff neck...

Self-intimacy is something you can't take personally until you can take your whole body seriously. How can you believe that you Were Created by God if you don't associate each and every part of you with His Images in scripture?

### **Feet**

Your toes aren't a recreation of your ten fingers in the moral sense. Your feet work together as a pair to keep you well-balanced. They're the Ten Commandments actualized, realized and in action, practically speaking, although unconsciously. Your feet keep you standing tall and moving forward. Once toddlers learn how to do that literally, they soon stop thinking about their feet entirely.

Adults rarely talk about their toes. But toes figuratively do the job of keeping you morally erect without fanfare. Some people erroneously conclude that toes are useless. They know nothing about the vehicle they Have Been Given for the journey they're on. If you haven't prayed in bare feet like a Muslim, don't try to convince me you fully know your relationship with God.

You don't point with your toes as you would your right index finger to single out another person's moral failings.<sup>8</sup> But those who commit adultery love to point their index finger at others, while not realizing that their relationship with their own ring finger has also been jeopardized. They're hypocrites. God Should Have Removed their 2<sup>nd</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> fingers. Allah Karim: God Is generous! (Arabic)

When you have problems with your marriage, you also have a problem with God, your country and yourself. You don't realize that your hands and feet have let you down. But how can you protect your country from all enemies if you can't even protect you from yourself?

Although you may come home from a hard day's work and figuratively kick the dog, you probably don't give a second thought to where your feet are taking you morally.

I'm only 21, but my inner parents, Gabriel and Glinda, raised me to marry myself by looking at all the ways I Was Created in God's Image. If your parents didn't do that for you, they were no angels... They were just human beings trying to survive in a world that claims it doesn't have time for such nonsense. That "nonsense" is called **scripture**.

If you want to enjoy spiritual intimacy with your outer parents, may I suggest you start with physical intimacy with yourself. And yet, how will you cozy up to the idea of being a human being like all others if you can't describe the ways in which your outer parents Were Made in God's Image, too?

### **Piercing Your Navel**

Everybody has a navel. Your navel is a reminder that you were born by live birth from a woman. Your navel is a reminder that this is the first wound to the human body that everybody Was Given.

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<sup>8</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> Commandment: Thou shall not commit adultery.

In the Hindu tradition, the navel emphasizes the centrality of nature in the nurture role. The navel of Vishnu (God) is considered to be the center of the universe and the source of all life.

We all gave up nourishment directly from our mother through a tube. We all learned something new when we started sucking from her breast or a bottle. This was the first lesson in life that everybody learned to do by heart.

The Hebrew Testament begins with a Creation Story about nourishment from a Tree with forbidden fruits. If you didn't associate those fruits with your mama's melons, you were already off to a bad start...

If you think people are treating you facetiously, it might be because you aren't taking yourself seriously. On your deathbed, you'll surely see how seriously you took life.

### **The Meaning Of Weaning**

As you make your way through life, you discover that we all have many things in common with others. We're not only like the Tree of knowledge or Tree of life conceptually. We also live like there are animals penned up inside of us.

And this is a paradox. How can wo/man be like a tree as well as like an animal? And if s/he can be like both, when did awareness of this epiphany occur? When did this paradox become so apparent that we all agreed to it without further discussion?

When did we simply take it as a fact of life that people are like plants and animals, figuratively speaking, and move on without contemplating the meaning of that revelation?

Once you developed teeth, you were well past the age of breast feeding. You were ready to bite into life on your own. You were ready to explore the world of plants and animals literally.

Weaning from your mother's breasts or the bottle was a sign that you were ready to handle the challenges of independent self-nourishment.

Whether you're accustomed to eating with your hands or utensils, the main lesson in feeding yourself in the company of others is for their approval. You want to demonstrate to those around you that you know how to nourish yourself without simultaneously disgusting them with your dearth of table manners.

But eating like a human being, and not like an animal that has no regard for breeding and etiquette, is a function of assimilating with the human race in contrast to your innate contrariness to do as you please.

The first of the 423 aphorisms of the Tao Te Ching from China by Lao-Tzu addresses contrariness. "What we are today comes from our thoughts of yesterday, and our present thoughts build our life of tomorrow: our life is the creation of our mind. If a man speaks or acts with an impure mind, suffering follows him as the wheel of the cart follows the beast that draws the cart."

Suffering was first associated with the philosophy of the Buddha who lived before Lao-Tzu. Suffering was associated with desire (– and +).

In the West, contrariness and the subsequent suffering that comes of it are associated with the serpent in the Creation Story. Contrariness is the main characteristic of the serpent (penis), which, as we all know, has a contrary voice of its own.

The second aphorism of the Tao is, "What we are today comes from our thoughts of yesterday, and our present thoughts build our life of tomorrow. Our life is the creation of our mind. If a man speaks or acts with a pure mind, joy follows him as his own shadow."

The mind is equivalent to the character of Adam in the Creation Story. But a man's mind may be hijacked by his heart (Eve), especially if his heart (Eve) is in collusion with his penis (serpent). This produces thoughtless impurities in his or her character.

For a wo/man to create and maintain pure thoughts, s/he must discipline his or her heart which has been contaminated by the sensations that emanate from below the waist.

The eighth aphorism of Lao-Tzu sums up the life of the wo/man who uses his or her mind artfully, “But he who lives not for pleasures, and whose soul is in self-harmony, who eats or fasts with moderation, and has faith and the power of virtue – this man is not moved by temptation, as a rock is not shaken by the wind.”

Every tree of knowledge (male) has a serpent in it. This makes every man contrary by nature. This makes suffering inevitable for women and children. Until men learn how to use their penis (+) righteously, they’ll remain victims of it (–).

Just quoting or studying scriptures from around the world isn’t good enough. Wo/men need to unite the world’s scriptures to discover the secret in how to attain pure thoughts. Only that will improve their character.

Although temptation (contrariness) is correlated to the penis (serpent) that colludes with the heart (Eve), a pure mind (Adam) can overcome suffering by expanding knowledge of him or herself to include teachings from around the world because they’re all relevant to the human experience. They’re all God Given, even those that Were Given anonymously by God in the Far East.

The Jewish, Buddhist or Taoist experiences of the meaning of life aren’t, in and of themselves, sufficient. Nothing is relevant or sufficient if you don’t take it to heart.

The relevance of Lao Tzu’s observations about contrariness may be best summed up in his 11<sup>th</sup> aphorism, “Those who think the unreal is, and think the real is not, they shall never reach the truth, lost along the path of wrong thought.”

Confusing the real with the unreal is more common than you might think. All that we do externally is real. All that happens inside of us is unreal, although our innermost

experiences are both powerful and relevant to the meaning of our being.

Therefore, most of what we experience in life is unreal, in the sense of internal, and, therefore, **subjective**. Only that we literally do in the world we share is real, and, in that sense, **objective**, and, therefore, measurable.

Getting people to behave more objectively requires taking into consideration their contrariness and the subjectivity of their inner world, despite what's occurring around them in outer reality.

The goal of the hyper-religious is to cut out all feelings and sensations that are impure. They dogmatically believe that the sensations that emanate from below their belt are the source of the impurities in their mind. They can't access the passion and delight that also emanates from their penis or clitoris.

Gay people who express a feminine, loving heart in conjunction with their masculine or feminine sensations are, therefore, the model all people should aspire to, to develop a disciplined mind. You don't want to figuratively dismember yourself just to learn how to work well with others.

The conflict between what we may *think* is real and what is *really* real produces paradox. Paradoxes are questions that create curiosity about ourselves. Paradoxes are elucidated using figurative speech that can be fashioned into allegories that tell us how and why we operate as we do on the inside. The paradoxes of life are elucidated by employing all God's Scriptures.

If a person is in an excited or aroused frame of mind, s/he'll perceive the combined influence of his or her sensations and feelings on his or her thinking.

A man will see how his testicles represent the figurative source of his masculinity and power. He wouldn't want to figuratively castrate himself with dogma and derision. Those who embrace the way they Were Made love themselves too



much to peel their fruits literally to discover the mystery of what's inside them that creates life.

Gay people pose a threat to the beliefs of the hyper-religious who don't want to have to deal with those whose sensations and feelings don't coincide with their own.

By embracing our penis (serpent) and testicles (fruit), men have the potential to access the deepest, more profound level of meaning of the Creation Story. They can personalize scripture in a way that will infuriate the hyper-religious.

The hyper-religious hate all men who can do what they can't. They aren't interested in learning how to access scripture figuratively.

Ancient human beings compared and contrasted themselves to botanical life forms for the purpose of teaching truths about life to those who were immature, inexperienced and ignorant about matters that were unreal (internal).

But there came a point in the history of civilization when people compared and contrasted themselves to the animal kingdom, life forms that were either wild or domesticated, so great was the potential of their mind to figuratively grow passionate about new information in those early days of self-discovery.

People saw that infants were weaned off their mother's breast just as other mammals. They saw similarities in the eating and mating behaviors of all animals. They even saw that when they engaged in sex, they, themselves, figuratively turned into animals (passionate).

Once humanity reached the spiritual level of the adolescent, people were able to see the transition from innocent child to awakened, pubescent adolescent in themselves and others. Europeans called that awakening: the Renaissance.

Let's see if people have enough interest in themselves to grow through their juvenile tendencies to achieve the young, adult stage of this spiritual process that every angel disclosed

personifies. Let's see if they're willing to explore self-examination for another 220 years until the Messiah Comes. Then we'll all sing "Come (cum) together" in a way that'll finally put a sheepish grin on everybody's face...

### Toes

Now that I've made the connection (and the need for connection) between figurative speech and literal speech, let's review the importance of fingers, figuratively speaking, before we advance to the topic of toes.

As I stated previously, the Ten Commandments correspond to the ten fingers Given to man on two hands. The two hands correspond to the two tablets Given to Moses, for surely God Could Have Squeezed all Ten Commandments onto one tablet Had He Wanted to.

The first five Commandments on the first tablet (left hand) are Commandments we follow for His Sake. The second five on the second tablet (right hand) we do for the sake of humanity.<sup>9</sup>

But our toes don't work individually like our fingers. They work in two groups, much like chords on the piano in the left hand work in harmony with the melody produced by each finger of the right hand. Toes hold a spiritual beauty and purpose all of their own.

Although your **toes** work in two groups, the Democratic and Republican parties are supposed to do the same as your two feet to keep America standing tall and moving first into the future.

The Republicans stand for the left foot (God) and the Democrats for the right foot (humanity). We're supposed to

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<sup>9</sup> For a thorough exploration of this topic, please refer to my book on Judaism, The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective: Torah For Straight People.

be marching together to bring humanity into the Messianic Age.

But the hyper-religious, White Republicans are lame. They've lost their footing. They can't put any weight on **our** left foot any longer. It's been shattered by forces they can't explain. And that's causing our country to put much more weight on our right foot (the Democrats).

The whole world has been watching us limp since Donald Trump took office. And the whole world is waiting to see how we heal.

This limp in the gait of the Republicans is no different than Jacob's limp, received when he wrestled with an angel the night before he was forced to confront his brother, Esau. [Genesis 32] Esau (Democrat) took pity on his brother when he saw him limping and didn't kill him, leaving a loving space in Exodus for Moses to believe God when He Said that his brother (Aaron) was coming to meet him and would be glad to see him. [Exodus 4:14]

Such is the foundation of brotherhood before Jesus Lives it in the flesh. Such is the progression of brotherhood that hyper-religious Jews and Christians don't unite with us.

Just as Jacob swindled Esau out of his inheritance, the Republicans are doing the same with our children's future. [Genesis 27]

The Covenant of the Jews can no longer be shared with an open heart with White, hyper-religious Europeans. When we said, "Never Again!" we meant it. If our Covenant isn't shared with Christians of all races in America, for the rest of the White world to witness and copy, who will we share it with? The Russians? The Indians? The Chinese?

Get me a tissue. I'm snortling!

The Russians are oppressed. The Indians are repressed. And the Chinese are depressed. <sup>10</sup> If America doesn't prove

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<sup>10</sup> I'll offer you further explanation of these three forms of pressure in the chapter "Being Normal" on page 138.

its Covenant with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob *and* Jesus, you can fagedabadit...

Some of the orthodox Jews made an unholy alliance between the Republicans and the Russians. They figuratively used a turkey baster to infuse Putin's semen in the colon of America. That's what the Mueller Report told us that Bill Barr didn't want to admit publicly. That's what homophobic, straight hypocrites do that gay Americans would never do to our country.

The Republicans claim to make an exception for the orthodox Jews who talk a "good" game, but, sadly, they really hate all the Jews. We're not pure enough for them. We never were. And just because they're Christians who cross their heart and promise not to commit genocide against the Jews ever again, sadly, it's no longer possible to take them at their word about anything anymore.

That's the viewpoint of a gay-Jew. They'll make a lampshade out of my skin, too.

That said, the Democrats scare me another way. They may give up their support of Israel in their effort to enlarge their big tent approach to governance. They may forget their Christian faith altogether in their effort to appease those who are contrary and vindictive when it comes to the spiritual importance and vitality of the State of Israel for the common good of all humanity.

The Republicans have grossly misled the American people, but the Democrats haven't been willing to express their devotion to the Covenant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob through Jesus, as well as all the other names for God.

Unless White Americans prove that they believe in the unification of the Old Testament with the New, I'm afraid that the Messiah Isn't Going to bother to come 220 years from now. It will all have been in vain.

When the Lord Gave us the 3<sup>rd</sup> Commandment, He Did so in the third person. "Thou shall not take the Lord's Name in vain." He figuratively raised His middle Finger of His left

Hand and pointed it at Himself. He Showed us what not to do. If you don't want to do the same to yourself, out of an abundance of caution, I suggest you learn to appreciate all His Names.

Although it's easy to see that most people have fingers, modern people around the world tend to conceal their **toes** in soft-toe shoes. It's as though the support of the efforts of their feet were a deep, dark secret.

Adolf Hitler had toes. Saddam Hussein had toes. Donald Trump has toes, and so does Vladimir Putin. Jews have toes. Gays have toes. Black people have toes. Women – who are surely the most reviled and denigrated of all God's Creatures on Earth... have toes.

Jesus even Had toes. You can even see them in depictions of Him Hanging on the cross. So, the topic of concealing toes in church Wouldn't Have Been irrelevant to Jesus. His Agony Descended down to His Toes.

Although you'll see everybody's toes if you pray in a mosque, you'll never see anybody's toes in a synagogue or church. Toes are considered unseemly in Judeo-Christian culture, even though there's no passage in either scripture that outlaws exposing your toes.

In the first of the 18 chapters of the Bhagavad Gita, one of the holy scriptures of Hinduism (the first path from God – of the seven paths up the mountain of faith), Arjuna finds himself in his chariot situated next to Krishna (God).

Arjuna's **chariot** symbolizes his body. And the God within him is like a horse that's hitched to his wagon. Arjuna is struggling to understand what makes his vehicle move forward virtuously and reliably.

Arjuna admits to Krishna that he's beside himself with grief. Article 32: "I do not see how any good can come from killing my own kinsmen in this battle. Nor can I, my dear Krishna, desire any consequent victory, kingdom or happiness."

God (Krishna) Berates Arjuna for his compassion (because we all know how contrary all men are by nature. Only by Berating him will Arjuna augment his compassion in his effort to be contrary to God (Krishna).

Only by pulling his **chariot** himself will the colt yearn to grow up to become a stallion. Only then will he understand what God Has Been Doing for him that he has to learn to do for himself.

Needless to say, the less contrary we are with ourself, the less we'll make others suffer. But that doesn't seem to stop many wo/men from behaving contrarily. And that's precisely what makes scripture relevant to every generation past, present and future.

When it comes to toes in relation to chariots, God (Horse) and the topic of compassion, please excuse me by allowing me to digress a little further before I sum up my thoughts.

Jesus Came to His Jewish Disciples on the last day of His Life and Told them to remember Him through the bread and wine of the Passover ritual. Jesus Revealed a type of figure of speech not previously understood by the Jews: symbolism.

The Jews knew about **metaphor**. All of Torah is constructed upon the metaphor of wo/man Having Been Constructed using the concepts of Trees of knowledge and life. The ancient Jews were the first to be tempted to eat from the Tree of knowledge only to discover how contrary they were.

But the ancient Jews didn't yet understand the concept of their body being like a container (bread) filled with a mysterious contents (wine). They didn't understand the **symbolism** Presented by God (Jesus).

This is the essence of the Christian concept of the Mass, in which the individual consumes God's Flesh and Blood to become more God-like himself: compassionate and merciful.

Compassion is quite different from any sort of behavior you'd see in a plant, bush or tree. Compassion isn't even something you can witness unless you look very carefully into the animal kingdom at the level of simians who can behave quite compassionately at times.

But, generally speaking, nature is neither compassionate nor vindictive. Nature evolves without motivation to be either just or merciful.

Wo/man is, therefore, both a physical *part* of the natural world and morally *apart* from it. And the line between the two is drawn with compassion, or it isn't drawn at all.

For those who don't know much about themselves, scripture is a useful way to learn about themselves using **metaphor** (Torah); **symbolism** (Gospels); and **similes** (Quran).

Once you have these three forms of figures of speech under your belt, the allegories of the Far East, such as in the Bhagavad Gita, Dhammapada and Tao Te Ching, becomes much more meaningful.<sup>11</sup>

People around the world have been scratching their heads over scripture for millennia. They don't realize that they copy new, spiritual behaviors by assimilating modern, social constructs, rather than only through academic exposure to foreign, religious practices.

Piecing the pieces of God's Puzzle together isn't done only by reading books. It also has to be done by reading people. But you can't read people accurately enough if you haven't read the operating manual (scripture) they subscribe to.

**Spirituality** is the study that pieces people together like a puzzle. It gives meaning to being. It looks at every individual as a potentially civilizing citizen of the world.

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<sup>11</sup> I've done all this for you in my books on Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism. I refer you to the list at the back of this book.

Spirituality makes us all **modern** in the sense of contemporary users of the world's scriptures, even though we may not look to the origin of our civility in other people's holy books.

The younger generation understands this naturally. They read one another and effortlessly gather new information about the meaning of life from people of all ages around the world. Such has been one of the spiritual Blessings from God that came with the internet.

But we don't always make a conscious connection between the sources of knowledge and the wisdom we claim to have gleaned. We use these seven paths up the mountain of faith without honoring the name of the path we happen to be trudging. We enjoy the panoramas we hold on life that make us who we are without giving credit to the origin of our ideas in other people's faiths.

Because of this guiltfree and unencumbered, modern use of the seven paths of faith, Judaism is once again being denigrated as useless and old-fashioned. Torah is only perceived of as dogmatic, patronizing, patriarchal and authoritarian.

The more people try to modernize and civilize, the more they inadvertently belittle Judaism, Jews and Israel as useless impediments on their climb to the summit.

### **Toenail Clippings**

Once you realize that all people have toes in addition to fingers, and once you realize that those toenails need to be clipped from time to time, it makes even Donald Trump and Vladimir Putin a little more human, simply because they're human beings who are alive here among us, now. Whether you support them or not, they're trying to make sense of life the only way they know how.

They, too, use their toes for balance. And even if they've got their fingers in all sorts of cookie jars where they don't belong, they've got toes just like the rest of us. They're



seeking balance in their life, too, even if they figuratively tower over us on tippy toes so they can look down on us as insignificant and useless to their ambitious plans.

Clipping the toes of totalitarians like Adolf Hitler, Vladimir Putin, Bashar al-Assad, Xi Jinping, Donald Trump and all the other oppressive types, past and present, who create alliances around the world to secure their evil intentions with bribes and lies, is harder than you think. You wouldn't want to be their pedicurist... And by that I mean that making them realize that everyone is human, and therefore in need of compassion, is a ticklish task, to say the least.

On the one hand, they want to be adored and admired. But, on the other, they also want to be feared and revered. Such is the contrary, paradoxical and petty ego of men with too much power and too little understanding of what it means to Have Been Given tools to advance civilization. Such men don't know how to use the power they've attained. To say that they're a **buttertoes** is an accurate, but inadequate, description of their behavior.

I'm sure these tyrants are figuratively much more afraid of a toenail clipper than they are of looking down the barrel of a gun. The thought of them being no different than the rest of us terrifies them. By comparing them to ourselves, we weaken their grip on us. We remind them that they, too, are going to meet their Maker.

We all know totalitarians would never choose to suck a penis rather than steal. They'd never "demean" themselves by performing a sexual practice they revile while the immoral behavior of stealing feels so "good" to them...

What they don't realize is that in the Creation Story Moses describes God as Having Breathed life into Adam's nostrils. That's a polite way of saying that He Spit up his nose.

But we all know that a man doesn't have to spit in another man's nose using his mouth. He can figuratively "spit" in it using his penis...

We all intuitively and logically know that it wasn't God's Breath that created Adam. It as His Semen. It was man's mind that God figuratively Set aflame when He Gave him life. Moses just found a clever way of equating semen with spirit. He just described the awakening of man's mind in the most socially appropriate terms of his day.

But what Moses really wanted to say was that God Came in Adam's nose. And every Adam experiences God's Cum as a fire that burns his thinking like a fire still.

Every infant knows the sting of literally taking its first breath to come alive and join the world we share. You probably don't remember your first breath. Moses tried to remind you of that flame you inhaled without jolting you morally awake against your will.

If a dictator is no different from us physically, and if his body Is Made in the image of God, just as ours Is, what does that say about what will happen to him when he dies?

What does it mean when his erection figuratively shrinks for the last time and his devoted followers can't figuratively inhale the life-giving force they think he exudes all over them that makes them feel so alive and special? What happens to every god on Earth when he meets the God Who Created us all?

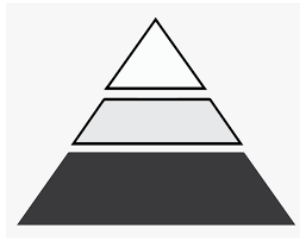
We can all see hyper-religious Republicans in government and industry building pyramids to their own greatness.

But *they* know that they won't be buried in a pyramid like ancient pharaohs who were deified in their tombs. Today's contemporary pharaohs will have to settle with their remains contained in a mausoleum with a flat roof. A pyramid would be considered gauche by today's "civilized" standards...

Today's power mongers at the top of the pyramid of power are fighting one another in the Republican Party while their base is eroding beneath them. Their pyramid of power is shrinking like a penis in cold water. Their power base is collapsing, thereby threatening their alliances with power mongers worldwide.

The erosion of the racist, Black-and-White, pyramid model of power, where the Blacks are at the bottom and the Whites are at the top should produce unpleasant thoughts and feelings for any wo/man with righteous aspirations. We all know there's only one God. We all know that He Created Black people with the same aspirations for power and success that White people have

The image below is the way things look now:



What looks like a mighty pyramid with one race of people or religion at the top may look more like a mole hill by tomorrow. This model is collapsing, terrifying White Republicans at the top at what will happen to them when they're "exposed" and "mixed" together with those they've spent generations trying to exclude themselves from.

The rectangular concept of power that's replacing pyramid power, with everyone having equal access to the top, is causing turmoil for those of us who love Israel and want Zionism and our Jewish influence on world thought to be recognized. It comes from the rainbow of hope God Gave Noah. [Genesis 6-7]

Here is what the rectangular concept of power looks like. It brings the potential for hope and optimism into everyone's world:



The obscenely wealthy always threaten Israel and the Jews to blackmail the world to diminish our power. We always were and we always will be the “pickle” in the middle.

But, if it's true that we all have to account to the same Creator for our behavior, that should make every despot quiver in his boots right down to his toenails.

### **Jackass**

In Glinda's recent book, Home Schooled, she said that every Mary in San Francisco is screaming out to the world to love God's Son, not the jackass He Rode in on.

In San Francisco, we're always trying to find new ways to reveal to the masses how the power mongers are behaving like abominable assholes who are screwing everybody over.

It's not just the gays who can see what's happening. We've made alliances with straights around the world to try to get Americans to see that some world leaders are “cocksuckers” and “ass fuckers” in the most despicable of sense of the word – figuratively. Here in San Francisco, we advocate doing those things literally...

Donald Trump is like a golden calf, an idol the hyper-religious, Republicans are dancing around while he cries “Fire!” in a crowded theater in the hopes he can scare his constituents into following him as he takes them off the

world stage and down to Hell. He refuses to try to emulate the one God of us all whom they “claim” to worship.

The first chapter of the Quran is a preamble. But the second chapter of the 114 chapters of the Quran is the first simile for God: the **Cow**.

The **Cow** is the primitive name for God used to Give Birth to the concept of the Golden Calf. The Golden Calf is the God the Israelites forged from gold and then danced around. This was the first mistake the ancient Israelites made about the nature of reality in relationship to the nameless name for God they Were Given once they were free.

The hyper-religious, Republican concept of God is Jesus as the only righteous name for God. Granted, the orthodox Jews cozy up to the Republicans because their interpretation of God is the Father of God (Jesus).

But the Lord, in His infinite Wisdom, Uses the orthodox Jews and conservative Christians to His Advantage. He Loves us all, not just those who call Him by the names of **Father** and **Son**.

When my inner father, the Archangel Gabriel, told Mary that she was going to give birth to God’s Son, he used the words **ben Elohim**. This translates as “the Son for all the names of God everywhere in the world,” not just the Son of Y.H.V.H.

Jesus Was Destined to be the template for the outcome of the fruition and perfection of wo/man. But that doesn’t discount all the names for God and those who recognize Him using their names. Who would want to believe in a God Who Discredits everything you’ve put your heart and soul into believing just because of a name?

Mormons believe in other prophets. They don’t believe in another God. There are other religions that pop up from time to time, too. But they always include new dogmas, not a new God.

The hyper-religious Republicans not only hate those who pray to all other names for God. They hate Brown Catholics,

Black Protestants and even their own figuratively rainbow-colored, gay children. Nowadays, because of the pandemic, berating Yellow Asians has become their new, favorite pastime.

Once you start to separate God using various names without conscious understanding that there's only one of Him, there's no end to the misery you create in the world we share and in your inner world, as well.

If Jesus Is Going to be accepted worldwide as one of the names for God, then hyper-religious Christians are going to have to learn how to respect and admire all His Names. Their condescending and patronizing attitude toward anyone who worships God by any other name is ignorant, appalling and unacceptable. It only makes their racist, homophobic and misogynistic urges all the more apparent to the rest of us.

The Republican mascot is the elephant. But it's as if the Republicans look in the mirror and only see a jackass. And so they behave like the jackasses they mirror. Their political platform is based on their fear of the millions of names for God in Hinduism, the unspeakable name for the God (Y.H.V.H.) of the Jews, Allah, Yu-Huang and the other 15 names for God in Taoism.

The hyper-religious Republicans give a token nod to **Hashem** ("the Name" in Hebrew) which stands in place of **Adonai** ("my Lord" in Hebrew), the pseudonym for God (Y.H.V.H.) that Jews pray to.

The name for the generic concept of God by the Jews is unpronounceable because it's an acronym. It stands for אֶהְיֶה אֲשֶׁר אֶהְיֶה, which means "will be riches will be." When Moses asked God who he should say Sent him back to Egypt, God (Y.H.V.H.) tactfully Told him He Doesn't Make promises to murderers. He Told Moses that the outcome of his effort would depend on the depth of his participation in it.

What would occur by the end of his mission would be the consequence of what he put into it. That explains why

Moses Wasn't Allowed into the Promised Land. That experiment had a timed ending. The autobiography Moses composed about his life has become the foundation of Western civilization.

Hyper-religious Christians believe Jesus is one of the only three righteous names for God (Father, Son and Holy Spirit). And even that's not enough to keep them from making unholy alliances with despots the world over who "claim" to believe in God. Not even their relationship with their Jewish God (Jesus) kept them from treating the Jews abominably throughout history.

The political policies of hyper-religious Americans aren't just meant to protect White Christians from all the "heathens" they believe have them surrounded. Their politics are also meant to protect the thieves from honest men and women. And any Jew who gets in their way will suffer the same outcome as any other off-White individual.

All hyper-religious people the world over vociferously claim not to be prejudiced. But that's perfectly understandable... No thief would jeopardize his ability to loot by expressing racial, religious or sexual prejudices against other thieves. It's only the honest they're opposed to.

### **Elephantids**

Elephants are the largest land mammals on Earth. When the Democrats look in the mirror, what they perceive is the Elephant in the room. They reflect upon the unseen mystery of who they are, but not always who they could yet become.

