

**A Cross-Eyed Bear**  
(A Cross I'd Bear)

How my O.C.D. has helped me help others

Volume 2

by  
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The Organ Grinder's Gorilla  
was the prequel to this book.

First read about the **gorilla** within ya.  
Then read about a cross-eyed **bear**.

The **cross I'd bear** after having been through so many tragic experiences in life is very different from the bears I bore before. Life is punny. Without puns, there'd be no way to say some things that need to be said. Such is the mystery of words.

The most important word I'll be exploring in this book is the word "**ambivalence**". It was difficult to make my head and heart understand my soul's ambivalence to the trains of thoughts and the tracks of feelings on which they run. I had to teach myself the meaning of the word "**eager**", as in "I'm now eager to help myself."

Most of my life, I was torn between what I **thought** and what I **felt**. I didn't want to commit myself to any one **belief** (destination) or belief system. I was afraid I'd become dogmatic, piggish and cruel. Therefore, I had to intuit the wisest course of action to remain open minded to many points of view. By raising the volume of my intuition to hear that one, special, whispering voice within me, my intuition led me to a whole new way of living life with an inner elegance and refinement.

I realized I couldn't depend on others telling me what the wisest course of action would be in order to behave fairly to One and all. I had to find answers for myself.

The question always came down to a cross-eyed bear (a cross I'd bear) – a play on words with a profound difference in meaning. What was I willing to sacrifice in order to appreciate myself a little more than before? In the end, I had to sacrifice my **ambivalent** beliefs to thoughts and feelings full of **eagerness** to come to know and love myself as I am, not as I would have liked to have been.

I had to make mistakes and correct them. To do that, I had to admit I was fallible. I was an imperfect creation of God's, striving to be perfectly imperfect in my own unique way.

I had to admit I'm a paradox in the flesh. I'm not able to do everything. I have to depend on others for some things. I

have to participate in society to get all my needs met. To do so, I have to assimilate to the greater good of the whole in some ways, while in other ways I have to maintain my individuality.

Eagerness to learn about myself began with knowledge of the unique, operating skills of the serpent in my tree. This required trust in the God Who Allowed that talking snake to hang down from the trunk of my metaphoric tree.

I danced around all sorts of golden calves to come to that realization. I had to embrace the Ten Commandments as ten fingers on two inner hands that I've learned to use to carve myself like clay and strengthen my resolve to better myself by the day.

God Made me as I am. He Gave me life as a male. Then He Planted me like a seed in a garden. It was no coincidence when I reached puberty that that snake in my tree would begin to speak. Out of its mouth would cum the juice from my fruits. That was His Plan from the start. I had no choice in that matter.

Over time, my **tree** (body) in a garden (reality) turned into a **burning bush** (conscience) in a desert. With sufficient losses in life, I found a way to enter that talking flame that resembles a bush burning. I found my own special way to go up in smoke **spiritually** rather than end up like all the Jews in Europe in the last century who went up in smoke **literally**.

At first, I practiced getting used to the smoke of the fire within me by smoking cigarettes. Later, I realized I was fuming inside, whether or not I had a fag hanging down from my lips. Ultimately, I found a way to use my spiritual operating system in conjunction with the seven attributes of fire as a way to pray from my soul while standing nude, naked and transparent before God, my Creator.

There are many names for God. The **Hindus** have millions of names for Him. The **Taoists** have 16. The **Christians** have three. The **Muslims** have one proper noun

for God. The **Buddhists** don't even believe in Him although they have a path to a final Destination (Nirvana).

The **Jews** believe in a God Who Has no name. The Jews believe that words can't contain the meaning of our Creator and His Intentions for us. **Adonai** is a euphemism for **Y.H.V.H.**, which is an acronym for **i-he-eh** (will be) **asher** (riches) **i-he-eh** (will be). What will be, will be. I'll say more about that near the end of this book in the chapter entitled "Y.H.V.H."

In Volume 1 of this two-part series, I told you I'd take you through the figurative flame (life force) within you. And I did. I also promised that in this book, I'd take you up with my smoke (prayers) to God. And I will. I'll teach you the spiritual meaning of **time**, not just the spiritual meaning of **space**.

My willingness to look back on the crosses I **boar** helped me discover each new cross I'd be willing to **bear**. I'm like a boar and a bear.

Once I've **borne** a cross, I'm much less likely to **bear** it again. The tragedies (crosses) I've **borne** elucidate the reasons for my ambivalence. **Tragedy**, not comedy, has shaped my life. **Losses**, not gains, have made me who I am. I'm such a **punny** guy that I'm **queer**.

I celebrate my accomplishments. I love my achievements. And I revel in the new-found power I've found in words. But my mind will always be consumed with how to avoid the next tragedy I see coming my way. This is how my people, the Jewish people, have survived for 3,400 years. This is how I was programmed to survive as a gay-Jew in a world that doesn't embrace gays or Jews.

These seemingly endless tragic events in my life aren't echoes of death. Quite the contrary. They're lessons in how to enjoy my proximity to death as the greatest achievement of life. If life is a **school**, then death is my **graduation**.

For the Jews, the Sabbath is on the seventh day of the week, the day God Rested. We've all been Given seven days of life. God Will Rest when I'm dead. Until then, He'S Busy Helping me make my way through my other six days.

The Christians celebrate their Sabbath on Sunday, the day each of us was born. This is the day God Created our inner world.

The Muslims celebrate Friday, the day we realize our humanity, the day we realize we're on a journey with God with a beginning, middle and end. God Didn't Create man in His **Image**. He Created man in His **Imagination**. This is why each of us has a body that's unique with a spiritual operating system that's divine.

Forging through my tragedies with curiosity and courage makes me all the more eager to die at an appropriate time and in an appropriate way while affording myself the peace of mind to face my death (my seventh day) with aplomb. This is why I celebrate God Resting (death).

I saw **ambivalence** as a source of autonomy, willpower and self-will run riot until I discovered **eagerness**. Sitting on the fence looking out at both sides of life (good and evil) was an amazingly potent place to be until I was ready to get down on one side or the other and get real.

Watching others take sides is still an interesting pastime, but watching others watch others I find utterly **fascinating**. And watching myself watch me is simply **sublime**.

From the top of my fence, I used my obsessive/compulsive disorder to help me separate from the world around me. But it was in getting down off the fence with eagerness to be of use to others that explains why I'm now being rewarded with miraculous, new ways of understanding the meaning of my life.

Helping others is my nature. It's my second nature.

I no longer sell my books. I now offer them free of charge. I no longer talk to others to waste time or fend off

loneliness. I talk to people to help them appreciate themselves, so I can appreciate myself all the more. None of us have all day. We've only got this moment called the present.

Indigenism, Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism led me to self-knowledge, which I now see as indirect knowledge of God.

Judaism, faith in One God, led me to Christianity. Christianity led me to Islam. And Islam led me to self-intimacy which I could then share with God. But no one religion was enough to produce the faith I now possess inside. All the spokes of the wheel of faith had to become meaningful and important to my journey.

It's all good. It's all interconnected. It all makes sense when you can see words as a cross-eyed bear.

It's all good. It's all interconnected. It all makes sense when you can see words as a cross I'd bear.

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## Preface

### The 14 tragedies of my life so far

Once I've borne a tragedy, I see no reason to bear it again and again. Once I've learned something new about myself, even if it disappoints me, I'm free to pursue happiness in a whole new way.

But coming away from tragedy with **anger**, **fear** and **cynicism** is hardly useful in the long run. It's only in mastering my emotions that I transcend them.

When I was young, my tragedies were overly dramatic, but that was because I didn't know how to prepare for or recover from them. I was simply stunned that anything tragic could happen to someone as close to perfection as me... And that presumption left me grief-stricken without knowing why.

I was enraged that I had to experience tragedy at all. I thought tragedy was something only others had to go through. I thought I was much too good to be forced to face misfortune in life, let alone tragedy. I thought both were only for bad people. That didn't include me. Such is the life of the inexperienced.

The word **experience** includes the experience of misfortune and tragedy. In fact, I have to get off the fence you're on from time to time to take one side or the other. I believe anyone who hasn't experienced tragedy, or at the very least, misfortune, isn't fully experienced.

It would have shocked me if someone had told me that I could come to feel **relieved**, even **grateful**, for human intervention during tragic times. I thought feelings of humility would have been foolish, even blasphemous to one as special as me...

Now I feel otherwise. There are people who feel compelled to help others. Assistance is a humbling experience. In being helped, I experience relief and gratitude.

But it took 70 years for me to branch out this far from the trunk of my tree. I don't want you to have to wait this long. You could come to see the tragedies of your life as meaningful, useful and helpful in learning about yourself even if you feel distanced from others' misfortunes.

If you really look at life through the eyes of a student in a **school**, you, too, will come to see your calamities as pathways to humility. Just looking at life as a patient in a **hospital** here to be healed of pain and suffering won't be enough. You must seek to make meaning of it all. You must seek to know why God Planted you in a garden with so many other trees. You must seek to see the forest **and** the trees.

Adam and Eve personified the first man and woman to experience tragedy. Banishment from the Garden of Eden must have felt like banishment from God's Presence, not just His Home for us here on Earth so far away from Home.

We all know what that feels like. We all feel like **wandering** Jews. We all feel like **roaming** Christians who can't find our way to **Rome** because there are so many roads to roam. We all feel like **aimless** Muslims.

Our ability to find our way to God in our own inimitable way makes the journey of life personal, lovable and meaningful in a way that it wouldn't if we were all going there together. It's better this way; all going there **alone together**.

Each of the tragedies of my life have led me to conclude that there are **conditional** worlds and **future** worlds in addition to the present moment in time where we all share reality in real time.

In the here-and-now within us, we experience the past, present and future seamlessly. There is no such thing as time in our inner world. We're all living in eternity.

By living out a specific, conditional world in my mind, I don't have to experience it with others. This difference in time accounts for the verb tense "**would**". It even allows for

the meaning of **could** and **should**. This makes it possible for me to deal with my issues in the abstract, in the imaginary realm of the theoretical. This makes the laboratory of spirituality a place where I can experiment with my intentions on my own.

Here in my mind, I can live out my reality as the result of presenting myself with a theory and acting on it in my imagination to discover the outcome of that theory without doing any damage to myself or others. I can create a fantasy, dream or nightmare in a conditional world where I can live it out like a movie I'm watching that I take very seriously because I've been endowed with such a vivid imagination.

If I find that I do have to live through another tragedy in my life, it may still occur, but after having lived it out in my mind, it will now hopefully happen in a way that I'll be better prepared for. I can better contain and manage a tragedy I anticipate than I could have without having previously lived it out in my mind's eye.

I don't want to close my mind to anything. Good or bad, I am who I am. I'm willing to grow regardless of what that outcome might entail because I'm seeking the truth.

What's more, I have backup systems. I have feelings of empathy and beliefs in the moral purpose of humanity to help guide me.

I present this spiritual purpose of the conditional tense to you as a theory on theorizing. The conditional tense is a way of embracing your inner operating system without having to act on it in the external world. It's a way of learning about driving with the engine on, but the gears in neutral. It's a way of using your mind without superstitious fear of saying things **in** loud for fear they'll then happen **out** loud.

This freedom to think about how I think allows me to follow my trains-of-thought to decide for myself if I want to look at what's going on inside of me in a way I haven't before. Just by observing my thoughts conditionally, I can create trains-of-thought that go in many more directions. I

can look out my window seat onto the landscape of life without having to **do** a thing.

Thinking uses words, and words are powerful means of transportation (expression). By using words in sentences in conditional tenses (would, could, should), we place our verbs in safe containers (boxcars) where we can later unload them at figurative destinations to test our theories.

Imagine using the conditional tense as traveling on a spaceship to other stars where you land on distant planets to live out realities that you wouldn't want to manifest here on Earth without first having practiced them far from home.

In this way, I use the conditional tense to anticipate problems and solve them without painting myself into a corner by taking any actions at all.

With this preface on thinking conditionally, I'd now like to offer you a list of the 14 tragedies I've already borne in my life. These events are presented to you in the past tense to offer you my previous experiences in the hope that you'll use the conditional tense consciously in dealing with your challenges from now on. This should help you come to understand what I mean by expressing experiences and passing them along to others.

1. The divorce of my parents when I was six years old devastated me. I had to grow up without a father. My mother, sister and I lived in California; my father lived in New York. He and I exchanged letters once a week, but we could only speak on the phone once or twice a year because of the enormous cost of long-distance calls in those days (1960's). In childhood, I only saw my father twice after my parents divorced. And as an adolescent, I only saw him three more times before I found myself out in the world of adults on my own. If you can't appreciate and participate in the world we have to learn to share, you won't

succeed in it. I now look back on growing up without a father as a tragedy I did nothing to deserve.

2. Not being accepted as a foreign exchange student in high school at the age of 16 through American Field Service (A.F.S.) left me despondent. I'd been accepted as one of my school's two representatives, but I wasn't selected at the national level to live abroad for a year. I sensed that they decided I was too weird to represent my country abroad. My mother told me it was because I came from a broken home. That disappointment meant I couldn't get away from her as soon as I'd hope to. That meant I couldn't experience a normal, family environment before I had to go out in the world on my own. I finally left home when I was 18. After having gone to Europe and Israel on my own at the age of 17, I was then ready to move abroad for good. I only wanted to become a citizen of the world. I had no interest in becoming an informed, American citizen who cared about my country. Having to stick it out until the age of 18 in my suffocating, little corner of the world (L.A.) made me feel anxious, unlucky and overlooked. I left America and my mother's home at 18 with a sense of adventure and relief.
3. Getting fired from my job as an Israeli and international folk-dance instructor at 17 in L.A. confused me. The people I'd met at that folk dance café had become my family. When the owner decided to get someone else to play the music, teach the classes and host the evening, I decided I couldn't show my face there again. I stayed away in shame. I felt rejected. But I had no idea why my livelihood and chosen family had been taken away from me. That made moving abroad easier a short time later,

but unconsciously I felt I left a trail of failure behind me that I hadn't cleaned up.

4. Being socially rejected by the dancers at Bat-Dor, the modern-ballet company I was hired at in Tel Aviv, Israel at 18 infuriated me. I never expected to be snubbed by artists. I saw myself as one of them. I thought art raises us to a level that's higher and better than mere mortals. I'd done nothing to any of the dancers to be treated so coldly. They just didn't like me. So, I quit the company after only one year dancing professionally. I concluded that I must not be artistically inclined enough to make a career of it. I gave up something I loved because others made me feel bad about myself. That was truly tragic!
5. I met an Israeli at the age of 20 two months before I decided to leave Israel for good. We fell in love. Although I couldn't stand the thought of remaining in Israel any longer because of the homophobia there then, he wasn't ready to leave his country to follow me to an uncertain future in Holland. So, I left without him. I gave up on my first experience of love because I wasn't willing to make a sacrifice for love. This was a tragedy I exacted upon myself. But I didn't see it that way. Whenever I didn't get who or what I wanted, I felt neglected, abandoned, betrayed and rejected.
6. I was fired from my job in Amsterdam at the age of 22 for calling in sick the Friday before my two-week vacation. I needed that day to get to a charter flight in Brussels to fly to L.A. to visit my mother (my first trip back to the States in four years). My boss must have wanted to get rid of me because he sent someone to my house to check up on me. It felt like

he stabbed me in the back by firing me using that reason alone. Without my job, I lost my work permit and had to leave Holland. I realized that people may smile in your face while stabbing you in the back. I still have no idea why he really wanted to get rid of me.

7. I attempted suicide in L.A. at the age of 24. I took a whole bottle of aspirins (100 tablets) with alcohol. I rejected **myself**. I didn't like being me any longer. I thought I was defective and unable to be fixed.
8. I tried to pursue a career in dance a second time but was involuntarily committed to Bellevue hospital in New York City after I went nuts in a ballet class at A.B.T. (American Ballet Theater School) and started talking about them not being prepared for when the aliens would arrive. When I got out of Bellevue, I took one more ballet class at A.B.T., but nobody asked where I'd been. They all ignored me. I returned to L.A. humiliated. I felt like the label of paranoid schizophrenic given to me at Bellevue would be plastered on my forehead forever.
9. I attempted suicide a second time at the age of 27. I drove my car off a 200-foot cliff in the Santa Monica mountains and was taken to St. John's Hospital and Mental Institution where I was involuntarily committed a second time. **I** called what I'd been through an "**accident.**" **They** called it an "**incident.**" But deep down inside, I just wanted to know why God Had Forsaken me.
10. When I was 29, I attempted suicide a third time by eating a huge mushroom I picked from my neighbor's front lawn. When I'd rejected life for the



third time without dying, I decided I couldn't get off this Wild Toad Ride until the vehicle came to a complete stop. At 31 I joined A.A. and faced my obsessions and compulsions through the concept of a Higher Power.

11. I was forced out of my job as drama teacher in a junior high school in Santa Rosa, CA at the age of 36 after I came out to my students as gay. They'd been tormenting me about my mannerisms, so I decided to be fully truthful with them. The administration, teaching staff and parents all ganged up against me for coming out. The Sonoma County School Board paid me off to get me out of the classroom in the middle of the school year.
12. My former partner and I separated after 13 years together while he was in the throes of a cancer diagnosis related to AIDS. I was 50 at the time and HIV-. When he realized he didn't have a lot of time left, he decided he wanted to go back to his former boyfriend who also had AIDS. I just wanted him to apologize and go back to the way things had been before. He yearned for the sexual delights we couldn't enjoy together.
13. My mother died of dementia on a locked ward at the Jewish Home in L.A. She couldn't feed herself. She couldn't speak. She had no idea who I was. She was 98 years old when she passed. To me, it felt like she'd neglected, abandoned, betrayed and finally rejected me, too. I felt all alone in the world. The odd thing was that I was also relieved that our relationship was over. Although I loved her and only wanted the best for her, I realized that the best for her was death (graduation from this school). I felt I

inherited her crown and truly became a queen. I was no longer a princess. But heavy was the crown until I understood the value of tragedy in attaining wisdom, love and loyalty to life.

14. I lost my lesbian cousin (and best friend of 35 years) when I was 69 years old. She concluded she didn't like me anymore. She felt I betrayed her when I tried to help her wife manage their rocky relationship. As with my previous partner, my cousin couldn't tell me honestly why she was rejecting me. She forced me to end the relationship by behaving badly. That's when I realized some people don't have the strength to say "no." They're in denial of what hypocrites they really are.

When I look back on my developing relationship with myself, I can see that I hadn't been taught how to adequately care for myself. It's not that I didn't know how to care for my body, my job, my finances or my social life. I'd never been taught how to care for **me** while I was going through the tragedies of my life. I didn't have the emotional tools to handle misfortune. Nobody had taught me how to use my spiritual operation system. I didn't know how to achieve intimacy from within.

Consequently, I ended up **neglecting** my heart. Over many years that neglect turned into feelings of self-**abandonment**. I didn't know I was missing a relationship with myself and was suffering without me in my life.

The three suicide attempts made it obvious that I was **betraying** myself. I was trying to indirectly alert myself to awareness that I didn't have the relationship with me that I yearned for. That loss of self became so severe that it led to **rejection** by others that I took very personally.

**Neglect, abandonment, betrayal and rejection** were the dominant forces within me, but nobody diagnosed my

problem as such. Labeling me **paranoid-schizophrenic** may have summed up my **symptoms**, but it didn't reveal my **problem**.

I spent a lifetime wandering in the dark inside trying to figure out what was wrong with me. But I had to diagnose my problem myself. Nobody told me about my problem in a way I could bear hearing the truth. The words had to come from within. I had to search for words that were meaningful to me; say those words; and hear them **in** loud before I could say those words about myself **out** loud.

When my lesbian cousin accused me of screaming at her, I finally saw how people will use any means at their disposal to reject you if they hate themselves enough. What I was screaming at her was that I loved her and didn't want to lose her. All she heard was the volume of my words, not their meaning.

Winston Churchill said, "Speak softly, but carry a big stick." I'm not a politician. I have no external power (stick) or than turning my back on people who reject me.

Rejection is real. I can now reject others if they reject me. I leave it to God To Decide whether I'm turned my back on others for the right reasons. I can only hope that after a lifetime of self-rejection, I understand the power (stick) in my possession and use it wisely.

## Preamble

How my three monkeys (**see**-no-evil, **hear**-so-evil and **speak**-no-evil) came together with the gorilla between my legs was already described to you in Volume 1. I **saw** the world from my head; **heard** the world from my heart; and **spoke** about the world from my soul. But until those three monkeys were united in my inner, urban jungle with my gorilla (**lust** for life), I was ineffectual.

See-no-evil could **talk** to hear-no-evil. But hear-no-evil couldn't **hear** him.

Hear-no-evil could **talk** to see-no-evil. But see-no-evil couldn't **envision** what hear-no-evil was saying.

And speak no evil could **see** and **hear** the two of them. But it couldn't **describe** what the two of them were doing.

Therefore, the three of them needed to get so close that they could **touch** one another. And through touch, they created a language by which they could communicate with one another the way Ann Sullivan communicated with Helen Keller.

I may be touched in the head. But I'm also touched in my heart and soul. My head had to teach my heart and soul how to touch my whole body in ways that could heal me.

This language of spiritual intimacy created an inner proximity to myself that I call my passion for life. My passion for living for the sake of learning is a combination of my **urges** and **feelings** that have changed the way I operate from within.

My passions have affected my **thinking**. And my thinking has affected my **beliefs**. Now that I'm wise, loving and faithful, I don't suffer anymore from urges that take me out of control. Now I can control my obsessions and compulsions with a head, heart and soul that are dedicated to guiding me.

This power is mine to use on myself so long as I also use it to help others. This is why the subtitle of this book is, “How my O.C.D. has helped me help others”.

Unifying my thoughts (head), feelings (heart) and beliefs (soul) was a complex endeavor that took many decades. It’s like I’ve created a scale in my soul on which I weigh my thoughts against my feelings to find my balance. Acting on my beliefs only when my thoughts and feelings are balanced has led me to behave in more morally sound ways. This has developed my conscience as my guide, which has since turned it into a soul.

Even today, I struggle with very heavy feelings that outweigh my thoughts on many topics. Although I can easily find reasons to act impulsively, I can now sense when the scale in my soul is off balance. So, I try to hold off making decisions or saying anything hurtful to others until I’ve gathered all the information I can on the topic at hand.

When I ask myself whether I’m feeling neglected, abandoned, betrayed and/or rejected, more often than not, I immediately sense that this scale becomes activated. I recognize that these four negative feelings are my Achille’s heel.

I no longer feel I have to overreact to injustices with blind forgiveness when people hurt my feelings. I used to deny other people’s bad behavior by forgiving it. Now I feel my feelings in real time, but I don’t feel them so acutely that I overreact in the outer world. This gives me time to contemplate the best response to take in the long run.

I’ve become less interested in looking **sympathetic** to others and more interested in feeling **empathetic**. The more I question why people hurt me, the more I can understand their reasoning from their perspective. More often than not, people are envious of what I’ve got that they’re missing.

People are sick. This world is like a hospital for very sick patients. And because they act out in many crazy and hurtful

ways, they often become sicker. They're not capable of seeing life as a school. They're not poetically inclined enough to see life as a nursery Attended to by A Gardener.

But I'm not going to let their limited view of reality affect my actions. Whether or not they go low, I'm going high. (derived from Michelle Obama)

I'm not interested in only being a **loving** person. I'm not interested in only being a man of **faith**. I'm also interested in being **wise**.

Therefore, I'm no longer motivated to excuse, forgive or exonerate others for their bad behavior.

I'm not their Judge. But I **am** interested in understanding their actions so I can learn from them. This is the role of the student in a school who sees all experiences as lessons from The Teacher.

I've been hurt enough by vindictive people. So, I don't want to be treated badly just because some people can't control themselves. The more I can see their passive-aggressive intentions, the more I can see them playing the **martyr**. The more I can see them playing the martyr the less I'm willing to play the **victim**.

Although I'll always prefer **flight** to **fight**, I've never been more willing to find new, creative ways of arguing for the truth.

Playing the victim to myself is no longer an honorable role for me. If I can be wrong and admit it to others, I can be wrong and admit it to myself.

The one with the most toys doesn't win. And the one with the biggest rolodex doesn't win, either. Now I'm only competing with who I was yesterday.

The more I weigh my thoughts against my feelings to come to the fairest possible response in both my internal world and the external world, the more at peace I am with myself. I speak from my soul. But my soul is constantly

weighing my thoughts against my feelings to decide what to say.

This indicates that the three monkeys above my waist are now working together cooperatively. This allows them to touch one another intimately as though they're three monkeys in a tree grooming one another.

This makes it possible for me to perceive the thoughts emanating from my head, the feelings emanating from my heart and the beliefs emanating from my soul as they participate with one another through every action I take.

When these three monkeys are primming one another, the gorilla below my waist always benefits from the peace and quiet. He doesn't need to pound his chest to assert his dominance and territorial imperative.

Life doesn't have to be a rat race. I've adapted nicely to living in an urban jungle within. That makes the urban jungle around me easier to bear.

## Introduction

Think of God as a kindergarten **Instructor**, an elementary and secondary school **Teacher**, as well as a **Professor** of college level classes. Think of everything you've ever done as having happened in one of many classrooms with our Teacher that your classmates sometimes watch and witness. Whether you feel like a junior high school kid learning about sex or a Ph.D. candidate learning about the meaning of life, what's important is that you're learning how to judge yourself, even if that sometimes means you also have to judge others.

You're not God. As a human experiencing being, you'll always be Given the opportunity to reflect on what's happening within you in new and creative ways. But **your** fallibility is certain!

The outcome of the "**school**" metaphor revealed that I'd humiliated myself with self-rejection, **threats** of self-rejection and **veiled** threats of self-rejection that I perceived as coming from others. In fact, some of these threats were self-manufactured. I suffered from **paranoia** (fear of myself).

At first, I couldn't even perceive these threats I'd created because of denial. I didn't want to look at **myself** as my biggest problem in life. I only wanted to look at others as causing problems for me.

But we can't only point fingers at other people. When we point fingers at others, there are three fingers pointing back at ourself. The first of these fingers is the **truth** about mistakes I make that cause problems for others. (No one is perfect.) The second of these fingers is **laziness** about the mistakes I make by not dealing with my own problems in a timely fashion. And the third finger is **denial**. I ignore some of what I do simply because I don't want to blame **myself** for the problems I cause myself.



But when I look at everything as an assignment from our Teacher, every lesson holds a personal meaning for **me**, alone. In everything I do for or against others, there's an opportunity to see myself in a new and different light. The more I can improve **me**, the more I can model improvement for **others** through every little thing I do.

This inner light illuminates me to the challenge in being myself, independent and separate from the problems caused by others.

You are the President of your inner nation. You are like Donald Trump subpoenaed by your inner January 6<sup>th</sup> Committee for possible seditious crimes against your nation. No one is above the law within you, not even you.

You're not just in a school. You're in a **courtroom** being prosecuted and defended by lawyering voices within you. That's what keeps you up at night. You're in a courtroom being judged by a jury of your inner peers. If you choose to stall or run away from your own inner legal system, you'll be subpoenaed, caught and locked up as. I was for trying to kill myself. Many people are now prisoners in themselves, and they don't even know it. In a weird sort of way, we're all serving a life sentence.

