

# **Wrestling With My Mother's Ghost**

by  
Baruch (Barry) Emanuel Zeve

Baruch	{BLESSED}
Emanuel	{us with GOD}
Zeve	{inner ray of light}

This book is dedicated to the Haredim {Orthodox Jewish Community}

Every time you touch your nose while reading this book,  
that'll be me,  
bending your nose out of shape.

Every time you sneeze while reading this book,  
that'll be me,  
blessing you.

I don't have any more power to affect you than that.

You've got to sing like you don't need the money  
Love like you'll never get hurt  
You've got to dance like nobody's watchin'  
It's gotta come from the heart if you want it to work

From  
"Come from the Heart,"  
a country music song  
written by Richard Leigh and Suzanna Clark,  
1987

## Introduction

In Genesis, the first of The Five Books of Moses (Torah), a young man (Jacob) alone out in the world for the first time, has a dream of angels going up and down a ladder. I see those angels as the thoughts in my head and beliefs in my breastplate that carry messages back and forth to one another. I see that dream as a description of my unconscious awakening my conscience.

Many years later, Jacob wrestled a stranger the night before he reconciled with Esau, his twin brother. I think that stranger reminded him of his father, Isaac. Jacob had trouble accepting his role as second son because, according to Jewish law then, Esau was entitled to inherit their father's estate. I see myself as a Jacob, a renegade.

My father was an old fashioned, European Jew from Lithuania who made sure we knew he was the master of the house. He was a Republican. GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, CREATED me a gay-Jew. I'm a Democrat. My father was 42 when I was born, and I was 42 when he died. So, in some ways I think of my father as my old man, not as my dad in the American sense of the word. Realizing that I'd completed the task of wrestling my old man only happened when I became an old man. That's when I found the respect to speak about him as my father.

But now I'm wrestling with my deceased mother over whether to project my disappointments with myself onto life generally. Doing so is turning me into an old lady in addition to being an old man. And I couldn't be prouder of this transformation.

When I was five years old, I sucked my thumb constantly. My father, a Dachau Concentration Camp survivor, told me to take my thumb out of my mouth. He did so many times, but as soon as he left the room, in it went again. He and my mother, a *Holocaust* survivor from Germany, fought every night at our dining room table in Buffalo, NY. The sound of them yelling at each other in German was the lullaby that violently rocked me to dreamland. I even remember the night as a child when my dreams went from color to black-and-white. I've never dreamed in color since. My dreams also hold no taste or smell. In these ways my dreams are unlike reality. They're merely indicators of inner work I'm allowed to preview the night before my lessons.

One night, I faintly heard my parents' yelling get louder. My father must have entered my room, and seeing me with my thumb in my mouth, slapped me hard across the face. I woke up violently to the taste of blood. My mother comforted me and took me to the bathroom to wash my hand and face of salty tears and blood.

I also remember being a child when my father told me that he preferred I *hated* him more than anyone else in the world. Now I think he was referring to the *Nazis*. I think he wanted me to *hate* him and the Jews because he felt I should never *hate* Christians. So, I did *hate* him - for a very long time. But now I can see the wisdom in his words. He wanted me to discover my loyalty to our tribe. He wanted me to become a proud Jew. He was never afraid I'd become a Christian.

Maybe it was the number on my father's arm that gave him the confidence to know that I'd never hate him. When I was born, Israel was four years old. Israel is only a little older than me. Will Muslims someday tattoo numbers on the Jews? I doubt it. I think that nightmare went up in smoke like the Jews in the concentration camp on October 7<sup>th</sup>, 2023. I was 71 at the time and Israel was 75.

I'm now 72. My father has been dead for thirty years. I couldn't see the wisdom of his words and strange, Lithuanian ways until the Orthodox Jews attained control over the Israeli government. Now I can. They're proud Jews, too.

I went to Europe and Israel at 17 when I graduated high school. I used the savings I'd earned teaching international and Jewish folk dances. I returned to Israel the next year and joined Bat-Dor, a modern ballet company created by Bat-Sheva de Rothchild. It doesn't exist anymore, but its sister company, Bat Sheva, does.

I came out in Israel in 1971 at the age of 19. I'd had a dream that I'd die at the age of 19. And I figuratively did. Coming out of the closet in Israel at 19 was a rebirth for me. It felt like I'd died and gone to Heaven. All my first, real friends in life were gay Israelis. All of them were in the army, while I was dancing on stages in Israel, Europe and the Far East.

Yoram, my first lover, was an orphan whose parents had died in a car crash. He was raised by an unmarried aunt in Tel Aviv. Yoram loved me in a way I dreamed of being loved as a child. But I just couldn't accept that much love and loyalty at such a young age. I had no idea I was so *traumatized* by my upbringing that I'd need to learn to love myself before I could love anyone else. I left Yoram and moved to Amsterdam for greater autonomy. The road to my freedom was still way up ahead.

But now I can accept love and loyalty from my boyfriend "Will-I-am" and others. In fact, now I revel in love. Now I can even see how my love of me and loyalty to myself had been so difficult for me to bear as a young man. The world I'd grown up in had taught me to denounce such feelings.

Many still think that if you spare the rod, you'll spoil the child. I can tell you that the *trauma* my father put me through didn't help make me a better Jew. Either it caused my *mental illness*, or it exacerbated it. Either way, psychology has better ways of shaping impressionable minds. That said, I believe that psychology could be much improved with a deeper understanding of Torah.

Deuteronomy 21 addresses the rebellious son. “He shall be *stoned* to death by the men of the city.”