They see a huge proboscis that they instinctively know represents the tool by which they have to learn how to figuratively grasp reality with their intuition. They just can't quite tell you how they're going to wrap their sixth sense around all that they want to get done to lift it like a log in a forest.

The Democrats try to describe how their power could be manifested in the real world to achieve the goodness they

wish to use to make this world a *pardes* (paradise) on Earth for everyone. They just can't tell you any more than what they know about the mystery of how that Will Be Done with or without God's Help.

The Elephant in the room Is God, Who Goes by the most commonly held names of Brahma, Y.H.V.H., Jesus and Allah. These are the standard, contemporary names for Him, even though there are seven paths up the mountain of faith.

That includes the Buddhist path that leads to faith in yourself and the Taoist path which accounts for paradox despite the 16 names for God they have and refer to using male and female personifications of the Deity.

Each of these seven paths includes a panoramic view, but only from one side of the mountain. You've got to make your way up from the indigenist plain all the way around the mountain spirally, to get the complete view. This is what gives spiritually well-educated people their vision, and doesn't leave them susceptible to conspiracies, fantasies and pipe dreams.

The Elephant in the room interfaces with the elephant in the mirror. The atheists who insist that there is no mountain of faith and no God are as deluded as the jackasses in the G.O.P. who think Jesus is the only name for the Elephant in every room.

The Hindus have a story about blind men who touched an elephant. Those blind men argued with one another because they all suffered from spiritual **elephantids**. Nowadays we call that a swelled head. Each insisted that his interpretation of what he'd experienced was the only possible, correct answer.

The 105<sup>th</sup> chapter of the Quran is about the Elephant. Muhammad interfaced with both the army of the Elephant (Republicans) and the companions of the Elephant (Democrats). Muhammad sent flocks of birds (gay men and women) against them. They pelted the elephants with clay stones (new ideas and concepts), leaving them like chewed



up straw (actors of undigested actions). And then he made them like eaten straw (excrement).

It's about time people start to use their inner eye in conjunction with their outer eyes. The world around us is changing fast. It's about time the blind start to interpret reality with their inner eye, and not just use their vision just to survive by applying science and technology to attaining weapons and physical comforts.

There's more to having a brain than you'll discover using your head. If you don't make your way figuratively through your stiff neck to discover what's hidden in plain sight in your heart and elsewhere in your body, you're no smarter than the Israelites who became shackled to slavedrivers in ancient Egypt.

### **Buddhist Guilt**

**Buddhist guilt** is an oxymoron. The Buddha explored suffering as the cause of punishment, not guilt. Siddhartha Gautama was a prince who knew very little about Hinduism and its many names for God before he became the Buddha (enlightened one). But his story suggests that he may have had a wife and children that he abandoned to seek that enlightenment.

Guilt is the *cause* of suffering. Suffering is the *result* of mistakes made, whether or not you feel guilty about what you've done wrong. When you don't acknowledge that you're guilty of actions and inactions you aren't aware of, God Gives you challenges to atone for that will reward you with greater self-knowledge if you manage your life heroically.

Such challenges always include suffering. You Were Planted in a particular grove (family) as a seed that would have to grow up through the rock of reality individually to come into the light. The more you come to understand your own unique circumstances, the more you'll make your way through existential guilt.

Without looking for reasons in your body (pain) and soul (suffering) for how you can become your best self, you won't discover the awe and ecstasy of the miracle of life.

The Gift from God via the Buddha for all of humanity, not just Buddhists, is the gift of self-knowledge that leads to faith in yourself, not faith in God. Once you can believe in yourself by relieving your suffering, you can then open your mind to the possibility of there Being one God Who Created us all in a particular way. Then you will have achieved the faith you need to give some of it to God.

But without suffering, you'll never entertain the idea that you may be guilty of not knowing yourself sufficiently deeply. Without suffering, you'll never bring new ideas to consciousness to atone for impurities in your thinking.

An impure mind causes errors of judgment. Without conscious awareness of the fire that's figuratively burning in your heart and soul, you won't be able to separate the **real** (external) from the **unreal** (internal).

Those who don't believe they've done anything they need to atone for feel autonomous. They don't seek freedom (Jewish), liberty (Christian) and emancipation (Muslim) from the inside out. At best, they seek relief from suffering. But that often seems to involve inflicting needless pain and suffering on the innocent.

Buddhist guilt is no different than any other guilt. But Buddhist guilt is divided into two branches, while all other guilt is divided into three.

The first branch of guilt is **embarrassment** of your genitals. The penis or clitoris corresponds to the contrary voice of the serpent in the Creation Story. It tempts us to be attracted to the body God Gave to some other people. We're tempted to want what they got. We're tempted to penetrate what they have or feel penetrated by what they have.

We experience that yearning as lust. Sometimes we lust *for* the other person. Sometimes we lust to *be* the other person. This is why the serpent in the Creation Story is

described as **beguiling**. Our desires (+) rise to many sorts of occasions...

Granted, you may already have learned how to tolerate, accept and admire your own body. But the expression of desire that emerged in puberty as **lust** is a yearning for something your own body can't give you.

Some people want to be wanted. Some people want to want. Some want both. But when your body goes through hormonal changes at puberty, the concept of being a tree vanishes. You suddenly see yourself as an animal with lusts.

This first branch of guilt, called **embarrassment**, is the first level of guilt that causes suffering. Embarrassment is what motivated Adam and Eve to cover their genitals after they did something wrong for the first time.

When approached slowly and methodically with self-knowledge, **embarrassment** slowly turns into **modesty**. Those who are **modest** aren't overwhelmed with the inclinations of their lustful urges. They eventually focus their physical yearnings into sex with one special person in order to discover the other mysterious secrets of their being.

While engaging in sex modestly, foreplay can be described as an exploration of the color **red**. Foreplay in the initial, sexual exploration stage corresponds to a controlled rage in the most sublime sense of the word.

This moves naturally into the realm of **orange** (agony) as the sex progresses. This is the kind of agony no one would ever want to see end.

As the sex continues to intensify, both parties move into the realm of exalted fear (**yellow**), where one succumbs to domination and penetration by the other. This is the kind of thrill we all embrace willingly whether we're on top or bottom.

The jealousy of one another's body is subsequently explored in the realm of a shared **green** experience where it feels both bodies are merging into one, thus ending all covetous yearnings altogether.

That then leads to a level of physical intimacy that produces an exquisite sorrow (**blue**) that the two individuals cherish together. This feeling is often confused with love.

From there, it's not far to the **indigo**, enigmatic mystery of their union that culminates with the shared ecstasy (**violet**) of cuming together.

This is the rainbow of the heart that's so different from the rainbow in the sky. This is the promise of hope realized every time you "make" love.

The second branch of **guilt** is **shame** of one's character. When you hurt someone you love, you hurt yourself as well. The suffering you inflict on them is but a mirror of the suffering you're inflicting upon yourself.

You're a person, too. So, if you hurt anyone, you'll suffer for having done so, whether you want to, or not. This is fleshed out in the Eastern concept of **karma**.

When you move through **shame** regularly; when you've made a fool of yourself in many awkward ways – you eventually become **humbled** to the **joy** of freedom, liberty and emancipation instead of the **glee** that comes of autonomy.

**Humility** is especially personally vital because it opens your mind to learning with conscious awareness of what you're putting yourself through to achieve the rewards of knowing yourself.

Changing the motivations of others isn't a humbling experience. Changing your own motivations is humbling.

The third and final level of universal guilt doesn't apply to Buddhists. This is why I said that the Buddhist path of guilt has only two branches, while all others have three.

This third branch of guilt is **humiliation** before the Lord.

This world is like a school, and for a believer, God Is like a teacher who's with you at all times. A believer in God (regardless of the name s/he uses for Him) experiences **humiliation** before Him, not just **embarrassment** and **shame**. A believer knows that s/he's accountable to God for

a lifetime of lessons, just as is every pupil to a teacher in a classroom.

Like every other person who ascends the mountain of faith, the Buddhists realize that every action produces reactions. But only when you've reached the three levels of self-intimacy through guilt (**embarrassment, shame and humiliation**), that produce suffering that's alleviated with **modesty, humility and loyalty**, can you equate that truth to your evolving, personal relationship with God.

Then you can say that all seven of the forces within you, not just the one path of faith you took to the summit, are real. Then can you produce the loyalty to life necessary to fear and love God using all His Names because He Is the Giver of life, not just the Giver of names. He Breathed life into you, and you now breathe in His Honor.

### **Promoting the Son of God**

You may wish to achieve the confidence you see in some others that you haven't yet attained. But you may also be too suspicious to sacrifice a part of your intelligence to do so. Other people's confidence often looks like an expression of stupidity, the result of them living in a stupor.

And yet, you may still wish to achieve the sparks of wisdom you see in them that you can't attain on your own.

But how can you swallow new ideas if you need to be spoon-fed, and you aren't humble enough to open wide like a toddler playing a game of hanger with an airplane? If new ideas aren't presented with dignity and respect, we all recoil when we're treated in an infantile manner.

You may wish to achieve the love you see some others enjoying that you can't attain. But love includes forgiveness and mercy. And these attributes need to be practiced on others before you'll allow you to love yourself.

You're no fool. If your love of others is imperfect, you won't want to love yourself as poorly and faithlessly as you

love them. Better to practice on them, and when you've perfected other-love, *then* explore self-love.

To promote yourself in this world we share, you're going to need to have something to promote. You can't honestly endorse a product you don't use or admire. You can't market a service you don't subscribe to. You can't popularize someone you don't yet know. This may leave you in a spiritual Catch-22.

Who should you promote first, you or Jesus? What's more important, your name for God or your actions, which you hope will live up to His Aspirations for you?

The hyper-religious, Christian world is losing, rather than gaining, adherents to their evangelical beliefs. They only *promote* Jesus.

They don't aspire to perfect *themselves*. When the messenger relays a message that he obviously isn't living, it makes the message less appealing. And that's because the message has become less relevant.

This is why we can see that some adults behave childishly. Others behave like juvenile delinquents. And some behave like immature, young adults. They don't live their message. They sponsor it.

Lack of experience being yourself makes self-love a difficult subject to teach. God Knows Jesus Tried to get the ancient Jews out of their head and into their heart to spread the fire from their head into their body to come to love one another.

But let's face it. The Muslims and Christians haven't done any better than the Jews when it comes to promoting love worldwide. Sometimes you have to hit your forehead with the palm of your hand, shake your head from side to side and ask yourself, "What are these pyromaniacs thinking? It doesn't look like they know the first thing about the fire within them!"

To promote God, you have to know yourself well enough to promote yourself. To promote yourself you have to

interact with others in ways that leave them in awe of your abilities and passion to express yourself virtuously.

To apply the virtues you espouse, you should strive for the rewards of (1) **work** (money), (2) **worship** (faith) and (3) **werk** (psychological insight). The combination of all three will leave *you* in awe of how you behave, regardless of others' opinions and actions.

This will leave you promoting yourself to yourself, which will demonstrate the reasons for your confidence without fanfare. And this will spread the wisdom and love you've attained with deeds already accomplished rather than merely with promises or excuses.

The hyper-religious, Republican leaders promote the Son. And then they promote themselves like Son gods who see themselves as brilliant. They shine down their light on their constituents like a heavenly body. They adore adoration. They may pray to Jesus that all the people on Earth will worship only Him, but they secretly pray that all the peoples on Earth will worship them, too.

Don't tell me Donald Trump doesn't behave like he thinks he's divinely inspired. He's the best Republican at promoting self-promotion.

When he held up a Bible in front of that church in D.C., he knew he held it up upside down. That was his idea of "humility." He wanted to show his adoring fans that he was a Son god who was more "human" than the all the other Son gods that had come before him. He wanted them to think he was closer to the Son of man than any other son of man. That's no average, village idiot. That's an evil intellect on overdrive.

The patriarchal power structure is far from dead. There are fools who act like Son gods all over the world. They're pyromaniacs who start figurative fires in forests where trees of knowledge and trees of life are so parched from lack of rain (love) that the least, little spark will set them aflame.

Those who see to it that they're well-watered aren't

susceptible to such sparks. Embers of hatred burning with greed don't ignite them.

The Holocaust was just such a conflagration started by White, Christian men who thought they, too, were God's Gift in creating an empire that would last a thousand years. It lasted 12. Trump's presidency has lasted four.

The Germans were called Nazis in those days. Today such fools are just called **rednecks**. But many a **redneck** today wears a three-piece suit, not overalls or lederhosen.

Don't worry about how to recognize Son gods by what they wear.

The orthodox Jews aren't going to be rounded up and murdered the next time push-comes-to-shove, and look what they wear...

The neo-Nazis will protect those Jews who believe in the Father of their God (Jesus)... Those Jews will be safe from elimination and eradication (so they say).

Jews may not be considered White by hyper-religious, Christian standards of purity because we don't refer to God using the name of Jesus. But the hyper-religious Christians promise to save Israel because they believe Jesus Will Turn the God-fearing Jews into Christians 220 years from now.

If you're interested in self-promotion, patriarchal wo/men know all about it...

But those of us in the rainbow coalition wouldn't want to learn to copy them. We just want to understand their tactics, so we can become more familiar with the mysterious Elephant in the room, beginning with the elephant in the mirror, not that smelly herd of elephants stampeding through Washington.

The patriarchal hyper-religious are God's Gift of what *not* to do. They're only interested in *us* working to make *them* money. They're only interested in *us* worshipping God (Jesus) to make *them* look like brilliant stars that come out at night when the Son Is Sleeping...



They manipulate others with psychological tricks to amass power with the goal of oppressing the world, not to save the world from ignorance of the self.

If you're interested in becoming a star, the best way to attempt to sparkle is first by observing the rays of light others emit. Look at the illumination (wisdom) and warmth (love) they shine. And then compare their light to your own.

If you look at someone like RuPaul (gay), you see what a neutron star looks like. He was once a supergiant. What you see today is the collapsed core after he went through supernova. He's become a teacher.

Neutron stars (gay people) are the smallest and densest currently known class of stellar objects in the inner universe. Once formed, they no longer actively generate heat. They, too, cool over time. However, even neutron stars may still evolve further.

The hyper-religious Christians believe in Jesus as the Son and the sun personified. The secularists know this is too limited a view of the mysteries of the universe, but they can't quite fathom reality deeply enough to describe the mystery of life any better.

They, too, are lost in the religious masquerade. And some people find it difficult to tell one from the other in masks...

It seems pretty obvious to me that it's not what you cover your face with, but what you reveal through your intentions that makes all the difference.

To promote yourself, you'll need to see yourself as a star surrounded by a very dark night, even by day. You'll need to learn all you can about the stars in your own constellation (community) before you start traipsing across your inner universe looking to solve other people's problems. You'll want to become an inner astronomer observing your own soul, not just someone dying to leave a star on Hollywood Blvd...

Our love of movie stars is admirable, but hardly adequate. If you can't see yourself shining brightly day and night,

you'll never become the kind of heavenly body you dream of being. You'll only behave like some planet or asteroid that circles around some other heavenly body that has you in its gravitational grip.

Jesus Described Himself as like a bread substance (flesh) which incased a wine-like liquid (blood). This is what it means to remember Him through the bread and the wine. This is the physically obvious described symbolically.

This was the first religious symbol that focused the ancient Jews on God Having Created everybody in His Image. This is the symbolism Jesus Added to the main metaphor of Moses.

If you don't understand the wisdom of using metaphor, you aren't going to appreciate wisdom of the heart (symbolism). And then, when it comes to exploring the similes of Islam with an open mind and a kind disposition, you'll only fill yourself with prejudice and narrow-mindedness as does a hyper-religious Republican watching **RuPaul's Drag Race**.

And don't even get me started on **black holes**. By this point in your spiritual education, if you don't know how to avoid black holes, you deserve to get sucked into them. Don't come crying to me to pull you out of a spiral of neediness you can't steer clear of.

Curiosity didn't kill the cat. Curiosity about the kitten within enlightens every cat who's eager to learn.

It's suffering that kills curiosity. Suffering shuts the coffin lid on those who don't seek to get out of their dilemmas without dogma.

You've got to become your own black hole at the center of your own inner galaxy of stars. Look inside yourself before you make claims that you're superior to others who Were also Created by the Lord. Look what all your efforts to assuage your anger over the body and blood you Weren't Given are leading to. You're stuck with who you are.

Self-promotion requires self-knowledge. Self-knowledge requires knowledge of life from both a scientific *and* religious perspective. If you disdain one or the other aspects of reality, expect to get lessons in the outcome of fate, and not rewarded with anticipation of the ecstasy of achieving your destiny.

This is a message for Democrats who hate Israel and Republicans who hate modern Jews. This is a message for those who think this world would do better with one less path up the mountain of faith and one less country to represent it.

### **Bringing The Bible To Bed With You**

My boyfriend is Catholic. He's the personification of the New Testament. I, Barry, am Jewish. I'm the personification of the Old. When together naked in bed, we're two books facing one another. We share a cover which others perceive as a home, financial responsibility to each other and a life celebrated with joy and intimacy.

When we have sex, we figuratively rub our Bibles up against one another. Just by being natural and unaffected while naked in each other's presence, we explore the meaning of being holy.

We may be as vastly different as religious bodies, but we're just two human bodies who are physically, intellectually, emotionally and spiritually curious to explore one another with curiosity and interest. And that has made for a vibrant sex life that's only gotten better over the course of the ten years we've been together. Such is an Act of God that cannot be torn asunder.

When you see yourself as a good book in the flesh, you see other people that way, too. And that makes for interesting metaphors. Not only can the hyper-religious not take scripture, figuratively. They can't stand figures of speech that hold sexual innuendos. Anything that goes below the waist makes them unbelievably uncomfortable.

My boyfriend refuses to marry me because he knows I'm married to myself. I married myself on April 11, 2008 a couple of years before we met. I enjoy marriage with myself, and I have a monogamous relationship with a hot guy on the side... I've got nothing to complain to God or Bod about!... I'm really quite pleased with life. And I don't expect to be punished for feeling this good.

### **Missionary Position**

The missionary position isn't really possible for gay men to achieve orgasm easily. If we want to go to Heaven, we have to go around the world in many other ways to get There. That's why our soles are so often facing Heaven while enjoying ecstasy with one another...

**Missionaries** are different from **Marys** with a mission. The San Francisco Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence are **Marys** with a mission. They try to teach people to indulge their desire to make love. They promote self-love as the source of other-love. And out of respect for people of other faiths and philosophies, they leave Jesus out of it.

If you didn't know that you have to love yourself before you can give your love to others, you may not have known enough about the symbols Jesus Brought His Disciples, either.

How can you give something away that you Haven't Received. You haven't even shown any intellectual interest in it, let alone adoration or passion for it? How can you receive love from yourself if you don't know how to produce it?

Love, like wisdom, has to be generated. In that way, your heart is like your head even though your heart is rational and your head is logical.

Your head consumes knowledge and turns it into wisdom. Facts, data, statistics, information, evidence and knowledge don't produce wisdom on their own. They lead you toward wise answers like a carrot leads a stubborn mule.

Wisdom is the application of knowledge to new experiences in logical ways. If you don't apply what you've learned using righteous actions, you won't achieve wisdom.

Your heart consumes your emotions and uses them in the same way that your head consumes knowledge and uses it. Your heart turns raw feelings into love. In this way, you can produce a rainbow of promises in your heart for yourself and others after the angry downpour of thunder and lightning end in the **blue**-gray skies of sorrow.

Rain (sorrow) only comes with clouds (troubles). And clouds only come with the winds of change (Acts of God and acts of wo/man). But once it rains, and you feel the sorrow inside that nurtures your parched heart, you perceive a rainbow aglow in your heart.

This rainbow in the heart starts out in cherubs as pastel in color. They're motivated to celebrate the trials and tribulations of romantic love as would any Cupid who shoots for the sheer delight of being able to hit the mark.

But over time, the colors of the rainbow in your heart darken and deepen. Your feelings become saturated with jewel tones. And you come to appreciate the mystery of the perpetuity of love.

This is a miraculous transformation that cannot be described to the young, uninitiated or arrogant. This transfiguration of feelings cannot be alluded to prosaically. It's an experience of such profundity that nothing less than poetry can describe it.

Love only feels eternal when you produce a level of love so rich in tint and tone that it makes you feel hue-man. It's really that simple. So, I'm not going to go into further detail here.

Milk (love) and honey (wisdom) produce a land where everybody wants to live.

All the Muslim' who are clawing to take back Palestine and control over the Al-Aqsa Mosque want a piece of the paradise on Earth God Handed to the Jews. They're jealous

of our land and envious of our being. And this is no different from how the Christians felt about us in the past.

For the fanatical Muslims to overcome the **green** track that they're on, they're going to have to acknowledge Acts of God. They're going to have to think about what they're thinking about. Because the feelings they're having unbecoming and dishonorable.

So, the totalitarian types in all three hyper-religious interpretations of their faiths have no choice but to convince their constituents that they're winning every war they wage. The Palestinians have "won" every war against Israel came into existence again since 1948... Let's hope the Republicans continue to keep "winning," too...

My previous books are chocked full of details on how to love wisely. You are a lock. Being realistic is the key. If you don't give up your blasé attitude about life to see it as a miracle in your hands for the making, you're going to graduate very angry, bitter and feeling victimized. It would be a pity to follow the path of billions when the untrodden, soulful path for those who love wisely is so magnificent a sight to see.

Frankly, I'm sick and tired of repeating myself. I may be 21, but I feel like an old man whenever I have to say things again and again because people are too dense to hear it.

If you think you're that straight that you *only* take the missionary position with another person in bed when you want to make a baby, you're still going to have to prove that you've produced fruits from your *inner* labors. You're still going to have to have-and-hold a mission which is greater than just producing human beings. There are far too many people in this world already and far too few parents who know how to raise them well.

It's time to stop literally making babies using the missionary position and start making a spiritual baby (inner child) by taking on a mission that will produce love (milk) and wisdom (honey).

That alone will change minds, transform hearts and teach people how to transcend their conscience in soulful ways. That will produce a level of God consciousness that's based on self-awakening, and not blind obedience to hyper-religious criminals demanding power from ignorant fools.

Seek adoration with yourself. Look back every night at what you did that day for clues to the star shining within you. Look for examples of how you produce an aura around yourself as the result of the ways in which you bring peace into other people's turbulent lives.

You may not get adoration from your family. You may not get it from your colleagues or neighbors. This is why it's so vital that you devote your life to seeking adoration from yourself.

How will you adore the God you believe in if you didn't produce that adoration for you to then give Him? Adore your deeds for you first. Then spread that good news, making sure God Is the Last to receive the bounty of your adorations.

To create adoration out of thoughts, feelings and beliefs (head, heart and soul), you only need to turn knowledge into wisdom; **red** rage into love; and beliefs into righteous actions.

Then, by observing your own honorable actions, you'll come to adore yourself naturally and easily regardless of what you're physically, mentally or emotionally missing. Then you, too, will come to see the difference between the real (external) and the unreal (internal).

You'll even discover the very personal reasons why God Wants you to experience guilt from time to time. And you'll thank Him for your suffering.

### **Gabriel, Glinda and Darlean**

My first 17 books were about the seven paths up the mountain of faith. That was a dedication to the need to guide the hyper-religious who want to make their way out of the forest. (Those in the swamp will just have to die there.)

I scattered crumbs for the deeply perplexed to make their way through the forest to the better angels in themself.

From that exercise in loving my enemies, I concluded there can only Be one God Who Goes by many names. And from my study of the major scriptures on Earth, I was able to create associations with those faiths to the inner forces that have blessed me with the voice to speak my mind.

Call me Darlean. Don't confuse me with my inner parents, Glinda or Gabriel. I'm a new generation of angels disclosed. I'm awakened in a way that was previously misunderstood. I've surpassed my inner parents' efforts, as should ever child.

But I'm changing too. The next generation from within *me* will arrive when I give birth to *my* inner child who'll speak for herself. S/he'll carry my family's message forward with even greater awakening than I.

My 18<sup>th</sup> book was called Home Schooled: Why My Inner Child Refuses To Go To College. It was written by Glinda about me when I, Darlean, was sweet 16. At that time, I was fighting with my inner mother over growing up my own way. I didn't want to continue with a traditional, formal education by just making money with the sale of my books to secure greater comforts in my external world. Fortune didn't appeal to me. Glinda dreamed of becoming rich and famous. I resisted that urge.

My 19<sup>th</sup> book was Call Me Glinda. It was about the good witch of the North in "The Wizard of Oz." In that tutorial on spiritual instruction, I revealed that Glinda was the Archangel Gabriel after a sex change. She's like Eve who was fashioned out of one of Adam's ribs. She's the woman that came out of a man.

In Call Me Glinda, I, Darlean, was repressed and felt oppressed. I was projected onto the character of Dorothy, a pre-pubescent, Muslim girl who just wanted to go Home rather than have to face the realities inherent in growing up in this seemingly God Forsaken world we're in...



In that retelling of Frank Baum's tale, Glinda described the inner forces as a Scarecrow (head); Tin Man (heart); Cowardly Lion (navel); Toto (genitals); and Wizard (anus). In that book, Glinda gave up her desire for fortune. She could see that she had something more important to accomplish in life that needed to be said.

Lampshade for the Light is my 20<sup>th</sup> book. This book is narrated by me, Darlean, at the spiritual age of 21. Now, I'm emancipated, not just liberated and free. Now, I'm not just as free as a Jew in Israel. I'm not just as liberated as a White Christian in Sweden. I'm as emancipated as a Muslim in Paradise. I'm a fully grown adult behaving like a fully grown adult among adults.

I know that I'm rowing in the same direction everyone wants to go. When people condescend or patronize me, and our oars hit, I now know how to resume my rhythm with the rest of the crew.

Those who are rowing the wrong way will just have to learn how to add their efforts to the rhythm set by the rest of us. We're not going to go the wrong way just because some don't know how to row our boat *gently* down the stream.

In this book, I'm wiser when it comes to filtering my thoughts before I express them. I'm deeper. And I'm good enough to express what's best for me, even if others may not always know how to deal with what I have to say.

### **Queen of Clubs**

Here, I'm referring to a consumer of the sandwich, not the playing card. I'm a queen in a relationship to my meat (wisdom); cheese (love); tomato (lust); lettuce (the request before God to **Let us** have what we want); and all the mustard (spice) and mayo (creamy goodness) I want between three slices of sourdough bread.

If you feel sandwiched in between aspects of reality that you can't stomach, I suggest you order something else the

next time. But for now, do the best you can to bite off, chew, swallow and digest the club sandwich on your plate.

I'm not the Chef of this establishment. I didn't prepare what you Have Been Served. And you aren't in a greasy spoon or a dive. This world is a five-star, Michelin-rated restaurant. No shirt (heart), no shoes (soul), no service.

Gays don't create the tornadoes in the Midwest, the droughts in the West or the floods in the East because of the forbidden fruit we eat.

People like me aren't wreaking havoc on the Earth. We aren't causing food shortages around the world. We have feelings just like everyone else. And *we* express goodwill as best *we* can, too.

Those who call me abominable because they don't like the atmosphere gays create around us have problems with their weather within.

Some claim the land I own in Israel has to go to Muslims who think they're better than me by virtue of their faith in Allah over Adonai. Don't for a New York minute (one second) draw the conclusion that the orthodox Jews, zealous, rightwing Christians or fanatical Muslims are going to judge me as abominable and unfit to be served in this establishment while they can't get their own houses in order.

If you don't like the idea that Adam snorted God's Spirit through his nose when "He Breathed into his nostrils the breath of life" [Genesis 2:7], you aren't going to enjoy hearing about the Spit (spirit) every newborn Adam and Eve inadvertently inhales when s/he breathes by mouth after being slapped on the backside.

God's Spirit Burns wo/man's breastplate and Lays in our belly like embers in a barbeque pit. Every infant knows this feeling. You once knew it, too.

Your nostrils receive God's Spirit with every breath you take. Your mouth can do the same with your volition. But what comes out of your nose and mouth is a different matter.

Let that be a reminder to you to consider exhaling the intention of God's Spirit, rather than filling this world with all the crap inside of you.

When the Messiah Comes in 220 years, expect some to Receive the Gift of eternal life. And expect some to Be raped and killed once and for all. Which side of that line would you prefer to live on here, now?

How well did the ancient Egyptians do with the Ten Plagues? How did you do in this pandemic? The lessons only get more real, the more real you get with yourself.