Instead of going down from my head to my heart to my soul to my navel to my genitals – I'm going to take you the other way. We're going to go up from my genitals to my navel to my soul to my heart to my head.

We're going to start with my urges (wishes and wants) and end with my thinking. We're going to start with my penis, the delivery device of the life force within me, and go up from there to my navel. There, we're going to reflect upon my relationship to my mother to see me as no different from every other person on the planet: born by woman and, therefore, in a relationship with all women.

There's a scar on my belly that unites me with everyone else as a human being. None of us is an exception to that biological evidence that we're all in this alone, together.

Once we've made it up past our hunger for food-for-thought (belly) to our beliefs (breastplate), things begin to look a little different from within our aron (Hebrew: ark, basket, closet and tabernacle).

All human beings have some beliefs that are right and others that are wrong. This is true about political and religious leaders, as well. They have genitals, a navel and a breastplate, too. They're seeking love and wisdom through food-for-thought, just as we do.

From my soul, we're going to move across to my heart to explore my feelings, just as Eve did with the talking serpent. Each of us has to decide whether we're going to do things that we were told are forbidden to us. That's a personal choice that no one can make for us.

One such unspoken, "forbidden" rule is contradicting our parents. Parents can be wrong about the things they believe. But calling them out for their hypocrisy is difficult for some individuals and difficult for society as a whole because of our allegiance to those who came before us.

The moral advancement of every individual and society depends on the courage each of us musters to challenge our parents and other authority figures, past and present, for making moral mistakes we refuse to repeat.

Speaking truth to power has brought up feelings of fear in me that I've had to face. Often, it's brought up impatience as well, since the evidence for the moral impropriety of society is so obvious at times that I find it exasperating.

I'll then take you up from my heart through my sometimes stiff, sometimes limp, neck into my head where you can look at me from as logical a place as possible.

But we're going to skip my anus entirely since we all know that everyone acts like an asshole from time to time. I, too, have my head up my ass some of the time. I don't need

your head up in there as well. If you've seen the smelly darkness in yourself, you know it's no different than what you'd see in me.

## Beginning

I have two testicles. The right one figuratively produces **good** and the left one figuratively produces **evil**. The right one is filled with fire. The left one is filled with ice. Together they produce a warm, soupy mix that emanates out of the mouth of my serpent when it speaks. The words it utters hold the mystery in creating life.

This is the way Moses described orgasm metaphorically so as not to offend his listeners 3,400 years ago. So, my words shouldn't offend anyone today who has a modern, sexual sensibility.

For women, that soupy substance looks like vaginal fluid used to grease the "wheels," so to speak.

Our ancient ancestors thought semen was the life-giving mystery that they yearned to understand so they could live forever. They assumed that if they could recreate semen, the elixir of life, they could conquer the mystery of death to achieve the power of God.

Today, man contemplates the mystery of life in terms of science **and** religion. Scientific answers affirm the **figurative** interpretations of scripture that have always been there below our literal interpretations of God's Word(s). Religious answers affirm the **literal** interpretations of scripture that reveal the development of our conscience through history so we can better serve God.

By going up from my genitals above my waist to my **navel**, I come to the source of my connection to my mother. As a gay Jew, I'm the poster child of the mother/son relationship. As much as I've tried to saw through that umbilical cord that figuratively unites me with her, I haven't succeeded. I'll always be a mama's boy.

This connection of every man to one woman was Intended by God. If you believe you got the mother you got by luck, you're a fool who's blind to reality. There is no such thing as luck.

Although I separated from my mother physically at birth and have a scar on my belly to prove it, spiritually I'm still connected to my mom. My navel is a scar that connects me to everyone through her. Being born of woman makes me a member of humanity. I can't disconnect from that truth, except by denying reality.

All human beings who embrace their connection to all other human beings have done so by figuratively contemplating their navel in this way.

The Far Eastern philosophies (Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism) are the product of this sort of contemplation. They manifest three methods by which **they**'ve contemplated the navel of every human being on the planet.

**Hinduism** believes in millions of gods that lead them to Brahma, the highest manifestation of God consciousness. **Buddhism** believes in no god. (But Buddhists believe in the power to achieve Nirvana, the ultimate destination without God.) And **Taoism** believes in paradox through 16 gods and goddesses.

These three spiritual resources don't hold the moral limitations we have in the West about women being gods because they contemplate reality from a different place in inner space. Whether there are many gods, no god or a defined number of gods who hold either gender, the concept of self-improvement is paramount to all three of these belief systems.

Therefore, when looking for what all human beings have in common, we must begin with our navel. All women have navels, just as men do. There isn't a single exception to that rule. Even Jesus had a navel. He might have had a Heavenly Father, but he was born on Earth through a Jewish woman. So, he, too, had a navel. There isn't a single rendition of him on the cross without his navel in plain sight.

The next thing we learn by contemplating our navel is that there can be only One God since all human beings have been Created using the same biological formula that leaves

us with a navel. If we've all got a navel, then we're all physically similar in design. We all came off the same assembly line, so to speak. We're all vehicles with the same biological properties on a journey that will eventually end with death.

Nazis claimed that the Jews weren't human, that we were biologically different from other human beings. They even used science to try to prove our inhumanity. Today, neo-Nazis describe us as "lizard people."

Even before the Nazis had created Eugenics, ignorant, early-European Christians had concluded that Jews had horns, which separated them from "real" human beings. Michelangelo's sculpture of Moses included horns on his head because of a mistranslation from Torah. [The Hebrew word **keren** means both a **horn** and an external **ray** of light. A **zeve** is an internal ray of light. Moses is described as coming down from Mt. Sinai in a heavenly light (Exodus 34-29-35)] Because of their jealousy and envy of Moses, the Church once taught that Jews were the work of the devil, not the Work of God.

The rationale behind enslaving Africans in the New World was based on the Caucasian presumption that Africans (like Jews) were less than human, (similar to how Republicans depict the LGBT+ community today.) Africans were counted as 3/5ths of a human being at the 1787 United States Constitutional Convention. They weren't considered to be animals, but they weren't considered to be fully human either.

This presumption by our Caucasian, Christian forefathers explains the Caucasian rationale behind slavery and the Holocaust. If our **forefathers** were morally wrong about some things, that means that our **fathers** were morally wrong about some things, too. It even means that **we're** morally wrong in ways that the next generation will be able to perceive in us.

Republicans who deny the reality of climate change and the outcome of the 2020 election are living in an alternate (fake) reality. And from what we've seen in the past, especially from the Second World War, denial of reality leads to enormous pain and suffering. Just ask the gays and Jews if you need more evidence of what transpired in that war.

The beginning of God's Revelation of Himself began with the millions of gods in **Hinduism**. They all reveal the oneness of Brahma. Through reincarnation, Hindus believe that they can return to this world again and again to draw closer to the Oneness of God each time they're reborn.

The absence of God in **Buddhism** (a faith that comes out of Hinduism) still offers Buddhists a final Destination (end to karma and suffering), albeit through a destination without a Source (God). Nirvana is the equivalent of the Heaven promised to Christians and Muslims if they obey their scriptural doctrines.

The 16 gods of **Taoism** offer an answer to **paradox**: a person, thing or situation that exhibits inexplicable or contradictory truths. Paradox elucidates attributes (virtues) needed to differentiate **yin** (the world within) from **yang** (the world around us). The power of opposites provides virtues and principles in two places (inside and out) at the same time, even though these two sources of evidence may be incongruous. This accounts for the paradox of conflicts as well as the paradox of a navel that can be an iny or an outy.

A sense of balance in both our worlds creates a sense of wholeness, making it possible for us to draw closer to the mystery of what will happen when we die.

But none of these Eastern belief systems work unless you work them. You have to strive to improve yourself morally in order to achieve just ends. Those who don't seek moral improvements from one day to the next may find themselves

facing negative biological, financial, social or spiritual consequences that were unintended.

When ignorant Jews, Christians and Muslims become more educated in world history, philosophy and spirituality, they'll perceive their personal place in God's Entire Story (His Story). They'll come to see that their scripture is part of a bigger Message from God that includes everyone and everything, not just the tenets of their own faith.

Once Abrahamic believers recognize that God Cleverly gave them 1//7<sup>th</sup> of His Recipe, they'll take more interest in the way the world turns. They'll humble themselves to His Whole Plan, not just the small part of it that He'S Revealed to them.

The way to humble yourself to the paradoxes of being you is by developing your imagination. The more you can watch what you say, the more you'll discover the magnificence in the capital letters God Uses To Teach us the difference between us and Them. Life is sometimes a paradox, a combination of conflicts, that you must uncover to discover yourself.

When I explored life from my **navel** where I contemplated the world through the physical evidence of the mother/child experience in us all, I discovered I was **soulful**. Once I concluded that everyone has the potential to turn his or her conscience into a soul as well, it then became a question of how to illuminate myself to the urges that emanate out of the delivery device of the **good** and **evil** in me.

This heightened consciousness comes from the unification of all the spiritual forces in me. With a sufficiently developed soul, I could question whether I always act in a **goodhearted** manner. My motivations should include all my feelings, not just the feeling of love I have for some people.



Once I'd explored the idea of a rainbow of hope first Given to Noah, I saw that God Was Giving me clues to develop a good heart through spiritual examination of reality. The seven colors of the rainbow begin with rage and end with ecstasy. The rainbow is a preview to the love I have to give others.

Once I was looking in my heart for reasons why I felt the way I did, I could then question why I didn't use my **head** more to help myself help others.

That conflict boiled down to the assumption of insufficiency in my life. The more I gave to others, the more I discovered that the feeling of insufficiency led me to see how afraid I was of loss.

The serpent in my tree will never shut up. It's always telling me that I should defy the God of my ancestors. It's always telling me to seek external power to achieve more fame and fortune so I can overcome potential losses. It never tells me I've had enough of anything.

The metaphoric description of the human body as a tree of knowledge in the Creation Story is what the lessons in the class on the Oneness of God and the interconnectedness of all human beings in the school of life is really all about. We're all spiritual trees that look different on the outside, but which are growing from within using the same principles.

We're all in need of self-knowledge to help us see our thoughts, feelings and beliefs more accurately. This is what makes it possible for us to improve ourself. This is what makes it possible to **grow**. This is what makes it possible for us to behave more righteously than our parents and even more righteously than how we behaved yesterday.

This should help you understand why the title of this course I'm presenting you with is called, "A Cross I'd bear."

No human being in his right mind can literally relate to a cross-eyed bear. But a cross I'd bear is a spiritual attribute

that every sane person should be able to relate to. Bearing crosses isn't a topic only for Christians anymore.

A cross **I**'d bear doesn't have to look like a cross **you**'d bear. Surely, mine would have to be unique in some ways and similar to a cross you'd bear in other ways.

If an organ grinder can make music with a gorilla rather than a monkey, any cross-eyed bear can learn to bear a cross even if s/he's not Christian.

Words are the building blocks of life. Without words, we behave instinctually. We become like animals that put themselves and their progeny first. Awakened human beings have the potential to put ideas before their own wellbeing. This makes learning about the necessity of self-sacrifice the most important activity of life.

But a human being who misuses words with promises s/he doesn't keep (lies and denial) will go crazy in some ways. S/he may not go crazy in **every** way – in the **same** way that someone with lung cancer may not suffer problems with digestion. But everyone lies to himself to some extent in one way or another.

As someone who was diagnosed paranoid-schizophrenic, you can take this conclusion from a world-class expert on **insanity**. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't discover another way in which I've been driving myself crazy with assumptions, presumptions and speculation.

Self-sacrifice at one extreme, like self-indulgence at the other, isn't the same as self-love. Not behaving like a **victim** or a **martyr** affords me the moral insight to behave like a **hero** unto myself. Heroic action is the foundation of wisdom.

## Overture

When I was a teenager and young man, I had to masturbate daily. Without physical contact with myself that led to ecstasy, I couldn't maintain my sanity (such as it was at the time).

Only over the course of decades did I develop an inner language equivalent to touch to soothe myself another way. This language lies in words I speak to myself to reprogram my spiritual operating system made up, in part, by my head, heart and soul.

Although these three monkeys (inner forces) have always had a tendency to play games with one another, the gorilla (genitals) in my midst has not. My urges (wishes and wants) for good food and hot sex have remained constant.

I didn't start on solid food until I was a toddler who had teeth to chew with. And I didn't start on sex until I was an adolescent who could reach orgasm. My body is intrinsically connected to every experience I've been through in my life.

Even though I suffered from obsessions and compulsions I couldn't fathom, there was always a method to my madness. There was an inner poise and grace to how I was behaving that I couldn't explain. This balance behind my inner forces, I believe, saved me from undue embarrassment and shame, and probably even from humiliation before The Lord.

When I'm in a hurry I use abstract geometric patterns rather than words to communicate with myself. This is a sort of shorthand I created when I was a child when I couldn't find words to describe what I wanted to say. This is what I still use when I'm occupied in the outside world and don't have time to talk to myself in complete sentences at the same time.

Think of the geometric patterns you see in your imagination as shorthand you can refer to later to recall what you thought about at another time. This will be useful if you

want to remember the feelings you got out of a situation to reproduce them later in words.

But playing secretary to the boss inside you isn't going to be a satisfying occupation for a lifetime. You're eventually going to want to sit behind his desk. You're going to want to hold a power you may as yet only dream of.

They talk about the glass ceiling for women in the work world. But there's a glass ceiling in your inner world, as well. To get into a position of power within yourself to become the master of your destiny, requires that you (head) begin by not treating your inner secretary (heart) as a slave.

Her job isn't to fetch your coffee or buy a present for your spouse on her birthday. Her job is to guide your head. Her job is to help you further your love and respect for yourself, so you can then share that love with others.

The more you respect your inner staff, the more you'll respect those voices in your head that claim to be your board of directors (who are probably all male). The more you respect all of yourself, the more you'll break your own glass ceiling to allow all the "little women" inside you to rise with talents of their own to magnify your inner power and make it possible for you to receive a greater share of love and approval in the marketplace around you.

This prominence of feminine voices within you won't degrade your masculinity. It'll enhance it. Allowing the feminine side of yourself into your mind will happen in a way that'll be unique to you.

Don't judge how you'll turn out by the way other men have expressed the "x" chromosome they received from their mother. We're all half male/half female. We all have a boss and a secretary within us. Take it from a gay man. It's no shame if your inner boss is female and her secretary is male.

Becoming the C.E.O. of an inner corporation made up of 50% men and 50% women requires a consolidation of your inner assets. In the first volume, I described this as marrying

yourself. In this book, I'm describing it as spiritual incorporation as though you're doing business with yourself.

The Republicans were once fond of saying that "Corporations are people, too." Of course, corporations are **not** people. The very idea is a sign of the insanity that overwhelms their reasoning. But the opposite **is** true. **People are corporations, too.**

Once you've incorporated yourself internally, you'll begin to care more about all the employees within you who have no voice. You'll unionize. You'll recognize that you can't personally attend to the needs of everyone in your company. You'll see the need to unify all the voices within you so you can hear the voices of the oppressed and depressed, and meet their demands.

Once your inner management is in negotiations with your inner workers, you as C.F.O., will become involved in financing the needs of your internal company, putting its survival before the wellbeing of external stockholders.

**Stockholders** are family and friends who've invested in your wellbeing. But they may only care about **their** investment. They may not care about **your** spiritual success over the long term.

When I realized I couldn't do "business" with some people any longer, I realized I was losing a good "customer." I realized losing people as a "client" wouldn't look good after years of spiritual enterprises we'd tackled together.

When I have to tell people that our relationship is over, they rarely express disappointment, only more anger and resentment. That's a sign that they don't care about me. They only care about themselves and their stockholders.

People may be good in many fine ways, but I'm now producing a spiritual product that's of no use to some others. They're mad, and they're getting madder as they get older. They're not interested in seeking the sanity that's now become so precious to me. We've changed our spiritual

products. We're no longer able to serve each other's spiritual needs in all the ways we did before.

The C.F.O. of my inner corporation isn't interested in money. I'm now only interested in honey (wisdom). The wiser I become, the richer I become. The more I understand the truth, the more I can pursue more of it.

A corporation that liquidates its assets (death) after a lifetime of pursuit of truth is one that can perceive the goodness it's produced and disseminated. The more goodness you've brought into the world, the more you can point to the truths you've lived by as deserving of honorable mention by The C.E.O. (Chief Executive Officer) of us all.

But over a lifetime of business deals with God and man, I see that I'm not producing the same spiritual products I produced in the past. I've upgraded my product and my production line. Therefore, I've had to look for new customers and suppliers. Not everyone wants what I've got.

Life is a business venture, and you're in business with God. If you don't want to go into business with Him, don't expect to make a lot of honey.

It takes honey to make honey. We're all busy little bees in hives of our own choosing. We're all gleaning what we can from flowers, blossoms and buds to serve our highest interests.

I don't know what it takes to make money other than hard work. People who've got money and use it to make more money don't impress me. People who've got knowledge and use it to make honey, do.

If you're only interested in milk (love), not honey (wisdom), people will milk you like a cow. They'll package what you produce as dairy products. They'll laud you as a proud supplier of love to the world.

But if you get too cynical with age to produce milk (love) – if you become mean and grumpy – don't be surprised if others butcher your limbs one after another to sell them instead. People will sacrifice you to serve their own business

needs if you no longer produce the product they were getting from you in the past.

Some people don't want you to change. They don't want you to grow. They don't want you to withhold the love you gave them up until now. They don't want your wisdom.

When you show that you've gotten wiser, some people will be offended by that. Wisdom isn't wanted in this world if it threatens people's core beliefs, especially if it threatens their beliefs about **themselves**.

"Where's the beef?" is a good question when looking at yourself as a dairy queen.

Where **is** your beef? Have you figuratively sacrificed your arms and legs to satisfy the hungers of others? Are you so crippled by giving that you can't move? Know that that's not love. That's self-hate masked as martyrdom.

Believe me, you don't get "awarded" the label of paranoid-schizophrenic without having literally and figuratively damaged yourself beyond repair.

It's only in coming to see the truth in what I did to me that I discovered the meaning of milk and honey. Without both, I'd have turned into a spring-green Republican who's jealous of my container or a forest-green Palestinian who's envious of my contents.

I'd have coveted what the Jews around me have who are better off than me financially. I'd have despised gays as well. And, like Putin, I'd have eaten myself up with cancer because being the richest man in the world wasn't satisfying enough.

I wouldn't have understood why Americans don't want to do business with me. I'd have become a pariah, and in an attempt to deflect self-blame, I'd have become violent, dictatorial and obnoxious.

I'd have become a messiahnist. I'd have become a religious hero worshipper. Whether my Hero would have been Adonai, Jesus or Allah, I'd have proclaimed **His**

Dominance as giving me the right to dominate gays, Jews and anyone who defies me.

All Nazis are messiahnists. And all messiahnists are Nazis.



## Prelude

I am holy bread. This accounts for my obsession with cake, cookies and pie. I am bread mixed with fruit. The fruit was biblically forbidden to me until puberty. But the bread was not.

I've learned to look at my body as **bread** and my blood as **forbidden fruit juice** (wine). I'm a concoction. I have a complex constitution. To know me, I've had to analyze every aspect of myself to reduce it to its original biblical components.

My flesh is soft like bread. I've been obsessed with hardening my bread through physical exercise until it's more like a baguette with a crusty exterior than white bread that's soft inside and out.

Over the years, I slowly turned into a cracker. Just being like stale bread wasn't enough of a reward in life. I needed to become coarse and crusty (cynical) inside and out. Just adding a spoonful of other people's jam (forbidden fruit) on my cracker didn't improve my taste. I could see what I was doing to myself. I was playing a game with sex.

My blood is like wine. The dizzy, dancing way I feel during sex is like being drunk. When my blood engorges my penis, I feel the throb of passion course through my veins and overwhelm my entire system.

I've been obsessed with sex all my adult life. Even as a child watching boxing with my father, he was interested in the punches while I was trying to imagine what was under the boxers' shiny briefs.

The man I most love in this world has got to be me. The men I lust for are mirrors of myself. The more I love myself, the happier I am making love to Will in myriad, wonderful ways.

Monogamy has only augmented my self-love. Monogamy has become my spiritual passage to loving

everyone, although I know that monogamy isn't for everyone.

Just looking at my semen as fruit juice squeezed out of my fruits (testicles) during orgasm isn't a deep enough regard for how I'm Made.

My blood is a mirror of my semen. My blood was **grape juice** when I was a child. It turned into **new wine** when I had my first orgasm. But now that I've aged, I'm more like **brandy** or **cognac**. I'm highly potent. What's more, I'm always a bit tipsy although my lips haven't literally touched spirits since 1984, almost 40 years.

Such is the gift of living passionately with yourself and God as your Witness.

Gay sex isn't forbidden fruit. It's only a reflection of how deeply I desire to know and love myself. Coming to know myself, love myself and be able to express my loyalty to myself (faith in myself) has given me the freedom, liberty and emancipation I always sought.

I'm a child of God. I'm a self-made creation in a God-Made Creation. I'm a **spirit** evolving in a **body**. I'm a visitor from another Place discovering who I am through the two worlds God Has Given me. a world **without** and a world **within**.

Understanding what's happening in the world **without** has become the consequence of understanding what's happening in the world **within**. Both my worlds enhance my understanding of reality and the reason for me being.

My loyalty to myself and to my quest to live passionately doesn't resemble what I see happening around me. Some people look **obligated** to others, not **loyal** to themselves. Their external responsibilities and commitments aren't emanating out from their love of life from within. Their contract with society is based on money. Their agreements with others are based on obsessions and compulsions, not honey.

When you discover loyalty to yourself, you act out of devotion and allegiance to yourself. You become trustworthy to others because that models your faith in yourself. Constancy and reliability you demonstrate in the external world should be based on self-fidelity.

This is what makes it possible to pray without sounding like a hypocrite to yourself as you stand before God. Without proof of the power of your words through deeds you've given to others, don't expect your prayers to mean much to anyone, least of all to yourself.

Will is the person I most cherish in the whole world. He helps me to be me just by being himself. Sometimes that makes being me easier. Sometimes it makes it harder. But at all times, I see him as a match made in Heaven for us because I can grow from our interactions in ways that improve my relationship with myself.

We may be a match Made in Heaven, but he's also a human being who's lazy and crazy in his own particular ways. To be able to see him as he is and allow him to be himself doesn't threaten my **survival**. It makes my life more interesting because it only threatens my **perceptions**.

If you have a partner who literally threatens your survival, decide who comes first in your life. If you have a partner who psychologically threatens your ability to evolve, **your** physical and psychological survival ought to be paramount for the sake of your spiritual survival.

This world will always be an **insane asylum** in which most people are slowly healing and becoming spiritually sounder and saner. But this world is also a **school** in which we're learning about the mystery of the mastery of life by degrees. If you don't see yourself as a seed planted in a garden growing, blossoming, blooming and fruiting in your own unique ways, you'll never make your way down to your roots to discover who you are or why you were planted where you were in the first place.

My mother married a crazy man (my father) who threatened her physical survival and the psychological survival of her children. She stayed with him until his three older children (one a niece of his who was orphaned in the Second World War) were out on their own. Once my mother completed that task she'd taken on by marrying my father, she divorced him. **Her** survival and **our** survival took precedence over any societal pressure to stay together with her husband just because marriage is a promise made before God.

My parents weren't God-fearing people to begin with. My parents feared **Nazis**, not **God**. Today's God-fearing Americans are turning into Nazis. We all have good reason to fear **them**, not God.

Republicans will try to take away not only abortion rights, but gay rights and the right to divorce. They'll take away our liberties and strip us of our hard-earned money. The inflation we're facing today is profit-driven. It's created by Republican leaders of industry to strip us of our financial security, so we'll become too weak to oppose them.

Republicans are like the Egyptian slavedrivers in Torah. They'll turn us into their Israelite slaves. When you **fear** God, you turn into the monster you imagine Him To Be. When you **love** God, you turn the monster in you into one of God's Creations who begins to imagine overcoming the fear you've projected onto gays, Jews, Blacks, Hispanics, Muslims and women. You start to see the value in running all your affairs to make the most honey. This turns the conservative Republican in you into a progressive Democrat.

## Prologue

I had a powerful experience this morning when I woke up and was lying in bed. It had to do with a reoccurring dream a friend described to me yesterday. One of his dreams is about a house where he seldom goes into the attic because it's always in such a state of disarray. The other house in his dreams is modern and clean, and well-situated in a good part of town. He wanted to know what the two houses mean.

I had to search for a word to describe to him the power associated with both domiciles. The word is “**ambivalence**”. In older age, he now finds he's ambivalent about his relationship to himself.

My friend is unable to choose between these two houses, a choice that would be easy for me. I already figuratively live in that modern, clean house (body) in a good part of town (my soul). I have no difficulty going up to my attic (head) because I keep it well-ordered up there. That's why I can call myself self-knowledgeable, self-loving and loyal to the life God Gave me.

**My** problem was in my back yard (external world). I spent my whole life looking over into my neighbors' yards, thinking the grass was always greener on the other side of the fence. Over a lifetime of coveting what others had, I became ambivalent to those on both sides (the political right and left) of me.

The dictionary definition of ambivalence is “the state of having mixed feelings or contradictory ideas about something or someone.”

I was ambivalent about matters in the external world most of my life. I didn't vote until I was almost 40. But I overcame my external ambivalence, and even overcame my internal ambivalence, as well.

For a lifetime, my **unconscious** mind had been trying to communicate to my **conscious** mind that I could see good and evil on both sides. Now I know I was wrong.

Good and evil refer to choices. Choices mean that I have to choose. Choosing means I have to take sides. Taking sides means I have to find a moral reason for my choices, and that will always entail making a commitment to principles.

Because I didn't want to choose, I remained ambivalent without realizing how that was affecting my life in myriad, indescribably ways. I didn't feel like a lucky person. I didn't feel I had good friends. And I didn't feel comfortable out in the world.

If I'm my prize in life, then I had to learn to make choices that were in my best interest in both the short and long run. That was difficult in the moment, but that was the only way to turn my "luck" around.

The Republican in me didn't want to help others in need. The Democrat in me didn't want to help myself by putting me first. My politics had to become personal for it to become meaningful. I had to see myself at the center of the political spectrum looking over onto both sides.

This explains why they say that politics makes strange bedfellows. Self-scrutiny required me to look at what I was feeling about people, places and things, while taking those feelings to heart.

When a politician says that he's "evolved" on an issue, what he's saying is that he's become more **progressive**. He's come to identify his own struggle with the struggle of others.

As someone whose inner world was deeply scarred with self-violence, I've had to look at the feelings the outer world stirred up in me once I wished to heal myself while still helping others who needed help in healing.

Trickle-down charity, like trickle-down economics doesn't work. Keep your small change. Nobody wants it.

I'm now at peace with myself knowing the word for where I was coming from. I was **ambivalent**. That gave me a view of the world that allowed me to avoid anger, agony, fear, jealousy, envy and sorrow. Without feeling

disappointed in myself or others, I coasted through life feeling ambivalent.

I was ambivalent when I looked at the feelings that arose in me over the way people behaved who were crazy. I contrasted that **insanity** to the **sanity** I enjoyed.