I was a rebellious son. I *hated* my father and loved my mother. I saw my father as a *sadist* and my mother as a *masochist*. Perhaps they were a perfect match for one another in bed, but at the dining room table they fought constantly. You couldn’t tell the *sadist* from the *masochist*.

I’ve had 27 jobs in my life and 18 addresses. I was *addicted* to *drugs, alcohol, cigarettes* and *sex* until the age of 31. That’s when I turned my life around through gay A.A. in L.A. There, I discovered a HIGHER POWER, a way of couching the concept of GOD for *drunks, addicts* and *deadbeats* that wouldn’t turn us off to the idea that our “best” thinking had gotten us where we were. We were taught to admit we needed HELP to get any further.

It doesn’t say in Torah that parents should *stone* their rebellious children. It states that others should do it for them. Believe me, I was figuratively *stoned* a lot... Some people took one look at me, and I could see them calculating just where they were going to strike.

My father took it upon himself to stone me with his own hand. His hands had turned into rocks of sorts in concentration camp while *slaving* for the *Nazis* to win their war. He *stoned* me instead of letting others do it for him.

My mother didn’t defy him for slapping me in my sleep. But a year later, she took us to California, where she divorced him. The year was 1959.

It’s now late October 2024. I see this upcoming election as really all about women verses men. I see that the renegade mentality of Jacob has become more pronounced since October 7<sup>th</sup>, 2023. And I’m not feeling good having to figuratively choose between my father and my mother at the ballot box. I want to choose my mother. But I don’t want to dismiss my father’s view of reality, either.

My father came to visit us in California in 1960 to reconcile, but after my mother decided to go through with the divorce, he moved back to New York City. My father and I spoke on the phone only once a year because of the enormous cost of long-distant phone calls in those day. But my mother instructed me to write him weekly, to which he faithfully replied.

That said, he was a deadbeat dad financially. He didn’t pay child support (although it was only \$50 for each of his two children per month). Years later when he married Mary, his third wife, she forced him to do so. By then, I was 14 and my sister was 12.

He never paid back the years of child support he owed. And, although my parents had had a civil marriage, he asked my mother to go through a Jewish divorce in an Orthodox synagogue in Boyle Heights, CA so he and Mary could have a Jewish wedding. She was a *Holocaust* survivor who’d lived through the Warsaw Ghetto. I loved Mary from the moment I met her. She was an amazing lady. But my father’s Jewish divorce had made me feel like a bastard, not just a burden.

If Israel achieves marriage equality, it won’t eliminate the need for Jewish marriages and Jewish divorces. I, too, believe that only those Jews whose mother is Jewish should be considered Jewish. But I also believe that marriage equality in a civil union is the right thing for Israelis to offer everyone.

Marriage equality corresponds to respect for those of us who are the descendants of *slaves* in Egypt. As gay Jews, we’re no less deserving of the full rights afforded straight Jews. Marriage equality also signifies that the *racism, homophobia* and *misogyny* our Jewish ancestors went through for millennia has finally ended. With the end of *antisemitism* and *antizionism* will come the end of *racism, homophobia* and *misogyny*.

The secret to the end of all prejudice lies in Leviticus 18 and 20. “It’s an *abomination* for a man to have sexual relations with a man as he does with a woman.” Some fathers whose son has turned out gay have *blamed* their son’s mother for that. They didn’t *blame* themselves for a desire they despise. That’s the essence of *misogyny*. And every race of man that doesn’t agree with GOD about the “virtue” of homophobia has to become an enemy of the Jews and Christians. That’s the essence of *racism*. Even the Muslims are on board with homophobia, misogyny and racism.

The RELIGIOUS extremists in all three of the Abrahamic faiths support the 1% because it keeps the rest of us from uniting against today’s *pharaohs* and *slavedrivers*. Those of us who interpret our scripture SPIRITUALLY have an uphill battle in teaching the world to take GOD personally, not publicly.

And this task rests on the backs of gays. Unless we can convince the world that killing us won’t end humanity’s fear of REPRISAL from GOD upon death, the world will continue to decline into chaos. No pressure my gay brethren...

I’m a suicide survivor three times over. I was involuntarily committed to mental institutions twice and was on lithium for 25 years. I got clean and sober in 1984 (40 years ago this year, 2024). I got off psychiatric medication in the year 2000. So, when I tell you that I’ve gone from a self-hating gay-Jew to one who’s attracted to the tenets of Orthodox Judaism, I have an odd story to tell:

“Love thy neighbor as thyself” comes from Leviticus 19:18. In Deuteronomy 6:4-9, the first paragraph of the “Shema,” the holiest of Jewish prayers, it states, “You shall love the LORD your GOD with all your heart, with all your soul and with all your might.” These are the two commandments of Jesus which he received from Moses.

Nowhere in Torah are we COMMANDED to love our father and mother. “Honor your father and mother” is the 5<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT GIVEN by GOD in Exodus 20:12. In order to honor mine, I’ve had to recreate my parents’ virtues and swear to GOD not to repeat their vices. That was a lot harder than loving them.

I think of myself as the best little boy in the world. But *mental illness* has been an ongoing struggle for me. That said, I’ve managed my struggle without psychiatric medication for 24 years. I now think that neither of my parents should have had children. They were just too *damaged* to handle a **monster** like me... They should have gotten a goldfish, or, better yet, a plant.

I believe GOD CREATED the wisdom given to us through the autobiography of Moses (Torah). That blueprint consciously lies in the head of every Jew who’s studied the Hebrew Testament. I believe Jesus may have been a gay-Jew who got out of his head, through his stiff neck, and into his heart, where he looked at the words of Moses from a new place in inner space. Call that perspective: love.