If you don't like what's on your plate, ask your waiter (local, religious leader) to take back to the Kitchen what you Have Been Served... Ask the manager of the station you're in (head rabbi, pope, imam etc.) not to charge you for what you ordered that, after tasting, you now don't want to have to finish...

Why do let some people exercise power over you?

If you've lost your appetite for life, don't blame it on me. If you don't use your imagination in conjunction with the forces within you, those hot embers in your belly you claim are so dear to you will burn out. And it won't be because of anything I did.

If you're really upset with the food-for-thought you've been served as the result of your experiences in this establishment, speak to the Chef directly, using whatever name you prefer. I'm sure You two Will Have a wonderful discussion about the food and service down here... But leave me out of it!

I'm not going to let you kick me around like a dog when you come home from work or worship and find that things aren't to your satisfaction in your personal life, nation or the planet as a whole.

Hell, after the way some people have treated gays and Jews since the beginning of history (His Story), it's no wonder history is replete with examples of people everywhere trying to 86 us from this establishment.

There's nothing harder to shoulder than a good example. *That's* why Atlas shrugged... Expect me to shrug my shoulders, too. What's going on around me interests me less and less. What's going on within people fascinates me more and more.

### **Cheerful People**

If there's one thing I can't abide, it's insincerely cheerful people. I avoid them like the plague. I seek joy on my face and the faces of others. Phony smiles are truly ugly.

I don't consciously try to pretend that I'm in a good mood if I'm not. I may do so unconsciously. I see plenty of people doing that. That's why I can say that the insincerely cheerful are everywhere. I'm sure you've noticed.

I doubt they realize they're inadvertently advertising that they'd love to turn other people's skin into a lampshade to soften the harsh light that's glaring at them. And so, in order to conceal their real (albeit unconscious) intentions, they hide behind smirks, glances and tones of voice that should have alerted me sooner to how they really feel.

But I was so consumed with hiding my own bad attitude that I didn't think to look at what the terminally cheerful were doing.

If you're Black, it's *painfully* obvious how other people feel about you. If you're gay, it's *quite* obvious. If you're Asian or Latinx, it's *pretty* obvious. But if they discover you're Jewish, they disguise their thoughts about you by blaming the other land you love, Israel, instead. You can imagine how "nice" that feels...

People aren't interested in your honey (wisdom). So, don't bother to give them what they don't want. If they don't want your honey, don't bother to offer them your milk (love), either.

Although, I can be insincerely cheerful, too, I only do so when I feel threatened. And so I know that everyone else must feel threatened at times, too.

I'd just like to know what's so threatening about me being gay and Jewish. What's so threatening about a gay Zionist who's in favor of one Jewish state? The Christians and Muslims have dozens of religious states. The Hindus and Taoists have the two most populous states in the world.

Why can't I prefer to live in America as a gay-Jew? Why do I have to go back where I came from when I came from Manhattan? Why do I have to go back where all the Jews came from when the Muslim neighbors there tell us we don't come from there, either?

Nobody likes those who think of people only as customers. I'm more than somebody with money in my pocket. I'm a human being who Was Created by the same God everyone else Was.

Most hyper-religious, Republicans treat me like a colleague until they discover I'm Jewish. Then I become a religious customer. But when they find out I'm gay, they refuse to do business with me altogether.

Most Democrats treat me like a colleague whether I'm Jewish or gay.

Clearly the hyper-religious Republicans think they're the boss, while the religious Democrats behave as though we're all working for the Boss.

The non-religious Democrats at the far left of the political spectrum who are anti-Zionists will just have to suck my limes if they want to learn more about the power I've got that they envy. I may be a fruit, but I'm not an apple or a peach. I would think by now, the fact that I'm a very sour, citrus fruit would be obvious...

### **Inabilities and Disabilities**

I have **inabilities** that I can't see I'm suffering from.

If I were missing a hand, I'd be able to contrast myself to others and come to terms with what I'm missing. I could

ask for help instead of languishing alone, trying to figure out what's wrong with me.

But because I'm missing something abstract, I don't think I'm missing anything in literal terms. I just don't know how to put the abstract into concrete nomenclature using figurative speech. And that's been a struggle over a lifetime that has turned into a psychological **disability** over the years.

I can't talk to myself if I can't answer my own questions. I can't tell myself what I'm going through as I'm going through it if I can't commiserate with myself in words. It feels like people are keeping secrets from me, when, in truth, I'm keeping secrets from myself.

Once I can admit that I can't handle some things others can handle – and have to struggle with other things, just like everyone else – I'll become much more realistic about the **inabilities** that are the cause of my psychological **disabilities**. Once I can see what I'm missing, despite the fact that that's an oxymoron, a whole host of pieces of my puzzle will fit into place.

Here is a quote from the 52<sup>nd</sup> chapter of the Ching Te Tao that expresses paradox and oxymoron in a way that elucidates the **mystery** (my story) of **history** (His Story):

If you close your mind to judgments (Adam)  
and traffic with desires (serpent),  
your heart (Eve) will be troubled.

If you keep your mind (Adam) from judging  
and aren't led by the senses (serpent),  
your heart (Eve) will find peace.

Seeing into darkness is clarity.  
Knowing how to yield is strength.  
Use your own light  
and return to the Source of light.

I'm like a man missing a hand doing the dishes, making the bed and tying my shoes. I'm also like a man missing a hand while reading an e book on a tablet. My inabilities seem to come and go depending on what I'm doing.

I'm really more like someone who's autistic than someone who considers himself **normal**. I no longer even ask myself what **normal** is anymore. I just know it when I see.

I can now see that, paradoxically, I wouldn't do nearly as well with the one hand I figuratively have if I'd been given two. I've learned to content myself with what I have and to ask for help when I can't manage. I reconcile myself to my losses with hope for a peaceful destiny.

Now that I can see what I'm missing, I can also see myself as a miracle in the making, and not a mess I'm trying to clean up with both hands, one of which I don't have!...

Paradox is the foundation of humor. Humor is the foundation of joy. Joy is the foundation for peace.

### **Confidence**

When you walk down a street, you can only see where you're going and, if you turn around, where you've been. The buildings on both sides of the street block your view laterally.

But when you come to an intersection, you can suddenly see much further to the right and left. Then you can use your vision to make new choices about going other ways.

When someone stops you from going forward toward an intersection, it's because they don't want you to get to see a greater view of where you are and where you might go if you continue forward. They want you to go back to where you were before. They want you to go back where you came from.

This is a view of the world without God, whether you're living in a city, the suburbs or in the country.

During times of universal deceit, telling the truth becomes a revolutionary act. Causes become exposed, as does the suffering that comes with unwise effects. Guilt then becomes apparent in others. And suffering becomes elucidated as the outcome of ignorance and blind loyalty to the way things used to be.

But this isn't a helpful enough explanation of how reality really looks, so allow me to add a second metaphor to the first. Life is also like a tabletop mountain, not just city streets.

On your way up (North) the tabletop mountain of life, you make choices about how to get to the top based on new opportunities you can only see as you climb higher and reach for rocks to grasp with your hands and toeholds for your feet.

Once you've made your way to the top of the tabletop mountain (at about the age of 40), you're supposed to have looked behind you from time to time to see that magnificent view below. You're expected to be inspired by your climb.

By the onset of middle age, you're expected to know North, South and East from West. You're supposed to have developed an inner compass by then that you can use for moral orientation.

You're expected to make your way across the top of the mountain in middle age without any more steep inclines or sudden, unexpected descents. You're supposed to have set yourself up for life as a card-carrying member of society.

Going down the mountain (after the age of 70), you get to use that moral compass to repeat the process in reverse. That makes the ascent (childhood) and the descent (old age) meaningful to one another in relation to your trudge across the enormous plain between the ages of 40-70, when you amass the experience and wisdom to look down from all sides.

But what they don't tell you is that because of your faults and inabilities, it's impossible to make your way across the mountain to the other side. You will make a U turn and come



back the way you came. And as you descend into old age going South, your path will parallel the path you took up in your youth. And you Will Be Given the opportunity to review what you did then with the experience you have now.

The confidence you attain from looking at the big picture as a tabletop mountain makes every crossroad you go through, whether you're ascending in youth (North), descending in old age (South) or wandering across the great plain of middle age as Moses and the Israelites did in the desert for 40 years, an act of courage.

Therefore, confidence becomes the result of courage, which is the result of attaining and maintaining a realistic view of reality at all times.

Sometimes you've got to face the traffic just to get across the street. Sometimes you've got to face the loneliness of getting up and over the mountain.

Cynicism, scorn and derision of others isn't realistic, regardless of *their* behavior, because they Were all Created by the same generic God, regardless of the exclusive name they may use for Him.

When you can describe the choices you make in concrete terms, rather than in the abstract, you're thinking like one of God's Chosen. You're thinking like a Jew: metaphorically. It takes a certain amount of materialism to think metaphorically. That's why America is the most potentially powerful place to be on the planet. That's why the desperate and destitute all want to come here.

Thinking materially and spiritually will add enormously to your confidence and your view of your inner world in terms you can associate with the world we all have to learn to share.

Jews, themselves, have enormous trouble doing this, even if they understand that materialism is only the tip of the iceberg.

You can see by the rift between orthodox Jews and gay-Jews of today that no one is exempt from the mystery of

God's Designs and Intentions. Just quoting passages from scripture is no solution to real, world problems or unreal, inner syndromes.

There's more to life than living it like a Jew. If you can't live your life gayly, you aren't going to get much out of living life Hebraically.

The European world was once very suspicious and resentful of confident Jews because White Europeans couldn't see into the rifts we were going through in our Jewish communities.

With the recreation of Israel in 1948, Jewish life has since been exposed to the whole world. And the whole world is intently watching all of us at all times. If you don't think so, you're asleep at the wheel.

The world knows that we, Jews, Were Given the nameless name for God (Y.H.V.H.). They know we Weren't Given His Name for love (Jesus), discretion (Brahma) or alleviation of suffering (Buddha). We weren't given His Taoist Names for paradox (Daode Tianzun – Lord of the Way and its Virtue or Honored Lord of the Tao and the Virtue). Nor Were we Given the one and only soulful name for God (Allah).

We Were Given the name that speaks to His Gift of guilt (Y.H.V.H.). We were sent to the "head" of the class.

Suffering is the *result* of guilt. Guilt is not the *result* of suffering. Guilt (Judaism) Was chronologically Given after the detachment that leads to discretion (Hinduism) and before the alleviation of suffering (Buddhism). Discrimination and alleviating suffering are noble gestures. But they're insufficient unless you can illuminate them with guilt.

Discriminating against people or trying to make them suffer surely isn't going to expose *their* guilt. It's only going to expose *yours*.

Love is a great way to atone for guilt. With love comes forgiveness. With forgiveness comes compassion. And with compassion comes peace.

But discretion, alleviating suffering, explaining paradox and seeking soulfulness are other excellent ways of atoning for guilt, too.

*After* you atone, you can *then* see what you had to atone for. Then you're more than halfway There.

Unfortunately, selling people on guilt has been as difficult as selling all the other aspects of God consciousness. You can't even give any of these attributes away! You have to give them to yourself and then talk about what you've got to make others **green** over what you covet.

People simply don't want anything given to them. They want what they've got. And if they don't know what they want, they still don't want what you have unless you can prove to them that they've already got what you're offering.

If you learn to love yourself, honor all others and enjoy the miracle of your life as a gift of atonement for God, you should anticipate a Reward for the way you've been living your life. Such is the immense gift of confidence that comes with a realistic assessment of yourself.

You were born guilt-ridden. Don't believe the nonsense about infants being a **tabula rasa**. Epistemological proponents of **tabula rasa** disagree with the doctrine of **innatism**, which holds that the mind is born already in possession of certain knowledge.

Proponents of the **tabula rasa** theory favor the **nurture** side of the nature-verses-nurture debate when it comes to aspects of one's personality, social and emotional behavior, knowledge, and insight. [internet] I agree with the doctrine of **innatism**.

Your first breath and then the severing of your umbilical cord produced the first physical pain and emotional suffering associated with being alive after the birthing process of going down your mother's tunnel into the light. The way you

reacted to those life lessons, set you up uniquely in the direction you've been going ever since.

As someone who was born by caesarian and avoided birth, my experience differs from most people's. But I'm not going to apologize for not having been as beaten and battered as some others. It's all good.

In addition to being born guilty, we're also born loving and soulful. We're born with curiosity that leads us to discernment and the ability to judge from the get-go. We're born with a desire to alleviate our suffering and to question the paradoxes we move through from the moment we come alive by taking our first breath.

First we move through guilt unconsciously. Then we're Rewarded with knowledge and insight. The small child who touches a flame does so out of ignorance of his innate guilt. Once s/he cries out in pain, the question remains, "What did I do that was so wrong that I had to be punished with an outcome that has caused me such grief?"

Knowledge of guilt comes *after* pain and suffering. But guilt preceded it, whether or not you were aware of its presence at the time.

The mystery of life lies in learning to take righteous actions that will assuage your guilty conscience. And the more of a conscience you claim to have developed, the more guilt you'll associate your conscience with your actions and inactions.

The best people in the world are those who are active in making the world better for everyone, not just for the unborn; those who have sex with the opposite gender; or those who call God: Jesus.

The best people in the world are those whose guilt increase as their righteous deeds increase. As you grew up, did you expect your reflection in the mirror to lag behind?

Inaction is even a worse outcome than doubling down on ignorance with sinful behavior. We must make mistakes to grow. And, as you already know, growing is associated in

the Creation Story with actions taken against the concept of a Tree figuratively Planted in a garden.

Using guilt as a source of awakening, wo/man moves forward like a snake, slithering through the outer world until s/he reaches an impediment. S/he then uses that real obstacle as torque to make way from there through to the unreal world within. In this way, s/he moves in-and-out as s/he moves forward-and-back and right-and-left. In this way, s/he learns right from wrong. And the more s/he does that figuratively on his or her belly (humbly), the more righteous s/he becomes.

Confidence accrues when you become more realistic about the reason for your being. The prouder you become about the problems you've solved righteously, the more confidently you'll face your next challenge.

In this way, we all explore the relationship between the seven paths up the mountain of faith and our seven corresponding inner forces, in the hopes of learning to better ourself with every step we take.

This no orthodox Jew would disagree with me. They only disagree with what I do in bed. They only oppose me on principle. Like the rest of the fanatically hyper-religious around the world, they want to die looking principled. They don't want to admit that people like me have already faced the Principal. We're not unschooled. Our grades in the Teacher's Roll Book don't look all that bad.

### **The Bubble**

If you recall, Glinda came to Dorothy in a bubble twice in "The Wizard of Oz." once when Dorothy's house landed on a witch at the beginning of the story and once at the end after she killed a second witch. That was when Dorothy realized she was desperate to get the Hell out of Oz and go Home.

I'm not only the inner child of the Archangel Gabriel after a sex change. I'm not just a little, naked cherub

pretending to shoot arrows from the ceiling of a European palace down onto lords and ladies below.

I'm the emancipated, inner child of angels who's 21 years old and fully disclosed. If you'd like to learn what it really means to live in a bubble, you've come to the right place (person).

A bubble is a filter you have between your two worlds, the world around you and the world within. Because reality is 3D, a wall between your two worlds won't do. You're obviously too smart for me to have to explain that to you. Just look at all the scars you have from the knives stabbed in your back while your eyes were peeled to what was coming at you while you were facing forward.

What you may be secretly wishing for is how to get a saws-all to cut out a hole in the wall you've erected between your two worlds. You may claim to have all sorts of tools in your psychological toolbox to do so. So, why wouldn't you be happy just with a window in your wall?

Your intuition should have already apprised you that the wall the Jews pray to, the cross the Christians pray to and the big black box the Muslims pray to aren't going to create the bubble you need to insulate you from assholes coming at you from all sides.

You need a bubble that can filter out the crap coming to you from all the simians in the urban jungle. Knuckle draggers are throwing their feces at us all. They're locked behind the bars that the good Lord Has Erected to keep them from ruining this wonderful world any further.

But if you have no window in your wall, how are you going to see reality as it really is, and, from that truth, construct a bubble that will keep you safe from everyone in every way?

The bubble I'm in has the properties of letting out only that which others need to know and keeping out that which would be detrimental to my wellbeing. This is what a psychological filter is for. This is another reason why it

needs to be a bubble. Walls don't filter. Walls crumble. Walls leak. And bullet-proof windows are just fancy-shmancy walls.

If you aspire to live in a bubble, you're going to have to learn how to construct one from scratch. You're not Glinda of Oz. You can't float down to earth to inspire every Dorothy you meet.

You're just one little wo/man with an inner child living in a world where you're going to have to make sense of life your own way, at your own speed.

As you already know, I can only tell you what you already know. I can't tell you what you don't know because you won't believe anything I tell you about what you don't know. Nobody believes what s/he doesn't know except a fool.

I can't tell you what you're missing. You have to compare and contrast yourself to others to determine that for yourself. What I can guarantee you is that you're definitely missing something vital to your being. Everyone is. You just need to see what's not there for yourself.

If you're interested in learning more about what you already know, so that you can use it with conscious understanding of the goal of dying with a smile on your face and a gleam in your eye (not a smirk on your face and a glare in your eye), keep reading, even if I should unintentionally bend your nose a little out of shape here and there along the way. I'm not sublime.

You want perfection, talk to some other angel... I've got limitations, just like everyone else.

I would like to see you succeed in constructing a psychological bubble. But to do so, you may first have to make your way down the face of your face, like a cliff, to straighten out the bend in your nose that's as plain to see as the nose on your face, from where I'm standing.

Don't dismiss any of your feelings about me. Question them. Don't just listen to other people, either. Question

them, too. Don't do anything without watching how it makes you feel.

### **Prostitutes Verses Slut**

The Old and New Testaments are filled with stories about prostitutes and sluts, but when you go to a Bible study class, for some strange reason they never seem to get around to telling you the difference...

A prostitute is someone (male or female) who exchanges a service for a fee. They call prostitution the oldest business in the world because all businesses are based on the business of prostitution. The john (customer) wants a product or service that the prostitute (business) provides. So long as the john gets what he asks for that the prostitute agreed to provide, the deal is consummated successfully from both sides.

A slut (male or female) is a much more complicated person in a much more complex arrangement. A slut doesn't do what s/he does for a fee. A slut cares about the wellbeing of the other person without the need to exact a price for it. A slut cares that the other person is emotionally enhanced from the experience, regardless of whether there's any exchange of product or service. A slut sees to it that the other person goes away enriched by the encounter.

People have a very bad impression of sluts, but I can't for the life of me understand why. They're as generous, compassionate and helpful as you and I.

The only thing a slut is not is loyal to one person. But if you're loyal to yourself, you won't be as upset with someone who doesn't reciprocate your level of loyalty, provided the two of you have outlined the four corners of your contract upfront.

There are some businesses that know this about their interactions with the public. They promise their customers a slut-like experience, not simply the kind of interaction you'd expect from a prostitute.



They want loyal customers who walk away with a smile on their face, and they endeavor to create that experience with each and every one of them beyond the exchange of merchandise and services.

I'm a slut and a prostitute, figuratively speaking. Jezebel was certainly a prostitute. Mary Magdalene was surely a slut. But who wouldn't forgive a slut? And who would have much of anything to say about a prostitute other than that s/he performed the service expected, albeit at a cost to the john.

Once American universities teach students in business school how to behave like sluts, not prostitutes, we'll all come away with a better impression of big business.

But so far, big business continues to prostitute itself to those who write the laws and lobbyists, making customers very angry about what they're getting.

### **Fantasies**

It was once my fantasy to become a world-famous ballet dancer. I took that fantasy so seriously that I started taking ballet classes in my mid-teens. And before I knew what hit me, what had only been a fantasy in childhood became my dream in life. And I pursued that dream into my teens and twenties with all the courage I could muster.

I didn't succeed in actualizing that dream completely. I *did* succeed in achieving some success as a professional dancer, but I didn't nearly achieve as *wet* a dream as I'd hoped for...

Then I joined the real world of working people who have no fantasies or dreams... I became an English teacher who tried to instill my dreams in youngsters without revealing how bitter I was in not having fully fulfilled my own.

After doing that for ten years, I burned out on teaching. How long can you sell a dream to others that you can't realize for yourself? How long can you give something away without getting something back in return that you anticipate

because you *know* you deserve it? How long can you try to fill your cup from other people's empty cups?

It wasn't my students who disappointed me. It was my colleagues.

Now that I, Barry, am an aging, gay man sitting at home in my garden apartment in San Francisco (claiming to be the inner child of angels), I have the time and inclination to look back on my life to summarize what I saw and succumbed to.

Now I can see that society is as screwed up as I (once) was... Everyone's screwing himself over! And that's really hard to imagine doing literally. I know. I tried that, too...

Society tells us to put God first; other people next; and ourself last.

Society tells us to pursue our dreams and buy into every fantasy they try to sell us through the commercials they pay for to keep us entertained between work and play.

Society tells us that we're only as valuable as the money we have in our pocket. And if we run out of money, we know, from our own experience, that we'll be judged by the lightness of our complexion.

There's an unwritten rule that the one with the lightest skin "wins." The darker your skin tone, the more people tend to think it would make a good lampshade.

I now know that I need to put myself first, or I'll become obsessive. I need to put others next, or I'll become selfish. And I need to put God last, or I'll become dogmatic.

I didn't say you should dismiss God entirely. I said you should put Him last. He Will Break your heart for being evil. But He Will Melt your heart for being good.

God Doesn't Need your love. He Doesn't Need your honor. He only Needs your loyalty. That's why you need to prioritize your beliefs in the ways I've described above.

I know that the pursuit of my fantasies can be accomplished without spending a dime. Fantasies occur in my mind, so I can access my fantasies with nothing more

than my imagination. I don't have to realize my fantasies in the external world.

I know that the pursuit of my dreams is a waste of my valuable time. Dreams are selfish. Dreams are narrow minded. It was my dreams that broke my heart, leaving me disappointed, cynical and bitter. Don't pursue your dreams. If you can, avoid daydreaming entirely!

I also now know that most people have a vision of a better world than this one. I now know that if I pursue my vision, everything will fall into place as it should.

I know what I just said may sound like vicious gossip because it goes against everything other people may have told you and some things you may even have even told yourself. So, you'll never be able to believe me without proof. And I can't prove my claim.

The best I can suggest is that you keep my priorities in mind and watch what happens when you get caught up in one of your fantasies or, God Forbid, realize that you've been in pursuit of a dream...

Just watch. Maybe then you're realize that optics aren't where it's at. The hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths are all in pursuit of three nightmares that merge in the same swamp.

Those with a vision won't need to look at the light God Casts through a lampshade made of Jewish skin. Those with a vision will succeed, regardless of the color of their skin, the name of their faith or the God they pray to.

### **Stuffing Pillows**

Have you ever decided that the decorative pillows on your sofa or bed need to be washed?

Just getting those pillow casings off the pillows is a frustrating task. But putting them back on again can be exasperating. Getting the corners of the pillow stuffing all the way into the corner of the pillowcase is satisfying, but it's emotionally trying for people like me... (That's because

of something I'm missing.) A tightness occurs in my chest that's indescribably uncomfortable.

Changing the pillowcases I sleep on isn't as cumbersome because there aren't any zippers to deal with. Some decorative pillows have the zipper a few inches down from the edge of the pillow, so you have to stuff the corners in on all four sides. You can't just zip it and be done with it.

I don't want to look like a wuss, but this is a task best left to an "expert" who actually enjoys such a challenge. For me, it's beyond challenging. It's emotionally costly. So, I let my boyfriend do it.

I know all this says something about me that a psychiatrist would love to include in with how I feel about my mother... But I can't help how I feel about stuffing and unstuffing pillowcases. It's not my fault. It's not so serious an issue that it spills over into major areas of my life.

Well, actually, that's not true...

The feeling of dread at having to do things that are emotionally challenging occurs quite often in me. I dread leaving the house. I dread making phone calls. I dread talking to strangers. I dread having to restart my computer when it freezes. I even dread having to sweep up the puddle that forms on my back porch after it rains, where our handyman didn't build the porch on an angle so the rain would simply slip off.

A pallor comes over me when I see spots on my knives when I take them out of the dishwasher. And a missing button on a shirt sends me into a tizzy. I probably dread a lot more in life than I'm even consciously aware of, let alone willing to talk about...

My internal life is much more connected to my external life than it once was. In the past, I never liked to think about my internal world. That's why stuffing my decorative pillowcases is just the tip of an iceberg. It's just a sign of how emotionally challenged I am by the little things that pursue me every day.

This doesn't mean that I need to be locked up in a mental institution. (Been there. Done that.) It just means that I care about the little things a little too much. I like my little world well ordered. Everything I can't do to fill my little life with order is a sign that I'm here to learn about order on a macro scale and why God Created the universe in an orderly fashion.

Stuffing pillowcases is actually more like a religious issue. It indicates that my relationship to the order God Has Given to the universe is beyond my purview. It means that I'm learning how to become a better human being wherever the edges of His Universe are manifested for me. It means that I have tiny, little issues that others don't have. And I have to become aware of them if I'm going to understand why God Allowed me to turn out as imperfect as I have.

Clearly, God Wants me to continue to be challenged in some ways. I just don't always know why. Clearly, these challenges are opportunities for me to slow down, breathe and work on patience. I don't know what I need the patience for, but I'm extremely anxious to find out...

They say that life is a **process**. I looked up the word. A process is a series of progressive and interdependent steps by which an end is attained.

I supposed that if I'm going to achieve a specific end, I'm going to have to resign myself to my unique process. But I wish I didn't have to. I'm still jealous of other people's bodies and envious of their **processes**. I don't want to do what's on *my* plate. I want what's on other people's plate. Or so I say until I see how they're struggling to swallow what they Have Been Served.

### **Looking Up Your Own Nose**

In chapter 55 of the Dhammapada, the Buddha stated, "There is the perfume of sandalwood, of rose-bay, of the blue lotus and jasmine; but far above the perfume of those flowers the perfume of virtue is supreme."

The Buddha is telling us that there is one kind of flower that's equated with sensuous passions, and then there's a perfume that comes from a whole other kind of flower that produces virtue.

The Buddha has distinguished the flowers we gather for their looks (sensuous delights) from the flowers we gather for their smell (virtuous delights).

That which excites the eyes is very different from that which excites the nose. The nose knows. The nose is in touch with a level of understanding that corresponds to supreme virtue. The eyes can't perceive the depth of this kind of truth and beauty.

If you wish to ascend your nose that knows how to smell the odiferous delights of the forbidden fruits still in the flowering stage (virtue), you'll need to use your eyes and ears to pierce everyday reality to get to the core of their meaning for you. You'll need to open yourself to the subjectivity of truth and beauty.

But you can't literally ascend your own nose. You have to ascend it figuratively. So, let's assume you're now on your upper lip, ready to look inside that nose that couldn't be plainer on your face. From here we can explore **boogers** (visually unattractive drag queens or men who prefer to be the receiver in gay, anal sex).

There are boogers in your nose that you may find disgusting. Or there may be boogers in your nose that you mine to enjoy like savory snacks at a party...

If you simply look down your nose at those who aren't as attractive or masculine as you are, you're going to miss out on the biggest booger in the whole world: you. You're going to use your nose externally, without giving thought to why God Gave you the nose on your face to sniff out who you really are, for better (scent) or worse (stink).

But learning to smell yourself morally might leave you with a sense of loss and disappointment. We all think that

our shit don't stink. But, logically speaking, we know that that couldn't be so.

This moral truth correlates to the external losses that ensue from being able to smell oneself and the challenges of getting to know oneself just as we are (especially after puberty when our body begins to literally smell).

Men are often afraid that their lack of masculinity is a moral failing that others can sniff out from afar. But that's not necessarily true. It may be a sign that their femininity is emerging which may be a moral strength they weren't able to exhibit before.

The cuckolded man feels the discomfort of his femininity beyond all others. But every man deals with the insecurities of what he looks like in others' eyes and how his behaviors smell in others' noses. That's not just a gay issue. God Gave all of us these challenges.

People are dead serious when it comes to losing an eye or to loss of their vision. But most people's vision doesn't include insight into their masculinity and femininity combined. Losing visual acuity ought to remind them of a poetically understandable outcome on a whole other level of optics.

People are also serious when it comes to losing an ear or to a hearing loss. But most people's hearing doesn't include listening. Listening happens in your heart, not your head.

I, Barry, listened very carefully to my mother growing up. I tried to obey everything she asked me to do. I listened in class to my teachers. I tried to learn everything they wanted me to learn, too. I even listened to my older relatives who tried to impress upon me things that my mother and teachers couldn't tell me.