I love offering others insight, but I'm always wary about being rejected as mean, stupid or unrealistic. I anticipate rejection because I've made so many stupid and unrealistic decisions myself.

The Teacher Has Plans for me that I have to discover on a daily basis. The same goes for everyone. With enough pain and suffering, people eventually can learn anything. Hating Jews, gays, Blacks, Latinx, Asians and women who want abortions only causes everyone pain and suffering.

It all goes back to personal tragedies. Now that I've listed all the tragedies I've been through, I can see that tragedy is a part of our experiences that we all need in order to grow. Just because nobody helped me through my tragedies in life doesn't mean I won't help others through theirs. I wouldn't want others to suffer the loneliness and agony I felt when I was suffering misfortune.

God Gives us misfortune to learn to help others avoid theirs. Just concluding that everyone's got to suffer affords no insight into the importance of suffering. Just taking the position, "You're on your own" isn't going to awaken you to your own spiritual challenge.

P.T.S.D. (Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder) is something we all suffer from. But what people don't realize is that we all suffer **Pre**-Traumatic Stress Disorder, as well. We anticipate that everything we do is going to fail.

Just knowing that was a **relief** to me. And the definition of "relief" is, "a feeling of reassurance and relaxation following release from anxiety or distress." Now I'm relieved to be me. I can't tell you what a God-Send this feeling is. For someone who tried three times to kill himself,

being able to feel relieved to be me is nothing less than miraculous. I'm no longer ambivalent. I no longer go back and forth between two houses, trying to decide which one to live in. I'm no longer on the fence. I know what's right. And I act on that knowledge because it's based on my deep understanding of how I operate from within.



## Curtain-Raiser

I suffer from O.C.D., but now I'm proud of it. Now I've learned that making love from my heart is different than making love only from my genitals. Now I understand more of the conversation Eve had with the serpent. Now I understand the meaning of the Hebrew word "Israel" (struggle with God).

Obsessive wants and compulsive actions are the result of making love from below your waist without including your heart. Now I find the **mystery** of life magnificent, while the **madness** of life makes me miserable.

I fell in love with dance in high school when I went with members of A.F.S. to an international folk-dance café. I became an excellent folk dancer in no time. And then I went on to explore ballet to improve my dance technique.

But then I fell in love with ballet and ended up pursuing a career in ballet rather than zoology. Because I didn't have the body or talent needed in the highly-competitive world of ballet, I never got to do much in the way of dancing pas-de-deux with female dance partners.

The result of this lack of dance experience left me observing the art of the pas-de-deux from an idealized perspective. When I think of myself as the female dancer, I think of holding a man's middle finger to turn. I think of him holding my waist to turn me. And I think of us holding hands as a way for him to guide me across the stage.

This relationship of male to female dancers has become a metaphor for the relationship of my head to my heart. The choreographer of my pas-de-deux with myself lies in my soul. Each and every dance routine corresponds to a challenge my head and heart are working out through touch and simulated movement to achieve a moral outcome that's both beautiful and spiritually inspiring.

But this perspective feels especially powerful when my **thoughts** are touched in ways that guide my **feelings** to achieve fantastic, emotional movements that express the depth of my **beliefs**.

Although I much prefer to watch male dancers, even in pas-de-deux with females, I think females are terribly underappreciated because they aren't perceived of by most audience members as the personification of emotion.

If **male** dancers were personified as thoughts and **female** dancers were personified as feelings, I think audiences would get a lot more out of the work of choreographers. Dance would be seen as a more soulful artform.

Although I like to think that my writing style is visual thanks to my use of figurative speech that includes the human body, I'm actually not a visual person. I look at paintings, but they rarely move me. I think this is because the relationship between objects portrayed on a flat canvas isn't as meaningful to me as the relationship between people who move across a stage in a three-dimensional relationship to one another.

We all look at human beings on the outside as **objects**. We all know that inside, people have thoughts, feelings and beliefs in addition to wishes and wants. But it's hard to get past objectifying people when there's something about them on the outside that rubs you the wrong way.

It's as though I'm blind to painting, but my eyes open when I watch dance. I can interpret dance as something subjective, not objective. I can watch people dancing in ways that I make meaningful for me alone. I can't do that with art.

What I **can** do is compare and contrast my innate skills in dance to my lack of skill in art. I **can** see where I have gifts, and where I have to rely on others to help me move my thumb to an up (+) or down (-) position.

**Blind** people walk cautiously through the external world. **Deaf** people look for ways to use body language to

interpret others' intentions. And the **mute** who can't speak for themselves seek others to speak for them whether through songs, literature or movies.

As someone who's **blind** in a way, **deaf** in another way and **dumb** (mute) in yet a third way, I have to consolidate my talents to compensate for my disabilities.

I live in an inner house with walls and windows, not floor-to-ceiling glass. There are walls inside of me where I can't see out onto the external world, and there are windows in places within me where I can.

Dance is a **window** for me. Art is a **wall**. When I watch dance, I can see my head and heart in relationship to one another from my soul. I can see how thoughts and feelings can be combined in new ways to produce new beliefs I couldn't previously imagine.

When I look at objects on a canvas, however, I'm blind. Color doesn't speak to me, except in relationship to the rainbow of hope in the story of Noah. Objects don't speak to me, except as similes for the human body.

At my age, I'm not terribly motivated to learn how to decipher art. I'm content to watch people move. I'm fascinated by body language. I dance alone in my garage to explore movement as a form of spiritual awakening with God as my Witness.

Not all roads lead me to **Rome**. Some roads just lead my eyes to **roam** without direction or intention. Knowing this about myself is powerful. Knowing what I can and can't do draws me toward what I do best and leave what I can't do to others to do for me.

## Forward

When I listen to opera, I find that I'm incapable of determining the quality of a singer's voice other than whether or not they're on tune. I have the same ambivalence with acting, painting and sculpture. I can only love those forms of creativity and artistry that move me spiritually.

Fortunately, the quality of the pavement isn't as important to me as where the road is going. I look down the road as far as the eye can see rather than at the bumps and cracks beneath my wheels.

I'm especially fond of Belle Canto opera music. Donizetti is my favorite opera composer. So, when I'm listening to my favorite opera, "L'Elisir D'Amore," I find that singing along **in** loud is the best way for me to live out the roles of all the characters.

Singing **in** loud makes music real for me. Singing **out** loud doesn't because I can't carry a tune. And I don't particularly like the sound of my own voice. To my ear, I sound **fey** (soft and weak).

Over the years, I developed a style of speaking that's somewhat sing-song (Jewish) to give people the impression that I'm non-threatening. This is a nice adaptation to a cruel world where people are suspicious of others' intentions. But when I listen to myself talk to others, I can hear the difference between how I **sound** and how I really **feel**.

I find that although my thoughts, feelings and beliefs are generally working together to portray an image for others that's honest, sincere and authentic, I still experience a spiritual separation from everyone. This doesn't even go away during sex. As much as I try to communicate effectively in bed, I still sense a spiritual separation from my boyfriend, Will.

This sense of isolation only goes away fully when I pray. When conversing with God, I know that He Knows what's

going **inside** of me as well as what I'm conveying to Him about what's going on **outside** of me.

But with people, I often feel that I'm speaking using a different part of my brain from the part they're using. It's rare and exciting when I feel I'm truly in sync with another person. This happens to all poets.

Consequently, I don't often resonate as deeply with others as I'd like. I feel we're not resonating with the topic we're discussing from the same place even if we understand one another's words literally. In terms of the writing metaphor, we're in the same chapter of the same book, but not on the same page.

For me, **morality** is the essence of the meaning of life. For most people, I think it's **family**. Most people just want to be surrounded by people they love who'll love them in return. That's wonderful, I suppose. But for me, truth and wisdom are vehicles to love and loyalty. For others, I can't say how they arrive at love other than through familiarity.

Learning how to be a good person is a personal quest that each of us pursues in our own way. For me, learning to be good **to** myself and **for** myself is the essence of morality, and, therefore, the essence of the meaning of my life. If I hadn't suffered from mental illness, I doubt I would have ever come to this conclusion. Befriending me, trusting me, laughing with myself at myself and appreciating myself for what I've accomplished through self-intimacy are ways I achieve the love that I can then share with others.

I've come to see my relationships with others as mirrors of relationships within myself in which I'm becoming more loyal to myself each day. The more I learn to laugh at myself for the absurd contradictions in what I know about how to be good to myself, the more I can laugh at others' absurd conclusions about how to treat one another.

The more I can **commend** myself for the wonderful ways in which I'm achieving self-intimacy through wisdom, love

and loyalty to myself, the more I can **complement** others for the ways they're doing the same.

Learning to make music out of the cacophony within me has made it possible for me to sing along with the **lyrics** (thoughts), **melody** (feelings) and **rhythms** (urges) I produce inside. This makes it possible for me to compose new songs inside that then refresh my relationships with others. This gives me new ways of interpreting old ideas.

**Virtuosity without interpretation stifles creativity.** Being good at something is no reward without developing variations on those skills. If you don't strive to reach for your own cutting edge, you'll remain passive to your potential. And **passivity**, I find, always leads to **aggressivity**.

Finding the courage to spend time with myself within myself becomes the essence of every artistic experience I produce, so long as the external product is sublimated to the primary goal of self-discovery.

I don't write books on spirituality to change the **outer** world. I write books on spirituality to change my **inner** world. I don't make videos on TikTok to become a household name on social media. I do so to create a daily record of my progress in becoming authentically me. Watching my homilies on TikTok as the self-ordained, gay rabbi has helped me see how adorable I truly am.

As the result of me rereading what I've written, editing myself and correcting my errors of judgment and mistaken conclusions, I've become a wiser **righter** who produces a better product. In doing the same with my videos, I can now look in the mirror with kind self-regard.

**Solitude** has become vastly different from **loneliness**. Loneliness is the experience of being locked out of myself. Loneliness is isolation from my **self**. Solitude is the experience of being allowed into my self to produce a sense of me **with** myself.

Many people seek **seclusion**, which is an external distance from others. But solitude doesn't create seclusion. Solitude actually creates a modicum of interest in being around others. The more solitary I become, the more I can overcome my seclusion from others and loneliness from myself.

## Opening

I once thought that the love between a lesbian and a gay man would produce the purest love of all. After all, we could start out as strangers to one another and then become best friends without sex ever getting in our way. I thought this surely must be God's Way of Describing the purest form of love between a man and a woman.

My lesbian cousin and I met coincidentally 35 years ago as adults, only to discover that we're both gay. But I ended our relationship recently. I was deeply disappointed in her.

She began as like a sister to me. I had a sister, but we were never close. My lesbian cousin taught me what it means to love a woman like a sister.

And the same was true for her. I was like a brother to her. Her relationship with her brother was as disappointing as my relationship with my sister.

I didn't really put any of this into words over the years, but I felt that the love we shared was purer than even the love I shared with my boyfriends because it didn't include sexual attraction.

But my relationship to her deteriorated as we entered old age. If you're interested in the details, you can read my book, **For God's Sake, Tell Me How You Feel! If you think about what you think about, you'll discover how powerfully you feel. A guide to solving personal problems with humor.**

What I discovered is that claiming that my lesbian cousin was my best friend was my way of claiming that love without sex is purer than love with sex.

Making love from the heart may be very different from making love below the waist, but I find making love with my genitals and anus is an abomination if I'm not making love with my heart as well. I feel guilt ridden if I leave my heart out of what's going on below my waist. A change of heart is no excuse for bad behavior.



Exploration of the “purity” of love is the pastime of Nazis and their sympathizers. We’re all learning about the meaning of love. We’re all dropping droplets of white paint (love) into a can of black paint (guilt). We’re all producing love and distributing it throughout our spiritual system to discover the power love has to transform us from within.

Love turns us from black to off-white inside. Love makes us more tolerant, accepting and admiring of ourself, which then makes it possible for us to share these three virtues with others if they deserve it.

Love isn’t improved by the gender you love. Love isn’t improved by the technical ways you express your love in bed. Love improves you by following the path of that love back to your own heart. Peace of mind is a misnomer. Peace of mind lies in your heart.

And yet, everyone suffers a broken heart. Everyone has a reason to heal their heart. But ultimately, healing your heart can only happen by loving yourself. And loving yourself can only happen by questioning negative feelings that are concealing your deep love for you.

I can’t love myself when I don’t behave like a gentleman. I see how I treat others, and if it’s not done chivalrously, I can’t respect myself.

But respecting myself is difficult to do when people scorn and deride me. It brings up anger at the ways people behaved toward me in the past. It brings up feelings of the ways in which I scorned and derided **myself**. And that makes me want to retaliate against others in lieu of facing my exasperation with me.

Ultimately, your heart is healed when you realize that your heart was broken, so you’d get out of it into your soul.

A friend of mine recently asked me what took me so long in the bathroom at the restaurant we were at. I could have told him the truth. I had to wait for someone to come out of the bathroom before I could go in.

But I was infuriated with him for even asking. How dare he ridicule me about such things? It brought up the Marquis de Sade toilet training techniques of my parents. I'm sure he thought he was being very funny, but I didn't find it amusing in the least.

Although I let him know I felt ridiculed, I also looked at how I've been doing the same within myself toward myself for a lifetime. I'm waiting impatiently for me to finish everything I start.

That's what was behind my anger at him. Now I don't embarrass myself by forcing myself to hurry. I don't want to **go** any faster than I **do**. That's **my** truth.

Nobody wants to kill God. But when your anger at yourself is so great that you can't face it **heart-on**, you're going to seek a scapegoat. And the scapegoats people usually choose are other people. God Conveniently Steps out of our conscience when our heart is filled with self-hate.

This is why hateful people don't do the right thing. They only want to blame the **gay** du jour, **Jew** du jour, **Black** du jour or **woman** du jour. Hateful people don't become soulful because God Doesn't Enter their conscience To Turn it into a soul. They remain like fruit on the vine without sunshine. They don't ripen. They don't sweeten. They only look good on the outside.

Inside, they're ridiculing themselves unconsciously. Inside, they've got their own hand in their back forcing them to do whatever they have to do faster. Inside, they're a toddler who can't figure out how to grow up.

The institutions of faith will never promote hating God instead of hating people. They'll always find reason to hate gays, Jews, Blacks, Browns, Asians, the FBI and when all that fails, women.

This is because the hyper-religious can't blame God or themselves. So, they've got no one else to blame but others. They've got to continue to find enemies. They're got to find

ways to **obligate** others to do what they say. They haven't got a clue what **loyalty** is or where it comes from.

If only the institutions of faith would teach their constituents about their unconscious need to blame God, they could face all their other scapegoats. But they're not spiritually awakened enough yet to do so. They don't want to admit that Cain wanted to kill God much more than he wanted to kill Abel. It wasn't his brother's fault. When Abel's blood cried out from the ground for justice, God Knew why. He Took Abel's tears personally.

The hyper-religious don't want to study Torah as though the Creation Story is a metaphor for the essence of morality. They'd much rather turn metaphor into literal edicts so they can blame someone while maintaining their own sense of purity.

This is why the Nazis had to kill gays, Jews and the disabled. This is why they couldn't ask themselves **why** they did what they did. This is why today's Germans are better human beings than their grandparents' generation.

The Nazis did what they did because they wanted to kill God for Having Loved others in addition to themselves. They were jealous of the Jews. They were jealous of the gays. They were even jealous of the disabled. That's how little they could inspire themselves to love the one they were with.

When you hate the body God Gave you, you're going to project that hatred onto those who are forced to make peace with their body on a daily basis. When you hate the talking serpent in your tree or worm in your apple, you're going to pass laws about how other people must make love. When you hate the head you aren't using, you're going to accuse the Jews of being unscrupulous when they accuse you of being unwise.

The Jews have no name for God. The gays can love their brother in a way that straight men can't. And the disabled have reconciled themselves to a broken vehicle for the

duration of their journey. These challenges develop strengths that build character. These are people God Has Blessed in a way that drives religious fanatics crazy.

God Told the Israelites, “You shall not bow down to them (idols) or worship them; for I, The Lord, your God, Am A Jealous God, punishing the children for the sin of the parents to the third and fourth generation of those who hate Me.” [Exodus 20:5]

The German people are still being punished for their prior hatred of God. You can change your name for God, but that’s as silly as touching up your x-rays. The Palestinians, Iranians and Saudis are jealous of the Jews and Christians. The world is waiting for these Muslims to act in ways that are wise and loving. That’s when we’ll be ready to discover the mystery in the faith God Gave them.

My parents never hated the Nazis. The Nazis killed their parents, siblings and all their relations. The Nazis stole all their possessions and humiliated them before the whole world. But my parents couldn’t get themselves to hate the Nazis because they couldn’t get themselves to hate God Who Created them.

After the Second World War, God Gave us back Israel conditionally. That means that each of us has to improve ourself to keep our homeland, and not let it slip through our fingers as we did with the Babylonians and Romans. Third time’s the charm.

I’m the next generation of “meek” Jews who’ll inherit the Earth. God Didn’t Punish me with mental illness. He Gave me life-lessons that caused me pain and suffering in a very personal way To Reveal to me that, like my parents, I was **too** meek a Jew.

My **head** has a hole in it. My **heart**’s been irreparably broken. The only place where I can **respond** rather than react to what I’ve done to myself is from my **soul**.

As the result of my lessons and tests in life, I’ve learned not to hate myself when I make mistakes. I face my mistakes

from a conscience that's been transcended with self-love into a soul.

But to do so, I've had to **scrutinize** myself. Self-**examination** wasn't enough. Self-**study** didn't do it for me. Just searching for answers around me proved a waste of valuable time. I have to scrutinize every word I think **in** loud and say **out** loud.

There, in my soul, I now call upon my **navel** to contemplate what it means for me to be a man born from a woman. I call upon my **genitals** to produce more good than evil, so I can purify what my serpent says before it opens its mouth. And I call upon my **anus** to get my head out of my ass to look at what I'm doing as I'm doing it.

Without seeing myself as a living metaphor, I can't call myself a human being. If I act like an animal, I shouldn't expect to receive the rewards Bestowed upon human beings. If I walk through the journey of life like a zombie, I'm in neutral, spinning my wheel. I'm going through the motions without getting anywhere. Is it any wonder that until I became spiritual, I had no idea what the word **Destination** might mean for me, personally?

## PART TWO

### Unfinished Business

When I was insane, I had a reoccurring daydream about a gorilla with a banana in its right foot. But the right foot of that gorilla was underground as though the ground were a trap. Its foot was clutching the banana, and because it wouldn't let go of the banana, the gorilla remained in the trap. It couldn't go anywhere.

I suppose that if the gorilla had chosen to let go of the banana it could have removed its foot from the trap. But it refused to do so.

This was the truth about my penis. There was no reason to deny how powerful my urges were. There was only good reason to understand why they were as they were.

I couldn't make sense of the dream at the time, but I can now that experience has been my greatest teacher. Experience comes from The Teacher. It doesn't matter what direction I choose; experience and my Teacher will be there to lead me. Pain-and-suffering or self-love are my only options.

This sequel to **The Organ Grinder's Gorilla** is about my only choice (pain-and-suffering or self-love). So, there isn't any more I need to say about my gorilla (penis). A banana is never just a banana, Anna. (joke on the quote by Sigmund Freud to his daughter) A banana is always a symbol of a penis, as well.

So, the penis (gorilla) that won't let go of a banana (penis) is a complex image of a man who won't let go of his wishes (+) and wants (-). He's stuck in his awareness of himself from below the waist. He's a gorilla in his own eyes clutching the truth about himself (banana). Until he comes to understand this spiritual predicament he's in, he isn't going to advance in understanding the purpose of his life.

Because bananas go from green to yellow, we ought to include the influence **jealousy** (green) and **fear** (yellow) have on our urges. Without an emotional relationship to our penis, we turn into a religiously vacuous Republican. We struggle with jealousy and fear rather than learn to love ourself passionately.

This struggle expresses itself externally as an obsession with the literal words of scripture, while ignoring the potential to plummet The Words of God to discover their figurative meanings to add inspiration and passion to their personal importance in our life.

My banana was green 45 years ago when I was insane. I only wanted other men's bananas. But as my banana slowly turned yellow and ripened over time, I began to fear what I wished for (+) and wanted (-). Now I still want other bananas, but I want a good relationship with my own more than theirs.

This doesn't mean that I'm turning into a heterosexual. It means that I'm turning into a more spiritual homosexual. I'm turning from a nut into a fruit (and I'm not referring to my sexual orientation, but to my capacity to blossom and bloom with love of life). It means that the gorilla within me has learned how to open and shut its foot with conscious regard for what it's doing.

I don't feel trapped by my thoughts anymore. I feel that sex, like bananas, is something that ripens within us all. I feel I've made my way out of the trap in the ground (mind) of my being. I'm like a gorilla that can swim (heart) through my feelings. I'm like a simian that can fly (soul) with faith in myself and trust in God that He Will Turn me into a good human being over time.

God Gave us **lust** to question the talking serpent in our tree or talking worm in our apple. He Gave us the ability to lust to discover the importance of **self-love**. And He Gave us **greed** to have an unending inner motivation to know and

love ourself. But look what people are doing with their power.

To proclaim that love can only exist between a man and a woman is absurd. To proclaim that any man who loves a man like a woman (lustfully) is an abomination before God is ludicrous. Making love below the waist requires making love above the waist. You can't give to another person something you haven't first given yourself.

The heterosexual imperative is like saying that there's a tree laden with luscious, ripe fruit, but you mustn't eat from that tree because if you do, you'll die.

You'll die whether you eat from that tree or not!

You'll only know whether it was worth the knowledge that comes with succumbing to temptation **after** you have knowledge of good and evil, not before.

You'll only understand how pleasure leads to ecstasy by creating a moral direction that **you** decide and that **you** can depend on. Just doing what others tell you to do will get you nowhere.

So, whether you pick the fruits from that forbidden tree, or not, is your choice. For others to make that decision for you is a crime against your humanity.

God Gave us all choices. The Jews were Chosen. We were the first Chosen to choose. And each of us has done so in our own way for 3,400 years. It would behoove the world to contemplate each and every Jew's choices.

If you choose to believe that you're less than us because you were Given the ability to choose after we were, that's your choice.

But we never claimed to be superior. All claims about us considering ourselves greater than you are claims others have made. **Our** actions are questionable. And so are **yours**.

We choose to continue to follow God our way because that choice is worth the pain and suffering. The knowledge we've gleaned about love (heart) and faith (soul) make wisdom (head) worth the price.



There will always be pain and suffering in this world. There will always be death. But there's only a limited time Given to each one of us to appreciate the knowledge that comes with knowing and loving yourself better by the end of today than when you woke up this morning.

This is why **self**-love is the goal, not the love of **others**. Claiming to love other people is only for practice. Once you can love them, use that experience by applying it to yourself. You'll discover a reservoir of love within you that you didn't know existed before.

When I was a newborn, I cried incessantly. The hospital did every test they could think of, but they couldn't find what was wrong with me. Finally, they tried increasing my formula. As it turned out, I had an unusually big appetite.

I've always obsessed over **food**. I've always obsessed about **sex**. And I've always been obsessed with seeking **knowledge**.

Now that I'm a senior citizen, I'm not quite as hungry anymore. I eat less. I screw less. And my hunger for external knowledge has been reduced considerably.

Now, I'm hungrier to satisfy my inner urges, my hunger to know and love myself faithfully. This is what makes it possible for me to write books by the dozens while still finding more to say.

In volume 1, I said that I wasn't going to focus as much on my **thoughts** and beliefs as on my **feelings**. I said that I find changing hearts easier than changing people's mind. I also have no interest in transcending what people choose to believe. Either they **love** me the way I am, or they can **leave** me. I really don't need anyone in my life who has a vendetta against me for something they think I did. Being me, a God loving American who's gay and Jewish, isn't something I'm going to apologize for.

When I speak of love, I like to bring up the topic of milk, the sustaining liquid of life. Milk comes from nipples. But milk doesn't come from a single stream in human beings. Milk comes from many openings in the nipple.

Called **milk duct orifices**, these tiny holes usually number from around four to twenty per breast.

The plastic nipple I was given as an infant was like the udder of a cow with only one milk duct orifice in it. And that has created my confusion about many things when it comes to the topic of love.

I've been detached from some aspects of reality because I never connected with my mother's love in a way that was meaningful as an infant. I was so hungry for food (milk) that I didn't consider the many directions by which I imbibe food-for-thought until I'd been through many tragic experiences that taught me more about the meaning of love.

**Acceptance, adaption, resilience and flexibility** open the heart and mind. They connect Adam to Eve as two aspects of one person. They connect us to one another and to our original state of being in which God is like a gardener and we are like precious plants.

Plants aren't aggressive in the same way that animals are. Plants express their aggressivity through growth. They choke other plants. They cut off access to light. They use up nutrients in the soil.

Animals are aggressive in a whole other way. People who behave like animals hurt others. They make them bleed. They figuratively rip them to shreds, drink their blood and consume them like raw flesh.

Man-eating **sharks** only rip off an arm or a leg for a meal. Man-eating **men** will rip out your liver (life force) like killer whales do to white sharks.

The simile of God as like a fisherman connects us to Him as fish in seven seas. He Traps us en masse in His Nets (institutional religion). He Catches us individually using a

worm on a hook. This is no different than a tree full of forbidden fruit in a garden.

The metaphors change, but the message doesn't. Truth impales us all. Jesus embodied only one way in which we're all crucified.

Those who fight against God, like frightened fish on the line, are accused of being evil and blasphemous. Gay men who refuse to feel guilty for their sexuality are accused of being abominable before The Lord.

What's truly abominable is confusing making love with the holes below your waist and making love with your heart. **That's** abominable. Who cares what hole you're filling? What's important is what you're filling it with. The best of you comes out of your heart, not out of your testicles.

Fish (Christians) who swim up from the depth of the sea to the surface see the world of spirit above the world of waves. But it's not possible to convince anyone to do the same. Some fish live far below in darkness and great pressure. Their inky world leaves them blind to what life looks like for those near the surface.

Those of us who've been caught and brought onboard The Fisherman's Boat look at where we are in a different light. From the world of spirit, we watch Him Fish, and shake our heads in sorrow at how those who only believe in one name for Him are underwater emotionally when they could be embracing the world of spirit as we do.

We can see how we were once like those fish. But now we can see that by being rowed ashore, we've figuratively **recreated** the story of evolution, while some others are still **fighting** against it.

## “Go Your Own Way”

Sung by  
Fleetwood Mac  
Composed by  
Lindsey Buckingham

Loving you isn't the right thing to do.  
How can I ever change things that I feel?  
If I could,  
Baby, I'd give you my world.  
How can I  
when you won't take it from me?  
You can go your own way.  
Go your own way.  
You can call it another lonely day.  
You can go your own way.  
Go your own way.  
Tell me why everything turned around.  
Packing up,  
shacking up is all you want to do.  
If I could,  
Baby, I'd give you my world.  
Open up.  
Everything's waiting for you.  
You can go your own way...

There's only so much you can tell another person about why they're behaving the way they do. You can't tell a **fish** it's surrounded by water. You have to pull a fish out of the water to prove what's inside and around it.

That's hard to do. Fish (hyper-religious Christians) don't want to leave the comfort of the environment they're used to. When you pull them out of water, they flop about gasping for breath. They don't belong in the world of air. They're not made for the spiritual world you and I take for granted.