But I don’t believe in loving anyone other than GOD. Life is a SCHOOL, but our classmates are all too ignorant to be of much help, if you ask me. I recommend that you strive for a personal relationship with the TEACHER.

You can divide GOD into thirds, as Christians do, and still love all of HIM. I believe Jesus. I just don’t believe in Jesus. When he told his disciples to remember his body and blood through the Passover matzo and wine, he became, in my eyes, a living symbol of GOD’S LOVE. But aren’t we all? His genius was in creating the container/contents symbolism of love [bread (body) and wine (blood)] that the Jews hadn’t yet found a way to verbalize in those days.



The difference between believing Jesus and believing in Jesus amounts to one preposition over which the Jews and Christians have been arguing for 2,000 years. That word is made up of the letters “i” and “n.”

I’m an “I” in an “it.” I’m a SPIRIT in a body. I’m like bread filled with something that’s like wine. I’m a symbol of GOD’S LOVE. But thanks to African-Americans, I don’t use the “n” word. So much for the preposition “in” as far as I’m concerned...

I think human love is a ruse because the feeling of love comes and goes. I’ve struggled with *hatred* all my life. That struggle has been constant. It lies in my head, but it leaks out into my heart and soul, making quite a mess inside me from time to time.

Unfortunately, I haven’t lived up to my own principle of *denying* my love to others. I’ve been in two long-term relationships, both 14 years in length, and I have to say that I still love both guys with all my heart, with all my soul and with all my might – or at least with all the ability I had each time to get out of my head, through my stubborn stiff-neck and into my heart. So, I consider myself as big a hypocrite when it comes to professing love as anyone else.

Both my boyfriends broke my heart. Larry, my first lover, *cheated* on me. And Will, my second, refuses to marry me.

Will doesn’t believe we need to recreate the hetero-normative ritual of marriage in order to maintain a monogamous relationship. I fully understand, but I sure would like to see a ring on my finger. Sue me! A gurl wants what s/he wants...

Last spring Will and I went to Lake Tahoe for the first time. On a walk around Spooner Lake, Will found a gold bracelet. He’s “loaned” it to me... I wear it like a wedding band. I never take it off. I’m a romantic type. I can’t help it.

Will likes me, but I love him. I know the problem is all mine. He’s far too wise to love anyone anymore. He learned that lesson like we all do, the hard way. But he’s also an atheist. He loves himself. I could never do that. After having tried to kill myself three times, I’m at best my own ally. I’m not my enemy anymore. But I’ll never be able to love me. That thought is just ridiculous.

Because I’m a realist who’s paid a stiff price in my struggle to accept reality as it is for me, I’ve done something unusual that not a lot of people seem to have done. I’ve gotten out of my broken heart into a third place in inner space: my soul.

Most people mend their broken heart instead. They seal it up so that no one will ever be able to ever get in and break it again. They swear they aren’t going to go through that again!

Well, my heart is open. I’m as empathetic and kind as I can possibly be. But GOD IS ALWAYS CHALLENGING me to open my heart a little further. That’s humbling. But it also produces wisdom. And that’s a very pleasant achievement, let me tell you.

Even so, GOD IS the only one who HOLDS a place in my soul. I love Will. I love life. I love the world. I love myself. But I’m loyal to GOD. Without loyalty to GOD, there’s no way for me to grow. I must use GOD as the reason to make my life meaningful through self-improvement.

I don’t know about your soul, but at the core of mine lies my conscience. I first developed my conscience as other people’s guide. It took many more years for me to discover the importance of my conscience becoming my guide.

I weigh the thoughts in my head against the feelings in my heart on a scale in my soul to determine how to behave. And thanks to self-discipline, I kick myself in the butt to make me do what I need to do, while only whispering in others’ ears what I’d do if I were them.

I know that life is a SCHOOL. I know that your GRADES aren’t going on my REPORT CARD. And I know that mine aren’t going on yours. I’ve completed a certain amount of my curriculum,

and I've prepared for the FINAL EXAM. What you've done with your time doesn't interest me. That's your business, not mine.

As a gay-Jew who defies the literal words of Torah by loving men so much that I'm physically attracted to them, I'm a hypocrite in many religious people's eyes. But I take Torah figuratively. The man in my head (Adam) and woman in my heart (Eve) work together like a married couple to defy the exaggerated wants (*gluttony* and *greed*) and desires (*lust*) that the serpent (penis) in my tree of knowledge tempts me with.

And as far as those two fruits (testicles) that hang down from my tree beneath my serpent (penis), I protect them as best I can. It's thanks to them that the juice of my fruits (semen) emanates out of the mouth of my serpent when I get close to GOD through ejaculation. But figuratively, getting to HEAVEN [olam haba {the next world}] is a lot harder than Christian Heaven or Muslim Heaven. Of that, I'm certain.

I live in the most tempting place in the history of civilization: the United States of America. Call it the Sodom and Gomorrah of today. As an American, I know that our culture is the *greediest* and most *gluttonous* place on the planet. But if you can make your way through the temptations we create for one another here, you'll certainly develop the stamina to own up to the urges figuratively aroused by your penis or clitoris entice tempt you.

Thanks to a tradition laid down in Torah, we Jews cut off the hood of our snake on the eighth day of life. We let our baby boys experience life without making a vow to the LORD for the first seven days. This is enough time for us to discover the meaning of autonomy. With circumcision, we sign our contract with GOD in blood. We become students of freedom. We go on a quest to behave responsibly for GOD'S SAKE, not just our own.