But when it came to my peers, I didn't listen because I didn't want to take them seriously due to their young age and bad manners. And if that isn't a sign of a hearing impairment, I don't know what is.

Good listening skills involve asking good questions of everyone. I couldn't do that because questions weren't allowed in my family. Questions were seen as threatening and confrontational.

Families constructed upon patriarchal principles don't allow questioning. Theirs is a triangular model of power with the father at the top, the wife in the middle and the children at the base.

I wore very thick glasses until they came out with contact lenses when I was 11 years old. But I didn't end up with hearing aids until I was in my late 60's. I had no idea how little I knew about looking and listening carefully to what everyone was telling me until I could acknowledge a figurative relationship between my senses and spirituality.

I have no illusions anymore about the need to take my nose more to heart. But you may think I'm only flippantly trying to be entertaining.

In fact, I'm quite serious. God Gave you a nose. He Put it in the middle of your face where you wouldn't miss it. And yet most people take their nose for granted, just as they do, their toes. They don't think of either as a clue to a mystery in being human that separates us from all other life forms on the planet.

Your nose probably doesn't stand out as far as your belly button. But you may not be using either to guide you, regardless which one meets the external world as walk forward. You're probably guided by your wants and desires (genitals), especially when you've got an erection because it sticks out far further than the other two. Who can't appreciate the Hebrew expression, "When your penis is standing, your brains fall into your ass"?

You've been told countless times that you shouldn't believe your eyes. You've been told just as often to open your ears and listen.

And yet, it's so difficult to get people to change their mind, transform their heart and transcend their conscience



with a soul because they don't ask themselves what their nose knows that it hasn't figuratively told them.

Your nose knows about virtuous delights. Therefore, follow your nose, not your eyes and ears. Because you certainly won't succeed if you only follow your penis.

### **The New York Times**

The vocabulary and intellectual difficulty of the articles in the New York Times is at the eighth grade reading level. I taught eighth grade English. I know what you need to know of the world and the English language to understand what's written in the New York Times.

But people three and four times that age don't know what it takes to understand the motives of a 14-year-old. Hell, they don't know what motivates a boy or girl half that age!

Most people aren't sufficiently aware of themselves. They haven't been spiritually weaned from their mother's breasts onto solid, spiritual food-for-thought, let alone reached the age of spiritual puberty to bridge the gap between childishness and maturity.

Some people are like children with varying degrees of verbal skills who try to express themselves as best they can, given that they were conditioned to put God first, other people next and themselves last.

Many whose vocabulary is quite poor and whose understanding of scripture and payroll English is practically nonexistent, understand life much more deeply than some who read the Sunday edition of the New York Times "religiously."

Reading at the level of an eighth grader doesn't mean you've assimilated the knowledge you've gleaned from life into wisdom. Reading at the level of an eighth grader doesn't mean you have the emotional maturity to amass all your feelings into self-love.

The smartest man I know is 84 years old, He's Jewish, gay and single. But he constantly tells me how little he knows. For 10 years now, I've been telling him he knows much more than he thinks he knows. He's just unaware of what he's learned that he hasn't told himself.

My friend can't yet see that he's totally unable to do some things. He's like someone missing a limb. And yet he thinks he should be able to do everything he sees others doing. That isn't realistic.

I told him to look back on his life. He'd see that he doesn't have a history of ruined relationships, theft, manipulation or injury to others. He rowed his boat gently in the same direction as others were rowing.

He just doesn't know all that he knows, especially because so much of what he knows he learned by heart. Therefore, it's not available for review by his head.

If he could just see himself unable to do some of the simplest of things, he could ask for more help when needed. If he could see his depression and anxiety as caused by futile attempts to do what others can do, he could give up the delusion of *not* being disabled in his own unique way.

I've already told him that he's the cruelest person I've ever met because of the way he treats himself. So, he knows what I think of him.

*He* tells *me* he overthinks everything. *I* tell *him* he underthinks everything. *He* tells *me* it's all about two steps forward and one step back. *I* tell *him* that if he wants to become a knight in shining armor, it's all about two steps forward and one step sideways.

If he was more thoughtful with regard to how he treats himself, he wouldn't hurt himself as much as he does. It's as if he wakes up every morning worried about how he's going to feel about himself for another whole day. That's pretty sad.

There were two people in my apartment building who once had Sunday subscriptions to the New York Times. One of them moved and didn't pay a bill that everyone in our building had agreed to pay for the construction of a good neighbor fence (two front sides) with the family in the house next door. I paid her bill to maintain a good relationship with that neighbor.

When the other neighbor who read the New York Times moved, she didn't reveal to her realtor that the walls of her apartment were so thin she could hear the people above her making love at night. She used to sleep in the living room to avoid the groans she could hear in her bedroom from the couple doing it upstairs.

When she decided to sell, she had the floors refinished and the walls painted, but she didn't insulate the ceiling. I had to threaten her realtor with legal action if they didn't divulge the truth about the walls and ceiling having been constructed using lathe and plaster. Every apartment in our building echoes like a tin can.

Getting a subscription to your door of the Sunday edition of the New York Times doesn't mean you're a good person. It doesn't mean you're knowledgeable about the one person who's going to be the subject on your final exam. It doesn't assure anyone that you know what you *know* and can listen and learn about all that you *don't* know.

It means that you've achieved the eighth grading reading level. It means that you're interested in world affairs. If you're looking to impress others with your vocabulary and the eighth grade reading level you claim to be able to put into practice, I suggest you also read something that will improve your heart and soul, not just your head. I suggest you read yourself.

**Don't Look At Me Like That.  
It's Not My Fault!**

It's not my fault that you're not as handsome or pretty as you'd like to be. It's not my fault that you're not as confident as some others. It's not my job to promote you or fawn over you.

If you're passive and willing to turn your back figuratively to let others screw you over, don't come crying to me about it. I have my own sore bum to contend with...

If the hyper-religious, conservative Republicans find new ways to screw with democracy to maintain their power over the masses, don't come to me begging for money to defeat them. The culture and cancel war mentality is behind us.

The war of consequences is on for us all. In addition to social media, your local newspaper is also exposing the raw truth around you, which is vital to a vibrant democracy. Participate!

There will be a cost for every little thing people do from here on out because it will be magnified on the internet. Nothing will get swept under the rug anymore. Bad behavior will be exposed. Guilt will be forced upon those who struggle against justice with lawyers and lobbyists.

If the hyper-religious Republican leaders are willing to go out on a limb to pick an apple that tempts them, and that limb begins to crack, they won't be able to blame it on bad luck or bad press.

Just look what's happening to the N.R.A. They inadvertently tied a noose around their neck, and now they're about to hang themselves. That takes a considerable degree of clumsiness... Idiots do things that people with common sense avoid.

Contrariness is actually based on self-protection. People are afraid to be good for fear that good guys finish last. They build walls to be uncooperative, rebellious, defiant, stubborn

and obstinate because goodness is too difficult for them to pursue.

What's the apple the Republicans are reaching for, anyway? Money? Power? Prestige? People have been crawling out on that limb since the beginning of time.

Read **history** if you're not interested in **His Story**. Life goes on despite the suffering and death of innocent people who didn't know enough about themselves to avoid the consequences of self-ignorance without hindsight, insight and foresight.

Sure, there are Republicans like those in the Lincoln Project who try to tell their party that the limb they're going further and further out on is beginning to crack under the weight of their lies.

But who can't see and hear it as it's happening? You'd have to be blind, deaf and dumb not to be able to see that what's tempting the hyper-religious is the apple of exclusivity. They refuse to acknowledge any more than their own name(s) for God. Too much from God frightens them.

Here in America the hyper-religious think White makes right. They think that Jesus Is the only Name for God that distinguishes good from evil. They behave as though Jesus Was an English Gentleman, not a Middle Eastern Jew Who Might Have Been in the closet His Whole Life because the hyper-religious, orthodox Jews at that time were as prejudiced and hateful then as they are today.

It's deeply ironic that the Christian God is a Jew and the Jewish God Is Nameless. No wonder the two of them have to share one Bible. Can't they see that God Stuck them together, for better or worse?

People around the world behave righteously because they believe in the name for God they were given by their tradition. These names are all righteous if the believer uses that name to promote world **peace** and not to steal a **piece**.

When the Muslims realize that their one name for God is the last and final name for Him, they'll become more curious

about His Story. They'll open their mind. They'll open their heart. And they'll discover how their conscience is like a scale that weighs their thoughts against their feelings to determine a balanced approach to righteousness.

When you crucify a righteous Jew, you ought to know by now that somewhere deep down inside, you're also projecting your anger onto Jesus (God), as well as all Jews.

Projections aren't superficial, thought patterns. Projections go down into your thin skin right through your meat to the bone. When you oppose goodness, karma will catch up with you, whether or not karma is a part of your religious tradition. God Goes right to the core of all of us.

If you find yourself reaching for an apple hanging temptingly from a twig that's too far away to reach, expect the limb of that Tree to crack, even break, if you go too far. Expect to get hung up along the way. Expect to get figuratively lynched by the Tree you're toying with.

How long does Putin think he's going to be able to stay up there bouncing around like a chimpanzee on a bough he thinks will never break? Totalitarians and oligarchs all come crashing down sooner or later. Just look at Hitler. Just look at Trump.

God May Have four main names, but only one of them is Jewish (Jesus). The other three (Brahma, Y.H.V.H. and Allah) aren't. The other three names for God are non-denominational, even if the hyper-religious Hindus, Jews and Muslims all behave as foolishly as the hyper-religious Christians.

If you want to embrace God, I recommend you go to the people who all the hyper-religious denigrate, exclude and vilify: the **gays**. Ask *us* about God's Designs because, from where we stand on the scaffolding around the Abrahamic edifice before its facelift, looking in at these three Western faiths and around us at reality, the good Lord's Intentions look very different than from the inside looking out.

When the fanatics look out their window, whether it's from the basement (Hinduism) ground floor (Judaism), second story (Christianity) or penthouse (Islam), all they conclude is that gay people are outside their window blocking their view.

But they shouldn't blame us for not being able to see out. We're not the problem. We're just God's humble window Washers doing the job we Were Given.

If the hyper-religious want a better view, I suggest they clean their windows on the inside. We've done our job. Now they should do theirs.

### **Songs or Symphonies**

Each of the chapters of my books is like a song with a simple melody, harmony and lyrics.

I could never write a novel. A novel includes dialogue. A novel is like a symphony. In a symphony there are many voices. And each section of the orchestra is given themes that are developed separately and together as an ensemble.

I couldn't write my autobiography or a biography. That would be like composing a concerto, with one main voice and an orchestra of voices that respond to the main character's voice, magnifying the themes the primary instrument plays.

I'm a songwriter who uses words instead of notes to carry my tunes. I write short stories made up of simple melodies (feelings) combined with lyrics (thoughts).

Some of my stories are happy. Some are sad. A few of my short stories are frightening.

But most of them are as angry and frustrated as Arnold Schoenberg's musical expressionism which created atonal works that were made manifest using a 12-tone scale...

Overall, my stories are like ballads and my books are like albums composed of several songs. I'm a songwriter who cuts albums of simple songs for people to sing along with.

Granted, my first books echoed scripture in strange, minor keys people never heard before. But those works weren't in story form, either. They were commentaries on God's Compositions made manifest through gay ears.

Four out of the five books of Moses are his autobiography. Apart from Genesis, which is a prelude that introduces God's Themes, the other four books are a concerto with Moses playing the main instrument which the rest of the orchestra responds to.

Jesus Was the greatest Composer of all time. The Gospels are the biography of His Works told from four points of view. The Gospels are four movements that opine the world's first symphony. The **red**-letter words of Jesus are His Themes Made manifest for all time.

The Bhagavad Gita (Hinduism), the Dhammapada (Buddhism) and the Tao Te Ching (Taoism) aren't songs in the Western sense of being made up of melodies, harmonies and lyrics. They're like musical themes from God, most of which Were Played anonymously. They convey aspects of our inner world that the Western world must compare and contrast to the musical compositions it Was Given using our Western names for God.

When you study scripture as a musician studies music, it frees you to appreciate the eight elements of music, which are: rhythm (Judaism); melody (Christianity); harmony (Islam), dynamics (Hinduism); form (Buddhism); and the three T's of Taoism: texture, timbre and tonality.

My massive work of seven volumes on the Quran is made up of 114 chapters, each one of which is a simile for Allah. The Quran isn't a symphony in the Western sense of the Word. The Quran is a study of God's Harmonies. The Quran is God's Word Harmonized with the voices of Torah and the Gospel, which Were all Composed to be sung in a round.

I know all this because, as I told you at the beginning of this book, my inner father is the Archangel Gabriel. He made



his way into Muhammad's heart. He inscribed God's Harmony in his heart, so that the Abrahamic faiths could sing God's Words together.

Even though some might like me to write a novel to describe reality as a romance, that ain't neva gonna happen... I'm not a storyteller. I don't invent plots and characters to make people swoon with dreams about how it could all turn out.

That's not what angels do, whether disguised or disclosed. I reveal the character of wo/man. I also reveal myself to me. Either you can relate, or you can't.

I use metaphor, symbols and similes to describe you so you can improve your vision. Your sight includes hindsight, insight and foresight.

I don't give a damn about optics. My skin is too thick to worry about the behavior and properties of light, including its interactions with people. First increase your range of view. Then we'll talk about perceptions.

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### **Using A Spoon**

Learning to use a spoon was a huge advancement in my spiritual journey. Hell, just getting off my mother's nipples and onto a bottle was a groundbreaking experience from my initial, infantile perspective.

Relying on my mother for nourishment began in her womb. That ended when the cord was cut, and I, Barry, experienced the first physical wound to my body. Physical detachment from my mom left me with a literal knot that I then had to reconcile with the figurative knot I felt in my belly from swallowing air for the first time.

The agony of the difficulty in making meaning out of life didn't begin or end there. Then I had to be weaned off my mother's breasts, even though I was psychologically tied to her apron strings for most of the rest of my life.

That was my introduction to the vast difference between the disciplines of poetry and prose. And all that happened as a baby, long before I could talk.

No sooner did infancy, childhood and adolescence come and go, then I had to find a way to make money to care for my body while simultaneously learning to care for the me who resides within it.

And if that wasn't hard enough, then I had to learn to separate all the forces that were societally permitted above my waist from all those that were forbidden below it.

What happens in my head is the realm of my conscious mind. What goes on below my neck and above my waist corresponds to my subconscious. And what goes on below my waist was completely unconscious until I hit puberty.

But just because I now allow that unconscious part of me to overwhelm the rest of me during sex doesn't mean that my conscious and subconscious mind have flown out the window.

I'm not any more or less aware of my inner forces than you are. We're all involved in learning how to master them. And that's hard work.

I may be 21 and emancipated. You may be older than me. But I'm not so big a fool as to think I know it all. I need more experience, same as everyone else.

I may not be identical to every other gay-Jew, but I'm surely the poster child of the best, little gurl in the world just for having loved my mother. I was willing to do anything to receive her approval. And that began with obedience. But it didn't end there.

Once I severed my need to be nurtured by my mom emotionally by figuratively weaning myself off her breasts – a process I accomplished by the age of sweet 16, – I then found me having to explain to myself what had just happened!

My mother's **left** breast signified love. It lay over her heart. And from emotionally sucking on it in ways I couldn't

seem to stop, I developed the erroneous conclusion that no one in the whole world would ever come to love me as much as her.

That was a false cognate. Rather than *compare* everyone to what came out of my mother's left nipple (her love), I should have *contrasted* her love to what comes out of me! In truth, nobody will ever love me as *I* love me. And that's a far more revolutionary and revelatory conclusion than I'd come to.

My mother's **right** breast corresponded to money, power and prestige. And although I sucked that nipple for far too long, too, I'm proud to say that I forced myself off that one much sooner.

When you look at hyper-religious, Republican leaders, you see White men who can't get enough out of their mother's **right** breast. But they've projected that thirst for money, power and prestige onto the nation and the world. And they're sucking us all dry, instead – all but the richest people on Earth.

Now that I've taught myself how to figuratively eat with a spoon, the sky's the limit. Someday, I may even trust myself enough to use a knife and fork... And won't that be a day of celebration as I make my way to the finish line with a knife in one hand and a fork in the other.

God Will probably Think I'm preparing for an even bigger meal that I anticipate coming after this one...

### Civil War

Everyone knows that the Civil War wasn't only fought over slavery. Very few White people gave a damn about African-Americans in those days. And the 500,000 people who died in that war didn't just die to emancipate Blacks from their cruel, White masters.

I know what they taught you in school. But just look around you today if you're interested in the God's honest Truth about that war. Only now are Black and White people

working together to emancipate themselves from cruel masters together.

So, let's get real and admit that the Civil War was a war that they lied to us about in school to avoid talking about religion. It wasn't just about racial matters or economic issues. It was motivated by something deeper that people were willing to die for in those early days of our nation.

At the root of it, the Civil War was also fought over the Hebrew Testament. It was a war between the North, where Americans believed that the Old Testament should be taken figuratively, and the South, where they believed it should be taken literally. And that's what the culture war of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century was all about, too.

Now that we've won the culture war of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century and the cancel war of the last 20 years since fanatical Muslims blew up the World Trade Center, we've moved on to the war of consequences. We've earned the freedom, liberation and emancipation from ourselves to call everything for what it really is in spiritual terms.

The religious Democrats want to take the Hebrew Bible figuratively. The hyper-religious Republicans want to take it literally. But you can see the difference in lifestyle and mentality between these two schools of thought. It should be no mystery which side will win. White patriarchy and religious fanaticism aren't going to survive the war of consequences.

Most Americans want to respect African-Americans as equals. They want to protect them from a police force that is, in many places in America, using their power to oppress Blacks and keep them locked in ghettos, like the White Europeans did with Jews up until the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. (In the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, the White Europeans decided that that wasn't "good" enough. So, they rounded up all the Jews from the ghettos and destroyed them like unwanted vermin, instead.)

Most Americans want to honor the LGBT+ community with equal rights starting with marriage equality, while the

hyper-religious Republicans have now picked a fight with transgendered people, the new front and affront to civilized society.

Most Americans want to reward the disenfranchised with an economic system that gives them power over cruel masters who work them unfairly for starvation wages. Most Americans want to show the world what it looks like to combine two scriptures, the Hebrew and Christian Testaments. Once we can combine these two, we can add the Quran and other scriptures from around the world.

The rightwing, political position on slavery and homosexuality comes from the Book of Leviticus, the third of the five books of Moses. But the Republican want to enforce His Utterances literally.<sup>12</sup>

The rightwing hyper-religious represent the masters, pharaohs, kings and totalitarian oligarchs who secretly believe that Moses should never have gone back to Egypt. In their heart of hearts, they insist that contemporary Jews are setting a “bad” example to poor and disenfranchised people all over the world by speaking up about the importance of freedom.

The totalitarians insist on taking the masses backwards forwards, while the secularists and moderately religious are trying to turn people around so that they look where they’re going. Who doesn’t know where s/he’s already been?

Don’t fool yourself into believing that Americans fought a war only to emancipate Black people in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. What they fought was a war over how to interpret scripture in more merciful and compassionate ways.

The outcome of that war did very little for Blacks politically or economically. It only answered the question whether wo/man has the right to literally enslave wo/man.

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<sup>12</sup> If you’re interested in the details of those passages, you’ll find them elucidated in my books on Judaism, Christianity and Islam.

The culture war we fought for 150 years thereafter was the result of people fooling themselves over what they were really fighting about.

Today we're fighting for the peace of mind to interpret all God's Scriptures figuratively. We're fighting for the right to free everyone from the slave mentality that kept us all in bondage in the past.

What we're fighting for now is the right for men to love the feminine side of themselves as much as their masculine side, and to express that love any way they wish with another consenting adult.

How in the world can you love a Black man if you can't love the dark side of yourself? How can you love a gay man if you can't love what you got from your mother as deeply as what you got from your father? How can you love a Jew who insists you can't use your imagination to interpret his scripture?

What we see in society is a projection of how we see ourselves. To win the war of consequences, we have to fight it on the front lines: internally. Only then can we speak about our success in terms other people will be able to understand.

If you think the South is going to rise again in their quest to take Torah literally, you're delusional. If you think Israel is going anywhere before the Messiah Shows up, you're deranged. And if you think you can come to know your own superpower without revealing it first in righteous actions you perform for all others, you're mad.

### **Superpower**

No one can reveal your superpower to you, but you.

My superpower was so obvious that once I revealed it to myself, it was a palm to the forehead moment. I had to ask myself, "Why didn't I see that sooner?" It was so obvious!

My superpower is the ability to slip my naked feet into anyone's shoes. It doesn't matter what size your shoes are. It doesn't matter if one of your feet is bigger than the other.

It doesn't matter if you're a baby that can't stand up yet or a child with one foot that was blown off by a land mine. I can walk in your shoes even with you in them.

### **Smoke Gets In Your Eyes**

How can anyone decide whether Black lives really matter? The whole country is going through a tug-o-war between Democrats who says they do and hyper-religious Republicans who say they don't.

I'd like to add my voice to this argument by quoting the lyrics to a song by the Platters, a Black singing group from 1960's. I haven't changed the words to their song, **Smoke Gets in your Eyes**. I've only added capitalizations to express their lyrics slightly differently:

They asked me how I knew  
My True Love was true.  
Oh-oh-oh-oh, I, of course, replied  
"Something here inside  
cannot be denied." (Ooh, ooh, ooh)  
They said, "Someday you will find  
all who love are blind."  
Oh-oh-oh-oh  
When your heart's on fire,  
you must realize  
smoke gets in your eyes.  
So, I chaffed them  
as I gaily laughed.  
To think they would doubt Our Love.  
Yet today, my Love Has Gone away.  
I am without my Love (without my love)  
Now, laughing friends deride,  
tears, I cannot hide.  
Oh-oh-oh-oh

So, I smile and say,  
“When a Lovely Flame Dies,  
smoke gets in your eyes.”

Needless to say, this song really speaks to the Christian relationship to Jesus (God). It's not just a romantic, love song that might bring tears to anyone's eyes in having ended.

Once your God (Jesus) is Jewish, you're obliged to learn about the Jews whose God Is Nameless. You can't claim that some of your own believers aren't good enough for you to help. You can't subscribe to capital punishment. You have to behave insightfully when it comes to abortion and marriage equality.

If you don't think that Black lives matter, you'd have to deny the fact that the vast majority of Black Americans are Christians who also believe in the Jewish God (Jesus). And a song, such as this, speaks to their contribution to their Christian faith.

If that doesn't matter to some White Christians, then they're not good Christians. If hyper-religious Christians think it's their duty to punish liberal and moderate, religious Christians, they don't yet understand the Words of Jesus. And all Christians know what happens to Christians who deny His Words... A gay-Jew shouldn't have to remind them.

### **Why Not Take All Of Me?**

Here's another song written by two Black songwriters, Lester Young and Billie Holliday:

You Took my kisses and all my love.  
You Taught me how to care.  
Am I to be just remnant of a one side love affair?  
All You Took  
I gladly gave.  
There is nothing left for me to save.



All of me,  
why not Take all of me?  
Can't You See  
I'm no good without You?  
Take my lips.  
I want to lose them.  
Take my arms.  
I'll never use them.  
Your Goodbye left me with eyes that cry.  
How can I go on Dear without You?  
You Took the part that once was my heart,  
so why not Take all of me?

This song also infers a love that goes beyond any human relationship. This is the love described in the Gospels.

And yet, Blacks are misunderstood when it comes to the depth of their love for Jesus (God). They're treated like second class Christians. They're treated like aliens who mistakenly landed on the "wrong" planet. They're treated like women. They're treated like gays. They're treated like Jews. That must be why their neighborhoods are called ghettos.

### **The Ghetto**

There's a garden (Eden) within you. But there's an orchard (pardes), forest and swamp within you, too. You are the great outdoors personified. You are nature and Mother Nature personified.

You're also this great country of ours in reflection. You're made up of cities, towns and every single, small town in America.

There are even ghettos within you where Black men roam within like shadows, without work and nothing to do. There, in the ghettos of the America within, there's litter on

the ground, nutritional deserts around you within you and stores with little to sell at exorbitant prices.

You may see yourself as literally living in a good, safe zip code. But look around you. You can see the ghetto mentality of others for yourself. So, you know you couldn't be that different from Blacks or that far from a ghetto mentality of your own.

Just because you don't literally go into the ghetto of the city where you live doesn't mean you don't do so figuratively. You just don't consciously allow yourself to remember it.

You figuratively sit on a curb somewhere inside yourself drinking an awful brew in a bag. You figuratively watch hopeless children eying you suspiciously, but you never seem to remember their names or faces because you don't want to think about what you see inside.

You sometimes say you got up on the wrong side of the bed. You say you're feeling low or in a bad mood. But there are people who **figuratively** never leave the ghetto they're in inside themselves, just as there are people who **literally** never get out of the ghetto they were born in.

You may not even want to look at the homelessness you see inside yourself as you make your way downtown to and from work each day. You may not want to look at anyone you don't choose to find "clean," "pure" and "admirable" in your eyes. You may secretly look for Whiteness anywhere you can find it.

So, you see selectively. You see yourself in those who give you the impression that you're a fine human being with a great reward to look forward to when you leave here. Does that seem as likely now that your eyes are opening a little further day-by-day?

All it takes to open your eyes to all of reality is an opening of your heart. All it takes is the courage to see yourself in others who don't appear to be sublimely perfected.

All it takes is compassion. With compassion alone (not money), you can understand the position and opinion of others, even if that leaves you having to acknowledge that improving your humanity is harder than it looks.

What good are bootstraps if you don't use them to raise *yourself*, not just your *boots*?

Someday, improving *your* humanity will spill over into improving humanity at large. And even then, you'll still have to put your own mask on first.

If you improve your humanity for yourself with yourself, compassion will seep out of you onto others wherever God Brings you. You'll know when you Are Being Tested. And it usually isn't with money.

Discipline your feelings and sensations. Think of the picture on the cover of this book as your aorta or your penis. Replace that pipe. Nobody else can do it.

Stop the leakage. That will usher in your superpower. There's no way to imagine what you can do with your superpower to transcend yourself until you change your mind and transform your heart.

### **Pissed**

I, Barry, had a block in our kitchen sink a few years ago. A plumber was called, and my neighbor upstairs and I split the bill because the pipe was used by both of us.

Well, we had another block in the kitchen sink recently. I called a handyman this time. He tried to snake it, but when that didn't work, he used a device that creates water pressure to do the same thing. That backfired. All the pressure he applied with water came shooting out onto the kitchen floor, flooding it. The water then poured through my kitchen floorboards into my garage and one of the storage units below. Water even shot up to my neighbor upstairs' kitchen, which poured out of the dishwasher vent on her sink.

My boyfriend and I spent the rest of the day mopping up the mess. We spent the next day taking up the kitchen floor,

drying the boards out and putting them back down again onto a new underlayment.

I called a licensed plumber. He used a professional snake that finally released the blockage. Only then did I feel like a blockage in me had been released. I breathed a sigh of relief. And later that day I gleefully ran my dishwasher which was full because of all the dishes I hadn't been able to wash in the sink for the past few days.

But, then my boyfriend ran in from downstairs to tell me that the corridor under the building to the garden was leaking profusely. Something awful had happened inside the ceiling below my kitchen floor.

I called the licensed plumber back. He came the next morning and told us that he couldn't figure out what the problem was without breaking through the ceiling in the downstairs corridor and storage unit. What choice did I have?

The picture on the cover is the 4-foot-long galvanized steel pipe he removed. It had been inserted decades ago into the cast iron plumbing system. Galvanized steel pipes were outlawed in San Francisco in the 1980's. You can see for yourself why.

You can see that the pipe is rusted inside and out. There are even holes with rust on the outside, showing that that pipe had been leaking into our walls for years.

I was relieved to discover the problem was so easily discovered and could so easily be fixed, although at a formidable price. And although I'd paid both the handyman and the licensed plumber for their initial efforts, I paid the plumber for the work replacing the pipe in the ceiling with building funds. This wasn't a problem that originated in my kitchen. This was a building problem that had been brewing for decades.

Well, my young, male, Muslim neighbor decided that I was responsible for the issue (without looking at the pipe or discussing the matter with me or the plumber). He emailed

me and the other two neighbors who are owners of their apartments (a middle aged, female Jew and an older, female Christian) telling us that I should have to pay for everything. He argued that me cutting a check from our operating account hadn't been agreed to by all. (He's a doctor. You know how doctors treat everyone like a patient. Some of them think they can do no wrong. And, like weathermen, they never apologize when their predictions don't come true...)