Some become holier than thou and Thou. They insist on telling us how to live our life instead of telling **themselves** how to overcome their own loneliness and imperfections.

Get **fish** out of politics and government. Their messianic view of life is antithetical to truth, justice and democracy. Their religious leaders want to go backwards, not forwards. They just want to control our beliefs so they can control our actions. Keep them in ponds where they can multiply like trout. They don't want to know any more about God's Realm than they already have to endure. They prefer to swim together in schools rather than learn using the metaphor of life as a school.

**“Quizás”**

Originally sung by Bobby Capo

Popularized by Pink Martini

Composed by

Oswaldo Farres and Johnny Burke

1947

Siempre que te pregunto  
si algun amor me escondes,  
tú siempre me respondes,  
“Quizás, quizás, quizás.”

Y así pasan los días,  
y yo, desesperando,  
y tú, tú contestando,  
“Quizás, quizás, quizás.”

Estás perdiendo el tiempo  
pensando, pensando,  
por lo que más tú quieras  
hasta cuándo?  
Hasta cuándo?

Y así pasan los días,  
y yo, desesperando  
y tú, tú contestando,  
“Quizás, quizás, quizás.”

Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps -  
Every time I ask you when, how and where,  
you always reply,  
“Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.”

And days pass like this,  
me, growing desperate,  
and you,

you answer,  
“Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps”

You are wasting your time thinking,  
thinking for God’s Sake,  
“How much longer? How much longer?”

And days pass like this...

Who knows how much longer you’ll be registered in this **hospital**? Who knows how much longer you’ll be enrolled in this **school**? Who knows how much longer you’ll be planted in this **nursery**?

If you don’t ask good questions, you won’t get good answers. And without good answers, you’ll continue to ask the same old questions over and over again.

The trick is to look beneath the questions you ask yourself to discover the metaphors they’re made of. Beneath your **bed** lies the hospital floor on the level of reality where you’re healing. Beneath your **desk** lies the school floor on the level of reality where you’re studying and learning. Beneath the **ground** beneath your feet lies the core of the Earth which is as hot as your heart and just as well separated from us by a wall of rock as your rage is from God’s Love.

Your lonely roots only go down so far, and your branches rise up into the light only a little way. The clouds float above your head leaving shadows on the ground. But has what’s above the clouds opened you to your imagination?

If you want to use your time wisely, use metaphors wisely. Extend them. Stretch your imagination. Use your mind like a sieve to sift out negative feelings. Pick out those beliefs you cherish that are based solely on opinion and examine them.

There’s nothing to do day-after-day but pursue truth. Nothing. Nothing else is worth your time. If you’re

consumed with your survival, that's fine. You can't learn to live without being able to survive.

If you don't learn the meaning of the verb **live**, you'll live it up. You'll confuse that soupy mixture of good and evil in you that emanates out of your talking serpent as a combination of pain and pleasure. You'll turn into a sadist and masochist. You'll live the good life without consideration of the end of life. You'll die without a greater understanding of the whole truth.

No one path to God can hold the whole truth. He Gave us seven paths for one reason, to teach us to learn about ourself from studying the strangers' ways. Therefore, rejecting people who are on a different path to God from yours is a rejection of a part of the truth if they're peace-loving people.



**“Sympathique”**

Sung by Pink Martini

Composed by

China Forbes and Thomas Lauderville

1997

**Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage.**

My room is shaped like a cage.

**Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.**

The sun sticks its arm out the window.

**Les chasseurs à ma porte,**

The hunters at my door,

**comme les petits soldats**

like little soldiers

**qui veulent me prendre...**

who want to take me...

**Je ne veux pas travailler.**

I do not want to work.

**Je ne veux pas déjeuner.**

I do not want to eat.

**Je veux seulement l'oublier.**

I only want to forget.

**Et puis je fume.**

And then I smoke.

**Déjà j'ai connu le parfum de l'amour.**

I have already known the scent of love.

**Un million de roses n'embaumerait pas autant.**

A million roses wouldn't smell so good.

**Maintenant une seule fleur dans mes entourages**

Now a single flower in my surroundings

**me rend malade.**

makes me sick.

**Je ne veux pas travailler.**

I do not want to work.

**Je ne veux pas déjeuner.**

I do not want to eat.

**Je veux seulement l'oublier.**

I only want to forget.

**Et puis je fume.**

And then I smoke.

**Je ne suis pas fière de ça.**

I'm not proud of that.

**Vie qui veut me tuer.**

That life wants to kill me.

**C'est magnifique être sympathique,**

It's wonderful to be nice,

**mais je n'le connais jamais.**

but I'll never know it.

**Je ne veux pas travailler, non.**

I don't wanna work, no.

**Je ne veux pas déjeuner...**

I do not want to eat...

The first color of the rainbow is **red**. It stands for anger which leads to rage. If you don't begin with the rage of your first prayer to God when you screamed out at birth for His Help – when you inhaled fresh air – you aren't starting at your beginning. You're starting somewhere in the middle, trying to make sense of the middle and the end. That's no place to begin.

The second color of the rainbow is **orange**. It stands for worry that leads to angst, which, over time, turns into agony. Agony turns to fear that gets magnified as horror (**yellow**) which turns into covetousness (**green**) which leads to sorrow which darkens into self-disappointment and then grief (**blue**).

These are the first five colors of the rainbow that we seem to need to repeat over and over again in our effort to achieve a taste for the marvels of mystery (**indigo**) and ecstasy (**violet**).

To claim to know love without knowing the hope that's derived from the seven colors of the rainbow is a fool's paradise.

You must fracture the white light of love to come to know what it's made of (hope). Your heart is as dark as the night sky. But in that darkness in your heart shines a rainbow. Un coming to understand what that hope is made of, you'll come to know your own love.

## **“Smackwater Jack”**

Sung by

Carol King

Composed by

Carol King and Gerry Goffin

1971

Now, Smackwater Jack he bought a shotgun  
'cause he was in the mood for a little confrontation.

He just a-let it all hang loose.

He didn't think about the noose.

He couldn't take no more abuse,  
so he shot down the congregation.

You can't talk to a man with a shotgun in his hand.

(shotgun)

Now, Big Jim the chief stood for law and order.

He called for the guard to come and surround the border.

Now, from his bulldog mouth as he led the posse south  
came the cry, “We got to ride to clean up the streets  
for our wives and our daughters.” (oh, no, no)

You can't talk to a man when he don't wanna understand.

No, no, no, no, no

The account of the capture wasn't in the papers.

But you know they hanged ol' Smack right then  
instead of later.

You know, the people were quite pleased

'cause the outlaw had been seized,  
and on the whole, it was a very good year  
for the undertaker.

You know, you know, you can't talk to a man  
with a shotgun in his hand,

a shotgun in his hand. (Smackwater Jack, yeah)

Smackwater Jack bought a shotgun.

Yeah, Smackwater Jack bought a shotgun.

Oh, Smackwater Jack, yeah (Smackwater Jack, yeah)

Talkin' 'bout Smackwater Jack, yeah

(ooh, and a shotgun)  
Talkin 'bout a-Smackwater Jack, oh  
Talkin' 'bout Jack and his shotgun  
Talkin' 'bout Smack  
Talkin' 'bout Jack  
Smackwater Jack, yeah

This has become the Republican theme song of today. They've all bought shotguns, and they all promote peace through intimidation and by uprooting the rule of law with threats of violence. Getting power and keeping power is their only goal.

They've taken away a woman's right to control her own body. They're coming after the gays. And you can already see how antisemitism is already being normalized in this country as the Nazis did with their scapegoating strategies in the 1930's.

This song was written by Carol King in 1971, but it's more real now than it was then. How is it that our **composers** can see where we're going better than our **politicians**?

How can someone who writes lyrics for melodies know so much about our thoughts and feelings? How can masters of rhythm move some of us, but not others? How can a Jewish woman see life more clearly than a Jewish man?

Music doesn't heal the savage **beast**. The original quote by William Congreve is, "Music has charms to soothe a savage **breast**, to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

Even in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century, the **breast** was considered the source of feelings. Soothing the heart is still important, but music can also raise your blood pressure and make your heart beat faster.

How was it possible that Carol King could have composed a song 50 years ago that's more real today than it was then? Is she a fortune teller, a soothsayer or a prophet?

Or is it possible that when you can see the tip of an iceberg, you can already imagine what's below the waterline that's not visible?

The world around us is the tip of an iceberg. The world within us so huge that it's something we have to learn to fathom.

It doesn't take a prophet to predict the worst in mankind. All it takes is enough cynicism and scorn as the result of the calloused behavior of others. You don't have to be artistically inclined to create a masterpiece. The clay of Carol King's life may be music. But you must decide what the clay of your life is, and then shape it.

## **“The Sound of Silence”**

Composed and Sung by Paul Simon

1964

Hello darkness, my old friend.  
I've come to talk with you again  
because a vision softly creeping  
left its seeds while I was sleeping.  
And the vision that was planted in my brain still remains  
within the sound of silence.  
In restless dreams, I walked alone,  
narrow streets of cobblestone  
'neath the halo of a streetlamp  
I turned my collar to the cold and damp.  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
that split the night  
and touched the sound of silence.  
And in the naked light,  
I saw ten thousand people,  
maybe more.  
People talking without speaking.  
People hearing without listening.  
People writing songs that voices never shared.  
And no one dared disturb the sound of silence.  
“Fools” said I, “You do not know.  
Silence like a cancer grows.  
Hear my words that I might teach you.  
Take my arms that I might reach you”  
But my words, like silent raindrops fell  
and echoed in the wells of silence.  
And the people bowed and prayed  
to the neon god they made.  
And the sign flashed out its warning  
in the words that it was forming.  
Then the sign said, “The words on the prophets are written

on the subway wall in tenement halls.”  
And whispered in the sound of silence.

The sound of silence **within** can be deafening, while the sound of silence **without** can be quite pleasant to the ears. The two create the difference between **loneliness** and **solitude**. **Loneliness** is the result of being locked out of yourself. **Solitude** is the result of closing the door on the world so you can enjoy quiet time with yourself before God as your Witness.

When the sound of silence within me was deafening, I ran away from myself into the arms of others. I interacted with them in an effort to drown out the silence within me. I also ran into the arms of drugs and alcohol, and sex. And I ran into the arms of self-injury.

For the sound of silence to become pleasant to my ears, I had to find a relationship with myself within me waiting for me with open arms. I also had to find a relationship with God. That’s when peace and quiet became music to my ears.



**“Leaves That are Green”**  
Sung by Simon and Garfunkel  
Composed by  
Paul Simon  
1966

I was twenty-one years when I wrote this song.  
I'm twenty-two now, but I won't be for long.  
Time hurries on,  
and the leaves that are green turn to brown.  
And they wither with the wind.  
And they crumble in your hand.  
Once my heart was filled with the love of a girl.  
I held her close,  
but she faded in the night like a poem I meant to write.  
And the leaves that are green turn to brown.  
And they wither with the wind.  
And they crumble in your hand.  
I threw a pebble in a brook  
and watched the ripples run away.  
And they never made a sound.  
And the leaves that are green turn to brown.  
And they wither with the wind.  
And they crumble in your hand.  
Hello, hello, hello, hello  
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye  
That's all there is.  
And the leaves that are green turn to brown.

I thought I was very deep when I was young. But I wasn't. I thought I was very unfairly treated when I was young. But I wasn't. And I thought I knew a love that no one knew but me. But I was wrong there, too.

People know about love. They spend most of their day dreaming about **violet**, the color of the rainbow closest to us,

closest to the ground. They pursue ecstasy. But what they achieve is, at best, joy.

**Joy** is bittersweet. **Happiness** is sickeningly sweet. Who wants to pursue happiness? Happiness is far too sweet. It'll rot your teeth.

People know about anger, fury and rage (red). They know about worry, angst and agony (orange). They knew about fear, terror and horror (yellow). And some people have even witnessed unspeakable traumas that terrify them still.

Yet, most people are surprised when they suffer a panic attack. You'd think they know everything there is to know about the three colors closest to the heavens above (red, orange and yellow).

You'd think they'd know about green and brown. Embarrassment of your body leads to **spring** green. Shame of your character leads to **forest** green. "And the leaves that are green turn to brown."

We're all growing older by the day. We're all facing the various shades of the blues: sorrow, regret, remorse, disappointment and grief.

But I didn't consciously go through **regret**. I went right from sorrow to **remorse**. I didn't care about what I'd done wrong. I didn't regret anything I did. I only felt terrible remorse at having to live with the consequences of my actions.

I'm no longer like that. Now I look back on my life with a few regrets. There are things I said and did in life that I now wish I hadn't done. These are secrets I now share with God my Partner. Better late than never.

## **“Stand By Me”**

Sung by

Ben E. King

Composed by

Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Released in 1961, this song was inspired by the spiritual hymn, “Lord Stand By Me”. This song has since been recorded into more than 400 other versions.

When the night has come  
and the land is dark  
and the moon is the only light we'll see,  
no, I won't be afraid.  
Oh, I won't be afraid.  
Just as long as You Stand, Stand by me

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

So Darlin', Darlin', Stand by me.  
Oh, Stand by me.  
Oh, Stand,  
Stand by me, Stand by me.

Having enough faith to believe that God Stands by you at all times, whether you're right or wrong, is quite a spiritual accomplishment. I say this because neglect, abandonment, betrayal and rejection by others can make anyone feel terribly alone.

It's only when I recognize that my negative feelings have been Sanctioned by God to deepen the hole in which my faith will be held, that I accept my fate as a cross-eyed bear.

I may growl about my fate. I may bare my teeth in anger at what I'm being Forced to go through. I may expose my cuspids in a snarl rather than a smile. But I don't often bite. I believe in God. I let **Him** Do The Biting for me. He Has men and women with teeth and a sharp tongue who are Made for that.

So often it feels as though life is a shovel being stabbed into the ground of my being. I feel as though my flesh is being dug out of me, leaving a hole inside, instead.

But then I see that that hole is to hold my soul. God Had To Scoop out a place inside of me To Plant my soul. He Is my Gardener. My soul is His Seed. He Gives me faith after Having Given me life. This is the true miracle of life. This is the miracle of soulfulness. Out of my soul grows my hope in peace on Earth for everyone, but especially for gays and Jews since I'm a member of these tribes.

Every newborn experiences this yearning for God with its first breath. Its scream is its first prayer. This is when life begins, not before.

It's those of us who are of two spirits (head and heart) who are meek. It's those of us who identify with native cultures around the world who are often the most civilized. If you don't know the history of His Story that began with indigenism and progressed chronologically with Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and lastly Islam, then you don't understand the seven steps up to God's Throne.

The **religious** have become evil, and the **spiritual** have become good. If you seek freedom, liberty and emancipation through kindness for all, you're **spiritual**. What difference does it make whether you believe in God. God Believes in you.

The gays are the abomination of the religious Jews. The spiritual Jews are the abomination of the evangelical Christians. And all Christians, Jews and gays are the abomination of fanatical Muslims. Therefore, I was Made to be an abomination within abominations. And I'm proud of it!

I couldn't be happier being two spirits struggling for acceptance in one body. Inside lies my **Israel**. Here is my "struggle with God."

## Thoughts on Thinking

I suffer a very bad case of **senioritis**. I'm in such a hurry all the time that it must mean I just want to graduate from the school of life right away. I'm rushing to my grave.

I'm always in a hurry to get things done and out of the way. But what's left? Only death. I'm rushing to the finish line, and I have trouble calming myself down and slowing down.

I also suffer a very bad case of junior high school jitters. I'm impatient over almost everything. Closing a door or drawer seems like a waste of time. Taking the stairs to the floor below uses up precious time I wouldn't need to spend if I could just jump from one story to the next.

When I realized I was repeating a period in my life that corresponded with puberty, I had to admit to myself that I'm still spiritually adolescent in some ways. I'm not spiritually juvenile in **every** way. But in some ways, I'm definitely not yet over 18.

When I realized I was building a tower to my own power which corresponded to the Tower of Babel, I stopped acting like my mother's husband and my sister's father. I outgrew my need to lord over others.

An older, wiser part of me has seen these parts of me and label them **immature**. I've humbled myself to being myself authentically. That wasn't an outcome of life I anticipated, especially in light of the fact that older people who claim to be wiser and more experienced never told me about my egotistical tower (penis) to power.

I had a lot to learn about myself and others. I had to become an adult in the room by acknowledging those ways in which I was still acting like a kid.

Now that I no longer rush around as impatiently, at last I can admonish **me** for my childish foolishness.

It says in Leviticus that parents should stone their disobedient children. I disagree. But I do believe in taking

Torah personally. Therefore, I stone myself inside with ridicule and score for behaving **within** myself **with** myself as though I were still juvenile.

Life is a school. And my desire to graduate isn't becoming of a student who claims to hold great regard for The Teacher and for learning. Wishing to just get the hell out of here isn't an attitude I find attractive about me.

My impatience isn't just in getting to my Destination. My impatience can be observed in all the little things I do with a bad attitude because they interfere with what I'd rather be doing in the moment.

I wish my parents' generation had said something about this tendency in **them**. I certainly could see by the way they got grumpier and grumpier as they aged that they suffered from senioritis, too. They just didn't warn me about it. They must have been too impatient to discuss their impatience...

I now get the impression that they concealed from themselves how immature they really were. I get that impression because I see my generation concealing the same thing as we age. And I don't like it.

I don't like it in myself, and I don't like it in others. I wish people would be more attentive to their attitude in this school. When I was a public-school teacher, I could easily see the difference between those students who came to class to learn and those who came with a resentment in having to be there.

It didn't make my job as a teacher any easier to have to work on the **attitude** of my students as well as on their **grades**.

But some grown children can't see that about themselves in the "real" world. They see rich Republicans with a bad attitude and assume that the rich have been "rewarded" with good grades because of their power and prestige. They haven't. They've been "rewarded" with **money**, not **honey**. It's all a test to see what they'll do with it.

Honey is much sweeter in the long run. It takes honey to get into Heaven, not money. Indulgences by the Church were a mirror of the self-indulgence of Christians at that time.



## Weird Thoughts

Because I have a personality that others don't always find immediately appealing and enticing, I was unpopular most of my life. I looked at popular people enviously. I wanted what they had that I felt was denied me.

Maybe it wasn't just my personality. Maybe it was also my looks. Maybe it was even my religion and my sexual preference...

People weren't drawn to me like a magnet to iron. There just wasn't the chemistry between me and others that I could see in those who were charismatic.

Because I lacked charm, I finally realized I had to make up for it in other ways. Developing a working relationship with myself finally became more valuable to me than working on my relationships with others.

In fact, I'd go so far as to say that the relationships I'm now able to forge with others are the direct result of the improved relationship I've created within myself with myself.

The **Adam's apple** is the larynx which grows larger in males than females at puberty. The larynx is a hollow, muscular organ which contains the vocal cords: the voice box. This makes the Adam's apple the spiritual site of communication with yourself.

When I think back to the Creation story as a metaphor for the spiritual operating system of humanity, I find it interesting to contemplate the fact that the larynx, not the head, heart or soul would end up being given the name, "Adam's apple".

It would seem more logical to call the mind Adam's apple. Of all parts of the body to have been affected by the consequences of eating forbidden fruit, it seems it would have been the mind that would get that appellation.

But it's the voice box that does. It's as though the portion of the forbidden fruit that Eve gave to Adam got stuck in his throat. He couldn't swallow it, and he couldn't cough it back up, either.

All men produce the liquid love that **creates** life that emanates out from our fruits through the mouth of our serpent. But we're all mystified by the liquid love (milk) that emanates out of the fruits of women (breasts) who **sustain** life.

This is poetic truth that leads men and women to seek justice. To fully digest our forbidden fruit, we have to admit it was never stolen from us. We have to admit to ourself that God Never Meant for mankind to presume knowledge was forbidden.

God Was Speaking to us poetically. He Was Using figurative speech To Tell us about our spiritual operating system.

Taking the Creation Story literally will only drive you nuts. Before you know it, you'll believe in the personification of evil as Satan... You'll interpret **pardes** (Hebrew: orchard) as paradise and seek to go back to the "paradise" we came from...

You can't go back where you came from. You came from your mother's womb. You must go forward into your Father's Arms.

It's only when a child reaches puberty that the fruits of the Tree of knowledge have ripened. It's only then that adolescents become "permitted" biologically – through menstruation in females and the production of semen in males. These biological changes in the operating system indicate that what was previously permitted (learning) has been expanded to include knowledge of how to **create** and **sustain** life.

God Never Said we were forbidden from learning, growing and maturing. He Never Said we were forbidden from pursuing the **pleasure principle**, which is located

below our waist, which includes pain (anal sex) if we so desire.

Therefore, the religious interpretation of the Creation Story is all wrong. We're not being Punished by God for original sin. That's nonsense. Puberty is the time in life when we're biologically awakened to the potential to pursue much more than we could as children.

The consequences of the pursuit of knowledge may lead to **banishment** (alienation, disaffection, hostility, isolation, separation, distancing, division, dissention and estrangement). This is a fact of life. We all get our heart broken by trying to pursue love from the outside **in** rather than from the inside **out**.

God Doesn't Dislike you because you're knowledgeable. He Doesn't Dislike you because you're sexual. He Doesn't Even Dislike you if you feel distant from Him. These are all conclusions religious fanatics come to that the spiritually inclined dismiss as superstition (ignorant fear of God).

Because of religion, some people conclude that the less they know, the better off they are. They think God Prefers those who put their head in the sand like **ostriches**. They become **sheep** who are easily fleeced.

Thinking you're better off not knowing is completely illogical and backwards. The more you know about yourself and others, the more power you have to improve yourself and through your knowledge of yourself, the world.

The problem with learning lies in the negative feelings of banishment from ignorance that cause alienation, disaffection, hostility, isolation, separation, distancing, division, dissention and estrangement. We don't talk about these feelings which are unintended consequences of learning. We don't talk about cynicism as being an unintended consequence of experiences in life. But these are natural offshoots in the pursuit of knowledge.

The sense of loss and punishment in having achieved knowledge increases our cynicism over time until we

become bitter (disappointed) and sour (angry). To compensate for these feelings, we seek the things we believe will make us sweet (loving).

This is normal. If we can talk about how knowledge changes civilizations, nations, religions, cultures, tribes and subtribes, we come to understand how knowledge affects families and individuals.

Communication within yourself with yourself is the key. If we address our spiritual operating system as a system inherent in the creation of every individual, we can come to understand how we're behaving as a species and how we're unwisely destroying the planet in the process.

This is suicidal. This is insane. But the more you can unify the seven forces within you, the more you can embrace life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness through the pursuit of truth as a poetic Gift from God.

I must bear my **own** cross. I must find my own mission. I must earn my own wings. In order to give to others and receive what I need from God to better myself, I must make the first move. Moses had to turn around after he met God at the Burning Bush. You have to go back to your inner Egypt. You have to help free those who are like you. And only you and God Know who they are.

Unless I better myself in the time I've been Given, I'll spend my days struggling **against** God rather than struggling **with** Him.

A struggle against God takes many forms, but the most obvious are war, racism, homophobia, misogyny and anti-Semitism. Less obvious struggles against God are hatred, anger, frustrations and resentments. If you can't make your way from red (rage) down through orange (worry), yellow (fear) and green (coveting) to blue (sorrow), you'll never make your way through indigo (mystery) to violet (ecstasy). You'll never personalize the pursuit of hope, which leads to love and loyalty to life.

**War** is a struggle to kill others instead of acknowledging your urge to kill God. Greed drives men to steal their rewards in life rather than work for them.

**Racism** is a struggle against others' container in the hopes that people will then think your contents are more appealing than theirs.

**Homophobia** is a struggle against other people's wishes and wants. The good in you corresponds to fire. The evil corresponds to ice. The more you understand the figurative secret to the warm words that spurts out of the mouth of your serpent, the more you'll understand way you were Made. Making love with yourself is a part of the process in learning about the mystery of love.

**Misogyny** is a struggle against your own heart (Eve). Make love to yourself before you try to make love to others. Make love to yourself unlike the way Adam made love to Eve. Create a bond between your head and heart. Don't reject your feelings for yourself. Don't even follow the dictates of the serpent in your tree without considering the outcome of those urges.

**Anti-Semitism** is a struggle against anyone who uses a different name than you do for God. God Created everyone. You have a navel that proves it. What makes you think God Loves diversity when it comes to people's bodies while Insisting that He'S Only Provided **your** religious path as the righteous path to Him? There are seven paths to God. Don't make a fool of yourself by insisting the only "right" religious path is the one you know about.

**Anti-social** behavior verses **meaningful** social behavior becomes an issue when you realize how deeply anti-social some people become toward themselves. Until you begin to talk to yourself and answer yourself in complete sentences that include a tone of voice that you'd find pleasing if it arrived at your ears from another person, you, too, may be intrinsically anti-social and not even know it.

## **“Miles From Nowhere”**

Composed and Sung by Cat Stevens

1970

Miles from nowhere,  
guess I'll take my time,  
oh yeah, to reach **There**.  
Look up at the mountain, mmm,  
I have to climb  
oh yeah, to reach **There**.  
Lord, my body has been a good friend,  
but I won't need it when I reach the end.  
Miles from nowhere,  
I guess I'll take my time  
oh yeah, to reach **There**.  
I creep through the valleys,  
and I grope through the woods  
'Cuz I know when I find it, my honey,  
it's gonna make me feel good.  
I love everything,  
so don't it make you feel sad.  
'Cuz I'll drink to you, my baby.  
I'll think to that, yes, I'll think to that.  
Miles from nowhere,  
not a soul in sight,  
oh yeah, but it's alright.  
I have my freedom.  
I can make my own rules.  
Oh yes, the ones that I choose.  
Lord, my body has been a good friend,  
but I won't need it when I reach the end.  
I love everything,  
so don't it make you feel sad.  
'Cuz I'll drink to you, my baby.  
I'll sing to that, yes, I'll think to that.  
Oh, I'll think to that.

Miles from nowhere,  
guess I'll take my time,  
oh yeah, to reach **There**.

The sense of distance from others while on your journey doesn't have to feel like banishment. It did for me most of my life, and I, therefore, tried to fit in to be accepted by others. That took a terrible toll on me being honest, sincere and authentic with myself.

I don't feel banished anymore now that I've taken on the mission of my parents to overcome hatred of Jews out in the world as well as taken on the mission of healing myself from the perpetrator in me who hated **me** for being Jewish and gay. I discovered that anti-Semitism and homophobia begin within.

Now I feel a healthy distance from everyone. I don't feel alienated anymore. I feel at home (small h) here far from **Home** (capital H). The disaffection, separation and division I felt that had been emanating out from within me are no longer doing so. The sense of wanting to riot and demonstrate externally has become internalized.

When the political spectrum is curved to form a ring, extremists at both ends stand back-to-back shouting insults at one another. They sound identical (angry). They unknowingly send normal people toward the center where everyone just wants to get along. Such is what we saw in the 2022 election when Democrats convinced independents and even some Republicans that extremism isn't appreciated in our political discourse.

I felt normal when I gave up psychiatric medications with the guidance of my doctor, despite the outcry from my previous boyfriend and his friends. They didn't want me to **change**. They didn't want me to **transform**. They didn't want me to **transcend** who I'd been to become someone better.