I suppose you could say that this religious ritual forces our serpent to cry out at what we've done to it. That would mean that pain is a form of speech GIVEN to us by GOD TO TEACH us a lesson. I don't remember the pain of my circumcision. But I definitely do remember when my penis broke into song one night in my teens. Its mellifluous melody sang a haunting tune that captured my imagination. I woke up as though I'd been in paradise to find that the juice of the fruits hanging down from my tree had poured out of the mouth of my serpent. It was then that I began to babble as all teenagers do.

Perhaps the religiously modest in all three of the Abrahamic faiths are now crying out to me to stop right there. They might not want me to talk about GOD'S PLAN for man in this way.

But we all know that if the Jews do it, everyone's got to know what we're up to by doing it, too. A lot of people still don't trust us. It was baked into the SYSTEM for so long that people find it difficult to give up *antisemitism* and *antizionism*. Maybe that's why my father wanted me to *hate* him instead of the *Nazis*. He knew that GOD WOULD RECONCILE me with my father.

The ultra-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims all agree on taking Leviticus 18 and 20 (the *abomination* of gay men) literally. So, as a Jacob, a renegade, I chose to ordain myself a rabbi after studying our scripture with GOD as my WITNESS. At first, I asked HIM TO ORDAIN me for me. But what good would that have done? Nobody would have believed me if HE HAD. It would have been my word against HIS.

For Jews, it's the serpent in our tree that yearns for a mate. For Christians and Muslims, it's Satan/*Satan*, the personification of *evil*, as described by Jesus one way, and by Muhammad another.

For me, the story of Adam and Eve represents the infantile level of awakening when we're tempted by the serpent in our tree. Cain and Abel, the next story in Genesis, are the childish way

we all grow up. Cain (our head) oppresses Abel (our heart) because GOD PREFERS the sacrifices that come from our feelings.

Noah {comfort} personifies the RELIGIOUS adolescent in the third story of Genesis who was inspired by GOD to build an “aron” {ark} to collect a sample representation of all the animals GOD HAD CREATED in nature to help man understand his own nature. When Noah came to safe harbor after the flood and let those animals off two-by-two, a rainbow shined overhead as a PROMISE from GOD that HE WOULDN’T MAKE anyone go through that again.

That flood was puberty. And no one has to go through it twice. GOD KEPT HIS PROMISE.

We call GOD’S RAINBOW a sign of hope. Or at least we used to until men like me took the rainbow and wave it as our flag. We now fly our gay flag as a promise of hope in having been CREATED by GOD with a special mission of love. We’re spreading pride, something some of the ultra-religious don’t approve of.

[Pride: (1) A sense of one’s own proper dignity or value; self-respect. (2) Pleasure or satisfaction taken in an achievement, possession, or association. “parental pride.” (3) Arrogant or disdainful conduct or treatment; haughtiness.]

It was an “aron” {basket} that Moses’ mother, Jochebed, placed him in and set him off on his journey with GOD on the Nile when the *pharaoh* at the time demanded the death of firstborn Jewish males. It was the *pharaoh’s* daughter who took baby Moses out of his “aron.”

It was an “aron” {tabernacle} that the Israelites carried GOD in on their way to Israel after they defeated their ancient Egyptian overlords.

And it was an “aron” {closet} that Harvey Milk, the gay-Jewish supervisor in San Francisco, told us to come out of when we had no idea which way to turn.

The translation of the Hebrew word “aron” is “ark,” “basket,” “tabernacle” and “closet.” It stands for the same container Jesus told his followers to remember him, which he described as made of bread and wine (flesh and blood).

The construction of a holy vehicle you were GIVEN for the journey of life has to be done in stages. You can’t just profess to love the body GOD GAVE you. You didn’t get to choose it. It neither looks perfect nor runs perfectly. It’s the vehicle you’re both destined and fated to be in for the entire journey of your life.

Sex addicts treat the human body as a vehicle to pleasure. They rent their playmates like cars, for the day, overnight or by the week. This is what polygamy is like.

Those who prefer to lease their mates choose a partner they couldn’t otherwise afford. But they want the luxury of “driving” a vehicle that makes them look good and feel good for a while. They trade them in for a new model when possible. This is what serial monogamy is like.

But most people want to buy a new car or pre-owned car that they can drive for a lifetime. They don’t mind having to take out a loan to do so. They don’t mind feeling indebted to their mate. They’re willing to make the investment. They don’t mind the wear and tear on their partner that comes with the age. There’s a sense of pride in driving an old jalopy. This is what a monogamous marriage looks like.

Noah was INSTRUCTED to build an “ark” to house his animal instincts. He already had a body. What he was building was a figurative understanding of what he was MADE of inside.

Moses was literally removed from the basket he was in. But it took him a lifetime to see himself as a babe in GOD’S ARMS throughout his journey. His anger issues often overrode his good judgement. He was proud, but not in a good way.

The Levites were in charge of the moveable tent that housed GOD. The Israelites were on a mission to bring GOD to Jerusalem, where they built a temple to house HIM. They thought they were literally taking GOD out of the tabernacle and placing HIM in the Temple. Then, in the Temple, they fed HIM for hundreds of years, sacrificing their own food for HIS SAKE.

Today's Levites are those who see their body as their tabernacle. They care for themselves as though they house GOD within themselves.

It wasn't until the early Israelis were taken in chains to Babylon (Iraq), as *slaves* for the second time, that they realized that GOD COULD BE in two places at once, Israel and Babylon. This is how they discovered the universal GOD of us all. This is the personal GOD (ADONAI) and the universal GOD (ELOHIM) that most Abrahamic believers subscribe to. This means that although each of us a tabernacle of the LORD, HE EXISTS around us as well.