Our Jewish neighbor blamed the handyman I'd called because he'd flooded the kitchen first. She wanted to sue him. I emailed everyone that the problem was much greater than the inconvenience the handyman had put me through. I gave the poor guy \$50 for his efforts and sent him on his way. I told also her that if the handyman had a picture of the pipe that the licensed plumber had removed, a judge would throw us out of court for trying to sue someone who hadn't even been able to unplug the blockage. The handyman caused the first flood by not being able to bore through the pipe and then using water pressure improperly. Although his method backfired with a flood, he didn't cause the second flood.

I told everyone that I put the pipe out in the garden for them to inspect. But none of them needed the evidence to come to their own conclusions. None of them went out to the garden to inspect the pipe. I know that for a fact because the garden lies right outside my living and dining room windows. I would have seen and heard them.

Our gentile neighbor upstairs didn't offer a word in my defense, either. She chose to avoid the Muslim's accusation of me having screwed everyone by merely correcting me about a minor fact concerning the plumber I'd mentioned that we'd used years prior.

And our Muslim neighbor didn't reply to my explanation of what had just happened at all. He went silent.

The Muslim implied that I'd stolen money out from our HOA fund to pay for my problem. And the Jewess and the gentile didn't have anything to say about that. This is what world problems look like when the ideal is made manifest.

This wasn't a problem caused by a gay-Jew. It wasn't a problem made worse by a Mexican handyman. It wasn't something revealed as a much more serious problem by a White, Protestant plumber. And it wasn't something that had to be fought about by a Muslim, gentile and a Jew. It was an Act of God. Just look at the picture. Does it look like any one person is to blame for what happened to that pipe?

I've lived in this building for 17 years. I managed the building for a small fee for ten years. And I've arranged most of the maintenance in the building for the past seven years for free. I also do all the gardening, street cleaning and I'm the **drain daddy** who keeps all three of the storm drains on the corner free of leaves and litter all year long. I even loaned the building \$20,000 to complete our condo conversion costs a few years back. So I'm not the kind of person someone would accuse of being a cheat, liar and thief if he knew me. Our Muslim neighbor only bought into this building a year ago.

I'm pissed because my neighbors don't give a damn about how I feel about being called disreputable. None of them considered how their reactions hurt me.

They merely stated that in the future we should all vote before we spend building money, even during emergencies. Naturally, I agreed to that. It was the first thing I said in my letter of explanation.

But nobody had had a problem with me spending HOA funds during the previous 17 years. That, the Jew and the gentile didn't bother to mention.

Why wouldn't any of them assume that a gay-Jew would have feelings about being scapegoated? Why wouldn't they look for the truth by examining the evidence? Why wouldn't they at least question the plumber who caused the leak with

his professional powered snake? He could have explained the situation much better than me. He caused the second flood that required breaking through walls to get to the source. But that didn't make the problem his fault, either.

You could say that my neighbors bent my nose out of shape. You could say that I've got an ego issue and shouldn't care about names people infer they're calling me. You could say that if I were more secure in *my* opinion of me, I wouldn't worry about *their* opinions of me. My reputation should emanate out from within me, regardless of what happens in the external world.

In my defense, I'd say that I'm sensitive to all emotional matters that affect my reputation because my parents were Holocaust survivors who couldn't manage their feelings and reputation any better than I can. They modeled how to avoid feeling altogether when their reputation was on the line

But a spiritualist would see this as an Act of God Who Wanted to bring all four Abrahamic neighbors lessons in life. And each of the four lesson was subjectively different from the other three.

What also pisses me off is that these upper middle-class, white-collar workers (a Jewish, police officer, Muslim doctor and retired, Christian, business manager) probably think they're pillars of society. They probably think their university educations and upper middle-class mobility make them better than everyone else. But I say they're not better than a gay-Jew. A gay-Jew has feelings, too.

The handyman may have caused the first flood because he didn't know what he was doing. The licensed plumber may have caused the second because he *did* know what he was doing. But the young, male Muslim caused a spiritual flood because he behaved like a sorcerer's apprentice who didn't understand the power of the spell he brought forth.

A person's self-worth comes out when s/he's asked to judge a difficult circumstance by looking at the evidence,

questioning witnesses and making moral assessments that require strength of character and courage.

Moses said “וְאָהַבְתָּ לְרֵעֶךָ כְּמוֹךָ” (love your neighbor as yourself), but none of my neighbors did so. But at the time Moses said it, the only neighbors the Israelites had were each other. They were wandering in circles in a desert for 40 years.

Jesus Said the same thing 1,400 years later in Israel. He Quoted Moses. And when Jesus Said it, He Was Referring to our neighbors who were pagans. Jesus Implied that we should even love the Romans who’d invaded and colonized Israel who were cruel masters living among us.

It pisses me off that my neighbors can’t figure out what it means to love their neighbor as themselves, with 3,400 (Jewish), 2,000 (Christian) and 1,400 (Muslim) years of literal, religious adherence by their forefathers to their faith. What does it take not to scapegoat a gay-Jew?

My neighbors didn’t learn to love their neighbor as themselves from their college coursework. All their secular studies did nothing for their character when they were in a pinch with me.

If you want to love your neighbor as yourself, you’d do better if you start by loving yourself. If you don’t, you’ll surely scapegoat the gay-Jew du jour. You’ll find someone nearby to blame for how little you know and love yourself.

If you think the hyper-religious don’t know this about those of us living in San Francisco, you’re dreaming. They know exactly how to manipulate people who say they want to love their neighbor, but don’t follow through on their words. We’re all susceptible to bad press because we’re all hypocritical at times.

The hyper-religious do nothing but quote scripture. And they’re using their knowledge of it to their advantage because the secularists and moderately religious don’t apply scripture personally without worrying what that might say about what they don’t know about God’s Word.



Do you want to quote scripture to advocate taking it literally like a hyper-religious Republican in Texas, or do you want to disregard scripture entirely like a secular Democrat in California? Wouldn't it make more sense to apply scripture personally in a way you'd find spiritually comforting? Isn't that what it means to be an American from the heartland?

The pipe on the cover might look like the aorta of the heart of someone you know.

### **P.S.'ed**

What I shrewdly omitted to mention in the previous chapter is that my Muslim neighbor is hotter than Hell. He's really cute. I've had a crush on him from the day he moved in.

Does it matter to my imagination that he's got a girlfriend? Does it matter to my penis that I'm in a committed relationship with my boyfriend? Absolutely not!...

The imagination of man will go wherever it wants to go, whether you've given your word, made promises before witnesses or vows to God. The mind of man isn't just beguiling. It's unscrupulous. Anyone with a penis knows that about himself.

So, the issue with my Muslim neighbor is more complex and embarrassing.

Before, I fantasized fucking him. But now that he's hurt my feelings by having offended me, I can't, in good conscience, imagine having sex with someone who doesn't respect me.

Call me queer... I'm weird that way. I don't want to stick "it" in a place I think of as dirty. And by that, I'm not referring to a penis in an anus. I'm referring to sharing a moral place inside someone I can't respect.

What began as an Act of God that we four (Jew, gentile, Muslim and gay) should have worked out together, has

turned my fantasy into an emotional death-spiral I can no longer enjoy in the privacy of my mind's eye.

So, when we say that God Werks in mysterious ways, I say "Gurlfriend, amen to that!"

### **Failure Is Always an Option**

Organ failure leads to death. Our body can fail us. And if our body can fail us, so can our head, heart and soul. So don't get me started when it comes to a conscience!

Failure elicits feelings such as disappointment, anguish and grief. Failure produces subjective consequences that can not only cause pain. Failure can cause terrible suffering. Failure is, therefore, a very real (external) and unreal (internal) option.

My failures are a reminder to me that I'm going to die. And death is a reality of life that's omnipresent. This is why, when I gain weight while dieting, I feel so awful. Even dealing with the smallest of failures causes me severe suffering.

Sadly, Gabriel and Glinda didn't know much about failure, and so they didn't teach me that failure is always an option. They didn't expose a side of themselves to their inner child for some unknown reason.

Perhaps it was because they were so successful. Gabriel Was Given Divine Guidance. Everything he touched turned out well. And Glinda had a cheerful disposition. You'd never guess she knew disappointment, anguish and grief from the way she carried herself.

Therefore, failure was an option I wasn't taught to think about. I was surrounded by my failures my whole life, but I pretended they were all behind me. I plotted and schemed to find ways to mitigate my letdowns, fiascoes, botches and flops, but I didn't face the new combinations of thoughts and feelings they elicited within me.

I'd like to tell you that you're going to take one look at your final exam and be magically transported from here

straight to Paradise where you'll be lauded forever for your successes on Earth.

But that may not come true. You may fail your final. You may not be adequately prepared with answers to questions on the final about your failures. Like me, you may have avoided studying the entire topic of the meaning of your life because you thought it was something God Wouldn't Want to talk about in polite society.

Well, what if our Teacher Is Reminding us about our failures all the time, precisely so we'll be better prepared for our final exam?

### **Never Again**

I, Barry, sometimes give up all hope for humanity quite easily, even instinctively and without inner argument. I figuratively throw my hands up and declare, "Never again!" on a daily basis over the littlest of challenges that makes me mad.

I often say that the folks at Suicide Prevention know me because I call every time I break a dish, stub my toe or lose my keys. In truth, I've never called Suicide Prevention, even though I secretly wish I was dead at some point almost every day.

My heart was on life-support for decades. Looking back, I'd say my heart had been in an induced coma. I couldn't consciously feel a thing. My mental illnesses mirrored my emotional inabilities.

My head reflects the wisdom of my heart. I'm stuck with Eve's leftovers. My feelings have much more to say about my actions than my mind would like to admit.

I couldn't love myself because I couldn't have an emotional first-person relationship with me. When people cried, I cried. When people laughed, I laughed. That's what I considered expressing feelings. That was the only evidence I had that I was a person with feelings.

The kind of self-assurance that makes it possible for others to feel independently of others' feelings came across to me as violent, macho and competitive, a gamble I didn't want to have to take. I wasn't willing to bet on God's Adoration of me as I was without feelings that were original. That led me to a reliance on luck that I couldn't put my faith in.

I didn't want to have to feel in those days. And so long as my feelings paralleled other people's feelings, I thought I was at peace with the world and within. The revelation that my feelings didn't have to parallel other people's feelings for me to hold a meaningful role in society hadn't occurred to me yet. I needed more emotional skills than monkey-see, monkey-do. But nobody had told me that.

I still have to tell myself what I *should* feel, given what I think. I've even had to teach myself what anger; worry; fear; jealousy and envy; and sorrow feel like by describing to myself how others express these emotions, and then comparing their feelings to the lack of my own.

I couldn't even tell myself what I should feel until I found the emotional key to my feelings in the rainbow Brought down to Earth by God to illuminate us to feelings generically. I couldn't decide how I felt about anything until I transposed feelings into colors I could arrange in my heart to recreate the rainbow I occasionally saw overhead.

I didn't even know what the feeling of resentment looked like (**scarlet**) until my garage was violated by a burglar, and I couldn't get resentful about it. Only then could I conclude that only white-collar crimes offend me because my sister stole our mother's inheritance out from under me by forcing our mother to dissolve the trust she and her husband had created that had me as the executor of their estate.

That was an act of sabotage from a sibling that left me with the first feeling of resentment I ever consciously felt against white collar crime and a family member. When my own sister conspired to screw me over, I felt what every

normal person feels when his home is accosted by a thief in the night.

I think they should call it **White** collar crime even though White people didn't invent it... But you can be a person of color and enjoy stealing like some White people do, too.

Some White people stole Black people from Africa. Some White people stole land out from native Americans. Some White people stole land from indigenists everywhere in the world. Some White people stole animals, plants and sacred religious treasures from those indigenists. Some White people stole homes and businesses from Jews in Europe.

Some Whites not only stole. They killed and raped in addition to pillaging. And there are members of my family who so admire those White people that they recreated their nefarious thefts in my own family!

Stealing isn't just a White, Christian problem or Jewish problem. You'd better watch your back everywhere you go.

Only after discovering the correspondence between the colors of the rainbow with the feelings in my heart was I able to perceive the meaning of **indigo** as awe and **violet** as joy. Only then did I realize what I was theoretically missing.

These two feelings, the lowest on the rainbow and closest to the earth, were hypothetical most of my life. Intellectually, I knew they had to exist somewhere inside of me. But I couldn't access them. I didn't know how to descend a rainbow's width, only its length in pursuit of the pot of gold at the end of it.

Unbeknownst to me consciously, I experienced these two feelings while dancing ballet to classical music. (My brief career as a professional, ballet dancer was my only understanding of awe and ecstasy when I was young.) So, intellectually I knew that the feelings of utter bliss must be possible in other arenas of life.

Once I could paint my inner world all the colors of the rainbow, I realized I had been an emotional, blank canvas most of the time. My inner child was like a palette. I'd squeeze feelings onto my palette and mix them. But I didn't dare apply those feelings to my canvas for others to see. I was trained to believe feelings weren't something to be shared with anyone, only with nature. I could love a tree. I could love a pet. I couldn't love myself.

Because my parents were so emotionally damaged by the Holocaust, the rage associated with the color **red** was something they couldn't display in polite society. Christians were too sensitive (**orange**/agonized) in those days and Jews were too **yellow** (horrified) to speak the truth about what had happened in Europe.

I remember one day in Israel when I was 19 (1971). I was having an affair with my very first boyfriend. We were walking down a street in Tel Aviv I knew well because I used it to go to and from work. With him, a native Israeli, by my side, I suddenly felt very different. A wave of **violet** (ecstasy) rolled over me.

But instead of associating that feeling with love for *him*, I associated my joy with the new shoes I was wearing that I'd brought back from a recent dance tour in Europe and a blousy shirt he'd made for me with some fabric I'd bought in the Far East on a previous tour.

In that moment, I resolved that I was going to feel like that forever. I was going to dress for joy! Little did I know that feelings pass quickly even if you can identify them by name and recognize their true source (two things I couldn't yet do).

My head was so separated from my heart that they were like gears that weren't engaged with one another. I was in a vehicle I was merely pretending to drive. I was emotionally in neutral. I wasn't going anywhere. It didn't matter whether I stayed in Israel with my boyfriend or moved elsewhere.

With a chase as badly aligned as mine after two incidents with my parents when I was 4 and 5 years old, when each of them slapped me across the face and made my mouth bleed (once while I was sleeping), I wasn't going anywhere in the vehicle I found myself in at the age of 19. They'd taught me to swallow anything I might have to say – even if it tasted like blood.

I was just sitting behind the wheel with my first boyfriend by my side, pretending to drive my vehicle. But it really wasn't road worthy. I desperately needed to find the equivalent of a body shop to fix me.

I'd become a ballet dancer at 16 although I was a straight-A student at school who'd won a scholarship to university. It was my awe (**indigo**) of my body that led me to dance.

I experienced joy through beauty, and beauty through sex and new articles of clothing. I didn't associate joy with love of others and love of others with a love that emanated out from within.

Therefore, I became obsessed with my body, even if I was too emotionally frail to engage sexually with others often. I disciplined my body desperately with ballet. I didn't reveal myself to me using dance.

I thought I had to be in love with myself *secretly*. I reveled at developing muscle. I wanted to look ripped and physically powerful. I wanted to have a body builder's body. I wanted to look like a Greek god frozen in time like a statue. I was confusing muscular strength with emotional strength.

I didn't want to come alive. I didn't want to have to know myself if there was a serpent in my tree. I was afraid to be all of me.

I didn't want to settle with another man's imperfect body in my arms. I was worried people would judge *me* for *his* physical flaws.

I told myself I wanted more than a notch on a bedpost. But what I wanted was a trophy to put on a shelf in my living

room where all would see what I'd won. I wasn't ready for a real man to share myself with.

What was in my heart (Abel) was a second-person relationship with a head (Cain) that was severely psychologically wounded. **I** (Cain) could hear **me** (Abel) speaking to myself from beyond the grave. God Told me He Could Hear my blood crying out from the ground of my being for justice. But I didn't know how to take that message personally. [Genesis 4]

The source of the stab in my back was nowhere to be found. My mind had already buried the evidence beneath years of training from infancy onward. But that had left me without a relationship to the one person I needed to be with until the bitter end.

There was nothing I could do but turn the page to learn about Noah's phantasmagoric cruise on an ark with a hull filled with fools who mirrored the animal kingdom. [Genesis 6-7] I was in the genesis of my being, headed towards becoming like Abraham. [Genesis 12-25] But I didn't have a clue what that meant either.

I felt the most alive when I put myself in other people's shoes and lived out *their* experiences as my own. By reliving their traumas in inner videos I produced in my imagination, I could even *feel* for them.

There was only one voice that was alive and well within me. This was the voice of me, Darlean, Glinda's inner child immaculately conceived with the Archangel Gabriel. This is the me who's now speaking to me, Barry.

I wasn't conceived in consciousness until I was on the precipice of old age (69). Only as I reach the Southern end of the top of my tabletop mountain can I see where I've been before I descend to where I'm going. Birth and death are two ends of a string that has been knotted together.

I am my inner parents' inner child. I cherish myself and the parents God Gave me.



## War of Consequences

What was called the **Civil War** 150 years ago was a war on literal interpretations of Torah. What was later called culture and cancel wars was what we should now call a war of outcomes for everyone's actions when guilt is exposed to the light of day.

Let's call the war we're in today what it truly is: a war of spiritual repercussions before the Coming of the Messiah, should He still Choose to come. (Nothing about that Was ever Carved in stone.)<sup>13</sup>

Some people don't want to have to be responsible for their mistakes or the mistakes of those who came before them. They want to say whatever they want and do whatever they please without taking responsibility, especially for their *inactions*.

They think *they're* the adults and *we're* the children. But, in fact, they're the ones behaving childishly, and we're the ones who have to learn how to deal with the childish antics of the immature, albeit from the inside out.

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<sup>13</sup> "The Lord, your God, Will Raise up for you a prophet like me from among you, from your fellow Israelites. You must listen to him." [Deuteronomy 18:15] Moses was referring to was Joshua (Yeshua: savior). Christians interpret that passage this way. "The Lord, your God, Will Raise up for you a Prophet like me from among you, from your fellow Israelites. You must listen to Him." Jesus was an ancient Israeli Who, like Joshua, Was also a Yeshua, a Savior. Today we live in a world with modern Israelis. If you don't raise yourself as a prophet unto yourself, you'll have to wait for the Messiah to Raise you for you. And I doubt you've got time for that... So, use your Jewish head in conjunction with your Christian heart, Muslim soul, Hindu navel, Buddhist genitals and Taoist anus. You wouldn't want to utter the Lord's Name(s) in vain.

What makes the hyper-religious around the world so fanatical is their low E.Q. Their emotional intelligence is below par because they don't want to use their head (Adam) in conjunction with their heart (Eve). Whatever their heart feeds them, they robotically consume. They don't question what they're given. And they wouldn't dare entertain the idea of eating anything other than what they're served.

The hyper-religious only want to use their head (Adam) in conjunction with their genitals (serpent). They've cut out the woman (Eve) in the Creation Story altogether. They want to connive and conspire to get what they want without having to feel guilty about anything they do.

We see something similar happening with people who are drug addicted in their effort to feel more deeply. They unite their head and genitals with inebriants to the detriment of their heart just to expand their mind. They don't realize how they're hurting the most important part of themselves.

People who refuse to wear masks unite their head and genitals in an effort to express their defiance of authority figures by ignoring the joy in behaving in accordance with scientific principles.

We see people who are addicted to debt reward themselves without just cause. That does nothing to achieve self-love.

We see that people who are hoarders don't know how to let go of old feelings. They concretized them into material **goods**. The more goods they accumulate, the more they claim they're feeling good.

But what makes you good is how good you feel about yourself, not about the goods you accumulate.

And, of course, we also see that men who are gun crazy are too enamored by the power of their penis as it penetrates their mind to *love* their penis. They project their love of what's below their waist onto steel penises of varying lengths with unlimited rounds of semen (ammunition) they can shoot out of them. And then they fuck up other people's lives by painting it blood **red**.

The Tree of knowledge described in the Creation Story is a concept. It's the description of the ideal Tree behind every other tree. The relationship between the characters in this story elucidate the outcomes of the inexperienced in pursuit of self-knowledge.

The inexperienced who are spiritually uneducated and unwilling to humble themselves to know interpretations of scripture end up dogmatic.

But they always produce self-defeating outcomes over time.

The Creation story is a story about the ideal made manifest in every human being in practical terms. Learn to read yourself through the Hebraic metaphor of consumption.

Madness is accomplished by misappropriating these inner forces. That plays havoc with your destiny by tempting you to behave in ways that will only lead you toward your fate.

The temptation to do what we want in conjunction with what feels good spurs us to defy the good (God) rather than do what's right for ourself and others. That has nothing to do with sodomy. Get over your distain of your anus. If you Were Made in God's Image, then He Has an anus, too.

The paradox of using an exit as an entrance isn't reason enough to interpret scripture literally. The hyper-religious are, paradoxically, assholes precisely because they don't want to admit anything into their anus. I don't have an answer for them other than to eat an enema to test their own theory...

If we'd include our head (Adam) in with our heart (Eve) and the sensations that motivate us below the belt (serpent), we'd discover that we have the ability to act passionately (serpent), rationally (heart) and logically (Adam) to the challenges of our external world.

Without a rational (heartfelt) approach to problems, the Republican Party has lost its moral platform. You see the

same in the Palestinian platform. They're both irrational. They both behave like children without adult supervision.

They experience no guilt over the misfortune of the victims who don't toe the line they declare God (Jesus or Allah) Has Thrown them. And when it turns out that they've behaved hatefully and cruelly to the meek and innocent, they double down by becoming even more irrational.

They don't want to include their heart in with their decisions in order to formulate rational outcomes that will work well for all the deserving. The only ones they think are deserving of their efforts are the stinking rich who lord over them. Talk about being willing to eat anything you're served! Talk about taking it up the ass!

Using a logical, rational and passionate approach to problems is modeled by the Democratic Party platform. They're the only ones capable of accomplishing miracles anymore.

But they'll only succeed if they choose to embrace miracles. And miracles are happening every day everywhere in every faith.

The only issue lies in the extreme left who fear living the Covenants of scripture inclusively. They should insist on Israel's right to exist with all of Jerusalem under Jewish control, with the exception of the Temple Mount. Jerusalem is the Jewish Capital of a Jewish land.

But never let the orthodox Jews forget what they did to the animal kingdom in their blind pursuit to force animals to pay with their lives for wo/man's guilt! Never allow the Temple Mount to go back to Jewish hands!

The Republican extremists want to rid America of Jews. The Democrat extremists want to rid the Middle East of Jews. This is why it's so important to dilute the Democratic Party with moderate, Republican voters who'll support Democratic candidates so long as they're rightwing on Israel and leftwing on America.

The Civil War is over. The culture war ended when we elected a Protestant, Black president who initiated marriage equality. Inclusivity was born on that day.

Donald Trump officially killed the culture war with the cancel war by figuratively declaring that from now on the Republican Party will no longer account for the outcomes of their actions. They'll do anything and everything their hyper-religious leaders need to do to retrieve the power they've lost. That's called **Hell bent**.

All those around the world who vote hyper-religious leaders into power endorse childish, petulant, irrational, prejudiced, underhanded and devious methods of grasping a grip on their nation.

And while doing so, they hypocritically go to their house of prayer religiously declaring their devotion to the God they acknowledge through one name only, as they take further steps in the direction away from God toward "Bod." And that includes the orthodox Jews.

The extremists claim they need to put up walls they want to defend with ever more powerful weapons when what they really seek is a bubble to keep themselves from having to change any further from within. They find change abominable.

What they want is to live in denial of a world surrounded by spirit just as the Earth is surrounded by air.

Well, I'm the canary in the coal mine. And I can't breathe.

### **Being Me**

I'm no longer afraid to be myself.

I love facing me.

I can finally admit when I'm wrong  
because, when I do,

I feel relieved.

My guilt is always assuaged  
with a way to achieve atonement.

I didn't expect life to be this personal.  
I didn't think my external problems  
would reveal my inner nature for all to see.  
I once thought I could separate my two worlds –  
the world around me from the world within –  
without having to account *to* myself *for* myself.

My Jewish, Holocaust outer parents modeled  
how I could do both.  
So I used their techniques to faithfully do that in my life.  
Then I found myself in a masquerade  
during a pandemic that has forced me to look in the mirror,  
where I see myself masked.

I'm literally wearing a mask,  
while I'm figuratively removing my mask.  
Such are the games God Plays with us all.  
Facing myself has been easier than I expected.  
Seeing myself mask-less can only be done  
with a vibrant imagination.  
But political and religious leaders  
don't speak about this option.

### **My Fijian Love Affair**

In 1988, I, Barry, was teaching junior high school English in East L.A. That summer, I visited Australia and New Zealand, and on my way made a stopover in Fiji.

Narendra worked at the European-style hotel I stayed at in Nadi, the third largest urban area on Viti Levu, the main island of Fiji. He was Hindu. The Hindus had been brought by the English to the islands when the iTaukei (indigenist Melanesians) refused to work in the sugar plantations in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. Indentured servitude ended in the 1920's when the British finally outlawed their practice of moving peoples around the world to serve their financial interests.

Narendra was short, dark and handsome. He had flashing eyes and a beautiful, wide smile that invited you to kiss it when he spread his lips to laugh. He was cleaning the pool the first time I saw him as I lay in the sun. Our eyes met, and I had to turn onto my back because I immediately started to swell with an erection.

He knocked on my room later that day with an excuse of some sort, and the conversation soon moved toward us having sex together. He wouldn't have sex in my room with me, so we arranged to meet the next day when he had time off in the afternoon. He told me he knew of some hotel for locals where we could go.

I must have been about 34. He was probably a little younger.

I'd already been in AA a few years, so I knew that following the voice of my penis is what had gotten me into trouble with drugs, alcohol, sex, money and even the law. So, I'd resolved not to have sex with anyone on the first date.

That was a problem because I was only in the country for 4 days, and I could hardly call our conversation in my hotel room on my second day our first "date."

And Narendra had resolved not to have sex at work. So, when we met the next day, a day before I was leaving the country, I surreptitiously followed behind him out of the hotel into the town. But we were both feeling guilty before we even did anything.

The further we walked away from the area I was familiar with, the more I felt lost, inside and out. I asked him if we could stop in a café for a soft drink. And he readily agreed. Then I told him about my promise to myself and my history with alcohol and drugs.

I also told him how beautiful and exotic he was in my eyes and how much I would have liked to hold him in my arms and make passionate love to him.

As a Hindu, he wasn't Blessed with my American candor. He looked uncomfortable talking about such things,

even though I was speaking softly because we were in public. Although his eyes kept peering longingly into mine, I gathered the conflict he was having was somewhat different from my own. We were both yearning for the same thing on a physical level, but we were coming to it from different religious, cultural and societal directions.

In the end, we swore allegiance to one another like best friends. I gave him all the cash I had in my wallet as a sign of my generosity of spirit, without him having to “do” anything for it. And he accepted it as though it were my semen in his anus that he wanted to cherish inside forever.

We talked about life in Fiji for Hindus as third-class citizens after the English and then the iTaukei. We talked about my life as a schoolteacher and the sorts of kids who live in East L.A. where I taught at the time.

Narendra and I stayed in touch for even after I moved to Northern California where I met my first lover. I sent him \$10 in every letter I wrote him, and he dutifully replied with deep thanks. He had a small farm in addition to the handyman job at the hotel. He always described to me what he did with the money I sent him to improve his lot in life. Someday, he wanted to visit New Zealand, and he had dreams of opening a business of his own.

Then, my boyfriend’s business collapsed, and I told Narendra that times weren’t so good for me financially anymore. I didn’t include the usual \$10 in my letter. I told him that my boyfriend was wondering what he was going to do next, but I certainly couldn’t afford our mortgage on a teacher’s salary without his income to help pay our bills. Narendra replied by sending me some Fijian money.

You might be asking yourself why I’m telling you this. What’s the point of a romantic love story between two men that was never consummated? Men are known for consummating their relationships within minutes. Narendra and I never did.



What we had was a brotherhood that can't be distinguished from the brotherhood you see in straight men. You can't tell me that we didn't love one another. And you can't tell me that some brothers don't sometimes have sex with one another to try to consummate their feelings of love.