I was already changing, transforming and transcending myself after I tried to kill myself three times. I transcended mental illness after twice being involuntarily committed to mental institutions. I was on psychiatric medication for 25 years, but I've now been clean and sober for 38 years and off psychiatric meds for 22 years.

I've learned how to **change** my mind. I've discovered how to **transform** how I feel. This is why I can say that I've **transcended** who I was by believing in a world where people can be taught how to be **normal**. I now love that word.

The world will conspire against you if you wish to grow. Every seedling, sprout, sapling – plant, bush and tree - will testify before The Lord that **your** growth will impede **theirs**. People are competitive. They want the best for you provided you don't outshine them from within.

If you look too good or sound too good, some people will try to take you down. They'll try to make you doubt yourself. That's all they've got to do in life. Their behavior is a vast projection of how deeply they doubt themselves.

If you choose to strive to be normal, be prepared for a life a **hardship**. But if you choose to strive to be like everyone else, prepare to live a life of **conformity**. Conformity may appear to be less of a hardship than normalcy, but, in the end, you'll pay a terrible price for conformity.

Choose a life of hardship by striving to be as normal as you possibly can. You may not have begun the process with the label of paranoid schizophrenic stamped on your forehead, as I was. But you may sense deep down inside that you're not yet normal enough to appeal to you. So, you know how far away you are from knowing the meaning of that word.

I'm **normal**. But it's taken me a lifetime to be able to grasp the meaning of that word for **me**. I'll always struggle with normalcy in a world that doesn't have a clue what it is.



Metaphorically, I'm still a patient in a **hospital** under the Care of One **Doctor** (Capital D). Metaphorically, I'm a Ph.D. candidate in a **university** setting using the **Teachings** of one **Teacher** (capital T). Metaphorically, I'm a mighty tree in a garden with a loving **Gardener** (capital G). I've left that garden to join the **Farmer** in His Orchard (capital F). I'm a **bud** that's flowered. I'm a **fruit**, while so many others are just **nuts**.

That's why I see myself as **normal**. That's why I'm miles from nowhere, while making excellent time.

**“Sugar Sugar”**  
Sung by The Archies  
Composed by  
Jeff Barry and Andy Kim  
1969

Sugar,  
oh, honey, honey,  
you are my candy girl,  
and you got me wanting you.  
Honey,  
oh, sugar, sugar,  
you are my candy girl  
and you got me wanting you.  
I just can't believe  
the loveliness of loving you.  
I just can't believe it's true.  
I just can't believe  
the wonder of this feeling, too.  
I just can't believe it's true.  
Ah, sugar,  
oh, honey, honey,  
you are my candy girl,  
and you got me wanting you.  
Oh, honey,  
oh, sugar, sugar,  
you are my candy girl,  
and you got me f- wanting you.  
When I kissed you, girl,  
I knew how sweet a kiss could be.  
(I know how sweet a kiss can be)  
Like the summer sunshine,  
pour your sweetness over me.  
(Pour your sweetness over me)  
Oh-oh-oh-oh, sugar,  
pour a little sugar on it, honey.

Pour a little sugar on it, baby.  
Make your life so sweet, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Pour a little sugar on it, oh yeah.  
Pour a little sugar on it, honey.  
Pour a little sugar on it, baby.  
I'm gonna make your life so sweet, yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Pour a little sugar on it, honey.  
Ah, sugar,  
ah-ah-ah, honey, honey,  
you are my candy girl.  
And you got me wanting you.  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
honey (honey, sugar, sugar)  
sugar, sugar (honey, honey, sugar, sugar),  
you are my candy girl.

For me, this song is about the production of vaginal fluid that the male singer anticipates his girlfriend excreting before receiving his penis in her. She's a sort of flower, and her vaginal fluid is being compared to **nectar**, a sugary fluid secreted by plants to encourage pollination by insects and other animals.

Hummingbirds drink nectar with their long tongue. It's the foundation of their nutritional palette. So, I assume the composers of this song, Jeff Barry and Andy Kim, were hummingbirds at heart.

Drinking nectar is normal for insects and birds, but it isn't normal for gay men, even if it's poetically appropriate for lesbians.

My penis is the bee in me, and my heart is my flower. They're sharing themselves with one another in a mysterious dance that mimics nature. The two converse like Eve and the serpent. But I'm watching their dance and listening to their dialogue at all times. I don't trust either of them. I don't ever want to lose my mind again.

I'm like a bee and flower that can say "no" to anyone I choose. The flower and the bee in me may have separate voices, but I hold the last word. I can say "no" to myself and others.

The power I have to disapprove is something my parents tried to beat out of me. They terrorized me with corporal punishment that left me with P.T.S.D. I've been moving through trauma every day of my life to learn how to disapprove of my parents and myself tactfully and politely. That was a master class for me in the school of life.

## “Homeward Bound”

Sung by Simon and Garfunkel

Composed by

Paul Simon

1966

I'm sittin' in the railway station.  
Got a ticket to my Destination;  
on a tour of one-night stands,  
my suitcase and guitar in hand.  
And every stop is neatly planned  
for a poet and a one-man band.  
**Homeward bound,**  
I wish I was **H**omeward bound.  
**H**ome, where my thought's escapin';  
**H**ome, where my music's playin';  
**H**ome, where my Love Lies Waitin' Silently for me.  
Every day's an endless stream of cigarettes and magazines.  
And each town looks the same to me;  
the movies and the factories.  
And every stranger's face I see reminds me that I long to be  
**Homeward bound.**  
I wish I was **H**omeward bound...  
Tonight, I'll sing my songs again.  
I'll play the game and pretend.  
But all my words come back to me in shades of mediocrity  
like emptiness in harmony.  
I need someone to comfort me.  
**Homeward bound,**  
I wish I was **H**omeward bound...

Going **H**ome (with a capital H) is what this song is really about. **H**ome (Heaven or Nirvana) is faith in a Destination on your journey of life that gives your life meaning, whether or not you believe in the Christian, Muslim or Buddhist Destination. When you're **H**omeward bound, you're

keeping your eye on your final exam in the school of life as something that'll determine your Final Outcome. You're holding your Destination in your thoughts and prayers, not people. Even if you don't believe in God, believe in putting your right foot forward with every other step you take. Believe in moral excellence even if perfection is impossible.

The hyper-religious claim to be doing just that, but they don't show it through their deeds. They only talk about the prohibitive financial cost of helping people they hate and the need for trickle-down economics so that the financially endowed will grow in wealth and power.

There's that which is **given** and that which is **Given**. Being gay or Black (or both) is a **Given**.

Being Jewish, Catholic or Muslim is a **given**.

Religion is a lifestyle. It's a choice. You don't have to live the way religious people do. You don't have to live the way your parents, grandparents and forefathers lived. You can respect their journey for answers and still choose to go another way. You can accept the best they had to offer and reject the rest.

If you insist on living the way other religious people live, you still don't have to force your lifestyle on anyone else. **Normal** for you will always be **abnormal** for some others. Don't kid yourself.

Some of the things you're going to struggle with in life others will call a choice. And yet, you know it's not a choice for you.

Killing Jews is a choice. Discriminating against transgender people is a choice. Your children and grandchildren will look back on those choices the way today's Germans look back on their Nazis predecessors. Therefore, beware of the choices you make. If your progeny are able to see your folly, just imagine how God Can See through you, too.

There are certain things I've given myself. Being gay isn't one of them. Being Jewish **is**. I've chosen to be Jewish. It was my parents' religion, and because of the horrible way in which they were treated in Europe by people who called themselves "Christians," I made a choice to keep my parents' religion.

I've studied being Jewish. I didn't just resign myself to my faith. I've even reinterpreted my religion to make it more compatible to the contemporary age in which I live.

I've put a great deal of work into being Jewish. It's a lifestyle I've grown to love. And it's a way of believing that I've come to embrace in my own unique way.

Just knowing I have a talking serpent hanging down from the trunk of my tree is one way that I embrace my religion. But whether I'd choose to cut off the hood on the cobra is another question entirely. I don't believe in using pain to reinforce convention. I prefer to use poetry.

There are other gifts I've given myself that are valuable to me:

1. I married myself.
2. I ordained myself a rabbi.
3. I bestowed the **noble** peace prize on myself.

In these three ways, I've expressed the unfolding awakening of my beliefs. I've become more intimate with myself and comfortable in my own company. I've become more inspired by the mystery of life and how each day unfolds in an unfathomably miraculous way.

My second master's degree was in English with a concentration in linguistics. I remember then reading about an experiment on conversations between New Yorkers and Angelinos by Deborah Tannen. They measured the time between responses by people in conversations from both coasts. There was an overlap in response time for New Yorkers. In other words, New Yorkers interrupted while speaking, while Angelinos left a measurable amount of room

between the time one person stopped speaking and the other replied.

This difference in communication style was attributed to a difference in philosophic outlook regarding communication. **New Yorkers**, Tannen concluded, want to show one another that they're so **eager** to reply to what they've heard that they interrupt one another slightly to express their enthusiasm.

**Angelinos** want to show one another that they're so **impressed** with what they've heard that they pause for a moment to express their awe at what was said.

You never know why people behave the way they do unless they tell you. And since so much of our cultural nuances aren't conscious, it sometimes requires scientific experiments to discover what it is we really believe and try to convey through our actions.

It's likely that the communication style of **others** is as effective as **yours** unless they're lying to you. Provided people are telling you the truth, they're using the communication style they believe will convince you of their veracity and trust.

Don't doubt people unless they lie to you. Don't belittle their manner of telling the truth with cynicism if the facts are true. Their communication style is as meaningful as yours, even if their methods are different.

But when you discover people are lying to you, it's a different story. Once the facts have been proven again and again (such as in the outcome of the 2020 election) – and some people still maintain their lies – then you have to avoid cynicism entirely.

Then, you have to take a serious look at their beliefs as the cause of their faulty thoughts and hateful feelings. Then you know that they're just evil. Their religious convictions are a way of dominating others. They're just motivated by greed and power.



**“All of Me (Take 3)”**  
Sung by Billie Holiday and Lester Young  
Composed by  
Gerald Marks and Seymour Simon  
1931

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?  
All of me...  
You took the best,  
so why not take the rest?  
Baby, take all of me.

When the singer requests his lover, girlfriend or boyfriend to take all of him, he's suggesting that there are parts of the self we give away and parts we're left with thereafter.

Some of what we **offer** may be rejected. And some of what we **withhold** may be too valuable to offer, for fear it may be rejected, or worse, abused.

These are the strategies of the human heart. If you've given your heart to someone, and they break it, you'll want to know why. Why would someone break something so precious to you that was entrusted to him or her to treasure and care for?

The sense of violation and betrayal that ensues after your heart's been broken leaves you floundering inside at why you should have to go through a pain you don't deserve. This pain brings up conclusions to distrust others in the future. It brings up feelings of **bitterness** (disappointment) and **sourness** (anger) that God Already Anticipated in foods you've learned to taste, chew on and swallow.

A broken heart brings up distrust of God. If I can't trust God To Give my heart to someone who isn't going to abuse that trust, then He'S Abused my trust in Him... God Not Only Leaves me floundering with regard to my trust in Him. He Leaves me floundering at my inability to trust myself. After all, He and I Are in this together both in my inner world and the outer world.

Misfortunes with love become a spiritual issue between oneself and God. If love is a divinely inspired feeling, then a broken heart asks us to question why God Would Allow us to lose our faith in ourself, not just in Him. It begs the question how loss of love and faith in ourself could possibly bring us to greater faith in the bond the two of Us Hold (God and me).

This is a reasonable question. This is a question that revolves around arrogance, the arrogance of trusting your thoughts, feelings and beliefs, when you know too little about yourself and then choose to put your trust in someone else.

Life may be a school, but the lessons are harder than they look. A broken heart becomes a lesson in giving yourself more cautiously to others. Loss of faith in others becomes a lesson in giving your soul more cautiously to God.

This stripping of our defense mechanism leaves us raw and exposed. Not only can we not trust others to treat us with respect. We discover that we can't trust ourself, either. By having allowed ourself to be so brutally abused by those we've trusted, we lose some of our own trust. We may even conclude there's no one left to trust but God.

Such a position of cynicism and scorn leaves some people to put their trust only in God. Out of bitterness and defeat, some **religious** people turn their back on those who betrayed them to giving all their trust to The Lord. The **spiritually** inclined choose, instead, to ask and seek answers to hard questions.

This movement from a **religious** outlook to a **spiritual** outlook can be described as the movement out of the metaphor of life as a **hospital** with A Doctor to life as a **school** with A Teacher.

I've delved into my spiritual operating system to understand the connection between the thoughts, feelings, beliefs, wishes (+) and wants (-) that have caused me to behave as I have. I now question everything I tell myself; convey to others; and do in the outside world – to determine how much more I can trust myself from one day to the next.

Only with such scrutiny can I expand my relationship with myself. Only by seeking **truth** rather than **happiness** can I come to believe in me. What difference does it make if I'm happy or sad if I'm living with a hypocrite?

If you've got a head, use it. If you've got a heart, use it. And if you have to use the thoughts in your head and feelings in your heart to come to difficult conclusions about yourself that may leave you in doubt about yourself, do so. The truth will set you free. It's better to pursue truth than happiness in the long run.

If you do, you'll be able to reinterpret this song as a prayer that looks quite different:

All of me,  
why not **T**ake all of me?  
Can't **Y**ou see I'm no good without **Y**ou.  
**T**ake 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?  
All of me...  
You Took the best,  
so why not Take the rest?  
Baby, Take all of me.

Now, the relationship is one of you to God. Now, it's a question of why He Would Treat you in a way that makes you question your faith in Him, not only your faith in yourself and others.

Questioning faith is a necessary part of believing confidently. If you want your faith to be unquestioned, you'll turn into a Nazi. You'll believe in your scripture literally and insist that others do the same.

But when you question God's Relationship to you and your relationship to Him, mysterious, magical and miraculous outcomes occur. Suddenly, you find that words are much more powerful than you imagined.

Then, when you question the way you communicated with yourself in the past, you'll better understand why God Had To Interrupt you To Make you see what you were saying to yourself about yourself that was so unkind and untrue.

## More Thoughts on Critical Thinking

Many men claim that women don't use their **head**. And many women claim that men don't use their **heart**.

If you've got a head and heart, use them. If you've got an interest in yourself, scrutinize what you say for the **logic** of your thinking and **rationality** of your feelings.

I can't imagine that God Didn't Create everyone with the potential to use their head and heart. If you've suffered from mental illness (as I have), that doesn't mean that God Hates you. If you've suffered from a broken heart, it doesn't mean that some people hate you. The Teacher Gives us **lessons** to Prepare us for His **Tests**. If we don't do our homework, it should be no surprise that we don't do well on our tests.

The problem with men generally is that they don't realize there's an **Eve** (heart) in every **Adam** (head). The problem with women generally is that they don't realize there's an **Adam** (head) in every **Eve** (heart). If all men would use their heart and all women would use their head, we wouldn't have the problems we have in celebrating the LGBT+ community. It's **our** community that promotes understanding of the serpent in your tree or worm in your apple.

There are Rino's and Dino's. The Rino's are Republican in name only. They come from their heart. They're resentful, angry, intimidating and scornful. So, they vote their party line in the hopes of getting revenge against the Democrats.

But there are also Dino's. They're Democrats in name only. They, too, come from their heart. They're also resentful, angry, intimidating and scornful. So, they vote against their party line to get revenge.

Neither wants to use more of his head and heart than s/he's doing at that time. DINO's and RINO's put money before honey. This is why so many young people are so impatient and frustrated with people in leadership positions, old people and even with voting. They forget that everyone's

listening to their penis or clitoris (urges). What people want and wish for is hard to make happen when they don't understand how they were Made.

People turn their problems into **religious** issues in order to avoid **spiritual** issues. They insist that **their** way is the only way to God, and all other ways go against God.

All religious courses of action, in some respects, use their God's Name in vain. Finding a passage in your favorite scripture to prove a religious point is blasphemous. If you want to use your scripture as a blueprint of how to lead **your** life, that's wonderful. But don't force other people to do the same.

The Christians have used the Hebrew scripture to make their point since their inception 2,000 years ago. They've forced the Hebrew Testament on indigenists around the world. And now many of those peoples hate the Jews for something Christians did to them.

Muslims did something similar to what the Christians did. But they disassociated themselves from both Jewish and Christian scripture, and then forced themselves on indigenists around the world to fill them with the Quran, which is a reinterpretation of the **metaphors** of Moses and **symbols** of Jesus using **similes**. Now those Muslims hate the Jews **and** the Christians rather than make the effort to learn from all three scriptures.

Let's be clear about this. The Jews didn't force our scripture on anyone until the recreation of the State of Israel after 2,000 years. Now orthodox-Jews are forcing their scriptural beliefs on the rest of the Jews, specifically with regard to homophobia. All **religious** people hate gay-Jews.

If you've got a head and a heart, use them. If you only want to react irrationally to every situation in which you can't get your way, don't be shocked when gay men turn around and call you a drama queen to shame you.

The religious seek **power** at any cost. The spiritual seek **truth**.

I pussy-footed around straights for more than 60 years. I pussy-footed around Republicans, as well. I'm done pussy-footing around. Some people are looking for melodrama. They just want an excuse to get furious at the cross they have to bear.

I can now see that my issues have got nothing to do with my sexuality (gay), my religion (Jewish) or my nationality (American). My issues don't even have anything to do with the way I vote (Democratic).

My issues revolve around my search for truth. If you want the truth, you're going to have to work for it. I now know that 90% of my effort has to go into my **inner** world for me to succeed in my **outer** world. I'd say that most people are doing just the opposite.

Most people are looking for an excuse to get mad because they're mad at themselves and they want to express it out loud. As someone who was **madder** than a hatter, I know what that's like.

But I'm not mad anymore. I've gotten madness out of my system. Now I'd rather be **sad** than **mad**. While in pursuit of truth, I often find myself being forced to feel sorrow, regret, remorse, disappointment and grief for **me**. This school is harder than it looks. You, too, may someday sing these blues.

I've already told you that I don't mind the emotional ramifications of pursuing truth. But I do mind being mad. I don't like madness. I got so mad that they had to lock me up against my will in mental institutions. And they gave me the label "paranoid-schizophrenic" when I got out (which my sister took no time to share with me).

Now the pursuit of truth doesn't make me mad. It doesn't depress me. I'm used to sadness. I no longer seek to express my fury and rage at anyone. I'm resolved to continue to pursue truth rather than happiness.

## Greasy Spoon or Clip Joint

The definition of a **joint** in the human body is, “a structure in the human or animal body at which two parts of the skeleton are fitted together.” (internet)

A **joint** is a connector of bones that allows for movement. The joints of the body allow us to go in some directions. If we go too far, we injure the joint and possibly even break a bone.

A **joint** is also a place where people go who aren't concerned with boundaries. A **clip joint** is a nightclub or bar that charges exorbitant prices. People who frequent joints are looking for a form of movement and expression that they can't (or won't) associate with their own body. They're looking for **autonomy** rather than **freedom**.

There are three ways to move parts of your body:

1. Using muscles attached to skin:  
This produces facial expressions which are a form of emotional communication.
2. Using muscles attached to bones and cartilage:  
This produces body language, which is also a form of emotional communication.
3. Using blood flow alone:  
This produces movement of the penis from flaccid to erect, so different from other forms of body movement.

People who see their body as the “joint” where they reside have to learn about boundaries of their body, boundaries of movement externally and boundaries of movement spiritually.

People with joint problems have problems with boundaries, in the figurative sense. With age and physical abuse of our joints over a lifetime, we're forced to face the figurative meanings of words since medical doctors aren't



yet able to heal us of all our joint problems on the physical plane of reality.

Like most aging adults, I suffer from some joint pain. But the more I associate these physical problems with moral issues, the more I feel that my pain and suffering become meaningful.

Of course, I consult my doctor for assistance at the physical level. But I also work within myself to make the associations I need on the emotional and spiritual level to solve my boundary issues in the ways that I can.

Most of my life I assumed my body was just a **joint** I was residing in. I didn't like the place. I didn't treat it particularly well. In fact, I repulsed me. And now I'm suffering with the consequences of that abuse literally.

Now I'm well aware that my body is my **temple**, not some **joint** I happen to find myself in. I respect my body as a Creation by God Given to me to discover my relationship to **His** Gifts to me, **my** gifts to myself and my gifts to **others**.

The more I expand upon the world's scriptures to interpret them as poems with figurative meanings that I can apply to myself, the more I grow spiritually.

Because I'm a Jew, I have a predisposition to use the word "grow" metaphorically in the way that botanical life grows. This is the main metaphor of Moses in the Creation Story, and I like his metaphor very much. Because the Jews created the first representative democracy under God, our use of words has permeated the mindset of most other civilized peoples the world over.

This makes it convenient for me to use the metaphors from my scripture with inner assurance that good people will understand what I'm saying. This makes being a **writer** and a **righter** so very natural a vocation for me.

I speak English without an accent, but inside I feel limited in expressing myself using language unwisely. I'm more comfortable with dance. Movement through the space

around me corresponds to **babel** in the world within me. I am a tower swaying in a Wind.

Despite my strong sense of connection to my Jewish scripture, I find that I'm impeded by personal experiences that give words black boundaries (thoughts). I've had to fill in these black sketches with color (feelings). My mind now peruses my past like a coloring book I have yet to fully fill.

I feel young at heart. I feel more and more naïve the more of the truth I achieve. I wake up in the morning with a sense of mystery and curiosity about what I'll learn about myself that day.

I feel that I have a lot to learn about the words I use because each day new words (thoughts) need to be filled in with color (emotion). It's up to me to choose just the right tint and hue for me to match each of these new words. And as I do, I have to make sure I stay between my black lines (thoughts). In other words, I have to make sure that my words are logical, rational and rhythmic, without being offensive or hurtful. This makes coloring in my coloring book a herculean challenge. It's not child's play.

Being me is a full-time job. I can't imagine why I was so afraid of getting old, retiring and having nothing to do. I couldn't find myself with more to do! I've never been so busy **being** in my whole life!

Aging requires a sensitivity to language, as well as a sensitivity to other people's feelings. Just saying things because they come to mind or saying things because they look to be true in the external world, is no reason to speak.

Because my intuition developed slowly over the years, I was shocked to discover I was hindering myself from speaking to **me**. I filtered out thoughts from myself, assuming that telling myself what I was thinking would ruin my relationship with me.

That was probably a prudent conclusion after having tried to kill myself repeatedly, I couldn't be trusted to reveal everything I was thinking to myself about me.

Another way of saying this is that I had to classify information as **public**, **private**, **secret** and **top secret**. Just like Donald Trump has had problems in separating these levels of classification with governmental information, I had the same problem with inner information.

Donald Trump may have declared that he could declassify governmental documents with his mind, but I really can declassify internal documents with my mind. This helps to show me that I've become saner and more responsible than I used to be. This helped reveal to me that Donald Trump truly is spiritually insane.

Not everything I said in **public** was good for the **public** to hear. Not everything I said in **private** to the **people** I trusted was good for them to hear. Not everything I kept **secret** from others was good for **me** to hear. And there were some things so **top secret** that I had no idea what they were until they were leaked to me by **voices** inside me. These voices I call **intuition**.

It's only when I began talking to myself **in** loud that I realized there were levels of classification of knowledge. I didn't even know that much about my inner world. And after 70 years of being me, I found that to be a shocking discovery.

You might find it hard to believe that someone as erudite and fluent in writing on the page could complain about sometimes being lost for words within, but that's the truth. I wrote books to learn to speak. I used my fingers typing to draw out ideas, concepts and theories that lay in my unconscious that I was afraid to express for fear of offending myself.

I wasn't afraid of offending God. I wasn't afraid of offending my loved ones. I wasn't afraid of offending my friends and acquaintances or even the public at large. I was secretly afraid of offending me.

Therefore, I discovered I have to behave in exemplary ways to others in order to earn the reward of trusting myself with top-secret information about me. Although I fantasize

telling people what I really think of them, I want to earn my **respect** more than I want to be **candid**.

Now I only let out my ideas in words if they conform to my nature. I've got to be honest (head), sincere (heart) and authentic (soul) in the way that I was Made.

Being passive isn't a natural response, especially for a man who's been fearful most of his life. I dreamed of being aggressive more than heroic or manly or assertive. I wanted people to look up to me as a macho leader, the first to charge.

So, recognizing that passivity can be a **virtue** has been enlightening. I used to think passivity was only a **vice**.

My inner discussions, debate, negotiations, planning, pondering, consideration and deliberations had to come full circle. I now see them as strengths. Inside, I feel like Samson with extremely long hair. And the Delila within me appreciates my long hair and encourages me to grow it longer. She only trims the split ends. For that, I'm grateful to the s/he in me.

This is like the Isaac in me coming to terms with the father in me who tried to kill me. This is a reconciliation with myself that has given me peace of mind and forgiveness of my father for abandoning me as a child.

I don't want to imitate others any longer. I'm content to be an unassimilated gay-Jew. I don't need to fit in anywhere. I don't need to be perceived as "one of the boys." I'm not even interested in being one of the "Boys in the Band." And I certainly wouldn't behave like a Proud Boy.

I want to be original, unique and true to myself. And I know that God Wants that of me, too.

## Pro Nouns

**Pronouns** are the greatest mystery of language. Not only do they distinguish God from man (**You** from **you**), but pronouns distinguish one thought from another (**this** verses **that** and **this** verses **That**). If you don't know how to use pronouns correctly, you're going to get lost inside and out.

This was a problem I discovered by talking to myself. This forced me to look at how I say what I say so I don't confuse myself when talking to myself.

There are parts of my brain that don't seem to have the linguistic education I'm using at the moment. These are parts of me that are infantile, childish and juvenile. If I don't communicate to those parts of my brain in ways that are extremely succinct and accurate, I create glitches in my spiritual operating system that create a **cross-eyed bear** instead of a **cross I'd bear**.

When I first started talking to myself **in** loud, I had to differentiate one thought<sup>1</sup> from another thought<sup>2</sup> with superscripts. Now that I've learned to use the pronouns **this**<sup>1</sup> and **that**<sup>2</sup>, I can simply imagine the difference between **this** and **That**.

If you don't have these problems, it may be because you don't think much about how you think. Or it may be because you don't talk to yourself at all.

Not talking to yourself produces **loneliness**. Talking to yourself produces **solitude**. You choose.

**“It's Now or Never”**

Sung by

Elvis Presley

Composed by

Aaron Schroeder and Wally Gold

1960

It's now or **Never**.  
Come hold me tight.  
Kiss me my darlin'.  
Be mine tonight.  
Tomorrow will be too late.  
It's now or **Never**.  
My love won't wait.  
When I first saw you  
with your smile so tender,  
my heart was captured.  
My soul surrendered.  
I spent a lifetime  
waiting for the right time.  
Now that you're near  
the time is here, at last.  
It's now or **Never**...  
Just like a willow,  
we would cry an ocean  
if we lost true love  
and sweet devotion.  
Your lips excite me.  
Let your arms invite me,  
for who knows when  
we'll meet again this way.  
It's now or **Never**...