Harvey Milk was a New York broker who left everything to seek his fortune in San Francisco. But he wasn't recreating the gold rush of the 1860's. He was seeking something much more brilliant and valuable than gold. He sought sexual freedom. He told his gay companions (including my ex-boyfriend Larry who was a friend of Harvey's) to come out of the closet.

The mystery of the "aron" is personal. If you remain at the Noah level of life, you'll have relationships with "chayot" {animals} figuratively. You'll let your animals off your boat in the company of someone who'll do the same. Finding sexual partners at this level of awakening is about finding the animal in another person that corresponds to the same species in you. We call that "cruising." That's what boats do.

As the result of this exploration of sex in your teens and early adulthood, you rise to the level of a worker on the Tower of Babel, the fourth story in Genesis. Your penis (or clitoris) will figuratively construct a skyscraper that will rise, story by story, up through the clouds to GOD'S REALM, where you'll conspire with others to usurp HIS POWER to make it your own.

This is done respectfully by most people by getting a skill through education and building a career. This is the healthy engagement of their urge for comforts of the body mixed with RELIGIOUS goals. In the *criminal* world, the tower to their power turns them into *outlaws*. Therefore, *crime* is a form of RELIGIOUS *rape*. It's a disrespect of man's laws and GOD'S LAWS.

Atheists remain at the tower to power level of awakening. They may become contrary and defiant. But experience makes us all cynical, sarcastic and sardonic. Everyone yearns for love, but those who are *bigamists*, behave like polygamists or choose serial monogamy as a lifestyle will likely become bitter, resentful, caustic and disappointed over time.

The underlying loyalty of such a person will be to themselves alone. They'll get lost in a nightmare of options in which sex always comes back to a mommy or daddy dependency on another person. That's incestuous by nature, even though it's a figurative expression of *perversion*.

Only those individuals who rise above the erection of their tower of power to become Abrahamic are ready to wrestle {isra} with GOD {EL}.

You don't want anyone to do to your "aron" what they did to Jesus'. It's bad enough that each of us has our own cross to bear. If you're someone who's gotten out of your head, through your stiff neck and into your heart, you want to do everything in your power to love the one you're with (yourself) from start to finish as well as others. You want to die with dignity, respect and a kind heart.

But there's a talking "it" on it. So, you're going to have to learn to separate the juice of the two fruits that pours out of "its" mouth when it speaks. You're going to have to differentiate between two animals: the lamb and the snake (GOD and Satan/*Satan*), good and *evil*.

Torah is constructed upon the male body, but we live in a day and age when, by extension, everything I say about men is true for women.

Life is a SCHOOL. No one asked to be enrolled, and no one likes the idea of graduating. Therefore, it behooves us to learn as much as we can about the nature of GOD and man in the brief time we're here.

Whether you believe me or Jesus doesn't matter in the slightest. You know enough not to believe in me. You know that there's only one GOD, and I'm not HIM.

Because life is a SCHOOL, you're expected to come to class each day having done your homework. Allow me to explain:

The Hebrew word "avoda" means both "work" and "worship." All my life I *hated* work. Once I retired, I discovered the second meaning of this word. But I spent a lifetime looking at people who put heart and soul into their job, wondering what it was about work that they found so appealing.

I've since become aware of a third meaning, a gay meaning. "Werk" refers to the gay concept of inner work. It's our way of coming to know ourself; love ourself; and bestow our loyalty upon ourself.

Everything I'm telling you amounts to classes I've taken and passed in the SCHOOL of life. I passed my class in love. It broke my heart, but I did it. And after that, I asked the TEACHER, "What's next?"

HE TOLD me that there's a class that's much harder than love. To love yourself may not be easy. To love your neighbor as yourself may be difficult as well. To love HIM may also be hard, especially if you're someone like me who's *reviled* for being gay, Jewish and *mentally challenged*.

What COULD GOD HAVE BEEN THINKING in CREATING me as I am? I'm not using my mental disability as an excuse. But if you're on the list of people who can't be allowed to own a gun, I think it matters.

I couldn't imagine what class in the SCHOOL of life would be greater than learning about love. I thought I'd seen it all and done everything. But those I loved, I *betrayed*, or they *betrayed* me. It turned out that it's much harder to "like" myself, everyone else and GOD. I discovered over time that I can only express loyalty to those I like.

Since I've been taking this class on liking, the wisdom I've amassed has overflowed from my head into my heart. And the love in my heart has overflowed into the loyalty that resides in my soul. I'm now loyal to GOD and all life on Earth.

As a Jewish-American I'm loyal to the United States and Israel. As a gay man, I'm loyal to no one but myself. But as a combination of loyalty to my inner and outer worlds, it's become my mission to learn how to express wisdom, love and loyalty from my head, heart and soul.

I had no idea how *disloyal* I'd been all my life. GOD HAD BEEN so patient with me that it had never occurred to me that love wasn't the final answer. "Chesed" {loyalty} was.

At times, I'm still autonomous instead of free; arrogant instead of compliant; passive or aggressive instead of humble; and self-willed. These character defects have always been a challenge for my conscience. I'm constantly having to reassess my thoughts and feelings by trying to balance them on the scale in my soul to come to new beliefs about the meaning of life that I haven't considered before.

I'm now like Jacob on his journey to live with his uncle Leban. Jacob married his first cousins, Leah and Rachel. Nobody today would want to repeat the sexual intimacy he had with his family.