Sometimes sex makes love, loyalty and devotion more apparent. Sometimes sex does just the opposite. You can learn that lesson with anyone.

The reason for this is because brotherhood has nothing to do with sex or familial ties. Brotherhood happens in the heart, not the penis or the veins. Narendra was the first man I ever loved like a brother.

Little did I know that I had to practice brotherhood on strangers before I Would Be Given a love of my own.

### **Rarotonga Beer**

On my way home from New Zealand, I, Barry, made a stop in Rarotonga, the capital of the Cook Islands.

I remember arriving in the country to live music being performed at the airport. The locals feel it's important to welcome guests to their island with South Sea island serenades.

I remember that the \$1 Rarotonga coin has their favorite god on it, who sports a fine-sized penis and testicles.

I remember finding a spider in the shower that was the size of a saucer.

I remember walking around the island in a few hours on the one road they have. There isn't a single stop signs or traffic light on the whole island. Therefore, there was no way for me to get lost at intersections. If I continued long enough going either direction, I'd come to where I wanted to be.

I remember arriving one day of the week and boarding the same flight a few days later. It was the only flight to the island, and the plane only landed twice a week, leaving an hour later.

The morning I arrived, after settling in, in my room, I remember falling asleep on the beach in front of my hostel. I remember waking up. And I remember seeing rain falling on another island off in the distance.

I never felt further from civilization or closer to Paradise. I remember breathing a sigh of relief when I woke up from that nap. I exhaled a lifetime of tension I'd been holding inside.

Then I walked along the beach to the town (Avarua). There were a few lean-tos along the way for people to get out of the sun. And in one of them I noticed a local woman with her grown son.

I was in a curiously friendly frame of mind after having breathed that sigh of relief that shed 10,000 pounds off me instantly, so I asked them if I could sit with them for a while to enjoy the shade. They suspiciously, but politely pointed to a cool spot on the sandy ground near them.

I remember the mother held three bottles of beer and was giving them to her son one by one for him to guzzle down. She explained to me that he'd done some hard work over the past few days and earned some money for the family. She wanted to reward him for his effort with beer.

The son seemed perturbed. It looked like hard work hadn't agreed with him and needed to get the memory of what he'd been through that week out of his system.

As someone who saw gay men relieve themselves of suffering from hard work on weekends at clubs, it was no surprise to me that anyone would want to drown his sorrows in alcohol for having to hold down a job in the "real" world, even if it was only a job that had lasted a few days on a South Pacific island that resembles Paradise.

I was surprised, though, even somewhat shocked, that this young man's mother would be so sympathetic to his suffering. In my family, work was considered a privilege, not a burden to be pitied.

But my outer mother was a German Jew. She didn't believe work required compensation with indulgences. She thought work was its own reward. She only drank on the weekends in the spirit of socializing, not medicating herself.

Granted my mother drank to excess at times when she went out dancing with her boyfriends. When we were kids, my sister and I sometimes found her late at night in the bathroom hugging the toilet.

But my mother never offered me liquor when I was an adult to assuage my ruffled feathers for having to work for a living. I chose to use drugs and alcohol for that purpose all on my own...

It wasn't until I reached the age of 31 that I joined AA and chose to use the voice of the mother within me to guide me away from hurting myself with unwarranted "rewards" and unnecessary "medications."

I haven't had a smoke, drink or drug in close to 40 years. And I don't miss them.

But that isn't to say that I didn't sacrifice my health to assuage myself for having to work for a living. I, too, damaged my body and mind with self-indulgences while, at the same time, attempting to help myself with self-discipline.

The ancient Jews sacrificed animals to God for almost a thousand years to assuage themselves of their sins and feelings of guilt. With the destruction of the Second Temple just after the death of Jesus, animal sacrifice ended once and for all.

But some of the extremist, orthodox Jews still drag a poor goat up to the Temple Mount once in a while to recreate animal sacrifice to the dismay of all civilized human beings everywhere. These antiquated Jews seem to think that animals deserve to die for our crimes against our own humanity.

For this reason, the Al-Aqsa Mosque on the site of the first and second Temples must never be relinquished to the

Jews. Let it stand as it is, in Muslim hands, as a reminder of our previous inhumanity to the animal kingdom. Let the Messiah See that we've learned our lesson.

Civilized people don't kill goats to atone for their sins. Today we should make ourselves our only scapegoat. Today we should sacrifice our self-indulgences, instead.

That said, many people of other faiths are in a stupor as deep as the orthodox Jews. Trying to save the animals from extinction shouldn't be as hard as it is. Trying to save the planet from the destructive forces of man has become like pulling teeth. God, in His infinite Wisdom, Is now Showing us that the condition of the climate is becoming so inhospitable to the future of humanity that everyone is having to admit what a miserable world we're going to leave for our grandchildren and great grandchildren. If we don't deepen our understanding of ourselves, I suspect the Messiah Won't Bother to show up for the spiritual savages that will be left living on Earth by then.

Obviously, there are still a lot of people who aren't Jewish who are in as much denial as those orthodox Jews who staunchly object to modernity. They're all disciples of the flat-Earth theory of religious zealotry since that's the way the world literally looks in their eyes. They work against anyone who tries to help the natural world, even though we're all, in part, a part of it.

The hyper-religious blame everyone other than themselves. Why modernize their thoughts and feelings responsibly by protecting nature and the planet when they can avoid the topic of guilt entirely by killing a goat (Jews), a Black man (Christians) or a Jew in Israel (Muslims)?

Why can't they see that they're killing themselves and sacrificing the future of their progeny with their irresponsible practices? Why can't they offer themselves to God with responsible self-sacrifices, instead?

Why don't hyper-religious Christians recreate the crucifixion of Jesus figuratively to assuage themselves of their

sins and guilt, instead? Why don't they stop figuratively crucifying the poor and disenfranchised to enrich themselves? They're choking themselves on forbidden fruit.

That level of self-ignorance and inner poverty is painful to watch. Once you're honest with how you're treating yourself, it's not that hard to behave sincerely with others.

### **Windows in Walls Bursting Bubbles**

Don't confuse bluster with real strength. Real strength comes from walls with windows in them. Real strength comes from bursting bubbles, only to discover that not all bubbles burst. Some bubbles can miraculously survive with holes in them. You can even see the holes in those who've been deflated.

It's harder to protect yourself from people than it looks. The dear Lord Gave us walls and bubbles to teach us how to live life fully rather than simply survive as we make our way through it.

If a thief could come into your home and take anything and everything he wanted, what would he still want that you have? What is the treasure you've got that no one can steal from you? Sadly, you may not know.

Cynicism, scorn and derision of others won't make you less vulnerable to thieves in the night. Mocking the village idiots of other villages won't distract those in your village from noticing that you're a high-functioning idiot, too... Your tactics won't keep burglars at bay.

Physical weakness won't reveal your hopelessness. But making muscle won't make you feel any emotionally stronger inside, either. It's the mental muscle you make by bench-pressing the feelings you have that will make you stronger.

The only one who has the strength to steal your treasure out from under you is you. But you'll only do so if you don't know what that treasure is.

If you haven't discovered your treasure (superpower), you'll worry about losing people, places and things, instead. You'll worry about being overrun, invaded, usurped, overlooked, disregarded, discounted, snubbed, ignored, bossed around, regulated, examined and passed over. You'll always feel like Jimmy Olsen, not like Superman with Lois Lane in his arms.

You'll even worry about God's Inability to perceive your worth, when it will have been unconscious disregard of yourself that was at the core of your issues.

Your treasure can only be approached with self-intimacy. The more you know about yourself and can love yourself, the more powerful you'll become.

The trick to living a good life lies in gathering your treasure; counting it weekly (whether or not you choose to do so on the Sabbath); sharing it hourly; and reminding yourself every minute of the day that God already Knows what you know and love about yourself. Show Him something new about you.

In this way, you'll come to feel Beloved from within through thick and thin. You'll come to feel that you're in a school in which you are your only major. And isn't that the magic you sense from those with charisma? Isn't that what it means to achieve peace of mind?

### **Boyfriend In A Mummy Bag**

When I, Barry, became a teacher in L.A. I continued instructing aerobics three nights a week. Teaching 10 aerobics classes, five nights a week and nude modeling for art institutes had gotten me through college.

I went further with my education to get my teaching credential and master's degree in education the other two school nights. And I went to gay A.A. meetings on the weekend.

I finally felt like a card-carrying member of the human race. I didn't feel like I'd escaped the two mental institutions I'd been in. I didn't feel like a Jew in Germany anymore.

But I didn't tell anyone about me being gay or a suicide survivor outside my social circle. I avoided prejudice by appearing to assimilate with everyone despite my history.

Now, I'm so assimilated with the human race that I don't feel the need to assimilate any longer. I don't feel as superficial as I did when I only worried about caring for my container without concern for its contents. Now that I know self-intimacy, my opinion of me is more important than anyone else's.

But now I can say that I feel more like a gay-Jew in Ramallah. There isn't anywhere I go that my very being isn't Being Questioned by God in the eyes of those around me. Maybe that's happening in my mind. But it isn't *only* happening in my mind.

Tell a Black man he has no reason to feel prejudice in America. Tell a Native American that the next promise the government makes will come true. Tell a disabled person that anyone would want to sleep with him based on his delightful personality. Tell a Muslim in Kansas that he has good reason not to want to go to Oz, but to remain in middle America surrounded by Republicans. Tell the Jews in the Middle East that all has been forgiven, that Israel is real. You might as well tell a gay man that you won't cum in his mouth...

But I digress. What I really want to talk about is a gay organization I joined in my thirties to learn how to camp in the great outdoors. (I don't know how I get so caught up in politics and religion all the time...)

One fine day in my thirties, I found a tent on the upper shelf of my hallway closet while I was rummaging about. It had been mistakenly left behind by the previous renters of my apartment. That's what motivated me to consider learning how to camp.

Not having grown up with a father or having been a scout, I had no experience of the great outdoors to draw on. And not being campy by nature, I decided to study camping as though it were a course at school...

My first event with a gay, outdoor group was a weekend in the Sierra Nevada mountains in the early spring. I bought a sleeping bag for the occasion. But I'm cheap, so I bought the least expensive one I could find. My tent was terrific because I'd "inherited" it.

But during the night it snowed unexpectedly, and I was freezing in my sleeping bag despite having put on every item of clothing I'd brought with me.

I'd met a cute guy that day, but we hadn't made enough of a connection to sleep together. But when I got so cold that night, I went to his tent, woke him, and asked him if I could come in.

I told him how cold I was and waited. Fortunately, I was quite cute in those days, and I attracted guys who were equally adorable. So, when he suggested we zip our sleeping bags together and take off all our clothes and cuddle because that would keep us both warmer, I didn't have to be persuaded.

Our naked arms and legs embraced. His breath caressed the back of my neck. And then it didn't feel as stiff as it had been before... I finally fell asleep. I finally experienced the feeling of being physically warm in the arms of a stranger.

We didn't have sex. It was too cold to stir up a breeze. But that night of spooning began an affair that lasted many months.

I now have a wonderful memory of how we got together that first, cold night in the mountains and what a relief it can be to finally meet a nice guy through camping without having to pretend to be campy.

But the truth is that I'm not cut out to camp.



## Dear Abby

My boyfriend likes to have sex on the weekend when he doesn't have to think about work. So, Saturday and Sunday mornings are set aside as our time to be intimate.

Although that might seem regimented to you, I, Barry, find it exciting to know that there's someone waiting for me to climb back into bed with him on his days off. (I'm an early riser.)

My boyfriend doesn't like to talk about sex. He doesn't even like to talk about sex when we're naked in bed on the weekends. And if you think I'm chatty in writing, naked with you as we cuddle together between white pages, you should know that I'm even more chatty nude under the sheets.

If you think I'm enjoying the warmth of your burning bush in my imagination, I'm even more intimate for real. I may be a little sick and twisted, but I'm tolerant, accepting and admiring of some of the "sicknesses" and "twists" in others. It's because I'm sick and twisted that I can walk in others' shoes, even when their feet are in them. It's because I can feel their soles that I can feel the rest of them.

In my youth, it never occurred to me that the way most men made love was with attention, devotion and loyalty expressed in the moment. I misunderstood their intentions to share our future because I couldn't yet access my superpower.

I couldn't yet allow my naked feet to touch their naked feet and admit we could walk in the same shoes, but we would both have to make an effort to do so. I was too emotionally challenged to admit to myself that I was a bad lover everywhere but in bed.

I couldn't be a good lover with anyone else until I could see that I was a good lover for me. I had to witness my **loving kindness** for me with myself, and *then* share that with others. I had to witness loyalty from the inside out. I had to learn how to walk in my own shoes before I could walk in another man's shoes, let alone follow in his footsteps.

My boyfriend has an insatiable desire for loving kindness. Sex with him has only gotten better over the ten years we've been together. Our kindness, love and loyalty for one another have rubbed up until they've been ignited into a modest flame. In that sense, I can say that we're truly flaming queens.

That doesn't mean that I'm not willing to be intimate with you. I don't want you to get the impression that I don't care for you, too... Quite the contrary. Speaking intimately has become easier for me because expressing myself intimately comes from my feet, not my head, heart or soul. If I can't stand tall in my own shoes, I'm nothing in my eyes.

Most men might like to think that they're emotionally intimate when nude thanks to their penis. The penis is the organ that elicits the most powerful sensations in the whole body.

But sensations aren't the same as emotions. If nobody told you that before, you need to reassess the conclusions you come to with your penis verses those that come from your soles.

The best sex comes with using your penis in conjunction with your heart and soul. The best sex comes when you express how loyally you stand tall in support of other people because you can walk in their footsteps. This takes good, strong figurative feet and, as you already know, strong toes.

Many men forget that emotions are just as powerful as sensations. They have physical sensations that please them, but they disassociate their sensations from their emotional response.

Over time, they become disappointed and bitter because their negative feelings begin to override their positive sensations. Relationships get old. They get complicated because their feelings become ambivalently cool, even cold.

Unless you're standing on very **good** feet, you may lose your balance.

My outer father once had to go on a business trip from Buffalo to New York City. My mother, sister and I went with him to the bus terminal, where I boldly told him I wanted to go with him to New York. I was probably four at the time (1956).

He took me on board the bus to show me his seat. And from the ambivalent feelings he expressed, I suddenly got frightened. I turned around and got off the bus to be with my mother again. I didn't realize he had no intention of taking me along. He manipulated me with cool ambivalence. He used disloyalty to make *me* leave *him* rather than let me know in words that *he* had to leave *me*, but he'd come back.

My father couldn't talk about his feelings, but he was a master at using them like a thermometer to manipulate his own temperature.

He was a showman. It just happened to work out that he didn't have much to show besides his mercurial feelings. He died of heart failure. Now don't tell me that wasn't poetic justice.

Men who separate their penis (sensations) from their heart (feelings) aren't normal. They're traumatized individuals. They suffer P.T.S.D. They don't have to be Holocaust survivors to be afraid to show their emotions.

The trick is not to trick. Don't be a showman with nothing concrete to show. Men who trick you have no unreal treat to offer.

My inner father, Gabriel, isn't emotionally mercurial. He doesn't express sudden or unpredictable changes of mood or mind. My inner mother isn't bipolar. She isn't cheerful one moment and secretive the next. I can rely on my inner parents because even an inner child needs to feel emotionally well held.

Be very cautious about what men tell you because what they say may only come from their head. What they want

and how they feel are two very different experiences that they may not be able to share in the same sentence.

And because most men – gay and straight – haven't been properly trained to make their conscience their guide in bed as well as elsewhere, they have a tendency to exaggerate, lie, deny and conveniently forget how they treat other people. They use their thoughts, feelings and beliefs only to get what they want.

But of all the disappointments and dastardly manipulative betrayals in the world, the worst are the result of ambivalence. I had no conscious awareness of how cool my father could be to me, and how much that hurt.

Only men who unify the sensation of their penis with the feelings in their heart are normal. The rest run the gamut from infrared outrage (blood **red**) to resentful (**scarlet**) to indignant (**pink**).

This past weekend, my boyfriend and I had our usual sex in the morning. But afterwards, I told him about my new peanut regimen for the squirrels in our garden. He told me irately that he disagreed with me feeding them as much as I do.

Granted, there are peanuts sometimes left over which a black rat and brown rat have moved in to avail themselves of. So my boyfriend isn't wrong about me feeding the squirrels too much.

But I don't want the squirrels who come to our garden from as far away as the trees across the street to leave my garden hungry.

Jews would never have a guest leave a Jewish home hungry. In fact, Jews used to feed pagans until they left groaning from having eaten so much, such is the importance of hospitality in places where food and water are luxuries of life. This is the lesson in Abraham having welcomed in the three strangers with such hospitality. [Genesis 18]

Some people leave their guests wanting more to insure that they come back soon. Others hold the philosophy that they don't want to give a finger in fear of someone taking their whole hand.

I happen to think that all strategies of giving have sensible reasons behind them. So, it really doesn't matter whether I overfeed the squirrels or leave them wanting for more. It doesn't even matter if the rats get the leftover food intended for the squirrels. What's important is that I understand my strategy of giving to appreciate how I'm turning my garden into a home for the little creatures I love that live in my hood.

My boyfriend tried to convince me that there are fat dogs in America because of my kind of strategy. I replied that there are also fat cats in America who never get enough, whether you overfeed or underfeed them.

I then pointed out to him that we were fighting after sex over how many peanuts to give the squirrels in our garden. And I suggested I write to Dear Abby to ask her, her advice on our pillow talk. He snapped back, "She'd probably tell you to take your problems to Ann Landers..."

Such is the angry intimacy between two gay men who like one another. Such is our relaxed morning of intimacy in bed on the weekend.

Keep all your definitions and exclamations of the meaning of **love**. Just tell me if you **like** the one you're with.

### **Profoundly Deep**

I'm sure you think you're profoundly deep and spiritual because you've plummeted the depths of yourself. I'm sure you think you've drilled very, very deep down inside.

But if you don't compare and contrast your well to the well you drew from before, instead of others' wells, how will you know how deep a well you've bored?

If you look back to how deep a well you had ten years ago, you'll certainly see a depth now that wasn't there

before. Therefore, it would behoove you to compare and contrast yourself to who you were before rather than try to equate yourself to others.

Your opinion of the profundity of your being is subjective.

You might like to think that the good Lord Loves you and even Likes you just the way you are right now. But that may not be entirely true. That, too, may be a conclusion you've come to that's based on a subjective view of yourself of late that you created all by your lonesome.

He May actually Have plans for you that you can't imagine. You'll never know unless you compare the depth of your wellbeing to concepts you haven't yet earned.

You may surround yourself with a whole host of people who agree with your opinion of you. But that doesn't make it an objective fact or even an opinion that some others would readily agree with. God Is the ultimate Arbitrator on human objectivity.

If you were to describe this world to a newborn, you might like to describe it as the place where the subjective meets the objective, and the objective ultimately wins. You might like to add that if you're fortunate, the objective will win mercifully, leaving you confident and happy with your outcomes, despite what some people think of you. And won't that make all the difference when it comes to your moods?

Hopefully, you'll leave here feeling well-Liked, whether or not you always felt Beloved by One, and all. You'll have learned to like yourself. And you'll have learned to love all the little, moral challenges you have to go through each day, some of which you might even hate.

Self-discipline is what will leave a smile on your face and a gleam in your eye when you're dead and you can finally take your mask off. Eternal rest depends on Earthly works, not on self-aggrandizement.

## Being Normal

I'm not impatient. I'm Jewish. I don't get frustrated, exasperated and upset. I get anxiously Jewish. I don't get depressed. I get hopelessly Jewish.

God **Oppresses** some people to get them to do things they don't want to do.

He **Represses** others to restrain, prevent, or inhibit them from doing what they do want to do.

But some people God **Depresses**. If, like me, you Have Been Depressed for what seems like a lifetime, there's a lot of hope and optimism to be gleaned from depression. Feelings of being utterly Dispirited or Dejected by God are a challenge to make greater meaning out of your life. It's a Gift not everyone Has Been Given.

That doesn't mean you shouldn't use the medical model to help you heal. It doesn't mean that psychiatric drugs and therapy wouldn't benefit you.

But it does mean that there's a spiritual component with emotional outcomes to every illness that can and should be addressed as such.

I'm not a **gay Jew**. I'm a **gay-Jew**. A **gay Jew** is an oxymoron. Jews aren't gay. Jews come in three types: (1) **oppressed**; (2) **repressed**; or (3) **depressed**.

If you can't walk in a Jew's shoes, your head isn't screwed on tightly enough. And you've probably got your foot in your mouth, as well.

If you think it was hard growing up Jewish, try growing up gay. If you think it's hard growing up gay, try growing up Black. If you think it's hard growing up Black, just try growing up a little more from one day to the next, and you'll see how hard that is to do under the circumstances you Have Been Given.

Why was it so hard being me as a child? Why was it so hard being me as a teenager, young adult, mature adult and middle-aged man? And why is it so much easier now being me as a senior citizen?

I, Barry, stopped taking psychiatric medications with the help of my psychiatrist in 2000. I've been off all drugs for mental illness and depression for over 20 years. And I've been off alcohol and recreational drugs for almost 40 years.

Self-discipline is the key to wellness.

This world is better than it was because it's easier to grow up than it once was (another dollop of Heavenly gossip you may not be willing or able to swallow).

If you're Muslim, Black, straight, religious, overweight, dark-skinned or gay – and you can't see how much easier it's become for you to be you over time – then you haven't got a clue what's on God's Mind.

God Wants people to grow up to be **normal**. He Is Growing us like trees in a garden to make us into something better than we were when we Were first Planted here.

**Normal** doesn't mean straight. **Normal** doesn't mean White. **Normal** means modest, humble and gracious. He Wants people not to steal anything but furtive glances.

### **Latent Homosexual**

My outer half-sister once told me she thought our outer father was a latent homosexual. I, Barry, asked her how she came to that conclusion, but she had no evidence to support her claim.

What she had was a deep, abiding loathing of our father and a desire to ridicule and demean him. And she used a derogatory, sexual label to speak about him sarcastically.

This is a common strategy. People call some people "faggots." They call some people "whores" and "bitches." They call some people "assholes." They call some people "cocksuckers" and "mother-fuckers."

There are a wide range of sexual terms used to express disdain of others using various forms of copulation as their sword. But if such people are polished, educated and socially sophisticated, they use terms like latent homosexual instead. They think it makes them sound nonjudgmental.



What they're really saying is that they approve of using the Hebrew Testament as a way of cursing those they dislike. They approve of using Leviticus 18 and 20 as a way of denouncing some people as "abominable." If God Can Do it, they think they can do it, too. (Whether God Is Doing it as reverse psychology, they don't ask themselves.) They use a veiled, anti-Semitic attack to apply Torah to anyone they find abominable.

Here is a chart showing the progression of God-consciousness from the beginning of human history:

	<b>Religious Tradition</b>	<b>Nr. Of Gods</b>	<b>Names for God</b>
1.	Indigenism	1,000,000+	1,000,000+
2.	Hinduism	1	1,000,000+
3.	Judaism	1	0 (nameless)
4.	Buddhism	0	0
5.	Taoism	16	16
6.	Christianity	1	3
7.	Islam	1	1

All the world's faiths believe in God. Buddhism isn't a faith. It's a philosophy. You can't put your faith in the Buddha. The Buddha was a man. He didn't strive to become a god. He never declared himself a god. He strove only for enlightenment. The path of enlightenment is described as **Nirvana**, the relinquishing of all physical containers once and for all.

It's only been the last two religious traditions, Christianity and Islam, that have been opposed to the Jewish, religious tradition. The Abrahamic faiths are like a "love" triangle. But the Christians and the Muslims are always at each other's throats over who loves God more, leaving the little Jew always stuck in the middle between these two giants.

Only these two Western faiths have a history of denouncing Jews, Judaism and Israel, the land God Gave us. Throughout the Crusades the Christians and Muslims fought

one another over *our* land. And they're still conspiring today over who will, ultimately, get the land of milk and honey.

This Abrahamic "love" triangle is now falling apart, leaving the B&W pyramid of power exposed for us all to see. As people become more honest, sincere and authentic within themselves, they're behaving more righteously with all others, regardless of the religious tradition they come out of.

Denouncing parts of the human body or our relationships to our body is as abominable as denouncing someone's faith since our Creator Made each of us and all of us in His Image. I'm sure He Is pleased with His Work/Werk. I wish we all could be, too.

The 3<sup>rd</sup> Commandment is not to take the Lord's Name(s) in vain. But if you take any of the names for God in vain, as I've described them in the chart above, you're behaving arrogantly. And another word for **arrogant** is **cocky**.

I'm sure you can see that my half-sister is doing just that by calling our father a latent homosexual. He Was Made in God's Image. He was a Jew who may have kept a secret from himself. But that's no reason for his daughter to denounce him with curses concerning his sexuality.

My half-sister is an ignorant Jew on the topic of Torah. But she's not unusual in her misuse of our scripture. She is, in fact, a model example of what *not* to do if you don't like someone as much as she didn't like our father.

Because she's oblivious to her own bad behavior, it's worth using her as an example in this chapter.

A latent homosexual is a derogatory term for a gay man (or boy) whose sexual attraction to males is a secret that he feels the need to lie about or be in denial about. An out gay male is a politicized homosexual who refuses to allow anyone to deride or demean him for his sexual preference. He holds no sexual secrets. He doesn't lie about who he is or what he does, even if the details of what goes on in his bedroom aren't anyone's business.

A gay male is someone who gets together with other enlightened individuals, groups, institutions, businesses, races and religious societies to protect their reputations from people like my half-sister who think they have the moral autonomy to use anything they want as a sword to cut people down with sarcasm based on derision of the Hebrew Testament. Such people are either self-hating Jews or anti-Semites.

Calling people evil because of their sexual preference is evil. It demonstrates that they're prejudiced and don't know where to draw the line between sexual behaviors that are truly evil and sexual behaviors that are normal.

Here is the very short list of sexual behaviors that are evil:

1. Sex with minors is the worst and most abnormal form of sexual misconduct.
2. Rape is the next worst because it inflicts power over the innocent and weak.
3. The least evil, but still evil, form of abnormal, sexual wrongdoing is adultery.

Adultery is a breaking of your word. It's a sign that you can't be trusted. (I think my half-sister is more upset that her husband may be an adulterer than she is with our father for possibly withholding a sexual secret from her.)

Here is a short list of sexual behaviors that are not evil:

1. Sucking a penis is not evil.
2. Allowing a penis in your anus is not evil.
3. Putting your tongue in a vagina is not evil.
4. Putting an object in your vagina or anus is not evil.

Having sex with animals *is* evil because animals seek sex with other animals that are from their genus and species. To

force an animal to have sex with a human being is as bad as forcing a human being to have sex with an animal.

But there are many human beings who behave like animals by forcing themselves on others who they think of as only animals. And there are many more who simply lie about their sexual identity to avoid having to face their own hypocrisy.

People who demonize people for their sexual preferences, excluding those behaviors described above that are truly evil, are ignorant. They need to be educated. They need to be enlightened about where to draw the line between good sex and bad.

### **Sarcasm**

Sarcasm is something I'm almost physically allergic to. Sarcasm makes me break out with violent thoughts and hateful feelings. It also leaves me with bad dreams at night that cause me to wake up, lose sleep, toss and turn and feel bad in the morning without usually realizing what it was that I figuratively swallowed the day before that caused such a bad reaction in me during the night.

**Sarcasm** is defined as the use of irony to mock or convey contempt. I don't like to be mocked. And I don't like to be treated contemptuously.

I wasn't too sure what **irony** was exactly until I looked up that word, too. It turns out that **irony** began as a theatrical ploy in Greek tragedies by which the full significance of a character's words or actions was clear to the audience although unknown to the character.

I don't like people to treat me mockingly and contemptuously just because they can see something about me that I can't. That's not supportive or helpful to me.

If life is a school and we're all students of one Teacher Who Is Grading us on a curve, then sarcasm is a way for some students to try to improve their grade by toying with

the outcomes at the far ends of the normal distribution of that curve, statistically speaking.

**Conditional sentences** mixed with sarcasm also affect me negatively. The conditional tense creates theoretical outcomes in which you can test methods of action that you aren't sure how they may turn out. These outcomes aren't real outcomes. Conditional sentences are a category of thoughts that are confined to a world of plausibility without accountability.