This isn't a song about **impatience**. It isn't a song about **lust** that can't be contained. It isn't about **pressure** being put

on a woman to give in and put out. This is a religious threat, not a promise.

When you know that what comes around goes around, this song becomes about the self. It's about the conscience finally being able to tell the heart what it truly believes. All the thoughts have been weighed for their **logic**. All the feelings have been registered and recorded for **rationality**. All the conflicts have been noted for the possibility of **Forever or Never**.

Now is the time for the conscience to pass judgment on the situation and take action. If you see that your head and heart have determined that "**it's now or Never**," you should be able to conclude that you're full of shit.

You've got your head up your ass with your eyes closed. You're afraid to look at the darkness within you. You're afraid to admit that you know damn little about how miserably you treat yourself.

What that means to me is that my conscience has to describe with its thumb what my moral conclusions about me must be (up or down). There are only one of two directions for me to go in. But this is a judgment I must make on **every** issue of my being. This is an ongoing exercise for my right thumb.

Either my head and heart are going to act together on my behalf, or they're going to act separately in a way that expresses my devotion to others over devotion to me. This doesn't mean I get to lie. But it does mean that I have a responsibility not to be in denial.

My conscience is singing this song to me about self-loyalty. Either I'm going to go up in the direction of Heaven because I can finally put my greatest need (me) first, or I'm going down in the direction of Hell with all the others who are existing in a world where duty to others is all they've got. And that direction of my thumb returns in every now to vote for **Forever or Never**.

This song is about the ramifications of guilt. Am I going to care about **my** greatest good, knowing that I'm going to obey the laws of man and God to help achieve the greatest good (God), or am I going to succumb to self-indulgence, self-pity, resentment, aggression and denial? Am I going to behave like a hypocrite to get what I want? Am I going to cover my ass, or am I going to behave like an angel disclosed?

Just like a willow, I cried an ocean because I'd lost true love and sweet devotion. My lips excite me. I let my arms invite me, for who knows when I'll meet myself again this way.

Bringing all the parts of me together to make one person reminds me of the Frankenstein monster I was before. I'd been a conglomeration of other people's parts. Some of those parts were from my father and mother. But most of the parts of me were procured by friends whose behaviors I'd admired. So, I sewed those parts of them onto me.

I didn't know who I was. I didn't know how to honor me. I was a self-created monster moving jerkily through the world. I was terrified of the light. I lived in world of shadows. I moved alone through an inner night that wouldn't end.

I wasn't afraid of people with dark skin. I was afraid of people who were dark on the inside. I was afraid of dying in an Africa within me. I yearned to come out of it into a land of milk and honey. It was so close, and yet only through the story of Moses did I learn how to get out of Africa from the inside out and into Israel – my unique struggle with God.

I'll never be able to kiss my own lips. I'll never be able to infuse the life-given substance (semen) within me the way I can do with others.

I suppose I can now say that I've learned to embrace myself. I can reach my arms around me literally and figuratively. But in doing so, I now know that it's not my



physical relationship to myself that matters. It's all about my love for me. That's the sweetness I never can get enough of from food.

That excitement doesn't have to be expressed physically through masturbation. But it does have to be practiced by eating healthfully, exercise, sufficient sleep and hygiene.

Although I once strove to become a professional ballet dancer in order to physically express my love for me, I now know better. I don't need to earn a living from ballet to dance my heart out. I can dance for the pure joy of experiencing my body.

Ballet wasn't my world. It was a world I was deeply attracted to, but it wasn't appropriate for me as a career path for very long. I can't express my love for me by dancing for money. I now dance alone in my garage three days a week to spend quality time with myself without words. The naked light bulb in my garage is a symbol of my God within. The mirrors on opposite walls are my inner Wailing Walls. I pray with all four limbs while watching myself move rhythmically before my eyes.

My path is the path of **motion** through **emotion**. I embrace myself abstractly. I kiss my lips with my eyes as I face the mirror. I imbue the life-giving force within me with every thrust of my hips.

In making my soul the dominant force within me, I can now appreciate the wisdom of my own heart. I'm not stuck with just the wisdom in my head. Just being logical doesn't work for me anymore.

I have feelings that need to be expressed. I have a need to be affectionate, not just sexual. For sex, I have a partner. But for affection, I'd like to embrace as much of the world as the world will let me hold.

Granted, sometimes I look like a dufus. I look like I stuck my finger in an electric socket. But I love to be surrounded by other dufuses. I'm not afraid of them anymore, either.

If people judge me as a dufus, they'll get me. I live in a world where feelings are more important than thoughts, and soulfulness is the most important inner strength of all.

I live in a world where I now know the difference between up and down morally. I can judge what people say with my thumb. And I can judge what people offer me as good-for-the-world or just good-for-me. If it's good for everyone on Earth, I'm interested. If it's not, I don't want it.

## The 6<sup>th</sup> Commandment

The 6<sup>th</sup> Commandment is not to kill human beings. (Before we take our first breath, we're not yet a person. We're not a human being praying to God with every breath we take.)

Even if you don't like the way human beings behave, don't kill them. I recommend you admit to God you'd like to kill Him instead! If you insist on raging like a madman because you can't get everyone to believe the way you do, swear to God that you're going to kill **Him**. He Can Take your threats. He Knows what you're going through.

We don't want to watch you go crazy by displaying your anger at others. We don't want you to lose connection to the words that come out of the serpent in your tree or the worm in your apple. We don't want you to erroneously believe that the elixir that creates life (semen) comes out of your **nuts** when it really comes out of the **fruits** of good and evil within you.

We don't want to watch you intimidate anyone with violence, threats of violence and postures that imply violence. We don't want you strutting around with guns. We don't want you pointing fingers at the FBI, politicians or pizza parlors in Washington D.C. as Republicans do.

If you insist on behaving like Cain because you can't have it your way, just swear to God that you're going to kill Him and get it over with. If you don't like the way things are turning out for you, and you're not willing to work peacefully with your brothers and sisters, go right to The Source, and leave us out of it.

You've surely got an institution of religion where hypocrites like you can go to pretend to love God while hating bits and pieces of humanity.

You've probably already turned the talking serpent in your tree into a supernatural force (Satan) that's producing all the evil in the world, leaving you feeling squeaky clean.

You've already projected your evil inclination out onto the world around you. Now try reeling it in.

There is no Satan. There is no personification of evil that's trying to take over the world. That's just a reflection of your wants that you've disowned. If you insist that there is a devil, kill God for His Stupidity. He Created him.

We get it! We know how you think. We know how you feel about life and about yourself. It's not a mystery to us. You're not ambiguous. You're making yourself crystal clear. You're mentally ill. You're emotionally sick. And you're spiritually ailing.

The Ten Commandments are God's Response to man's intention to excuse himself. That's why He Began them with His Defense against our excuses. He Took us out of the Egypt within us To Give us a taste of a land of milk (love) and honey (wisdom). The 1<sup>st</sup> Commandment isn't about anything we're **doing**. It's His Response to our innate dislike of Him. That dislike is a reflection of our dislike of ourself. It's about how we all feel having to answer to One and The Same God in both our worlds, the world around us and the world within.

He Put love (milk) before wisdom (honey), as should we. Wisdom of the heart doesn't seek revenge from others. Once you get **revenge** out of the way, you're ready to explore the world of **justice** and **mercy**.

The first five Commandments address Who God Is and how we're Allowed to interface with Him. The second five address crimes against ourself that we also perpetrate against others in lieu of admitting our disdain of freedom, liberty and emancipation before The Lord.

So, go ahead and try to kill God. Break the 6<sup>th</sup> Commandment. Instead of killing yourself with all your bad habits and sick beliefs, choose something new. Choose to kill the One Who Created you. See how that works out for ya.

Get real with God. Let Him Know through your prayers how you really feel about some areas of your life. Threaten **Him**. Don't threaten **us**. Leave us out of it. This is between you and Him. This is the consequence of a very private matter than doesn't concern anyone but the two of You.

## Noncontracts

I recently heard about “**noncontracts.**” Religious people create **contracts** with God. Atheists create **noncontracts** to release themselves from unconscious contracts they’ve created that they now realize are harming their mental health and spiritual wealth.

I get it! I like it! Hyper-religious people who insist we sign on to their contracts with God are obnoxious. They insist we behave in accordance with what they believe. That’s not freedom. That’s autonomy. That’s self-will run riot. That’s Naziism, plain and simple.

I’m not an atheist, but I honor their noncontracts. We should all question the contracts we’ve unconsciously signed onto with others, ourself and even with God. We should all take the time to create contracts that we can live with.

Will doesn’t believe in a transactional relationship with God. He hates people who say, “I’m so Blessed to have” fill-in-the-blank. That’s a way of saying that I did what God Wanted me to do so I was Given a financial reward for doing my part of Our Contract.

He finds that transactional relationships with our Creator produce a materialistic attitude about everything. The rich see themselves as good, and the poor see themselves as bad. As a Catholic, Will believes that the poor are just as Blessed as the rich and just as worthy of working to attain eternal Rewards. He doesn’t like to look at Rewards from God as Dispensed in dollars and **cents**. He’s got more **sense** than that. He’s already rich within.

Personally, I’d rather be financially rich than poor. I’d rather care for my body in scientific ways that relieve me from pain, discomfort and physical hardship. I’d rather live **free** rather than merely **survive**, even if that requires self-discipline.

That said, I also choose to consider the health and wealth of my soul, not just my body. I consider what’s best for me

in the long run. By that, I mean I wish to hedge my bets by assuming that something may come after life. And since I won't be able to take any of my monetary wealth with me, I want to become as spiritually rich as possible, so I leave here with an inner wealth that can't be defined, measured, counted, saved, invested or spent.

This is what all religions claim to stand for. This is the essence of all forms of wisdom. This is why the world is so envious of other people's contents and jealous of their containers. You can't stay here forever in the container you were Given. You must move on. That's just one of the many facts of life.

Money has its place. Who doesn't know it? I tip in restaurants because I live in a society that forces a transactional relationship on me when it comes to service. That said, I carried a resentment about tipping for a long time.

So, I changed my understanding of service to others. Now **I'm** being of service to the **servers** by treating them with utmost respect. I pay extra for that opportunity in the form of a gratuity.

This is a transactional relationship, albeit a complex one. I pay for their good service with a smile, an attitude of respect and with a humility that I carry over into other relationships that don't require payment.

So, my relationship to waiters is really an exercise in practicing humility that I pay the waiter to help me achieve. The better s/he reacts honestly to my humility, the more I pay him or her. And then I take that experience back into my private world where I perform those lessons on those I love, including myself. That's spiritual transactionalism.

But when it comes to my service to God, it's another story. First of all, when I pray, I tell God what I believe with all my heart and soul, and how I'd like to behave in accordance with my beliefs.

I also share my self-will with Him. Unfortunately, circumstances often get in the way in following through on what I **believe** verses how I end up **behaving**. This is why I need mercy as well as justice.

My disappointments in the outcomes I get in the outside world affect how I feel about myself. I have to accept that my right foot is right, and my left foot is wrong. I have to accept that in moving forward morally, I'm never going exactly in a straight line.

Snakes move forward like an accordion in wave-like motions. They slither. Men also move forward in a morally zigzag fashion. When a good man sees that the snake in his tree is forcing him to slither, he recoils in horror. Then he begins to rise and fall like a serpent. This is the difference between good men and bad.

I'm not God and don't want to be. I'm not perfection personified. I have to judge myself and others. I may be envious of God's Powers of perfection. but I have to live with the power I have that helps me behave as righteously as I possibly can, using **my** conscience as **my** guide.

Therefore, I've had to learn to accept my limitations. In accepting what I can and can't do, I've come to appreciate what others do for me that I can't do for myself. I've come to see how most people are serving me indirectly, whether I know it, or not.

This appreciation for people who are doing different things than me isn't something I see happening in some religious institutions. There, I see people fawning over God, pretending to love Him in exchange for material "Blessings" while using their collective power to constrain others.

They don't honor themselves. They don't honor the way they were Made. They can't see the potential to improve themselves. They're not even looking to improve **themselves**. They only want to improve **others**.

If I had power over people, I might hurt them in ways I don't realize. I might force them to conform to my way of



doing things when my way is only needed by me. Nobody needs to do things my way. Others need to do things their way. Hopefully, their way, like mine, improves over time.

This learning process in bettering myself reveals truths about me, others, life and even about God that I find fascinating. This pursuit of **truth** is, therefore, my reason for being.

I'm not here to **love** or **like** people. I'm here to **learn**. If learning creates cynicism, that's too bad. The more cynical I become, the more patient I have to become, too. **Not** expecting perfection in others leads to tolerance if people are trying to fully obey the Ten Commandments.

Expecting perfection in others, like breaking the Ten Commandments, leads to Naziism. The Republicans are neo-Nazis because they're unwilling to **improve** themselves. They only want to **perfect** others. Guns, killing, cheating, stealing and lies are the only way they know how to do that.

Those I love, I love. Those I like, I like. And how I behave is something I observe carefully to learn more about my motivations and principles.

Sometimes I have to disengage from people I used to love or like. Sometimes, like a fork in the road, I find myself further from someone than I once was. If I can't build a crossroad to reconnect the two of us in a new way, I have to go my own way.

Democrats have had to separate from Republicans. Republicans have become morally toxic. They insist on winning at any price. Like the Russians with Ukraine, they just take what they can get away with.

I've had to face many forks in the road with family members and close friends over the years. Realizing that we became distant from one another over time was painful. But I saw that our roads were taking us in different directions. And I couldn't respect where those people were going.

Of course, I tried to create crossroads, but it was never successful. I've simply had to part from some people and recognize that our paths will probably never cross again.

When my mother died, I went from a princess to a queen. I'd already inherited the crown from my father. I'd already gone from a prince to feeling like a king without him in my life. But when I inherited my mother's crown, I became a full member of God's Court. God Is The King over kings and queens. Only divas who are divine seem to know that...

But then the question arose about having lost the woman I loved the most in life. How much would I miss her?

**Loss** leads to **denial**. Once I've lost something I cherished, I don't want to have to face disappointment as well. So, I often pack my feelings away to avoid them. Without feelings, I have no further motivation to ask good questions.

**Denial** leads to **impatience**. I find myself getting irritated by little things that are like tips of icebergs. They signify losses and disappointments I didn't want to have to deal with.

When I've looked at my losses up close, they've all caused loneliness. My mother had not only helped me get through mental illness when I was a young man. She'd helped me avoid the question of loneliness. She was there for me at all times. I didn't have to add loneliness to my list of sufferings.

But as she aged and became infirm due to dementia, she could no longer be there for me in any way. And I couldn't do more to help **her**. The staff at the Jewish Home had to feed her. They had to wipe her butt. And they had to move her from one location to another by wheelchair.

She wasn't lonely. She wasn't anything. She was a vegetable. And I was a fruit that could do nothing about that.

After she was dead, I was willing to admit that in some ways I hadn't liked the direction she'd taken in life. In some

ways, she wasn't the kind of person I would have chosen as a friend, even though she'd befriended me so wholeheartedly.

So, loneliness haunted me because the disconnect I'd created from myself was caused by a lifetime of losses that produced sorrow, regret, remorse, disappointment and even grief. I was so blue that I wanted to avoid the blues entirely. So, my **losses** led to **denial** rather than **enlightenment**.

My mother had modeled friendship. But because her friendship with me was clouded by over-protective interference in my affairs, I was conflicted about how to be a good friend to her.

I like my friends, and they like me. We admire each other for some things. We accept one another for other reasons. And in some ways, we just tolerate one another, because we admire each other enough to accept our differences. In other words, we don't even mention some of each other's character flaws because that would be meddling.

With parents, sibling and other family members, these forms of friendship ought to be identical. But because we didn't choose our family, there's the added pressure that we can't un-choose them. With partners, friends and distant relatives, that's not the case.

Tina Turner asked, "What's Love Got To Do With It?" The answer is that when you **like** someone, **love's** got nothing to do with it.

I don't have to "put up" with the people I like. I just like them and let them do as they please, whether my opinions are the same as theirs or different.

Believe me, Will and I don't share a lot of opinions, but we don't fight over our opinions because we **like** one another. We're in a **like** affair, not a **love** affair. That's what I've always been promoting for everyone who wants a soulful relationship with another human being.

Straight people promote love. But look at how they behave. They needed to grant us marriage equality just to

learn how to like their spouse rather than love him or her. Love **yourself**. And give some of that love to God. But endeavor to like **others**. It's harder than it looks.

I have a friend who's expressed concern about doing things I wouldn't like. I told him that I don't worry about his actions because he doesn't hurt people. And when it comes to hurting himself, I give him my opinion gently, so that if he doesn't like it, he knows that I won't reject him for it. And then I let it go. It's his life, not mine.

I'm less interested in what people think of me. Life's a school and my grades are being recorded in our Teacher's Roll Book every day. If my classmates don't like what I'm doing with my life, they can complain to The Teacher about it. I'm not interested.

Life's a gamble. You never know if your opinions and beliefs are going to hold up over time. You never know if you're going to feel lucky further down the road. So, I like to hedge my bets. I don't like to take risks if I can avoid them.

I live my life knowing that other people's grades aren't going on my report card. It's not like I'm a drug dealer or gun manufacturer. I'm not profiting off other people's suffering. So, I don't need to worry about the crazy ways people choose to hurt themselves. So long as they're not doing it in my backyard, it's their problem, not mine.

Knowing the difference between **love** and **like** required my mother dying. It was only after I'd lost her to dementia; it was only by watching her slip out of my hands into the unknown – that I could question the difference between a bird in the hand and two in the bush. I'm now glad I've lost her love. I'm much better off striving to **like** people than **love** them.

My umbilical cord is now severed. My mother went her way out of this world, and I'm going my way without her. Fortunately, I'm not lonely. I'm enjoying solitude, instead.

It's just me and God from here till the end. It's just the two of Us.

I love **myself**. I like some **others**. And to the extent that I can learn to love myself even more thanks to tolerating, accepting and admiring other people, I can share myself more fully with those I care for.

## Bubble Wrap

Bubble wrap is full of air. The air in bubble wrap is there to protect the product around the bubble wrap. Popping each cell of bubble wrap lets out the air. If you let out the air, the bubble wrap can't do what it was made to do.

Similarly, the shock absorbers on a car are made to protect the people in the vehicle from bumps and jars. Shock absorbers do for a person in a vehicle what bubble wrap does for an object in a package.

If you look at yourself as a person in an object, then your body is your **packaging**. And if you look at yourself as a person in a moveable object, then your body is the **vehicle** you're in for a lifetime.

The change that occurs in old age (or earlier if you suffer a physical or mental disability) results in your vehicle becoming less maneuverable. You don't get around as easily as you did when you were younger and healthier. Suddenly you feel more like a person in an **object** than a person in a **vehicle**. And that's an unusual experience that most people have difficulty in recognizing about themselves over time.

What were once shock absorbers turned into bubble wrap. As the shock absorbers did their job less and less well, your body began to feel like bubble wrap in which the cells had burst. You didn't feel as well protected in your packaging anymore. You felt the bumps and jars on the rocky road of life more acutely. You felt like you were about to break.

This mixed metaphor is also true about our emotions, not just our body. We feel more emotionally fragile in old age. Life has a way of bruising our feelings that we didn't feel as acutely when we were younger.

This bruising effect outside (body) and in (emotions) is a natural occurrence that some experience more severely than others. Some people seem to go out of their way to pop

the bubbles in their bubble wrap. They become plumpy, grumpy, disagreeable and bitter.

For others it's as if their bubble wrap is filled with **hot** air. Over time, they're proved wrong so many times that all the hot air leaks out of them. They're humiliated. They're defeated. They're made small and cold. They become passive/aggressive or disgusted by life in a way that they can't understand or communicate in words.

I remember when I visited my father on his deathbed. I was surprised to see how small he was. He'd been like a king to me. And there on his deathbed, he looked more like a little gnome. He looked pathetic and small. He looked like something you'd put out on your lawn to scare away unwanted guests.

When my father died, I realized I didn't want to die like him, looking like a pathetic little garden ornament who once strutted around like he thought he was a king.

When my mother died, I realized I didn't want to die like her either, looking like a vegetable who once thought she was the most delectable, forbidden fruit ever to have blossomed on a tree.

It isn't difficult for me to talk like this about my parents. I can tell you the truth about what I now think of them, the way they aged and how determined I am to die differently. It isn't difficult because I do so in the hopes of helping you avoid your parents' suffering.

It's not difficult to say all this out loud because I've already shared it with myself in loud. I'm not betraying the memory of my parents or the Jewish people. I'm honoring them by helping you avoid their mistakes.

The truth has set me free to die another way, but only because I've overcome my guilt about speaking ill of the dead. I won't rest in peace if I don't use **my** truth and guilt to help others achieve **their** truth and make their way through **their** guilt. It's only by giving away what I have that I can keep it.

I want to cherish my guilt. I know that **embarrassment** of my body will lead me to modesty. I know that **shame** of my character will lead me to humility. And I know that by being the most honest and sincere person I can be, regardless of the **humiliation** I have to face to do so, I'll be Blessed with grace. This is how guilt leads to self-love, and self-love to loyalty to life in all its loving permutations.

I now want to wrap myself in an object that I've labeled: **fragile: handle with care**. I want to cushion myself with shock absorbers that leave me feeling like a person on a journey in what's become an old jalopy. Nevertheless, I'm excited about moving toward a bittersweet end, bitter only because it has to end.

I've had to add bitters to my beer (bier). I've had to promote my appetite for life and my digestion of harsh lessons with medicinal additives. They taste bitter, but I've grown accustomed to the taste of bitters. I now like bitters.

I don't **want** life to end. I like life. I like learning about myself. The more I learn about myself, the more I learn about all others. I find the spiritual process of learning through metaphor, symbols and similes creative, challenging and fun. I'll be sad when it's all over.

But because I believe in God, I won't be upset with Him when all is said and done. I won't want to kill Him for all that I had to go through. I'll be grateful for the experience of having been alive.

I may have started out beautiful on the **outside** and ugly **within**. But now I'm **ugly** on the outside and **beautiful** within. And that's made all the difference when I look at the difference between **fate** and **destiny**.

It's been a privilege being me. I don't know if I'd want to **be** again. But having **been** once has been amazing. I'd like to ask God if there are any other ways He'S Come up with to Teach us about Him. I'd be up for the challenge.

I'd like to tell Him that having been born American, gay and Jewish really made my experience of life extremely



memorable. I'd love it if He'D Do something similar for me the next time.

**“A Candle in the Wind”**

Sung by Elton John

Composed by

Bernie Taupin and Elton John

1973

Goodbye, Norma Jeane,  
though I never knew you at all.  
You had the grace to hold yourself  
while those around you crawled.  
They crawled out of the woodwork,  
and they whispered into your brain.  
They set you on the treadmill,  
and they made you change your name.  
And it seems to me you lived your life  
like a candle in the wind,  
never knowing who to cling to  
when the rain set in.  
And I would've liked to know you,  
but I was just a kid.  
Your candle burned out long before  
your legend ever did.  
Loneliness was tough,  
the toughest role you ever played.  
Hollywood created a superstar,  
and pain was the price you paid  
even when you died.  
Oh, the press still hounded you.  
All the papers had to say  
was that Marilyn was found in the nude.  
And it seems to me you lived your life  
like a candle in the wind,  
never knowing who to cling to  
when the rain set in...  
Goodbye, Norma Jeane...  
Goodbye, Norma Jeane

from the young man in the twenty-second row  
who sees you as something more than sexual,  
more than just our Marilyn Monroe.  
And it seems to me you lived your life  
like a candle in the wind  
never knowing who to cling to  
when the rain set in...

Seeing Marilyn Monroe as someone who was more than sexual can't occur unless you can see **yourself** as someone more than sexual. If a gay man is only perceived as someone sexually perverted by the hyper-religious, the hyper-religious aren't going to see themselves as fully human. They're going to sexualize everything in the worst way in their effort to internalize and personalize their problems with sexuality. They're going to forget the importance of **affection**.

Many gay men and straight women may see themselves as in a cage. We used to call this cage a **closet**. I referred to this in Volume 1 as a **corner** we can now make our way out of just by turning around and being willing to walk through the wet paint (convention) others used to paint us into that corner.

When it comes to sexual relations, some people see themselves as in a cage they think they can't escape. And so, they decide to scheme to find someone who'll be willing to come into their cage with them.

So often, I've heard from straight men that they either find themselves locked in a woman's cage or know about this tendency and avoid getting trapped in a woman's cage against their will.

Straight men find all sorts of ways of avoiding women's nightmares, and straight women find all sorts of new ways of getting men snagged in them anyway. Fortunately, I saw through the bars of my own cage, and let **myself** out. Not even **I** wanted to be locked in there with me.

## Lord of the Dogs

I suppose being lord of the dogs is still better than being Lord of the Flies. [William Golding]

Some people see themselves as an **owner** and another person as their **dog**. When one partner becomes useless to them, they simply go out and “buy” themselves another. Needless to say, many of these kinds of people see themselves as great animal lovers. They love nature and may even be great proponents of owning pets. But what they can’t see is that people are nothing more than pets to them.

When it comes to human interface, such people think anyone can be properly trained if they just scream at them or repeat their message over and over as though they were a dog.

I’m not that malleable. On the one hand, I’m bored with messages I’ve heard before. On the other, I’m hard of hearing. I get uncomfortable when people feel they have to scream at me to be heard.

I’m not interested in getting in a cage for anyone or with anyone. I’m not interested in being passive to someone’s will. I’m not a pet. I’m not here to be trained.

Being the owner of an animal doesn’t teach you how to treat people like human beings. To treat people like human beings, you have to give up the master role. There’s a tendency to think you’re a master over **people** if you’re a master over **animals**. That’s a fallacy.

What’s so wonderful about owning a dog is the opportunity to express your affection to your pup unconditionally. That’s the great joy in making your dog your best friend. If dog owners would expand that sense of affection and friendship to all others, they’d be amazed at how differently they’d see themselves and their relationship with all mankind.

Some people want to lord over a **dog**. Some are interested in a **cat** (an animal that lords over people). Some want a relationship with a **bird** (an ancient dinosaur that's perfected the art of escape through thin air); **fish** (someone underwater emotionally); **turtles** (slow, cumbersome creatures that carry their domicile everywhere they go); or snakes (those consumed with sex and power because they've been so humiliated that they're without any legs at all. They have to slither on their belly to progress.)

Some people project their self-image onto non-human containers to discover the mystery in the way that they were Made in the abstract. They spend a lifetime getting their animal instincts off their ark. They get as far as the third story in Genesis, and then they can't go any further.

Getting to see yourself as a tower (babel) to your own power isn't the end all, either. Then you have to face becoming an Abram/Abraham unto yourself. Then you end up with the Ishmael/Isaac problems we see in the Middle East.

## Rotten Cucumbers

I had a dream last night about an old, shopping cart full of smelly, rotten cucumbers. The cart represented my mother's opinion of men, and her cart was literally filled to the brim with old rotting, cucumbers.

In my dream, I knew the cucumbers were really penises. Each of them was rotten in its own way. But all of them had to be discarded.

I collected all my mother's discarded penises. In other words, I tried out a variety of men, myself, to see just what kind of penis I was looking for.