I'm like Jacob. My father is like Jacob's father, Isaac. To reconcile myself with me, I've had to reconcile what my father went through with his father, who was like Abraham. Abraham tried to sacrifice Isaac to GOD. (My father had only slapped me across the face in my sleep. Isaac must have gone through much greater *trauma* than that.)

If I want to call myself an Abrahamic man, I'm going to have to understand the tremendous ordeal my grandfather, Chaim (Abraham), put my father, Solly (Isaac), through that made my father think that his life was, as a Jew, always on the line till the moment he died.

Dachau Concentration Camp was liberated by the 45th Infantry Division and the 42nd Rainbow Division of the U.S. Army on April 29, 1945. At the time of liberation, approximately 32,000 prisoners were freed from the camp. That surely must have been the happiest day of my father's life. That was probably the day he swore allegiance to America. That's when my father passed his class in the SCHOOL of life in the *evils* of autonomy. That's when he first admired America's quest for freedom.

*Hitler* enrolled my father in a 20<sup>th</sup> Century German class on autonomy. GOD GRADUATED him from it with the help of the Americans. My grandfather Chaim had been too busy making money to care what was happening out in the world. He and my grandmother, Beile, had built a cigarette factory from the ground up in Kaunas, Lithuania. Chaim did what he could to protect his family from the native Catholic population who *hated* them. But there was no way to make the masses understand that how they were feelings had been instilled in them by two millennia of *antisemitism*.

[Beile bought land in Palestine in 1928-30. I was able to recover that land for my family with the help of a broker, Ilan, in Israel who became a dear friend through the process. Twenty members of my family received about \$100,000 each thanks to Ilan and me.]

Solly {Solomon: peaceful} was the youngest of eight children, born into wealth and comfort. Chaim {life} had hit him a few times with a belt just to show him who's boss. But for the most part, my grandfather just ignored his son's RELIGIOUS education.

My father came away feeling like Isaac with his father, Abraham, just as I did with him. Like Isaac, Solly was half-blind in old age (because of cataracts). He couldn't figuratively tell the difference between Henry (my half-brother) and me because our father had never bothered to get to know either of us. Henry is 18 years older than me. He survived the *Holocaust* because the family had the money to bribe the *Nazi* guards and smuggle my half-brother Henry, my half-sister Ilana and my first cousin Ellen out of the Kaunas ghetto into Catholic orphanages. Henry and Ilana's mother (my father's first wife) went up in flames in Auschwitz. So did Ellen's mother. Ellen's father died in Dachau in a section of the camp not far from my father.

[Zvi, Ellen's brother, was by his father's side when he died in Dachau. My father had swallowed two gold coins before the *Nazis* burned down the Kaunas ghetto, forcing my family had to flee their hideout and get caught. The young men were taken on a transport to Dachau in southern Germany, near Munich to work until they died. My father used the coins to bribe the *Nazis* to record him as a Russian dissident, rather than a Jew. (I visited Dachau and have the paperwork to prove that he's listed as a Russian dissident.) The *Nazis* gave my father a job in a soup kitchen. He was able to help Zvi with a second bowl of soup for a few days after the death of his father by not recording the death of an inmate in his own section. In this way, two inmates received life-saving help by those Jews with what little power they had.]

I was the firstborn child from my father's second wife, Bella. My mother gave birth to me and then my sister in New York City. But she also raised the three children my father came with. (After

the War, Zvi Grillichas, Ellen's brother, went to Palestine. On the way, he was arrested by the English and was taken to prison in Cyprus. Once he was allowed into Israel, he dug ditches to pay for his schooling. He finished his B.S. at the University of Jerusalem, came to America and graduated the University of Chicago as the youngest professor there until then, and became the chair of the economics department at Harvard.)

I see myself as like a Jacob. But that only happened after I graduated GOD'S CLASS in seeing myself like an Isaac. I, too, became terrified of my father after he slapped me across the face while I was sleeping. But when I rose to the level of a Jacob, I could see that Henry was like an Esau and our father was like our Isaac. The two of them seemed to be best friends because neither of them wanted to do anything with me. They treated me like a child. I thought they saw me as inferior. I felt they were laughing at me.

My mother's mother was Jewish. My mother's father was Catholic. I feel a kinship with my maternal grandfather, even though I never met him.

A year before my mother left my father, she told Ilana (my half-sister who was 17 at the time) that she was going to divorce Solly. Ilana begged her to wait until she was 18, when she and her boyfriend (Chuck) could get married. And my mother agreed to wait a year until the last of his children was out of his house.

If you ask me, my mother should have been sainted for being so kind and caring to her step-daughter.

We Jews live in our head where we're the masters of guilt. We've turned embarrassment of our body into modesty; shame of our character into humility; and humiliation before GOD into what we call in Hebrew "chesed" {loyalty}. In doing so over the course of 3,400 years, GOD CHOSE TO CREATE two other Abrahamic faiths, one from the heart (Christianity) and one from the soul (Islam).

But when it comes to guilt, neither faith has been able to deter us from our quest for wisdom. They've taught us more than we knew before about love and loyalty. But we've taught them about wisdom.

The election that's coming up will be a test of the wisdom we've brought to America. I'm hoping and praying that Harris wins. But I have my doubts because of Biden's refusal to *bomb* Iran's nuclear and military sites. The Democrats have received endorsements from some Palestinian groups. That concerns me, too.

Either way, there will be plenty of *blame* to go around: the media, the Russians, Chinese, Palestinians and, of course, the Jews. My preference is to *blame* the 1% for the mess they've gotten us into. They're too fat to squeeze through the eye of a needle.

[The term "eye of a needle" is used as a metaphor for a very narrow opening. It occurs several times throughout the Talmud {Jewish text written over the course of 500 years after Jesus.} The New Testament quotes Jesus as saying in Luke 18:25 that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the KINGDOM of GOD."]