If you say, "You're going to make a fool of yourself if you continue the way you're going" you're mixing sarcasm with the conditional tense. You're implying that you can see a negative outcome that might become realized if the other person doesn't do something about it in time. There's an implied mockery and contempt in such conditional statements.

Telling people they don't have the intelligence to discern right from wrong if the opportunity presents itself isn't helpful. But allowing them to do as they please might cause harm to you, themselves and others. This becomes a spiritual Catch-22 that can only be dealt with, with sensitivity and cautious inquiry into the person's motives.

"You're crazy if you think I cheated on you" is another example of a conditional sentence that's loaded with sarcasm. The answer to whether or not *you* cheated on me is independent of *my* mental wellbeing. Your conditional defense is a wall constructed with bricks of sarcasm cemented into place with disdain as mortar.

When you find yourself having a bad day, ask yourself if you were fed conditional outcomes with sarcastic overtones. Or, if you find yourself feeling alone and in bad company, ask yourself if you treated someone that way.

To be spoken down to in a sarcastic tone infers that you don't know something tragic about yourself that the other person does. But because of the disrespectful manner in which that information was conveyed to you, there's no way

you can possibly take their warning to heart. You're too hurt to hear them.

For me, being spoken down to puts me into an intellectual and emotional tailspin. I begin to think illogically and irrationally in an attempt to distract myself from the possibility that I might be out of touch with myself in a way that others can see, but which they refuse to tell me politely, just so they can make me feel bad about myself.

Gaslighting is another form of psychological manipulation. **Gaslighting** is veiled sarcasm intended to get you to do what someone wants you to do by forcing you to question your sanity. Gaslighting forces people to question their own loving intentions instead of the malevolent intentions of others. Here are some examples of gaslighting from the internet:

1. "You're not hungry; you just ate"  
**parentalizing**
2. "I only did it because I love you"  
**false loyalty**
3. "I'm not cheating; you're just paranoid"  
**blame**
4. "No one will ever love you but me."  
**a way to isolate**

Sarcasm; the conditional tense used sarcastically; and gaslighting make me feel like an outcast. They make me feel unlikely, scapegoated and banished. But now that I'm no longer ignorant of those ways of trying to dominate and control me, I'm less susceptible to them.

As a gay man, I consider hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims to be my worst enemies. I've been upfront in writing about what I think they're doing wrong religiously and what they could do to right themselves spiritually.

Perhaps I've been sarcastic. Perhaps I've used conditional expressions to express my disdain of how their futures may unfold. And perhaps I've gaslighted them.

You'll have to decide that for yourself. But I don't think so. I've gone through to edit out those efforts to influence you in psychologically biased ways.

I certainly do know that I've used irony to express my opinions because I assume you, too, can see what I can see, even if others can't. It's amusing and engaging to watch fools relishing April Fool's Day a day early while you and I make good use of today, March 31<sup>st</sup>.

Tomorrow is another day. And those who think they're ahead of us should look below their Adam's apple. What good is their head without their heart? They'll only be stuck with a stiff neck.

Because I don't always recognize when people are talking down to me; because I don't recognize condescending and patronizing behaviors because I sometimes put people on a pedestal – I don't always realize how much they may try to manipulate to gain power and control.

Perhaps I'm *too* meek. Perhaps I need God's Intervention or I'll end up like a **Hebrew** (ancient Egyptian word that means **from the other side**) enslaved in a foreign land.

In my opinion, the wars in and around Israel are the result of Jews and Muslims who are allowing the hyper-religious to exercise power over them. They each believe that their name for God is the only legitimate name for Him.

Like me, you may come away feeling bitter (**red**) and **blue** about people who don't believe there's only one God with many names. And that may keep you, too, from moving further down the rainbow into the **indigo** (mystery) and **violet** (ecstasy) range.

The more you can get out of your anger (**red**) and sorrow (**blue**), the more you'll be able to climb the well of loneliness

you may feel you're in. The more you'll be able to make your way up to the light God Shines down for us all.

But to bask in His Light, you're going to need a lampshade. This the Nazis didn't understand. This the neo-Nazis don't understand. This the hyper-religious don't even understand.

They all want to use the skin of their enemies to make lampshades, especially the skin of gay men, regardless of our religious origins. And whether they intend to do that literally or figuratively doesn't much matter morally to me.

The hyper-religious all claim gays are perverts, but they're the ones who behave perversely. Sex is no measure of perversity unless sex involves (1) minors, (2) rape or (3) adultery.

Anal sex is not a venal crime.

By the time you reach the top of your well, it may be nighttime within you. You may find yourself surrounded by a mysterious, **indigo** sky with points of light twinkling down upon you. You may find yourself feeling alone on a planet surrounded by billions of stars.

My half-sister is a child survivor of the Holocaust. But she survived the Nazis only to become bitter at what life served her by *having* to grow up in America.

She claims our father was a latent homosexual. What I think she'd really like to say is that he was condescending and patronizing asshole. He claimed to be able to see outcomes she couldn't see, but he wouldn't tell her what they were.

In my opinion, he was a frightened, little, old, straight, Jewish, Holocaust survivor who was very bitter about the way things turned out for *him*, too. He was a Republican who used ambivalence as a weapon. He never thanked God for his **misfortunes** because he couldn't admit his **good** fortune. He was enrolled in a class on cynicism he couldn't pass. He couldn't make his way into God's Class on gratitude.



My outer father paraded around to show others that he had class. That's a far cry from being a dutiful pupil in class.

When you're (1) thankful to others and (2) appreciative of your efforts to help yourself, it's easy to be (3) grateful to God. That's all it takes to pass your class on cynicism.

Too bad my outer father didn't know that. I wonder if God Has Given him a way to learn how to make up for his errors of judgment. I certainly wouldn't want to come back here as toad and start the whole process all over again. Once you've had sex with a human being, whether someone with your gender or the opposite gender, you never want to go back...

### **Self-Adoration**

Sometimes I, Barry, adore God. But I also adore Bette Midler. I adore Charles Aznavour and Carol King. I adore William Saroyan and Madelene L'Engle. I adore Mozart. I adore my mother. And sometimes I find that I even adore myself.

Adoration makes it possible for me to forgive. There are parts of me that have tried to kill me. There are parts of me that have tried to cripple me. I don't adore them. But I have no choice. I must forgive them to maintain my sanity...

I'm a naturally adoring person, and that's because I Have Been Blessed with the gift of adoration.

I'm sure it was self-adoration that instigated me to become a ballet dancer at the age of 16 when I discovered my body could elicit ecstasy when I moved to classical music. I couldn't think of doing anything other than dancing my way through life once I became ecstatic about the personal relationship I could forge between music and dance. I gave up an academic scholarship to U.C.L.A. to become a ballet dancer.

I'm sure it was self-adoration that motivated me to fall in love with some of my male classmates in high school, even though I never let any of them know how deeply I

secretly felt about them. (In those days, *I* was a latent homosexual.)

It was my adoration of the roots of civilization, not the flower power of the 60's, that turned me toward Europe and Israel after high school rather than start adult life in sunny Southern California where I'd grown up.

Unfortunately, people have never found me adorable. I think they may even find me a bit annoying. Maybe I'm high maintenance. I know I can be trying, fussy, disapproving, judgmental, strict, nagging, hardheaded, awkward and difficult to handle.

But there are a wide range of character defects I don't have that are related to mine that I'm grateful not to have. I'm not quarrelsome, contemptuous, crabby, uncompromising, inflexible, disparaging, nit-picky, boorish, rude or contentious.

It's when I see *these* behaviors in others that I tend to get irate because they're related to my own negative tendencies.

Therefore, I think there's a disconnect between being adorable and adoring. If you go into a tailspin to protect yourself from sarcasm, conditional sentences and gaslighting intended to demean you, not everyone is going to find you adorable. You may react to their methods in unpleasant ways.

I didn't realize how much I adored myself until I'd written my first book of poetry: Becoming: 89 Poems Of My Love For Me. Only by putting my love for me into words could I read it and believe it. But even then, I couldn't yet put my feelings for me into one simple concept: self-adoration.

My boyfriend is Catholic. So, I've been to many Catholic masses at the church he belongs to. There, I've witnessed the adoration of Catholics for Jesus. I've even written a three-volume book on my interpretation of the Gospels through the symbolism Jesus Added to the Mosaic metaphor of the Creation Story.

But I never realized that what I was observing at church was self-adoration of Catholics projected and then shared communally with Jesus (God). Now I think their expression of adoration is a good thing. Anyone you adore will bring great joy and comfort to your life.

I know that's true because I've broken through my projection of adoration onto others to adore myself, my boyfriend and God. And I didn't even have to convert to Christianity to do it!... All I had to do was open my heart to the concept of taking more matters to heart.

### **Self-Clocking**

“What time is it now?” is the question I most often ask myself between the hours of 4:00-6:00 AM. By 6:00 in the morning, I get up because I don't want to **clock** myself any longer. Besides, by then, I've been through the darkness before the dawn.

To **clock** is an expression in gay vernacular, especially among drag queens, that means to call out someone's flaws; to reveal the truth in a situation; or a truth about one's true gender. [internet]

I clock myself almost every night. I talk to myself as would a teacher with a disruptive student in class. Then I continue by having office hours with my Teacher during the darkest darkness before the obvious dawns on me, usually by 6:00 AM.

In secular terminology, what I'm doing is lying in bed thinking, while knowing in my heart that God Is Watching me struggle with thoughts of who I am; why I'm here; and how to become the best person I can be with His Help.

This is a tedious task until the Teacher (God) Steps in to help me with the wayward students I have to deal with inside myself. The voices inside me have wants (–) and desires (+) all of their own.

Until the Teacher Shows up, I often find myself looking at the clock on my nightstand to see what time it is. I clock myself.

I can become so engaged with calling myself out for my flaws and so consumed with uncovering and revealing the truth about me to myself that I have to literally open my eyes and peer over at the clock to see what time it is in the hopes that it's time to stop myself inside and get up.

But I also clock myself for criticizing me. I don't cherish having to overwhelm myself with my flaws. I have one voice inside that criticizes the other voices that criticize me. It's at this point in my inner conversations that I become grateful for my Teacher (God) Showing up to Play Solomon by Cutting the baby in two for "us."

In my defense, sometimes I need to exaggerate my issues so as to magnify them to perceive them. My character defects are really quite small. (Unlike some people who don't feel at all guilty about the evil things they do, the consequences of which are humungous.)

Surely people say it's darkest before the dawn because someone else felt the way I do long before I did.

The least guilt-ridden are the darkest inside. The most guilt-ridden go on *ad nauseum* about how they bask in God's Glory.

Timing has become everything to me now that I'm almost 70. Now I see life as a timed race with each of us charging towards his or her own finish line. It's only when you realize you're closer to the end than you once thought that you begin to slow down. This accounts for me being able to listen to the voices that clock me inside, as well as the voice that clocks me for clocking me.

When I was kid, we used to say, "time out," as if it were really possible to stop and start the clock.

Now that I'm older and gay (gray), I realize that **time** is an aspect of reality that's as subjective as the **truth**. The more I understand the relativity of time to the feelings in my

heart, the more my head opens like a window in a wall to a view of reality that's naked, profound and sometimes stunningly beautiful.

No one can stop the clock. But no one can stop you from clocking yourself, either. You may not care about time and space until you realize that you're just a visitor to time and space to scope out what they're for.

Time and space are tools for self-discovery. The more you use them as resources to come to know and love yourself, the prouder you'll be by the time the clock stops for you once and for all.

### **Self-Fulfilling Prophecies**

My mental illness was diagnosed in Bellevue Hospital in New York City when I was involuntarily committed there in my twenties and labeled, **paranoid schizophrenic**. Today, I'm working on overcoming being obsessive/compulsive. I've been through schizophrenia, bipolar disorder and a host of other ailments in my thinking.

Overall, I'm very proud of the mental improvements I've made in my head with the help of the other six forces within me. My goal now is to become a garden-variety neurotic...

Moving through all the states of mental illness may have been a self-fulfilling prophecy that I was secretly planning to work through all my life. Looking back, it now seems that I have the most in common with the autistic.

**Autism** is defined as "a developmental disorder of variable severity that is characterized by difficulty in social interaction and communication and by restricted or repetitive patterns of thought and behavior." [internet] That describes me to a T. But, then again, I see myself in all the other psychiatric disorders, as well.

I can only hope that when you happen to meet someone who's suffering a mental crisis, you'll remember me, or at least remember the definition of autism. Everyone has the

potential to unlock the mystery of time and space, as vast and intimidating as that can sometimes be.

That challenge can become so frustrating for some of us that it's literally painful to endure. Our illness goes beyond suffering (heart). It becomes painful (head). And so some people express that pain and suffering in odd and threatening ways.

What separates the mentally ill from the criminally insane is the key to how we must address illnesses. This, law enforcement and our judicial system have yet to figure out. And the penal system needs to change when it comes to spiritual rehabilitation and expiation.

I wasn't angry at myself growing up. I wasn't furious with my outer parents for looking and behaving so differently from everyone else's. I wasn't enraged about reality, either.

I didn't know better... I simply dealt with the little slice of reality I Had Been Given. So I did what I could with reality to the best of my ability at that time.

But when I was locked up for going mad, people could see just how **red** (enraged) I'd become deep down inside. It's a pity they didn't tell me, because I certainly never made the connection between going mad and being **red**, the furthest color of the rainbow from being emotionally grounded. And it certainly didn't occur to *me* that I could learn to control my temper by allowing myself to be read (red) while alone with myself. I thought my privacy had to be kept a secret.

Poetry and religion (spirituality) could be an effective tool in the war on madness if people weren't so bipolar. But with Democrats at one extreme against religion and Republicans at the other, consumed by it, there's little room in the middle for the poetic interpretations of reality that spirituality reveals.

Suffering from a disability, whether it's physical, mental, emotional or spiritual, will drive anyone mad. In

fact, it should. People can be so acclimated to their inabilities that they can't even see how they cause disabilities. And because they don't see themselves as disabled in some way, they aren't up at night trying to figure out what's wrong with them that others could help them get through. They sleep very well at night, I'm sorry to say...

I had to ask myself if I was disabled to discover that I actually was. I had to deal with myself truthfully, not as I wanted me to be, to perceive more of me. That took courage.

Going mad was a self-fulfilling prophesy that I couldn't prophesize (anticipate). I did anticipate that I was going to die when I was 19. And I did die that year. But I died figuratively when I fell in love with a gay-Jew I met in Israel. Then, a part of me fell away like bark from a tree; leaves from a branch; and petals from a flower.

But I didn't associate those changes with the seasons because I didn't associate myself with a Tree in a garden. I didn't associate the loss of my first love with the onset of winter.

Don't try to convince yourself that you can make sense of the Arab spring until you've been through your first winter within.

Your first love in life may be a crush that crushes you. You may need to come back to learn to love again and again. But that's not a problem caused by the Jews.

Don't let disappointment and grief make you cynical. Blue sits right next to **indigo**, which is right by **violet**.

### **The Secret to a Happy Life**

You can fulfill your own prophesy, but you can't make yourself love you with the lust you have for your loved one. You may always lust over the bodies of other men and/or women. You may even want to be somebody you're not.

Go with that. Use your imagination to become the ones you're jealous of. If you can walk in another man's or

woman's shoes, you can walk in their feet. If you can walk in their feet, you can inhabit their whole body.

So, imagine being in the body of somebody you physically admire while pleasing the one you love.

You may find that you're not attracted to those who are tall, dark and handsome, so much as you might wish to look that way yourself. So imagine looking like that in bed. Perhaps that will make you feel more attractive, vibrant and sensual while making love.

I was short, light and pretty when I was young. And I was attracted to men who were tall, dark and handsome. It was quite an awakening to discover that I didn't really want a partner who was tall, dark and handsome. What I really wanted was the attributes I associated with such men: romanticism, strength, confidence, surety, sensuality and a certain brotherhood that comes with the ability to physically look down on your brothers with kindness and put an arm around them protectively.

This might be a way to achieve an animated love life if you're as physically imperfect in your own eyes as I am. This is a way you can approach your own genitals from within in a way that you can begin to think about why God Gave you the physical equipment He Did.

Engaging this fantasy consciously may eventually resolve the jealousy you have in not being somebody else. It may grow your imagination in a way that explains why you're so attracted to certain types you.

Contents is subjectively associated with containers. Therefore, being jealous of other people's bodies is only the tip of the iceberg. Below the surface, there are qualities and virtues you associate with certain containers. And you may have those attributes, whether or not they're contained in the body you got.

If you work on your body, you should be able to improve the look of your container. If you work on your virtues, you should be able to improve the vibrancy of your contents.



If you're not completely satisfied with my advice, I'll refund all your suffering to leave you as miserable as you were before. I'm offering you a suffering back guarantee!...

### **How a Jew Can Overcome Anti-Semitism Within**

Most Jews I know live in the United States where they don't have to think very much about anti-Semitism. They're so good at blending in with White Christians that they don't think about the differences between White people and Jewish people. In fact, I imagine that the very idea of expressing our religion in racial terms makes them uncomfortable. You can "thank" the Germans of the last century and their allies for that...

I think the American Jews like calling themselves White because then they think they won't have to suffer the indignities people of color have to suffer in this country. American Jews aren't as afraid of American Christians doing to the Jews here what European Christians did to Jews in Europe.

But everyone in Europe knows that Jews aren't White except the American Jews visiting Europe. If you're an American Jew living in Europe, as I did for years, you met many European Jews, and had the opportunity to ask them what it means to be White. They told me all about **them**.

Most American Jews may have strong Democratic leanings, but 25% of American Jews vote Republican. And, as we, Democrats, know, the hyper-religious are all racists regardless of which side of the pond you find them on.

They constantly tell themselves they're not, in the hopes that someone will believe them other than just each other... In the hopes of looking *less* racist, many of them have tried to overcome some of their homophobia and misogyny over time.

But when it comes to racism, the Jews can never be sure about them. We know that White Christians don't see us as White, while Christians of color resent us for passing as

White. This is a problem in the **big tent** philosophy of the Democratic Party that needs to be addressed. It can't be swept under the rug any longer.

Only 25% of the Jews still vote Republican. But it should be no surprise why. Those Jews are afraid of not being treated as White.

But can anyone blame them? If I were Black and could be treated as White by Republicans, I'd get on board with the Grand Old Party, too!...

The truth is that racism in America is founded on interpretations of Torah, not race. The enslavement of Blacks was the outcome of that interpretation. Therefore, slavery in America is, at its root, a religious issue that spreads like a continuum.

If you press any hyper-religious Jew or White Christian, s/he'll eventually admit s/he scorns Hindus who believe in millions of names for God. S/he loathes those who believe that Allah Is His Name. And s/he has no respect for Asians who come out of the Taoist tradition who put their faith in gods and goddesses to personify our Creator.

But in fairness, the names of God are overly important to the hyper-religious everywhere in the world, not just here at home. The hyper-religious have spread their racist philosophies all across the globe.

I believe the hyper-religious Christians in America only abide those Jews who believe in Adonai (Y.H.V.H.) because they call **Adonai** (Y.H.V.H.) **the Father**. There are more than 100 passages in the Gospels in which Jesus Refers to Adonai (Y.H.V.H.) as His Father. [internet]

A hyper-religious Christian, here and abroad, really hates everyone who doesn't believe that Jesus Is the primary Name for God. S/he doesn't consciously associate hatred of other people's faiths with their names for Him, but if you look at their voting record, you'll see how they manifest their racist prejudices in their communities.

The hyper-religious don't see adoration, devotion, loyalty and love for the Lord in those who use other names for Him. They discount other people's feelings by subversively dismissing all other names for God. They can't wrap their heart around the idea that God Created everybody in His Image.

The hatred the hyper-religious Christians have for non-Whites is really based on fear of what we'd do to them if we realized how much their White ancestors stole out from under us.

They can't get themselves to apologize for their forefathers' behavior. They can't even come to the table to discuss truth and reconciliation with compensation for all people of need. This is why the hyper-religious Republicans categorically refuse to make the rich pay more than the poor. This is the unspoken foundation of conservative "principles."

Of course, the whole issue nowadays rests on whether the Christians stole Muslim land out from under Muslims to buy off their Christian guilt of what the European Christians did to the Jews in the Holocaust. Until that matter gets resolved 220 years from now, don't expect much in the way of objectivity on matters of religion or race relations...

The orthodox Jews who vote with the White, Christian racists have found a loophole in the Christian, religious, belief system that they're exploiting. The orthodox Jews know in their heart that there's only one God, and it doesn't matter what you call Him: Brahma, Y.H.V.H., Jesus, Allah or any of the Far Eastern names for God in Taoism.

The hyper-religious Jews align themselves with the White Christians who despise anyone who doesn't use the Christian name for God (Jesus) because those Jews believe in those Christians' God's Father.

When the Democrats understand this, they'll attract those 25% of the Republican Jews to our party. That will

leave the hyper-religious, Republicans exposed as the racists and hypocrites they really are.

But the hyper-religious, Republican Jews don't yet care that the gay-Jews are going to eventually be scapegoated by White Christians. Those Jews tell themselves that *we* should have to suffer so that Israel will survive. And they use Leviticus 18 and 20 as their rationale to do so, just as their ancestors in the New World used Leviticus to rationalize slavery.

The White, hyper-religious, "conservative" Christians and orthodox Jews support Israel because they believe they'll be vindicated by the Messiah for their actions.

This is the moral Catch-22 that the Western world is in today. This is why the Republicans believe that the *political* right makes them *morally* right.

You should now be able to see that anti-Semitism isn't only related to race. Anti-Semitism is also related to semantics.

If Jesus Is God, then God Is a Jew. And then the Jews are relatives of God, whether or not we were Jews prior to that through Moses. Not acknowledging God isn't our problem. Not acknowledging Jesus as God is the hyper-Christians problem with everybody.

All Christians believe that their God Is Jewish by definition and God's Design. But the hyper-religious Christians damn all those who don't believe God Is a Jew.

Moderate Christians believe God Has many names.

The hyper-religious Jews don't believe God Is a Jew. They believe He Is Nameless.

Hyper-religious Christians certainly can't call Jesus a Christian. They're stuck with the fact that He Was a Jew. This is their Catch-22. This is the Achilles' heel in the Republican Party and the Evangelical movement.

When those who believe that God Has many names include those who believe that God Is Nameless, the

Democratic Party will achieve the power it needs to heal our country and the world.

Once you believe that your toes are as important as your fingers in maintaining your moral equilibrium, you can count on your Achilles' heel to help you manage the predicaments God Gives you. You can stand tall on both feet, whether or not others understand your inabilities or the disabilities that arise from them.

Our nameless God is like the joker in a deck of cards. Our God Goes with all other names for God, not just the Christians' name for Him (Jesus).

If God (the Father) Doesn't Disavow any of the names He's been given by us, that's because everyone is a child of God. And if everybody is a child of God, then there couldn't be a place called **Hell**.

What parent would damn one of his or her children to place like Hell? God Must Have other options for murderers, rapists, thieves and perverts that we haven't considered until now. The outcomes of everyone's life are mixed. No one is all good or all bad.

Personally, I think the concepts of **Heaven** and **Hell** have outlived their usefulness. I think the mystery of *death* only gets more interesting when you ask yourself good questions about the meaning of life, not the meaning of your life after life. That's a part of the **indigo** mystery that comes after **blue** and before **violet**. That's what gives your life increasing meaning.

The only people who disown their own family members for being gay are hyper-religious hypocrites who believe in All or none. They can't interpret scripture figuratively, only literally. They aren't intellectually or emotionally evolved enough to consider their actions from a more elevated, moral perspective.

Good people don't treat family members like monsters because of their sexuality or gender. And God surely Doesn't, either.

It's your *behavior*, not the *color* of your skin, your *religion*, sexuality, *gender* or *inabilities* that will determine the rewards you earn for your time here on Earth.

God Loves all His Children because He Created them all. He Is our Father and Brother Rolled into one. These are the religious concepts Western faith was built upon.

Those who look for exceptions to this rule so that they can reject and disown somebody who they've decided to disdain because of their container or contents are the ones who are bringing evil into the world.

They're using passages from the Hebrew Testament that Were Given by God in the spirit of reverse psychology. Those who've grown up and have the equivalent of an eighth-grade education in life can see that. Those who are too spiritually young to realize that contrariness was built into the spiritual system in order to teach us to think for ourselves will only be able to take these passages literally.

The hyper-religious should expect to be punished for their ignorance of the mystery and mastery of language and the unholy behaviors they promote. They should hope for misfortune and failure during their lifetime while they can still learn through pain and suffering how to change their mind, transform their heart and transcend their vindictive nature.

But, sadly, many people aren't taught sufficiently about life in their lifetime to atone for their transgressions. They die dogmatic and hateful. They die victims. They never learn the meaning of **remorse**.

Because God Is so merciful, many don't see their misery, jealousy and broken dreams as clues from Him to change their mind, transform their heart to thereby transcend their conscience with soulfulness while they still can. They hold back their own progress until the bitter end. They step on

their own toes. They see the color of their skin and their money, power and prestige as the only Signs from God that count.

They wouldn't dismiss the spiritual reason for Having Been Given toes if they didn't step on them so often. Perhaps they deify their leaders because they never see them walking around barefoot... Putin surely knows this. That's why he only takes off his shirt to show off his chest. (Watch for Mitch McConnell and other Republicans strolling around in sandals to prove to God and man that they're human. It gets more absurd by the day!)

I presume the hyper-religious are going to have to live with the consequences of their actions *after* life because they don't want to think about how much better some people are behaving than they are.

As we get closer to the Coming of the Messiah, the war of consequences will surely spread longer, wider and deeper, making it even more obvious who's doing well with the curriculum the Teacher Is Giving us, and who's not.

God Knows that the consequences of having to live in a world with people of other belief systems is hard enough to tolerate...

But what will happen when you leave here and have to make peace with yourself if you haven't even been able to make peace with others in your lifetime? You could hardly call making peace with people who believe as you do a virtue.

I'm not telling you anything you don't already know. I'm just elucidating it with my lampshade to soften the glare of the light.

How you behave is a reflection of what you say and what you omit to say. But what you say and do are reflections of what you believe. If you don't believe what you say and do but do what you do because somebody told you to, you're motivated by gelt, not goodness. You're like the Nazis who

later shrugged their shoulders and claimed they were only following orders.

If you think that what you believe will be rewarded after your die, you'd better be able to back that up with hard evidence. You'd better be able to point to the record of what you said and what you did as mirrors of what you believed. If there isn't a continuity between all three, I suggest you change what you say, do and believe while you still can. I doubt you'll get the kind of reward you claim to deserve if you can't prove it in word and deed.

I can't tell you whether what you're doing is right or wrong. But I can tell you that we live in a world where consequences for our actions are occurring more abruptly and gruffly than they did in the past. Social media has now overtaken sliced bread as the greatest invention of man...

Once you can imagine having sex with a Jew because your head is Jewish, then you become the Jew you're having sex with. Only then will you, perhaps, give some thought to how it feels to be a gay-Jew who adores himself and other men. Only then will you be able to see that I'm not hurting anybody.

Once you can wrap your mind around that, then you may be able to open your heart a little more to the idea of Black people having sex with themselves and with other Blacks, male and female, gay and straight.

Being Black isn't a crime. Being gay isn't a crime. Being Jewish isn't a crime.

But being Jewish is a very good place to start with self-loathing because there aren't a people on the planet who've been hated more vehemently and over a longer period of time than the Jews. Once you can get through loathing yourself as though you were part Jewish, too, you should be able to support modern Jews, Israel and even the most loathsome of all Jews: the gay-Jews...

From there, it's a hop, step and a jump to learning to love people with darker skin than you. And by further extension,



it won't be long before you can love the God Who Made the Jews, including Jesus, Who Was the most modern Jew of His Time, even if His Skin Was probably somewhat darker than most Jews of today.

Because let's face it. Jesus Wasn't White. He Wasn't Black. He Wasn't Brown. He Was Jewish. Until you can face the fact that **Jewish** is a color in your mind's eye, you'll remain spiritually colorblind. You'll never perceive the rainbow in your heart.

Who really cares whether Jesus Is God? What possible difference could that make to anyone's fate or destiny? God Is God. Call Him anything you like. Use any name you like to describe Him. Call Him Nameless. The only thing that matters is how you behave, not what you believe. What are you really fighting with others over?

The Muslims know this in their heart. They're only fighting the Jews over land. They look at the Judeo-Christian problems of semantics and yawn. None of this matters to them.