But in my dream, all these inedible cucumbers had to go. I had to get them out of the building and into a dumpster. In doing so I was cleaning up the beliefs about men I'd been given by mother. This dream gave me the determination to see more than my moral capacity to discern what was good for me and bad for me. It gave me the willpower to be proactively good to myself and all others.

My opinion about the right man for me was something I'd consciously been seeking. But the quest for the right penis was something I had to internalize as a dream to realize that all those rotting, old penises were reflections of my own.

I'd been so willful all my life that I thought I knew what willpower was. I thought I knew what I wanted. In fact, I only knew how to react willfully to what I was attracted to. I didn't know how to act from an inner place of spiritual awakening.

Willpower is defined as "control exerted to do something or restrain impulses." But spiritual willpower has to do with allowing my penis to tell my heart and head to do as **it** pleases.

This means that this dream was coming from my penis. It was a dream about my penis in relationship to all the other penises I'd erroneously attracted into my life. I was keeping

my own “cucumber,” and getting rid of all the others I’d held onto for far too long.

Now that I’m more secure with the penis **I** was Given, I’m more relaxed about all those **other** penises out there that may be hanging from very handsome trees. They’re not what I’m looking for anymore. They don’t **speak** to me.

The dream about cucumbers meant I was relinquishing my urge to defy temptation. I was willing to move through temptation to the source of it: my temptation to know and love the penis I’ve got. With that self-knowledge and self-love, I’m now able to express loyalty to my penis alone.

Most men claim to be loving and loyal to their penis. After all, it’s a tool. They use it to express love and loyalty, not only pleasure.

My penis isn’t a serpent in my tree that’s speaking malevolently to me. It isn’t the personification of evil by the name of Satan. My penis is the appendage God Gave me to express my wishes (+) and wants (-). Now that I know myself better, I’m less tempted by other men’s wants (-) and wishes (+). Now that I listen to my penis the way I listen with my heart, I hear things I didn’t hear before.

Once the Adam (thoughts) in me succumbs to what my Eve (feelings) discovered from what the serpent (urges) in my tree told her to do, I don’t have to feel guilty about the outcome if I allow myself the latitude to do what I please in my imagination rather than the real world. This gives me the freedom (head), liberty (heart) and emancipation (soul) to have it **my** way without worrying about how that’s going to ruin the world or get me in trouble with anyone, including God.

There are unlimited number of potential worlds for me to choose from within. My mind can go anywhere in my imaginary universe. I find that doing so (whether in my conscious mind or in my dreams at night) gives me insight into my wishes (+) and wants (-). It teaches me about good

and evil without having to suffer the consequences of taking action.

Other people's urges for evil and good are more obvious to me now. We no longer share the same priorities because I'm no longer as naïve as I used to be.

Just knowing what my urges are trying to achieve and allowing them to have their way in my **inner** world is often rewarding enough for me. It's amazing how seldom I need to behave defiantly once I've done so in a conditional world within me.

Now I can be willful while moving freely through my feelings of guilt. I can exert, release or restrain my mind over my impulses and watch what happens next as my imagination acts out its ideas of what **could** happen if these thoughts were about actions realized in my **outer** world.

When interpreted personally as a metaphor meant for me alone, the Creation Story becomes a blueprint for the operating forces within me. It allows me to explore my feelings of fear of reprisal from God in my mind where I know I'm safe to do so.

God Would Never Punish me for what I think, feel, believe, wish or want. He Only Punishes me for what I **do** to myself and others. Anything I do within myself to explore good and evil in the laboratory setting in my mind is fair game.

By being aware that I'm Made this way, I deepen my intuition and advance the power of my prayers, as well.

Moses gave us the spiritual operating system. Jesus used the system to get past his fear of God to his love for Him. There's no reason why we all can't do the same. Taking action in the real world out of love rather than guilt makes it possible to act wisely, despite our fears and self-reproach.

Living in a Judeo-Christian society gives us the latitude to **fear** God and to **love** Him. And the justice system gives us the boundaries to punish people fairly for



misunderstanding how to use love rather than fear as the motivation of their actions.

When looked at in this way, the history of the Jewish people reached a fork in the road with the birth of Jesus. Along came a Jew who refused to be motivated by fear of God anymore. He insisted that getting out of his head and into his heart gave him the liberty to explore his feelings for himself.

This is especially telling of Jesus on the cross when he's quoted as saying to God, "Why Hast Thou Forsaken me?" He didn't get **angry** at God. He got **sad**. He asked his question with real intention. He was disappointed and wanted to know why he'd been betrayed. Jesus didn't ask this question rhetorically. And he didn't ask it bitterly. He truly wanted to know why he felt so Forsaken by God.

I know I've also felt neglected, abandoned, betrayed and rejected. When added together, that's how I interpret the word "**forsaken**."

Now that I've moved out of my heart into my soul, I can look back at my feelings of having felt forsaken, and I can now see how much I admire myself for how I've behaved overall.

I actually think everyone eventually comes to feel forsaken. But people also feel resentful. They feel enraged. And then they feel a powerful urge to seek revenge.

When you feel forsaken, you feel so overwhelmingly **blue** (sorrowful to the point of grief-stricken) that you can't even associate that feeling with that band of color of the rainbow anymore. You slip from **blue** into **indigo**. You get very, very dark inside. And then you may find it impossible to make your way down the rainbow from **indigo** (mystery and madness) to **violet** (ecstasy and orgasm). You can't imagine how **hope** could possibly be associated with the feeling of being **forsaken**.

Jesus felt forsaken. I've felt forsaken. I've even felt so hopeless that I tried to take my life again and again.

But in coming out of my head and into my heart, I **should** have become hopeful. I didn't get stuck in my head. I got through my stiff neck into my heart. I could feel! And even if many of the feelings I felt were negative, just not being depressed should have been a sign of hope.

Now, I no longer feel bitter, angry and vindictive about the state of the world and the darkness in the human psyche. I feel sad about it. And I feel lucky to be me.

Like Jesus, I've **been** forsaken by others. But I survived it. I didn't die. It was a cross I bore that **I'd bear** again. It wasn't a **cross-eyed bear** that can terrorize my dreams at night. My own words don't confuse me anymore.

Now I'm grateful to God that I've experienced neglect, abandonment, betrayal and rejection. Now I'm grateful to Him that life has taught me to see myself as forsaken, but still hopeful.

Like Jesus, I love God. Like Jesus, I feel that I've become a great rabbi and spiritual leader. I feel I've touched people's lives. I've made a difference.

But now I can tell others that like the Prophet Muhammad, I was led by an angel of God out of my heart and into my soul. I can look back on my feelings with more than wisdom and love. I'm **loyal** to a promise I made to myself. I can respond soulfully to all matters of life here on Earth.

The Muslims can keep the Temple Mount. I'm in a tabernacle, a moveable house of prayer on a journey to a land of milk and honey. I don't need a temple to pray in. All people who go to synagogue, church, mosque or Far Eastern temples to pray are a tabernacle in a house of prayer. The God within us and the God around us are One and The Same.

## Reality

The Wailing Wall was built in a straight line. But figuratively it's been turned into the L-shaped corner of a room. It's been figuratively bombarded by Jews praying at it for 3,400 years. This has pushed the wall back until now it figuratively resembles a 90-degree angle.

All the questions Jews have aimed at the Wailing Wall have figuratively bent it until it now looks to me like a corner Jews go into to face away from the world.

Well, I'm not interested in sitting in a corner mumbling to God. Last time I went to pray at the Wailing Wall, a boulder became transparent, and a path was Revealed to me by God under the Temple Mount. I've now viewed the other side of that mysterious Foundation Rock that has changed my view of God as my Rock.

The first time I went to the Wailing Wall this century was in 2008 to marry myself before God. The second time (2011), I prayed to Him for direction. After all, He'D Brought me a boyfriend in 2010. Will and I have now been together 12 years. I wanted to know how I could serve Him in gratitude for Performing that miracle.

God Then Led me through a tunnel to the underside of the Temple Mount to view the underside of the Foundation Rock where Abraham wanted to sacrifice Isaac and Muhammad rose to Heaven to consult with Moses, Jesus and God. I'm now back from that trip to tell you what the Foundation Rock looks like from the side people can't see when they look down from the Dome of the Rock.

I've come out of the corner of reality called the Wailing Wall. I turned around. I walked out into the world to make a difference. I'm no longer afraid of hateful, vindictive people who may try to stop me.

Each and every one of my books is a footprint that depicts one of my steps along the way. My first 14 books moved me **toward** the Foundation Rock. The rest have been

footprints **away** from it, further out into the external world known as **reality**.

If you read all 32 of my books, you'll see some minor discrepancies. I haven't walked precisely in a straight line away from the corner of the room the Orthodox-Jews are in. But I've decided not to go back and correct those minor differences. I'd rather leave the record of my journey as is.

**Most** people are standing in a corner, facing two walls, not even realizing where they are. If they'd just turn around inside, they'd see **outer** reality as it truly is, the result of our **inner** reality.

Reality is like a room you wander about in like toddlers exploring the living room of their parents' home. After numerous accidents and incidents, kids finally realize they're also in a room of their own, inside.

Only those of us who've defied **ourselves**, defied the **world** and defied **God** come to discover that we're now in a corner in both rooms. For us, reality is a corner we're coming out of that has two walls. These two walls are boundaries Given by God so that we'll come to discover our sense of morality, ethics and the principles we wish to live by. The further we step out of the corner, the more we see our room in a new ways. We see no containment other than our inner urge to walk a straight line in a 45-degree angle away from the 90-degree corner we were once facing.

But whether we go forward faithfully or with doubts, we'll all eventually step over the edge of reality and disappear from life as we know it, entirely. Such is reality and the truth about the impermanence of being.

If you want to make promises to others about what will happen to them when they take that final step, be my guest. But don't try to make me buy your snake oil. Heaven and Nirvana are only guides in how to move in a straight line. There's no coming back once you're gone. We're all on our own, together.

That said, there's so much we can do if we embrace freedom, liberty and emancipation. Free your **mind** to change your mind. Liberate your **heart** to feel your love for yourself. And **emancipate** your soul, so you can appreciate God's Constant Contributions to your life.

Pursue **truth**, not **happiness**. Whether you're happy or sad, you'll hedge your bets when you take the last step if you've been true to yourself without hurting others.

You were Made in seven images. These seven images correspond to the seven paths of faith in God that we were Given historically. These seven religious paths correspond to the seven days of the week, the seven colors of the rainbow, the seven spiritual forces within us and even the scientific classification system, which is divided into seven major groups, (1) kingdom, (2) phylum or division, (3) class, (4) order, (5) family, (6) genus, and (7) species.

The seven spiritual forces within us are (1) thoughts, (2) feelings, (3) beliefs, (4) wishes, (5) wants, (6) intuition and (7) prayer.

Don't get stuck with only what you **want** in life. There's so much more to discover if you wish for the best for everyone.

The Muslims can have the Temple Mount. We only need the Wailing Wall. We've completed our studies in sacrificing animals to God. The Muslims are still learning **not** to treat Jews like animals and kill us to satisfy their bloodthirsty need for human sacrifices to Allah.

We're human beings, not animals. When God Allowed our ancestors to be put in chains the third time (after Egypt and Babylonia) by Letting the Romans overpower us, we soon discovered we didn't need our Temple to kill animals on His Behalf. We learned the meaning of **self**-sacrifice. Now it's the Muslims turn to learn the same lesson.

When I was at the Wailing Wall in 2011, I thanked God for Having Allowed me to marry myself at the Wailing Wall in 2008. And I asked Him what was next for me.

After viewing the Foundation Rock from below ground, I wrote my seven-volume book on the Quran. Then I went on to describe the spiritual contributions of Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism before writing about psychology's and sociology's contribution to spirituality.

I ordained myself a rabbi. This has made it possible for me to use the main **metaphor** of Moses given in the Creation Story as a tree in a garden; the two **symbols** from Jesus – the bread and wine of his flesh and blood; and the 114 **similes** from Muhammad that correspond to the faces of God which mirror our own. This has enlightened, inspired and encouraged me to see myself as an old man standing in an ancient light.

**“Amado Mio” (My Love)**

Sung by

Pink Martini

Composed by

Doris Fisher and Allan Roberts

1997

Amado mio, love me forever,  
and let forever begin tonight.  
Amado mio, when we're together,  
I'm in a dream world, of sweet delight.  
Many times, I've whispered,  
“Amado mio.”  
It was just a phrase  
that I heard in plays.  
I was acting a part.  
But now when I whisper,  
“Amado mio,”  
can't you tell I care  
by the feeling there  
'cause it comes from my heart?  
I want you ever.  
I love my darling,  
wanting to hold you  
and hold you tight.  
Amado mio, love me forever,  
and let forever begin tonight.  
Many times, I've whispered...  
I want you ever...  
And let forever begin tonight.  
And let forever begin tonight.

This, again, is a love song to oneself. The mystery of the passion we hold for ourself can't be fathomed from our heart. We must make our way into our soul to look back on our feelings for others from a third place in inner space.

There, within, we discover our faith in ourself. We seize our faith in life. We perceive our faith in the mystery in being authentic.

There, within, we achieve a passion for discovering the secrets we hold inside. Only **we** can answer our questions. One of the greatest miracles of life is finding answers within you.

Passion for the love of life is powerfully presented through Latin rhythms, melodies and lyrics. The Latinx cultures come out of ancient civilizations in the New World that have assimilated old ideas in new ways. This New World perception of our relationship to ourself before God holds a mystery that reinterprets what we gleaned from the Old World here in the New.

The Latinx understanding of the **Old** Testament and **New** gives me hope. Their idea of affection between men lightens my heart. And their idea of romantic love as a vehicle to self-love and the love of God teaches me to look at life in new, creative ways.



**“Ninna Nanna” (Sailor Lullaby)**

Sung by

Pink Martini

Composed by

Alba Clemente and Massimo Audiello

2009

**Ninna nanna marinare**

Sailor lullaby

**‘Ngopp a varca, miezo o mare**

On a boat, half in the water or all in the sea,

**Lo te parl e nun respunn**

I'm talking to you, and you don't answer.

**Te si perze miez o suonn**

If you feel tired or sleepy,

**Te vurria magna' de vas**

it would hurt you a lot.

**ma ho paura e te sceta'**

But I'm poor, and I'm afraid.

**Cosi' guarde da luntane**

So he watches from afar

**Co' stu core innammurat**

with his heart in love.

**Quann aggia' spetta**

When is it waiting

**D'averti questa sera**

to warn you this evening

**Co' sta luna chiena?**

what this moon dog is?

**Quann aggia' sogna'**

When you dream

**Di dirti quanto t'amo**

to tell yourself how much I love you

**Co' stu' core 'man--ma tu -**

with this heart man - but you -

**Sogni qui nel blu...**

dream here in blue...  
**Ninna nanna marinare**  
 Sailor lullaby  
**Tu si bell comme o' mare;**  
 You are as beautiful as the sea;  
**a vote calm, senza creste**  
 a calm vote, without waves.  
**A vote tutta na' tempesta**  
 The whole vote is a storm.  
**Ma tu suonnn d'ate cose**  
 But you know things,  
**E chissa se t'arricuord**  
 and who knows if you remember.  
**Che tra a luna e mieze e stelle**  
 Between the moon and the stars,  
**Lo t'aspette a braccia aperte**  
 it awaits you with open arms.  
**Quann aggia' spetta**  
 When is it waiting  
**D'averti questa sera**  
 to warn you this evening  
**co' sta luna chiena?**  
 what this moon dog is?  
**Quann aggia' sogna'**  
 When you dream  
**Di dirti quanto t'amo**  
 to tell you how much I love you.  
**Co' stu' core 'man--ma tu -**  
 With this heart man - but you -  
**Sogni qui nel blu...**  
 dream here in blue...  
**Ninna nanna nanna nanna**  
 Lullaby lullaby lullaby

The relationships we have with our dreams are relationships we're having with ourself within ourself that

are unimpeded when we're asleep. All the people and places in our dreams are aspects of our spirit and body.

This is also true of our nightmares. It's even true about our fantasies. The hopes and dreams you hold dear are released in your sleep, as are your greatest loves and fears.

When you realize that the person you're most attracted to in the whole world is **yourself**, you realize how many secrets you're keeping from you. The body you were Given is the body you most want to love and cherish. The soul you've developed is a symbol of the inner wealth you wish to hoard, as well as give away. That's what it really means to have your cake and eat it, too.

It's all personal. It's all about you for you. There are no people from beyond the grave communicating with you when you're asleep. It's all about your relationship with yourself that you construct in order to share yourself more thoroughly with God and others.

If you take yourself more **seriously**, you'll take yourself more **personally**. You'll learn to love the one you're with for the entire journey, not just for certain side trips along the way.

People come and go in your life. You're the only one who's with you for a lifetime. When you overcome your cynicism about your importance to yourself, your secrets will unfold like the petals of a flower, revealing a nectar inside that's sweeter than anything else on Earth.

## **“Can’t Get Used to Losing You”**

Sung by

Andy Williams

Composed by

Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman

1980

Guess there’s no use in hangin’ ‘round.

Guess I’ll get dressed and do the town.

I’ll find some crowded avenue  
though it will be empty without you.

Can’t get used to losin’ you  
no matter what I try to do.

Gonna live my whole life through  
loving you.

Called up some girl I used to know.

After I heard her say “Hello”  
couldn’t think of anything to say.

Since you’re gone it happens every day.

Can’t get used to losin’ you  
no matter what I try to do.

Gonna live my whole life through loving you.

I’ll find somebody, wait and see.

Who am I kiddin’, only me.

‘Cause no one else could take your place.

Guess that I am just a hopeless case.

Can’t get used to losin’ you  
no matter what I try to do.

Gonna live my whole life through loving you.

I can’t get used to losin’ you  
no matter what I try to do.

Gonna live my whole life through loving you.

Men (Adam) aren’t yet willing to admit how much a debt of gratitude they owe to women, so you can imagine how low their opinion is of the woman (Eve) within themselves.

You'd think that with so many experiences showing men how they're behaving badly, they'd get the message. They'd see through their testosterone fog. But it doesn't seem to be happening sociologically nearly as fast as we'd like. Now some women are joining these deranged men by insisting on using violence, threats of violence, intimidation and bad behavior to double down on their need to get what they want at any cost. These women are also in denial of the woman within themselves.

These people blame those who make them feel guilty. They want no part of guilt. They avoid **embarrassment** of their body with vanity. They reject **shame** of their character with retaliation and revenge. And they denounce grace (loyalty) to the God of all the names for God by obligating themselves to self-pity and constant grievances.

Surely, for those of us who see ourselves as students in a school, these lessons from our classmates are very hard to watch. They're failing themselves, and they don't see how they're failing us all, as well.

But once you know love, you can never go back. You can only be left with conflicting feelings. Some people will forsake you rather than feel guilty. Don't you do the same. Always leave the door open to sincere apologies and atonement with mercy and forgiveness.

The ability of the mind to embrace ideas that aren't **logical** is as apparent as the ability of the heart to embrace feelings that aren't **rational**. **Loving** and **disliking** people is a very real experience. Unfortunately, **hating** is much easier because hate overcomes guilt. Avoiding guilt is all some people care about.

I know people say that **love** conquers all. But what they don't say is that **hate** conquers guilt. Throughout history we've seen how people have embraced hatred in their quest to avoid guilt. It works **for** a time, **every** time. But it doesn't work **over** time.

If you really want to bestow the **noble** peace prize on yourself, you're going to have to recognize that you can love and dislike others while remaining rational. You can feel ashamed of the way you behave and still have reason to dislike people. Feelings don't have to be pure or singular. Rationality allows for conflicting feelings.

It's only when you choose to hate another person (or persons) because you don't want to feel the discomfort of guilt that you bring disastrous repercussions down on everyone. This is the root of evil in every tree. What you'll be judged for is how these roots end up in your fruits.

There's no such thing as the "devil." There is no personification of evil coming from a hellish source. We're all a combination of good and evil. we all have a talking serpent in our tree or worm in our apple. You're both an angel and a devil in disguise. And whether you're more of one or the other depends on your willingness to experience guilt as it arises.

## Blowin' in the Wind

Perhaps I should be starting this chapter with the song of the same name, but I'm not. I'm going to start with the Christian concept of Christ hanging on the cross. I'm going to associate myself with him.

I'm also on a cross. The cross I'm on is biological, intellectual, emotional and spiritual. I experience pain in my body and suffering in my mind, in my heart and in my soul. Pain and suffering motivate me to look for ways to relieve myself of negative experiences.

In my effort to understand my pain and suffering, I studied the words of Moses, Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad. Moses gave us **metaphor** so we could see ourself as a tree of knowledge that can fruit with wisdom. Jesus gave us two **symbols** for himself so we could see ourself as a container that we're filling with holy contents (love). And the Prophet Muhammad gave us 114 **similes** for God so we could understand how He Works in our life in mysterious ways.

This makes it possible to believe in all the Western names for God: Y.H.V.H. (What will be, will be); Jesus (the personification of love); and Allah (the Holy Spirit in each and every human being on the planet).

This world is made up of land, sea and sky. Moses gave us the **grounding** we need to become wise. Jesus gave us the **underwater** world of emotions that fill us inside with a world that's neither earth nor air. And the Prophet Muhammad gave us the **spiritual** world above the land and sea to envision a world after this one where we can reap the rewards of all that we've given of ourself to make the world we share better for everyone.

Now all you have to do is perceive the fire within you that was ignited when you were born when you screamed out to God for Help with your first prayer.

You're **grounded**. You think. You're **underwater**. You feel. And you're **flying** through the spiritual world inside. You believe.

You're on fire with a quest of your own making. Either believe in yourself by lighting this world on fire with your inner flame or suffer the burn of not doing so.



**“Blowin’ in the Wind”**

Composed and sung by

Bob Dylan

1963

How many roads must a man walk down  
before you call him a man?

How many seas must a white dove sail  
before she sleeps in the sand?

Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly  
before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin’ in the wind.

The answer is blowin’ in the wind.

Yes, and how many years must a mountain exist  
before it is washed to the sea?

And how many years can some people exist  
before they're allowed to be free?

Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head  
and pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin’ in the wind.

The answer is blowin’ in the wind.

Yes, and how many times must a man look up  
before he can see the sky?

And how many ears must one man have  
before he can hear people cry?

Yes, and how many deaths will it take ‘til he knows  
that too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin’ in the wind.

The answer is blowin’ in the wind.

Some questions can't be answers with wisdom or love. You have to dedicate yourself to the mystery of life to find some answers slowly over time. This is why age is something we should respect. You never know what questions an older person has asked and answered that might be of value to you.

For this reason, you might say that answers are blowin' in the wind. If an answer comes to you, you should be grateful. You've waited for that answer for a long time. Nobody can tell the wind where to blow. Nobody can tell an answer when to come. God Is in charge of such things. This goes beyond anything man can control.

**External** time is **relative**. **Internal** time is **eternal**. You can experience the past, present and future whenever you want from within. You can even experience conditional tenses using the words: would, could and should.

This is what it means for answers to be blowin' in the wind. You can't see how answers come to you. And you can't determine when. You can only analyze an answer or ignore it.

Caring about the welfare of others isn't something you can achieve overnight. You can only care about what you care about. You can't care about what you don't care about until something happens to change your heart. This is what constitutes wisdom of the heart.

And caring about people who've died needlessly is even more difficult. It's so much easier to care about what you can see. Respecting the death of the innocent only comes to those who've worked at searching for answers.

The prosaic don't seek these answers. They take their scripture literally and then pontificate. Only the poetic find answers to the big questions of life. Only the poetic, like Moses, Jesus and Muhammad, know **you**. Only through poetry will you come to know **them**.

## **Dancing With Your Loved One**

Here are some steps you might take to express what's going on inside of you:

Move your right hand over your left nipple and then turn your hand outward as though you were giving something to someone.

Move your left hand over your right nipple and then turn your hand outward as though you were giving something to someone.

Now take what's figuratively in your two hands that you received from your heart and soul and put your hands together and then place your hands on your head, as though you were filling your head with the love and loyalty that you got from all that lies in your chest.

Now move your hands over your Adam's apple and then out towards the world to express your ability to communicate what's going on inside of you to others.

This is where the mix of good and evil got stuck in your throat, making it nearly impossible for you to describe the struggle within you. This is the source of your stubbornness. This is the waterline. This separates the tip of the iceberg from all you can't see below the surface.

You can also move your hands over your navel to express your love of your mother and your eternal connection to her and to the life she nurtured in her body so that you could join us in this world we share. That umbilical cord may have been severed at birth literally, but it will always connect you to humanity. Every person on Earth has a scar on their belly, just as you do.

You can express your intuition as a relationship with your nose. Your nose knows. Your intuition grows as you become soulful, making it possible for you to understand things that others can't see or hear. Dancing with your nose will show others the remarkable change you've experienced as the result of developing your intuition.

Lastly, express your prayers. Prayers emanate out of your genitals. This is where the wishes and wants, plus (+) and minus (-), good and evil in you comes from. The more you share this soupy mix of the secret of your life with God, the more honest, sincere and authentic you'll be with yourself and everyone else.

People who are addicted to sex are, ironically, addicted to prayer. They're stuck in a prayer to experience the orgasmic delight of paradise while here on Earth. They're stuck between their legs, (often with their head up their ass), trying to figure out how they Were Made in God's Image.

This dance I've described is the dance before God in which you beseech His Help. This is the dance of S.O.S. This is the dance that expresses your Spiritual Operating System. It's made up of (1) thoughts, (2) feelings, (3) beliefs, (4) wishes, (5) wants, (6) intuition and (7) prayer. All that emanates out of your Adam's apple will be the result of the tree of knowledge that you **are** that's fruiting with wisdom, love and loyalty to life.

## Fruits and Vegetables

“Botanically, fruits contain seeds and come from the flower of a plant, while the rest of the plant is considered a vegetable. In the world of cooking, fruits are considered to be sweet while vegetables are described as savory.”  
[internet]

That means that by eating your spinach, you’re getting your nutrients from a vegetable. But by eating squash, you’re getting your nutrients from a fruit.

People have tried to **squash** me all my life. They seem to have even taken glee in doing so.

It didn’t occur to me that this is what people do to fruits, even if, like me, you’re a fruit that’s not particularly sweet (loving). I may not be a tempting, juicy apple on the inside or look pear-shaped on the outside, but I’ve got seeds inside me. I’m not a vegetable. And people who squash me because they think they can because they read in their scripture that they have the right to do so, simply don’t see the value in fruits.

I like vegetables. I like the root of plants. I like the stem and leaves of plants. But I don’t like people who treat fruits like vegetables.

That goes against my religion. My religion states that God Created a Tree in a garden. And since wo/man has eaten the fruits of that tree, s/he ought to know by now the difference between a fruit and a vegetable. Knowledge of the difference between fruits and vegetables shouldn’t be beguiling.

People tend to think that I’m clever just for the sake of looking smart. That’s not the case at all. I’m dead serious. Just because I use words euphemistically instead of literally doesn’t mean that I’m not stating my case as well as I can.

Just because people associate gay men with fruits doesn’t mean that lesbians aren’t fruits, too. And just because we’re

fruits, that doesn't mean that straight people who are nuts aren't fruits, too. That's true, too, by definition.