The Jews wisely seek answers from Moses. The Christians lovingly seek answers from Jesus. And the Muslims loyally seek answers from the Prophet Muhammad. Wisdom, love and loyalty will always win out, just as your head, heart and soul (breastplate) will always defy your penis (wants and desires) one way or another if your conscience is well enough developed.

But how many are willing to accept all three of the Abrahamic faiths as parts of GOD'S PLAN? Most choose one of the three; two against one or denounce all three.

I met my best friend, Mike, during the seven years I lived alone in San Francisco between my relationships with Larry and Will. Mike was 26 when we met. He's now 41. I've been together with Will for 14 years.

Mike is a Baptist preacher's son from San Antonio, TX. He was home schooled. But at puberty, he decided he wanted to go to public school. He brought his Bible with him to school to preach and was subsequently beaten up by his classmates. When he came out to his parents at 17 during his senior year of high school, he was promptly shown the door. He managed to finish high school, support himself and make his way to San Francisco at the age of 23 to join the many other young people who felt orphaned by their parents for one reason or another. Today, he's an adamant *atheist* living in Minneapolis, MN.

Mike and I are wrestling our fathers. We're both Jacobs, trying to understand what happened to Isaac (our fathers), and, in turn, what had happened to our grandfathers (Abrahams). Mike and I love our mothers unconditionally. The challenge we've been GIVEN lies in respecting a father who scared us nearly to death, albeit we suffer from separate *traumas*.

Will had a wonderful relationship with his father who died when Will was in his 30's. But he didn't have such a good relationship with his mother. Will holds something he shared with his father that Mike and I need to learn about. Will has a way out in the world that I truly admire. He's comfortable with people, places and things in a way I can't say that I am. My comfort is internal. I know my way around my inner world.

Mike and I can't understand the love a boy can have for his father. Mike and I understand the love a boy can have for his mother.

Generally, women are loyal to their girlfriends. Men are loyal to their dog... The word for dog in Hebrew is "kelev." It's a contraction of "kmo ha lev" {like the heart}. In Hebrew, the dog is seen as CREATED by GOD like the heart of man.

Boys usually learn about loyalty beginning with a dog. Girls usually learn about it from women. This is why it became obvious to me that people are ready for a female president. The male option (Trump) knows nothing about wisdom and love, and he certainly has no idea about the meaning of loyalty. He's a *racist, homophobe* and *misogynist*.

I don't associate my love for my mother with my homosexuality. As I said, GOD TOLD us to honor our parents. HE DIDN'T SAY anything about loving them.

I like Mike; I don't love him. I love Will. But I'm trying my best to like Will more and save my love for GOD.

I loved Larry, my first long-term boyfriend who was a gay-Jew who was HIV+ when we met. I loved him until he developed AIDS and went back to his previous boyfriend for sex. That's where I drew the line. We broke up while he was in the throes of an AIDS related cancer. He couldn't get his *lust* in check. He wanted to go out with a blast.

I was single for 7 years before meeting Will, a gay-Catholic who came into my life to teach me how to honor my father and previous lover.

It wasn't easy loving Larry after I discovered he'd been *cheating* on me with his former boyfriend, Jim. That was a slap in the face that took me back to the age of five. That was a lesson in *disloyalty*.

Now I know more about the importance of the 7<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT: *adultery*. Making a commitment to another person is a test of our loyalty. Keeping our word is difficult. If



circumstances change, a negotiation needs to occur. Just *cheating* on your spouse is no way to deal with loving feelings that have become adulterated over time.

Like my father, Larry ended up teaching me to distrust men. Like my mother, Will has taught me to trust men who behave more like women. Life is a SCHOOL with one TEACHER. HIS LESSONS teach us how to both trust and distrust ourself. We learn to both love and *hate* ourself. And we learn to both like and dislike ourself.

In the PROCESS, we discover that all our experiences with others are just for practice. The real tests are in our relationship to GOD. This is when wisdom kicks in.

The 10<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT outlaws *coveting*. It's the only COMMANDMENT regarding a feeling. I try not to be *covetous* of Will because he's taught me not to be *jealous* of anyone's container (body) or *envious* of their contents (soul).

But matters of the heart are explored more deeply in Christianity. Thoughts are logical. Feelings are rational. The reason it says in Torah not to covet is because if we covet things, we'll then be tempted to covet feelings. Marriages break up because of feelings that haven't been honored. You can't make someone feel the way you do. You can only ask them to honor how you feel. Empathy comes after sympathy. If you can't feel sympathetic for another person's losses, you certainly can't empathize with them. Therefore, GOD MUST GIVE each of us losses of our own.

Will converted to Catholicism soon after we met. Today, he, like Mike who was raised as a Baptist, has become an *atheist*. Given how religious Jews, Christians and Muslims feel about gay people, I can't *blame* either of them for their indifference to the tenets of religion. Better to turn yourself into your god than to believe in a GOD who HATES the way HE MADE you.

We only figuratively get one day of life. And we're all amazed how quickly the hours fly by. Here I am in the early nighttime of my life, moving toward my midnight (death). Morning seemed to take forever. Noon moved gently into afternoon. Then came the twilight in which I suddenly saw the beauty of the day. And then night fell like a curtain. The day was done. Now I await midnight while marveling at the light of the moon and stars.

It's now about 9:00 pm inside of me. It isn't going to get light again. The shadows of middle age got longer and longer. Then the sun set. Now it's very dark indeed. Thank GOD, I've got GOD in my life! I wouldn't want to graduate this SCHOOL without looking forward to a HANDSHAKE from the TEACHER.