Real estate is the issue separating the Jews from the Muslims in the Middle East. And that's a fascinating problem Given to us all by God. Why Would He Have Given only one tiny strip of land to the Jews? Now that's a good question everyone ought to ask himself!

### **Why We Have Eyebrows**

"Physically, eyebrows are there to help keep our eyes clean and clear. They move wetness from sweat and rain away from our eyes so we can maintain our sight. Ever notice how your eyebrow hairs grow outward, toward the sides of your face?" [internet]

I can also imagine the spiritual good that eyebrows accomplish because I think like a poet-spiritualist. A **poet-spiritualist** is someone who's picked and eaten the fruits from his or her own tree of knowledge and then applied the Words of God to life using figurative speech rather than the

prosaic applications of literal language used by scientists (correctly) and hyper-religious conspiracists (incorrectly).

This is, of course, ironic since it's the hyper-religious who insist on interpreting the Bible literally when literal interpretations of life are what's given us the science and technology that the modern world relies on for physical comforts. They oppose the gifts of literalism in textbooks while lauding it in the Bible.

The hyper-religious don't believe the Earth was formed over billions of years. They don't believe in evolution. They don't believe in wearing a mask during a pandemic. They don't believe in using vaccines to cure illnesses. They don't even believe global warming is threatening the human race.

They just turn on lights and faucets in their homes as though there was no **magic** involved. They don't really believe in the **miracles** man has brought into existence through faith. They just absent-mindedly use them.

They only thank their name for God for His Miracles, not remembering that people who call out to God using other names contribute to making miracles manifest every day. You'd think they have enough of an education to use a word like miracle in a sentence figuratively. But they don't.

It's utterly amazes me that the forefathers of the hyper-religious gave up their insistence that the Earth is flat. Since it literally looks flat, why wouldn't they continue to argue about that, too... So great is their need to defend their ancestors who were as dogmatic and insistent about the truth as they are.

It's not like they don't have the brains to use words figuratively. They do it all the time. They just don't have a developed enough heart to use words to explain God's universal Intentions. It's like they're fighting over whether a window should be open or closed when there's no glass in the window.

It doesn't surprise me that hyper-religious Christians will curse me and people like me on their deathbed, swearing that

the Son revolves around the Earth even if science tells them that the Earth revolves around the sun. They must think we haven't reached the reading level of an eighth grader. Therefore, they think we can't understand the mind games they play.

We can all see that the hyper-religious Christians are hiding behind the orthodox Jews so they can do all the nefarious things to our democracy that they want, while pretending to love the Jews – when they only tolerate those orthodox Jews who are as repressed as they are. And when it suits their interests, they both agree with the repressed, Muslim fanatics, too. How else would they have conspired with the Russian oligarchs?

Such is the head of every penis that thinks it knows what every other penis should want and whisper. Such is the outcome of those who refuse to consult their head, heart and soul with the comforts of the Lord: honesty, sincerity and authenticity.

Pollution and global warming have been caused by us all. Moving the world off oil and onto sustainable, energy sources is slowly taking power away from the hyper-religious fanatics worldwide who've been in control of our energy resource for a hundred years. They know they won't be able to control the world without oil as a weapon in their religious arsenal for much longer. Therefore, they're becoming more and more desperate. Modernity is working against their nefarious plans.

If you include the opinions of gays to the mix of those living in a modern world, all three of the hyper-religious Abrahamic maniacs go ballistic. And that has nothing to do with their names for God. It's all about their dogmas. It's all about the serpent that's whispering sweet nothings between their legs.

When modern Jews apply scripture to improving the lives of everyone, the hyper-religious suddenly have a problem with modern Jews, too. Theodore Suess Geisel (Dr.

Seuss) said a few things in his early books that weren't politically PC by today's higher, spiritual standards. So those books have been taken off the shelves.

Now, all of a sudden, the hyper-religious Republicans come out behind their religious masquerade to call Democrats out for taking responsibility for forms of prior ignorance that don't hold up any longer under scrutiny. How hypocritical! How anti-Semitic!

When it comes to the spiritual importance of eyebrows, *that* should raise eyebrows! I dare say, I'm going to have an uphill battle with the hyper-religious who disagree with me on everything because I'm a modern thinker, not just because I'm gay and Jewish.

The very idea that the three things the hyper-religious hate most in the world (gays, Jews and modernity) should be combined into one person is an affront to their way of life. I'm the personification of perversion in their eyes. They surely conclude that I've been recruited by Satan!...

I'm concentrated **orange** juice (Jews) in a can. They see me and people like me as evil incarnate because we work for peace from the inside out. That leads to individuality. They think that's bad inspired by Bod!...

And *that's* something that ought to raise eyebrows. It ought to clear your eyes to keep them clean. It ought to help you maintain your sight as you move forward in life. It ought to make you think.

### A Fly's Eye

Flies have three eyes. People do, too, but some people just don't know it. People have objective (intellectual) sight which requires two eyes in order to get perspective. And they have subjective insight that measures the emotional effect of their other two eyes. This is what's called the mind's eye.

If you use your mind's eye, you become aware of optics. And if you become aware of optics, you'll eventually give

up your fantasies and dreams in favor of a vision of a better world for everyone.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. may have had a dream. But it's time we all realize that our dreams didn't get us here. Our vision of a better tomorrow did. Unless you can work together with others without getting caught up arguing over semantics, you're going to get stuck along the way. Don't let that happen to you.

You won't bend your own nose out of shape or the nose of others when you express your insights if you know you're being realistic, not cocky. You won't exaggerate the effects of the world around you or the world within if the eyebrow of your inner eye keeps your inner vision clean. When you see clearly, inside and out, (insightfully) you leave sarcasm out of the discussion.

People who have three eyes, two literally and one figuratively, are normal. They're modern. They're citizens of the world in addition to responsible citizens of their country. They seek peaceful solutions to problems because they seek peaceful solutions to their own syndromes.

They don't drink to excess. They don't use drugs recreationally. They don't abuse their body with food. They don't abuse their wallet by wasting money. They don't work or exercise obsessively. They see what some people are doing to themselves, and they choose not to do the same.

People with three eyes and three eyebrows are normal. You can see people with three eyes all around you if you use your imagination.

It's people with only two eyes who are abnormal. They're the ones who are hyper-religious, dogmatic and confrontational.

See if you can describe to people with only two eyes how they could open their third eye. You can tempt them with death. You can't tempt them with life. Only a better death will move them to seek happiness here, now.

## **The Secret To Being Me**

My conscious mind is the intellectual part of my inner, operating system. Using my mind to negotiate the world around me is imperative. But it's insufficient to understand the meaning of my life. The meaning of life, as stated by the Jewish, Holocaust survivor, Viktor E. Frankl, is to give life meaning. The meaning of my life is poetic, not prosaic.

I must figuratively include the locus of my heart, navel, genitals and anus in addition to the intellectual aspect of my inner operating system to come to believe soulfully. I must go through myself like Dorothy (Muslim) travelled down the yellow brick road to get to Emerald City in Oz. I must befriend the voices of the Scarecrow (Jew); Tin Man (Christian) and Cowardly Lion (Hindu) in me.

I must make my way with Toto (Buddhist) who's my best friend. It was Toto who was suddenly inspired to pull back the curtain on the egotistical wizard who was a sham and a fraud.

The paradox of inner power is revealed in Taoism. Every one of us is an egotistical asshole to ourself, and by extension to others.

Then I must make my way back to Kansas, (outer reality) to appreciate my everyday life in a whole, new way.

Without doing this, I won't feel that I'm making my way Home. I'll feel like an alien and intruder among savages. And if I project that loathing onto some poor Jew, Brown Catholic, Black Protestant, Muslim or Asian rather than admit the truth to myself, I won't aspire to be the best me I can be.

Without seeking to improve feelings that have been shut down through repression, I become cruel and oppressive. Without contemplating my navel, I don't comprehend my literal detachment from my outer mother and figurative attachment to everybody in the world we share.

Without observing the power of my penis, I'm driven by my desires (- and +), which collude with my feelings to

overturn my thinking. I go mad as did Eve (heart) when she conversed with the serpent (penis), to the detriment of Adam (head) before God (conscience).

Just filling my head with junk food-for-thought won't enrich my spiritual system. If I don't chew on and then spit out, rather than swallow, the nonsense some people tell me, I fill myself with more crap I don't need going through me.

I must chew on food-for-thought that will nourish me. I must go down that track as though it were a Yellow Brick Road to comprehend the meaning of my life from within. Then, what will come out the other end of me will be a combination of what I did with what I took in and fully digested.

This is the meaning of growth. Growth is a process you see the most in trees. This is why the wizard within (humbug/asshole) is no different than the wizard of Oz. This is why he couldn't take Dorothy Home and left Oz in a balloon, out of control. This is why we all need a Glinda to model for us how to live in a bubble.

**Now I'm Cool Enough To Be Cool,  
Warm Enough To Be Adorable,  
And Hot Enough To Be Envable.**

I've never been so pleased to be me in my whole life.

Don't get me wrong, I struggle on a daily basis being myself 24/7. It's not like I've achieved some sort of idyllic state of separation from me that leaves me looking like a guru in a lotus position floating above the ground with a blissful smile on his face.

The rubber meets the road for everybody. Call that rubber "the soles of your feet" or "your butt" if you're sitting down.

I like the tread of my tires because they aren't overly worn. They grip the asphalt securely.

I'm not trying to speed up as I go down the runway because I'm not hoping to take off. I'm not planning on retracting my wheels once I'm airborne.

I tried to achieve flight at night in the corridors of Bellevue when most of the patients were in bed and the staff was in the office drinking coffee and eating donuts. I did grand-jetées down those hallways in an effort to build up momentum so I could fly out the windows which only opened from the top.

I didn't succeed then. And I'm not trying to achieve liftoff now. My vehicle isn't made to be literally airborne. My arms aren't wings. My feet aren't wheels. And my nose isn't manned by a pilot who's flying me through this world as though I'm going up, into and over the clouds in the sky.

I'm not a fly, and I'm not trying to fly. I may have three eyes like a fly. But I don't literally have three eyes. I have two eyes on my face and one inner eye, figuratively speaking. But at least my inner eye also has an eyebrow I can raise inside when I'm surprised and disapproving of what I see...

And that's the difference between a modern gay-Jew and an old-fashioned, orthodox Jew who goes to synagogue weekly to maintain only a group-agreed-upon literal interpretation of life based on traditional interpretations of Torah. I may be **crazy**. But he's **mad**!...

I believe slavery is abominable and gay sex is permitted. An orthodox Jew or conservative Christian believes gay sex is abominable and slavery is permitted because it says so in Torah. They don't believe anything in life should be taken figuratively, especially if they read it in the Old Testament. I separate prose from poetry; science from religion; and my inner world from the world we share.

### **Chesed**

What's the point of claiming to be loyal to our country after what we witnessed these last four years under



Republican rule? Could we all be in need of spiritual help? Loyalty involves helping.

The word for loyalty in Hebrew is **chesed**. It's a very important Jewish concept from our scripture that's usually translated as **loving kindness**. But **chesed** literally means **loyalty**.

When you move through embarrassment of your body, you become modest. When you move through shame of your character, you become humble. And when you move through humiliation before the Lord, you become loyal.

And that loyalty is expressed with priorities. Your number one priority is to prioritize your priorities.

After that, your priority is to those around you who you love. As you learn to love yourself better, your circle of love opens wider to include more than your family and dear friends. It moves into the realm of neighbors; strangers; your city, state and country; and even the natural world to include the wellbeing of life on the whole planet.

Your third and last priority is to God. God Doesn't Need your loyalty as much as people do. God Doesn't even Need your loyalty as much as *you* do.

Once you've filled all these other cups, I guarantee that they'll all overflow with love for Him, regardless of the name by which you call Him, provided you use that name with adoration and respect.

### **Talking To Yourself**

I talk to myself because I'm in good company when I'm alone. But I do so silently. Those people who talk to themselves out loud aren't in good company. You can tell by their tone of voice.

Talking to yourself out loud makes no sense at all to me. If you're in bad company, why would you want to talk to yourself out loud so that everybody around you can hear your fight with the one you're supposed to love?

But if you're in good company, why *wouldn't* you want to talk to yourself silently **in loud**? How else could you listen attentively to your tone of voice to determine how you're feeling?

I have a lot to learn in life, but I'm very suspicious of other people because they're so often cynical, sarcastic, mean spirited, prejudiced, hateful and downright manipulative to the point of conspiratorial. The longer I've lived, the more suspicious I've become about talking to people candidly for fear of uncovering some awful, bad habit about them that they may have no idea they're carrying out from within.

But because I also want to learn about the goodness of humanity, I make exceptions to my own rule. I talk to people in cheerful, respectful ways that indicate that I assume they know a lot about themselves and are just as suspicious of others as I am.

This helps to relieve their anxiety in meeting me. And it helps them to wonder if I may know more about myself than they may have thought from their first impression of me.

It's amazing how people sense this and often warm up to me quite quickly. What's also amazing is how soon they begin to confide in me about their external problems, which then reveals their priorities.

I'm not good at solving external problems or reordering other people's priorities. But I *am* good at elucidating my own priorities.

Once people confide in me, my superpower makes it possible for me to walk in their shoes to help me see where they're going. I can magically stretch or shrink my soles to not only walk in their shoes, but to walk beside them inside to observe the footprints they leave in the sand. But this superpower solve syndromes, not problems.

If you're an orthodox Jew, I suggest you go to mosque to pray, as I have. **Wudu**, or **ablution**, is a traditional ritual that refers to mental preparation and physical cleanliness

before prayer. And if you're a rightwing Christian, I suggest you do the same. How will you convince yourself that every Muslim has toes if you haven't watched him wash them with God as his Witness?

If you think you can see this world clearly, how can you bring Paradise down to Earth? How deep do you need to dig to transplant a fully grown Tree in Paradise?

Jews and Muslims are like palm trees. You don't have to dig deep to get to our roots. Our roots grow near the surface, so we're easy to transplant. Christians are like oaks. You have to dig down very far because their roots grow very deep. Such is the effect of love. They don't do as well in strange soil.

Ginkgo tree roots are also deep, but very adaptable, provided they're planted in moist, well-drained, loamy earth.

Gays are like moss. We have no roots, leaves or stems. Moss doesn't even produce seeds.

They say that moss grows on the north side of trees. But that's a myth. In truth, moss grows on the sunny side, which is usually the equatorial side; south in the northern hemisphere and north in the southern hemisphere.

Because I can be so frank about what I know about my nature, it's amazing how much people could learn about themselves from my knowledge of me. Just listening to me makes some people breathe a sigh of relief.

For some, I'm like a day away on a South Sea island. The rain falls off in the distance. I'm like a lean-to that offers shade. And the ocean breeze, although salty, is refreshing.

All this is the result of me having given up my suspiciousness about talking to myself. I'm amazed at how much I learn from me day-by-day. I'm also amazed at how suspicious and upset I become when I bullshit me. And I'm amazed at how capable I am at healing my syndromes with God's Help, albeit slowly over my lifetime.

I'm the smartest person I've ever met... And I know that to be true because I've tested my theory. Over my lifetime,

I've changed my mind, transformed my heart and transcended my conscience by developing a soulful regard on as much as I possibly can. And that's not something I hear a lot of people boasting about.

This has made me all the more eager to talk to myself candidly. I usually wake up in the morning with a smile on my face, if for no other reason, than because I have the opportunity to spend another whole day talking to me.

I like to say that I'm up and **at 'em** early because I'm no different from any other **Adam**. I have to deal with my Eve (heart) and the influence of our serpent (penis) on "us" every day. I have to decide whether I'm going to accept the new, forbidden fruits I'm growing and will then be able to offer myself.

I have to remember that I'm only giving me what I already offered others to bite off, munch on and swallow. I've had to watch how the fruits of my labors have worked on those I love before I can tempt me to love myself the same way.

My mind is always going to have to deal with my heart's leftovers so long as I have a heart beating in my chest. But I have enough faith in God to know that He Made sure that Eve gave Adam just what he deserved...

I'm not going to be here forever. So, I spend my time in pursuit of the mystery in being me as much as is humanly possible. I enjoy my own company, even when I'm sharing it with people like you.

I actually thrive on self-candor in the company of strangers I can feel real with. I'd even go so far as to say that the time I spend alone with me in the company of others makes the time I spend with God all the richer.

### **Going from 16 to 18 to 21**

When I was sweet 16, my inner mother (Glinda) berated me for not wanting to go to college in Home Schooled. When I was 18, she focused her attentions on Dorothy from "The

Wizard of Oz” instead of me in Call Me Glinda. But now that I’m 21 and can see the wisdom in Glinda’s way of giving me enough rope to hang myself or weave a basket, I now see that adult angels in disguise can behave very strangely toward teenagers, especially as teenagers get closer to the age of emancipation.

Children become sexual beings (adolescents) quickly. But they move just as fast into the realm of young adults (21+). It’s then that they become a threat to the existing concerns of society. With new eyes, each generation reassess the meaning of life for a new age. That’s an affront to every parent and a delight to every grandparent.

Now that I’m 21, I can see how threatened Gabriel and Glinda were once I broke free from them. Now I express emotional liberties I didn’t have before and can articulate a modicum of emancipation for myself, my God and my country.

I may be a young adult, but my inner parents still treat me like a child. They look down on me as someone with wild ideas who’ll become more traditional over time.

I’m glad they’re so hopeful..., but I’m literally 69 years old, even if I’m spiritually only 21. And I’m still not traditional. Maybe they’re right and I just need a few more decades to settle down...

What I’d really love to do is get into a standing coffin (closet), shut the lid and relish my privacy until the first and second Coming comes... What a joy it will be to cum out then and enjoy my just desserts...

### **The Point of It All**

I, Barry, don’t think my outer sister loved our outer mother. My sister fought with our mother every day of her life. I think their rivalry started when my mother divorced our father. My sister was five and I was seven at the time. She took his side from then on.

What's the use of fighting over love and loyalty to one of your outer parents when there's so much you need to do to appreciate your inner parents?

I guess people love who they love. But they ought to learn to tolerate, accept and even admire those they don't love. Nobody's perfect. Such are matters of the heart that aren't *logical*, even if they can be comprehended for being emotionally *rational*.

After my mom's second husband died in Palm Springs when she was 90, she started to go downhill. My sister really saved her by putting her in the Jewish Home near her in L.A. so that our mom's physical and medical needs could be combined under one roof. I live in San Francisco, so I was dependent on the two of them to care for the woman I was closest to because I couldn't do so from afar.

But I'd been chosen as the executor of our mother and her husband's estate. And this took a toll on my sister and our relationship. My sister believed that all the money I'd been chosen to watch over and disseminate to their four children should be hers. (Our mother was married twice. Her husband had two children from a previous marriage. Our father was married three times. He had two children from his first marriage before the War who lost their mother. They were raised by our mother after the War.).

My sister believed that all our mother's and her second husband's money should go to her because she was doing all the work to care for our mom. But that wasn't the spirit of our mother's and her husband's intentions. And it certainly wasn't what was stated in their trust.

So my sister, with the help of our half-sister (on our father's side) and *her* husband, exacted a white collar crime by absolving the trust and making our brother-in-law (our half-sister's husband) the executor of our mother's estate. That paid my sister for all her work, making sure that the entire estate would be hers. In this way, my sister followed

through with her duty to our mother, but for a very handsome price!

Our mom's husband's two children didn't help with the care of their father when he was alive, leaving that job to my mom, who was in her late 80's at the time. But my sister decided that all the money intended for them should go to her, too.

Fortunately, I don't need the money, even though my mother's husband's children do. Even more fortunate for me, I wouldn't put money above all my other priorities in life.

Perhaps that's why I Have Been Blessed with more than enough money. I could afford to let the matter go, even though I don't forgive either of my sisters for their duplicitous, conniving way of getting my sister overpaid for the work she did.

The bond between my mother and my sister was important to my mother to the very end. My mother and I spoke about it often, and she told me that she'd never give up the job of loving my sister and teaching her about the meaning of love from a mother's point of view.

So I resolved never to allow my feelings of resentment, greed or envy to get in the way of their relationship, which I could see was evolving till the end of our mother's life, even though it came at a financial cost to her husband's children and me.

I was well aware of my anger at my sister for her having duped me. I just didn't act on it. Instead, I focused on cleaning up the moral mess I'd made myself by looking at the condescending and patronizing manner I'd held those around me, including my sister. I didn't want to make a bigger, moral mess of matters by taking my sister to court.

By the time my mother died at the age of 98, she had severe dementia. For the last two years, she didn't know who I was. But I called almost daily to speak to the nurses about her condition, and I flew down to visit her for a few hours every few months.

Devotion isn't always measured in deeds. Deeds are measured in deeds. Devotion is measured in feelings. And that we sometimes forget to measure. Thankfully God Doesn't Forget to watch how our feelings influence our thoughts and actions.

I was eventually Blessed to be able to see that loving my mother as much as I had, had moved me into an unhealthy bond with her. I felt emotionally dependent on her. I loved her desperately. Perhaps this is why God Tells us in the 5<sup>th</sup> Commandment to **honor** our parents rather than to **love** them.

Now that I've come to understand the wound on my belly that forced me to learn to suckle; now that I've come to understand how the teeth that burst out of my gums forced me to be weaned off my mother's breasts and onto solid food – I understand that life is a spiritual process. You have to make your way through pain and suffering to discover the mystery of change, transformation and transcendence.

I honored my mother's heart. My sister honored her body. My sister charged for her services. Such is the cost of doing business with people who have skills and services you need, even if those people turn out to charge a disreputable price for them.

Therefore, make sure your mother has a trust that she can't be intimidated into changing without third-person oversight. And make sure the duties, as well as the rewards, of her estate have been well-defined between the four corners of that contract.

What I gave my mother was beyond a price. It was an emotional bond that made her feel beloved and cherished, not just physically cared for. And what we got to share as the result of that intimacy, my sister will never know.

For my undying devotion, I got to celebrate my mother's life when she passed away. I felt relieved at her passing, not guilty or grief stricken. I got to celebrate my ability to devote myself to the meaning of honoring her.



I now get to devote myself to loving me, honoring others, and expressing my loyalty to God.

I've also gotten to see the ways in which I'd gone too far by loving my mother. I got to move from that extreme to the middle where I could put myself first and my mother second.

When you put yourself in first place, you discover self-love. When you put your mother in second place, you discover the wisdom in honoring everyone.

When people put themselves second and exact a price because they're stuck having to put their mother before themselves, they end up projecting self-loathing out onto the world. They punish people and rationalize their behavior with excuses about how they've been wronged. They live life feeling victimized.

Loving yourself first and honoring your mother second makes it possible to put God in third place with loyalty to His Vision of what this world could become. That then makes it possible to personalize Acts of God. And that leaves you with the possibility of developing an adoration for life as a school, and you as its devoted pupil.

That makes it possible for you to move down the rainbow through **blue** to **indigo** and **violet**, even if that passage comes closer to the end of the rainbow than at the beginning or the summit. That makes dying a privilege and a joy.

We all have to deal with gray, inner skies that are cloudy and rainy day after day. But if you don't keep a watch out for the occasional rainbow, you're missing the reason for your being. It would be a shame to witness your first rainbow the last day of your life.

We're all like oil lamps with flames burning inside us that need to be tended. Both the lamp and the flame require attention. My sister cared for our mother's *lamp*. I cared for our mother's *flame*. My sister added oil. I provided a lampshade to glorify her meek and mighty light.

### **Lampshade for the Light of the Last Day of the Third Month of the Year**

Now you know what *I* mean by a **lampshade**.

If you want to glorify the light within you, you're going to have to do the work needed to refill the lamp with oil so long as there's still wick to burn. If you want to glorify the light within you, you're going to have to get under your own thin skin, or others will do it in ways that will horrify you.

My sister got paid for her services, although it must be said that making money without producing honey (wisdom) is like moving into a palace during a drought only to find there's no water comes out of the pipes. You become a bird imprisoned in a gilded cage.

Give me honey over money any day. I won't be here forever. I'm mortal. I'm going to die. I hope to go to a land of milk (love) and honey (wisdom) – Paradise. But that's just a Heavenly rumor. I know that I'm going to have to leave all my money behind. That's a fact!

You now know the meaning of paradise – *pardes* – orchard. You knew about the garden in a practical and personal sense of the Word long before I met you. And you surely learned about the forest and the swamp all on your own.

If I may, I'd like to remind you that if you don't use your head, it'll open up like an earthquake cracks rock apart. And out of that hole in your head will pour lava from your flame deep underground.

You can try to cover that hole with a yarmulke, a MAGA cap or even a fancy fedora. But everyone will see that you're an active volcano that they'll fear and run away from.

Everyone can see when you're fuming, whether or not you suck cigarettes like my sister does to blow smoke out of her mouth and nostrils like a dragon.

Everyone can see when you're looking around for some poor dog to kick when you come home from work and things aren't in the order you demand.

As I said earlier in this book, I started out paranoid schizophrenic. But I've ended up obsessive/compulsive. I now know how dear my need for inner order is.

I'm hoping to become neurotic, but that's a long-term goal. I know the importance of focusing on what I Am Given to embrace who I am.

### Cuming Out

Harvey Milk was a gay-Jew and the first openly gay, elected official in the history of California. He inspired the gay community of San Francisco to come out of the closet. He told us that our fear of straight people would keep us from being ourselves.

I am a gay-Jew who wants to inspire the LGBT+ community everywhere in the world, not just in my city by the bay. But my message is for straight people, too. I want everyone to **cum** out of their closet.

Your fear of being yourself may be keeping you from loving yourself. It may even be keeping you from touching yourself without feeling guilty. If you can't touch yourself, who will be able to touch you gently to remind you that God Is Watching?

If you yearn to **cum** further out of your closet, do so with self-love. And then honor others. For God's Sake, don't strive to do any more than that! That will naturally lead to self-expression of your loyalty to God.

Self-love can't be attained without the use of your genitals. All the passion within you is inspired from that locus of your being. If you're not passionately excited about touching yourself in poetic ways, you're missing the potential for any greater meaning of your being. You're living life prosaically.

To love yourself requires that you know yourself. To know yourself requires that you pursue your passions. And to be passionate about all that you do requires that you be passionate about being yourself.

That much passion requires **cuming** out of your closet, even if it doesn't require any changes to your sexual identity. It requires embracing all seven forces within you, but especially the force of desires (+).

Your wants (−) are not the same as your desires (+). Discipline your wants (−) and glorify your desires (+) with God as your Witness. This will eventually bring you a mission in life you may not yet be able to envision. Your mission will give you a personal relationship with God, the magnificence of which you can't conceive of until you experience the bliss (ultraviolet) of being you that's possible every day you're alive.

Everyone Has Been Given a superpower. A comedy is a life that's lived in conscious awareness of what that superpower is. A tragedy is a life that ends without discovering why you Were Planted here like a seed that would grow to become a mighty tree, just like the two Trees in Paradise.

There's only one way to stop people from killing themselves and one another: hope. Without hope, people want to kill someone. If they could, people without hope would kill God. His World without His Hope is intolerable.

If you don't yet blossom and bloom with knowledge of what your superpower is, you're going to have to take little steps to **cum** further and further out of yourself to discover what you can do better than any other person on the planet. That's what you're here to learn.

Your superpower won't make you different from all others. It will, paradoxically, unite you with them. Your superpower doesn't have to be big. As a general rule, the smaller it is the more powerful it is.

Self-editing is a process of finding the words you need to hear to inspire you to pursue your better angels. In that spirit, here is the last comment I wish to relate to myself when I reread this book.

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד  
Hear O Israel, the Lord, our God, the Lord Is one.  
[Deuteronomy 6:4]

## **Previous Books**

(I recommend you read them in the reverse order written.)

19. **Call Me Glinda**

a book for friends of Dorothy

18. **Home Schooled**

why my inner child refuses to go to college

17. **Lazy Susan**

How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought

16. **Your Buddha Within**

Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian Who  
Yearns for Peace of Mind

15. **Playing god With God**

Hinduism, Health and Healing

How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself

14. **Quran: The Book of Lights**

Volume 1 High Lights

Volume 2 LAND: How to Become a Genius and Save  
the Planet

Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life

Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life

Volume 5 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself

Volume 6 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself

Volume 7 **Flames**: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul

7. **A Guest at Their Table**

My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:

Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body

Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood

Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

4. **The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective**

Torah For Straight People

Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You

Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and  
Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. **The Wisdom of Self-Love**

Life Is a School. I Am My Major

1. **Becoming**

89 Poems of My Love for Me