From that it's easy to conclude that squashes, peppers, beans and rice are fruits, too. There are far more types of fruits than you might have previously imagined.

I say, "Fruits of the world unite against the vegetables." You don't want to regress to a vegetable once you've been Allowed to fruit.

## Tattooed Guard Dog

The subtitle of this book is, “How my O.C.D. has helped me help others. But there are other questions that must be asked and answered before I get to the topic of how helping others has helped me.

- A. Why do people get grumpy when they get old?
- B. Why do DINO’s and RINO’s get so angry?
- C. What makes a person normal?
- D. How do we decode ourself?

These four questions are big questions, but my answers to them will start out small. Sometimes big questions require small, simple answers to augment the magnitude of the question.

Here are my simple answers to these four questions:

- A. People get grumpy when they haven’t learned how to love themselves sufficiently.
- B. The extremists in the Democratic and Republican Parties sound very much the same (exasperated) because they’re grumpy.
- C. Normal people know they’re going to die. Therefore, they prepare for it in the ways in which they live cheerfully with hope for a future that goes beyond their own lifetime. Grumpy people who are merely political keep forgetting that.
- D. To decode yourself, observe the ways other people behave, and then ask yourself in what way am I behaving toward **myself** the same way they’re behaving toward **others**.

Let’s go back to the first question to answer it with greater scrutiny: Why do people get grumpy?

The modern societies of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century aren't yet sufficiently focused on helping the individual live life **successfully** and get old **gracefully**. In addition to people having little financial security by the time they reach old age, they have little **inner** security, as well. Without money and honey, people get grumpy. They don't feel that they're well prepared for death. They don't feel that they amassed the wisdom, love, loyalty and money to maintain a comfortable lifestyle inside and out as they near the end of their journey.

Because most societies (perhaps with the exception of the socialist societies of northern Europe) don't guarantee their citizens the physical comforts of a pension and medical assistance from birth to death, most people aren't well prepared for old age unless they've worked themselves to death to amass a lot of money. This pursuit often costs them precious time they could have dedicated to the pursuit of wisdom, self-love and loyalty to life.

In addition to the monetary reason for people getting grumpy, they get grumpy because they haven't faced their family of origin issues.

I, for one, grew up in a family of five Holocaust survivors who were more than **grumpy**. They were **enraged** at what they'd had to go through. The most enraged member of my family was my father who'd survived concentration camp.

In addition to his rage at having been forced into slavery in Germany after having been a rich, powerful and respected businessman in Lithuania, he was also furious simply because he gave himself the right to be. He indulged his self-indignation. He was the head of the household. So, he gave himself permission to be a rage-a-holic. He was the master and all of us were there to serve him. When you aren't stopped from expressing your rage, it destroys your family life and your health.

My mother saw what was happening and divorced him. His older children abandoned him. And his younger children



(my sister and I) were taken so far away from him that he didn't get to know us as we grew up. I found myself alone (without a guiding father). So I pursued happiness through food, alcohol, drugs and sex.

Most people grow grumpy slowly over a lifetime by giving themselves permission to get more and more enraged. Some retreat from their anger into forms of dementia where they can let out their feelings by abandoning them in a pit of forgetfulness (dementia). And some turn that anger inward at their body with cancer, heart disease, strokes and the like.

Cancer eats them up inside. Heart disease is a poetic manifestation of a bad heart in the emotional sense. And strokes are a way of setting off bombs in your mind to blow up your trains of thought.

Because all five of my family members were so extremely angry, I reacted by doing the opposite. I became a very **frightened** person. I was extremely passive. I was timid. I was shy. But I was also manipulative in order to get what I wanted using every submissive course of action at my disposal.

That said, making some decisions on my own were extremely difficult for me because I was always worried about guilt, even though I didn't even realize how guilt-ridden I was.

I worried what others would say about me. I felt there was someone else's hand in my back pushing me in a direction they wanted me to go.

Now that I've faced my fear of guilt, my conscience has become a better guide for me alone. When people accuse me of having good reason to feel guilty (i.e., I didn't do what they wanted), I take that to heart. I question whether I've done what they say I've done, or whether they're acting out **their** frustrations with life on **me**.

In this way, I've discovered how **sorrow** is so much preferable to **rage**. I'm **sorry** people are so angry. I **regret** I can't do anything to help them see how their anger is

controlling them. But I'm **disappointed** in them, nonetheless.

This has helped me perceive how **sorry** I am that I was once so angry at myself. Three times I tried to kill myself, even though I always hid my anger as much as possible from others.

This has helped me perceive how I **regret** not having been able to respond more directly to my own anger at myself to face my **frustration** in being with me.

This has helped me perceive how **disappointed** I am in myself for not having been able to face my feelings straight on.

It's taken me a lifetime to understand that "sorry seems to be the hardest word." [Elton John] Because I couldn't feel sorry about the way I'd treated myself until I'd gotten many of the pieces of my emotional puzzle together, I couldn't confess to myself how sorry I was **in** loud.

I don't want to grow old and become a grumpy person. I want to grow old soulfully. Therefore, I've had to face my sorrow **inside** and have had to face other people's anger with my excess sorrow **outside**.

Looking deeply at my inability to speak to myself **in** loud has reveal to me the secret to self-discipline. I don't have to blame myself, berate myself or hurt myself in order to discipline myself. What works best is to beseech myself to do otherwise. Begging me to do what I know is wise, self-loving and most loyal to me seems to have the greatest effect on me.

That said, I'm touched, but not moved, by other people begging.

## For God's Sake Tell Me How You Feel!

The LGBT+ community is constantly complaining about external injustices – which I suppose is normal. The Jews did it. The Blacks did it. The women did it. And now the LGBT+ community is doing it.

Each one held the door open for the next to come through to improve this world as much as they could. But it's never enough. The religious fanatics keep coming back with new ways to make money, consolidate power, discriminate and oppress. They keep using their names for God to define us, when anyone can see that they're just projecting their self-hate onto everyone who doesn't believe solely in their name alone for God.

The Republicans don't really care about abortion. They don't care about homosexuality. They don't care about racism. All they care about is promoting lying and stealing in God's Name (Jesus). And that means stealing from the poor to make themselves rich. The richer they get, the more they conclude that Jesus must love them.

It doesn't matter if the **Republicans** are Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist or Taoist. It's the same game. Promote your name for God above all the others. Get rich on the outside and then convince yourself that you're also rich within.

It's not until the whole world turns their greed for money, power and prestige inward that people will discover why God Created **greed**. It's greed for **inner wealth**; greed for **power** over oneself; and **prestige** (recognition of our own good name) in becoming who God Always Wanted us to be – that we can let our greed run free.

I sold my books on Amazon for years, thinking I'd get rich because I had something others would want. It turned out that nobody wanted what I had for sale. I don't think I made a total of \$10 on my dozens of books.

Now that I've taken all my books out of the marketplace and offer them for free at my website, I feel a thousand times richer. I paid dearly for my wisdom. Why should I ask other people to pay for it, too?

I'll never try to make **money** with my **honey**. My honey will always be free for the taking. I already have enough money. I don't want to be greedy externally. I only want to internalize my greed to get richer from within.

**“Sway”**

Sung by

China Forbes (Pink Martini)

Composed by

Norman Gimbel, Pablo Beltran Ruiz,

Luis Demetrio and Tracon Molina

1954

When marimba rhythms start to play, dance with me.

Make me sway.

Like a lazy ocean hugs the shore, hold me close.

Sway me more.

Like a flower bending in the breeze, bend with me.

Sway with ease.

When we dance, you have a way with me.

Stay with me.

Sway with me.

Other dancers may be on the floor,  
dear, but my eyes will see only you.

Only you have that magic technique.

When we sway, I go weak.

I can hear the sounds of violins long before it begins.

Make me thrill as only you know how.

Sway me smooth.

Sway me now.

Other dancers may be on the floor,  
dear, but my eyes will see only you...

When marimba rhythms start to play,  
dance with me. Make me sway...

“Other dancers may be on the floor, dear, but my eyes”  
are **crossed**. I see only my nose. This is the part of me that  
stands closest to the future as I bend forward to get a glimpse  
at what will be.

I once was a **cross-eyed bear**. Now I’ve learned to look  
at my nose as the seat of my intuition. Now I pay attention

to what I tell myself. Now the volume of the voice inside me has been raised. I hear it. I listen to the wisdom I offer myself.

Now I'm involved in the **cross I'd bear** to help make this world a better place for everyone. Now I've crucified myself on my own principles.

I've internalized the seven deadly sins. Now I **lust** for intimacy with me. I revel in the **gluttony** of food-for-thought. I'm **greedy** to know myself. I'm **lazy** enough to look for easier and easier ways of becoming spiritual. My **wrath** is with me for making the same mistakes over and over again. I **envy** the secrets I still hold inside that I haven't yet revealed to myself. And I'm **proud** of the amazing progress I've achieved in becoming a really great person.

I'm not vain. I'm honest, sincere and authentic. I don't use my high opinion of myself to make money. I have no agenda in acknowledging my internal wealth. All that I've achieved, I plan to take with me when I leave.

## Don't Blame Me For Loving Me

I felt blamed for loving **others**. Is it any wonder I felt conflicted about loving **myself**? Many still want to tell me who to love and how to love. I wish they'd get their **head** out of my **heart** and out from between my legs.

Who I love is nobody's business. And how I love who I love is **our** business. If my partner came to you and told you I abused him, hurt him and endangered the world in some way, I could see that you'd make **my** love **your** business.

But 99% of the time, that's not the case with anyone. And still, the Republicans insist that what I'm doing in bed **is** their business. I don't call Republicans "Americans" anymore. I call them "ancient Egyptians" who are trying to recreate a society of pharaohs and slave drivers.

These ancient Egyptians are trying to make me their Israelite slave. They want me to work for them. They want to control my wages. They want to control my private life. They even want to control the production of new slaves by outlawing abortion.

And the reason for this is because they've misunderstood the messages of Moses, Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad. Jesus didn't tell anyone **how** to love. Love comes from our genitals. He told the ancient Jews how to make peace through love. Peace out in the world comes from peace of mind that overflows your head into your heart.

The Republicans are about as peace-loving as Nazis. They don't want peace. They want war. They want power, so they can have the autonomy to do with our genitals whatever they please. They're perverts.

That's a bitter irony, since it's the Democrats who are promoting the freedom to do with your genitals whatever you like provided your sex life is between consenting adults.

The Republicans only find sick reasons why making love, not war, goes against their religion. They keep looking

for ways to use their names for God (Father, Son and Holy Spirit) to promote acrimony.

The word “shalom” in Hebrew means **peace**. It comes from the verb “lishalem” which means **to fill**. For Jesus, who advocated the symbolism of his container (body) and contents (virtues), he taught the ancient Jews to fill themselves with a love for peace. And we see today how today’s modern Jews are trying to do just that.

Israel has always advocated for peace with its neighbors since its inception in 1948. Some Muslims are beginning to hear and understand the meaning of **shalom**. We must all cry out that word in our effort to achieve peace. The word Jerusalem in Hebrew means “city of peace”.

The fanatical Christians and Muslims are still opposed to peace. They want to wage wars with the Jews to make their name of God greater than Y.H.V.H. Ironically, Y.H.V.H. is an acronym. We Jews have no name for God. Another irony the religious world refuses to face...

The Orthodox Jews are fighting the gay-Jews to oppress us for not obeying their literal interpretation of our own scripture.

What different does it make what name you use to describe God? I’m sick of religious acrimony. I’m sick and tired of ancient Egyptians telling me how to live my life. My land of milk (love) and honey (wisdom) lies within me. My heart is the source of my milk, and my head is the source of my wisdom. I combine the two (thoughts and feelings) in my soul to achieve beliefs that serve humanity.

Israel is my struggle with God from within. I know the Jews in Israel have to struggle with God within and without. And I admire them for it. But the Orthodox Jews are only making world peace less possible by waging war against the LGBT+ community.

These ancient Egyptians (fanatical Jews, Christians and Muslims) believe in Adonai, Jesus **or** Allah. But if I don’t believe in their one name for Him – bow down and pray to



their literal interpretation of His Story (history) – they claim I’m infringing on their religious rights.

They don’t believe I have the right to my own interpretation of God. They don’t believe I can use the generic name “God” without using their specific name for Him, as well.

I never thought of myself as a Moses, Jesus or Muhammad, but now I do. I don’t see any of the hyper-religious as in their right mind. I see them as prosaic. Their literal interpretations of our scriptures are old fashioned and hateful.

Those of us who are spiritual are poets. And as a poetically inclined person, I don’t believe in the literal interpretations of the ancient Egyptians who are threatening democracy today.

If the hyper-religious believe in their name for God, fine! I have no problem with their name for God. But if they insist that I have to interpret His Words as they do, they’re way out of line. I have a mind of my own. I think for myself.

I think scripture is magnificent when taken **figuratively**. When you take the words of Moses **metaphorically**; the words of Jesus **symbolically**; and the words of the Prophet Muhammad analytically as **simile**, they turn into steps up to God’s Throne. You can’t achieve wisdom, peace or faith without self-love. It’s as simple as that.

You can’t give away something you haven’t received. But you haven’t received it until you’ve given it to yourself. Without your love for you, you’re nothing in your eyes. You’re a shell of a person. You have no wisdom. You have no faith.

So don’t blame me for who I **love**. I don’t **hate** anybody. But I certainly don’t **like** everybody. And the reason why I don’t like most people is because I find them disappointing.

Getting through my disappointment with my parents, siblings, lovers, family, friends, acquaintances and colleagues helped me see how disappointing I was to myself.

I had all sorts of expectations for me that I didn't realize. But now that I've come to see reality more clearly, I can see how being **blue** (disappointed) has been the greatest challenge of my life. Elton John was right. "Sorry seems to be the hardest word."

It was easy, by comparison, to get through my rage (**red**), my agony (**orange**) my fear (**yellow**) and even my jealousy and envy (**green**) of others. But when I hit **blue**, I was stunned. I couldn't figure out why I was so sad.

Now I know. I suffered from extreme disappointment! And it affected me so deeply that I was finally able to see that my sorrow was emanating out from within. I felt sorry for myself.

I tried to kill myself three times. Twice, I ended up involuntarily committed to mental institutions. I was addicted to cigarettes, drugs and alcohol. I even had my heart broken by a lover of 13 years who left me for his previous boyfriend.

I have good reason to feel sorry for myself. I'm glad I can feel so blue. I'm glad I can feel blue for others when I see what they go through. I'm glad blue is only one of seven colors of the rainbow of hope. I'm glad I've learned how to use my emotions to discover the meaning of love through hope.

The Republicans can bow down to their golden calf made of money. They call their god Jesus. But their god is really money.

## Y.H.V.H.

The God of the Jews is an acronym not a word. The ancient Egyptians had their own gods. So, when God Told Moses to go back where he came from to help release the Israelites from bondage, it was natural that Moses would ask Him what His Name Was. Who was he going to tell the Israelites Sent him? How was he going to describe his relationship to a Burning Bush that could talk? The Egyptians had names for their gods. Anyone would have surmised that Moses had been talking to himself. That he was crazy.

A burning bush was the way Moses described his relationship to his conscience (his inner thoughts and knowledge). No one can explain to another person how s/he comes to a conclusion based on a good conscience. So, a name for your God to enjoin your conscience is essential if you want to convince people you're honest, sincere and authentic.

Well, God Was too smart for Moses. When Moses asked Him His Name, He Gave him an acronym. (You wouldn't tell anyone that you're giving your hard-earned money to **Iris**. But nobody questions you when you hand over your money to the **I.R.S.**)

We Jews don't have a name for God. This is because we know that God Is a generic name that replaces a Concept that can't be described with one word.

Just look at how Christians and Muslims have been fighting over their names for God (Jesus and Allah) for 1,400 years. They're still fighting over His Name today. The Christians claim that their god (Jesus) stands for love. The Muslims claim that their god (Allah) stands for loyalty.

Well, the Jewish God (Y.H.V.H.) stands for wisdom. Without wisdom, you can't achieve love or loyalty. Without wisdom, you're a boat without a sail or rudder. You're a Noah on a stormy sea. You behave like a juvenile.

That's not to say that the word **Y.H.V.H.** is better than the words **Jesus** or **Allah**. The combination of these three words constitutes an **acronym**; a proper **noun**; and a generic **name**. They complement one another. Without the scriptures of Judaism, Christianity and Islam you can't come to know The One God.

Without a head (wisdom), heart (love) and soul (faith), you're left with nothing inside you that matters. You've only got material possessions around you that you won't be able to hold onto forever.

Without the God of the Jews, the God of the Christians and the God of the Muslims **within** you, you're aimless. You're a **wandering** Jew, a **roaming** Christian and an **aimless** Muslim.

So often when I'm praying, my comments to God begin with a question that ends with the implication of me being "lazy." I realize my spiritual laziness is stopping me from completing my prayers. And it's at this point that I imagine God Shrugging His Shoulders as if to say, "What's My Name?"

Then I think to myself, "will be, riches, will be." I think of the fact that I'll get out what I put in. The outcome depends on the righteous effort. God Will Help me to the extent that I help myself through helping others. Isn't that what Moses did? Isn't that what Jesus did? Isn't that what the Prophet Muhammad did?

Just having a serpent in my tree that can converse with my heart (Eve) and head (Adam) is no solution to my problems. My serpent can spew out its "words" as well as any man's. What matters are my actions. From my deeds my destiny will emerge. Or it won't, leaving me stuck with my fate.

## Fam

The letters **f.a.m.** remind me of the words **fame**, **family**, **famine** and **familiarity**, I put these four words in this order because I was hungry for something I couldn't put into words most of my life. First it was the **fame** I sought as a ballet dancer in my teens. Then I wanted a close relationship with my **family** in my twenties. Ultimately, it was an inner **famine** in my forties that forced me to explore the meaning of **familiarity** with myself in my sixties.

That's not to say that familiarity shouldn't come first or last for you. But it was wise of me to put familiarity where I did. It was especially wise of me to recognize the tremendous hunger I felt inside once I'd gotten some of my forbidden fruits out of my system.

Seeking **fame** as a young man probably wasn't a great idea, especially in light of the fact that my failure as a ballet dancer led to insanity. I couldn't accept that I was no different from all other people.

Then, seeking **family** helped me through the hard times. But in the end, my parents died, and my siblings betrayed me. I realized I was too old to participate in the concept of family any longer. I have no children. A lot of people maintain a relationship to family through their kids. That wasn't in the cards for me.

That's when I experienced a **famine** no less painful than what we see poor people enduring around the world who literally lack food. That drove me deeper within to search for answers that would satisfy a hunger I couldn't put into words.

**Familiarity** with myself was the result of quenching my thirst for love and hunger for self-knowledge.

Truth, not work in the outer world, now sets me free. The Nazis said, "Work will set you free." That became the American anthem of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. I'm not willing to sing that song. **Truth**, not work, will set you free.

Fortunately, my body is comfortable thanks to having solved my survival issues. But without comforts for the **mind**, it's hard to achieve wisdom. Without comforts for the **heart**, it's difficult to achieve love. And without comforts for the **soul**, it's impossible to achieve faith in yourself.

Therefore, familiarity with fame, family and famine forced me to concede that familiarity with myself had to become my greatest goal in life.

Work in the outer world, while it didn't set me free, set me on a course of action that gave me the comforts of the body that afforded me the freedom to pursue my truth. That's why I can say that my truth sets me free. Freedom has inclined me to truth. But truth has inclined me to **freedom** of the mind, **liberty** in my heart and **emancipation** of my conscience which has turned it into a soul that believes God Is my Witness. I've become a servant of His.

I'm still afraid of famine. Hunger, whether literal or figurative, is a terrible way to suffer in life. I'm committed to helping the world overcome famine in all its forms. But the hunger for truth is of special interest to me.

## The Future

What we call “the future” is an imaginary extension of the present that doesn’t exist. The past doesn’t exist either. All that exists is the present. We’re all in the here-and-now.

Externally, time is relative. But internally, we’re all in a timelessness in which we can create any time we choose. We all experience eternity internally.

Although we have evidence of the past around us, we have no evidence for the future around us. We assume that today will end, and there’ll be a tomorrow. Because of this assumption, we make plans.

People who are mentally ill often have no sense of the future. They live from day-to-day. Their suffering in the present is all they perceive. Suffering tomorrow is too painful for them to even think about.

But most of us live with suffering and do what we can to avoid suffering by changing the present so that we plan for a future that will turn out better than things are now.

These plans for the betterment of our life and the lives of others run from absurd to wise. We can’t always tell a good plan from a bad one. Sometimes we simply have to do things that look ridiculous when we look back on them. This is true for individuals, nations and religions.

You might be wondering why I’m talking about a verb tense (the future) that doesn’t literally exist in the moment. As you recall, I spoke about the conditional verb tense earlier that doesn’t exist in the moment, either. The conditional tense only exists in our mind as a possible world, a possible outcome that we can entertain in our mind to decide what actions we’re going to choose to take in the present, in the hopes that the future will turn out in our favor based on having examined a range of possible outcomes conditionally.

This is true of the past and future tenses as well.

This is how the mind operates, giving our thoughts a sense of depth. This is how we think. This is something your parents should have explained to you a very long time ago. It's almost criminal that parents have children without telling them how they operate from within.

But most parents don't **think** about how they **think**. Therefore, they can't teach their children how to think. Therefore, children grow up wondering what they're missing. But in doing so, they neglect to wonder about **how** they think, which only exacerbates their confusion.

The past and future you experience within you are just as real as the here-and-now you experience around you. To the extent that you understand the differences in the nature of time when viewed from within and without, you're going to make your life meaningful in the time you're allotted. As time becomes more meaningful to you as you age, more truths will become evident that you weren't able to perceive before.

With more of the truth, you'll be able to be more honest, sincere and authentic with others. This will ultimately make it possible for you to be more **affectionate** with people and less grumpy.

People don't need you being **sexual** with them. They may think they need to get in your **pants**, but they don't. What they need to get is into your **heart**. And if your heart is open, they'll be able to communicate with you more easily.

You may not want to be honest with everyone about everything, but you should strive to be sincere and authentic with everybody. You'll feel better about yourself if you do.

Everyone has to keep some secrets from others, but no one needs to keep secrets from himself. To the extent that you can be open with others, you'll perceive that openness; be thankful for it; and conclude that you have what it takes to be open with yourself.



In this way, you'll reveal your secrets **in you to you**. You'll overcome denial. You'll become a friend to yourself. And you'll discover how the world is dying to know what you've got and how you use it. You'll become your own familiar.

But beware of that serpent in your tree. Beware of the **rhythm** of songs without **lyrics** and **melody**. Beware of your ego. A superego is nothing more than a big putz (derogatory word for penis). Don't turn into a bigger putz than you have to be. Contain your superego.

Everyone's got to eat. You're going to have to find a way to make money to survive. But you don't have to do it with a bad attitude. You don't have to be resentful of others because they disappoint you. You could laugh at them for the ways they're promoting their fate rather than their destiny. That's what faith teaches us.

Looking down at others with laughter is much better than looking down on them with scorn and disgust. What other options do you have? Loving them?

Get real! People who love people who disappoint them are victims who'll eventually turn into martyrs. It's impossible to love people who disappoint you.

**Disappointment** in others will make you **bitter**. Bitterness will make you **cynical** in regard to expectations in the future. Cynicism will make you **distrusting** of yourself and even God. And distrusting Him will make you **hateful** of life itself. This is the motivation for murder.

Don't hate yourself. It's OK to be disappointed, cynical and distrusting of others. But don't go any further. If you have to hate yourself, try to remember that your self-hatred is contagious and deadly. Try to remember to use self-hatred wisely. Don't do what religious Jews, Christians and Muslims are doing with their self-hatred. Don't turn Blacks, gays, transgendered people and women into your Jew du jour. Don't create scapegoats you can hate, and God Won't Have To Humiliate you.

**“Vincent”**

Composed and sung by

Don MacLean

1971

There was a boy,  
very strange, enchanted boy.  
They say he wandered very far,  
very far over land and sea.  
A little shy and sad of eye,  
but very wise was he.  
And then one day  
a magic day he passed my way.  
Though we talked of many thing, fools and kings,  
this he said to me.  
“The greatest thing you'll ever learn  
is just to love and be loved in return.”

Starry, starry night -  
Paint your palette blue and gray.  
Look out on a summer's day  
with eyes that know the darkness in my soul.  
Shadows on the hills -  
Sketch the trees and the daffodils.  
Catch the breeze and the winter chills  
in colors on the snowy linen land.  
Now I understand  
what you tried to say to me.  
How you suffered for your sanity.  
How you tried to set them free.  
They would not listen; they did not know how.  
Perhaps they'll listen now.  
Starry, starry night -  
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze,  
swirling clouds in violet haze  
reflect in Vincent's eyes of china-blue.

Colors changing hue -  
Morning fields of amber grain  
weathered faces lined in pain  
are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand.  
Now I understand  
what you tried to say to me.  
How you suffered for your sanity,  
and how you tried to set them free.  
They would not listen; they did not know how.  
Perhaps they'll listen now.  
For they could not love you.  
But still your love was true.  
And when no hope was left in sight  
on that starry, starry night,  
you took your life, as lovers often do.  
But I could've told you, Vincent.  
This world was never meant for  
one as beautiful as you.  
Starry, starry night -  
Portraits hung in empty halls.  
Frameless heads on nameless walls  
with eyes that watch this world and can't forget.  
Like the strangers that you've met.  
The ragged men in ragged clothes.  
A silver thorn of bloody rose  
lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.  
Now I think I know  
what you tried to say to me.  
How you suffered for your sanity,  
and how you tried to set them free.  
They would not listen; they're not listening still.  
Perhaps they never will.

## Previous Books

I recommend you read my books in reverse order.

- 31-32 **The Organ Grinder's Gorilla**  
How I learned to love my obsessive, compulsive disorder  
*Volume 1*
- A Cross-Eyed Bear**  
(A Cross I'd Bear)  
How my O.C.D. has helped me help others  
*Volume 2*
30. **The Ugliest Ducking**  
If you sucked your thumb as a child,  
now is the time to put a ring on it.
29. **For God's Sake, Tell Me How You Feel!**  
If you think about what you think about,  
you'll discover how powerfully you feel.  
A guide to solving personal problems with humor
28. **Knowing God in the Biblical Sense of the Word**  
If you've got a banana and two plums  
I'm sure you already know  
that your fruits were once forbidden
27. **Welcome Aboard My Yellow Submarine**  
Our Destination is the North Pole  
where Santa has his Workshop.  
The melody that accompanies the Psalms  
(A book for men with special needs)
26. **David Met Jonathan After Slaying Goliath**  
How I made peace with my penis and testicles

25. **God's Gay Agenda**  
penis envy or semen envy?  
that is the question.
24. **Chicken Salad for the Soul**  
A tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on  
the side
23. **Star-Drek**  
A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange  
Planet
22. **It Wasn't My Heart I Left in San Francisco...**  
A Philosophic Look at Semen and the Delivery  
Device that Emits It
21. **How to Find The Man of Your Dreams by  
Intensifying Your Orgasms**  
A Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild  
Stallions
20. **Lampshade for the Light**  
of the Last Day of the third Month of the Year
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
- 8-14.   **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
- 5-7.     **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
- 3-4.     **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