I didn't do anything memorable with my daylight hours. I had to struggle with *mental illness*. I had to struggle tolerating my family enough to accept them as they were. And I had to learn to admire strangers who I found to be more virtuous than everyone in my family except my mother.

It was only once my sun set in my sixties (my mother died) and my family deserted me that I began to awaken to the potential to achieve wisdom. I was, as they say, a late bloomer. But now I'm figuratively scattering my seeds. This book is just the latest of the seeds I sowed. GOD ONLY KNOWS where this seed will land and in what soil it might grow.

When I was in the sixth grade, we got two new kids in our school. Neither of them was in my class, but at Shenandoah Day School in West L.A. it seemed to me that every kid knew every other kid. I'm sure it wasn't true. But kids are yentas – busybodies by nature.

Well, one of the new kids was a gal who was very pretty. She was thin, blond, blue-eyed and clearly came from a wealthy family. And you know what a deadly combination that is.... The temptation to *covet* what someone like that has is immeasurable.

At nutrition on her first day of school, everyone packed around her, The most popular, many of whom were in my sixth-grade class, asked her probing questions about who she was and where she'd come from. It was as if they treated her like an angel who'd descended from ABOVE.

It was clear that she was in like Flynn, socially speaking. I'd been going to that school since the fourth grade, but nobody ever asked me anything about myself. I was invisible from the day I arrived. I could only really say that Mrs. Shapiro, my fourth-grade teacher, had liked me. I'd dreamed of everyone liking me. It didn't happen. I had to learn to like myself. But at the time, I really wanted what that girl had.

The other new arrival was a boy who was quite overweight. He had wide hips and a belly. It would have been clear to kids today that he had mental challenges. Kids today would take one look at him and know that he's the American equivalent of a Hindu "*untouchable*."

Some of the boys soon discovered he had a phobia to flies. Every nutrition and lunch they'd tell him there was a fly on him. And the poor kid would cover his head, cry out and try to outmaneuver the invisible fly he was afraid would bite him.

I didn't adulate the popular girl outwardly. But, in my heart, I secretly wished to be like her. I didn't torment the *mentally challenged* boy. But I didn't do anything to befriend him, either.

What I experienced on the quad in elementary school was the extremes of social intercourse in those days, with beautiful women at one end and *mentally challenged* men at the other. I learned to stay as close to the women and as far from the men as I could. Discovering later that I was gay didn't make that easy.

Trump is like an elementary school boy who knows how to torment the boys who fear flies. Kamala Harris is like an elementary school girl who knows how to get along with women and gay men. This election is about women against the good ol' boys.

I don't begrudge my American compatriots their lessons in life. Granted, I got my lesson in power out on the yard in the sixth grade. But I wasn't ALLOWED to go back to make sense of my past until the TEACHER SAID so.

Today, we're free to do anything we like with our childhood memories. Mine did me no good at all until I could face them during OFFICE HOURS with the TEACHER at night to make sense who I was. I've been GIVEN OFFICE HOURS with HIM since I figuratively entered the seminary when I was in my sixties. Today, by day, I interact with my classmates. By night, I interact with the TEACHER by reflecting on what I did during the day.

I couldn't have entered RELIGIOUS seminary without being able to criticize my first two tutors (my parents) in front of the TEACHER. That was my rebellious stage of life. That's when the adage by Mark Twain finally made sense to me: "When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years."

I don't pray. I think of prayer as "gimme tricks" to get what people want. And prayers in houses of worship are generally canned. Maybe because I'm *mentally challenged*, I can't recite any canned prayers except for the "Serenity Prayer." ["GOD, GRANT me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; the courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference."]

Maybe because I believe Jesus, I see myself as a can with mysterious contents that I can only discover without opening the can. You might say that this book is about how to become a SPIRITUAL can-opener.

When I pray, I ask GOD for elucidation to the mystery of being me. After all, HE CREATED me. HE'S BEEN WATCHING me grow since I was born. If HE'S an EXPERT on anything or anyone, it's me. Therefore, I look for evidence around me of who's within me.

As the result of figuratively, rather than literally, going inside, I've been able to create a label for my can that honestly describes what I'm made of. Some people don't believe the label on cans. Some do. Just as there are laws to stop false advertising, there are LAWS DOING the same SPIRITUALLY.

Plenty of people have what to say about how kids are being raised nowadays. I'm not one of them. I was a junior and senior high school teacher for eight years. So, I certainly did my best to protect all my boys and girls by promoting peace and goodwill in the classroom and in their family life. But it never occurred to me as a young man in the teaching profession that I had a responsibility to go back to my own childhood to clean up a mess I'd made of my education in the SCHOOL of life. In those days, I was a teacher without a TEACHER.

There's no way to clear our conscience entirely. The only thing we can do is pray to GOD NOT TO FORGIVE us for sins we can't literally do anything to *irradicate* by ourselves. I don't want to end up like the 1% who've spent their life seeking forgiveness through charity rather than doing the right thing in their business practices. They don't impress me. They're hypocrites who use money to cleanse their conscience.

I spend my time seeking evidence for my shortcomings. Then I bring that evidence to GOD through my idea of prayer, asking HIM TO TEACH me what I need to know to heal my character defects. The last thing I'm looking for is forgiveness. I prefer to seek wisdom, instead.

Besides, there are fewer people left for me to apologize to. Most of the people I've hurt are dead. The best I can do now is to help myself. If you claim to believe in GOD, this is the only recourse you'll have in older age. Maybe that's why people often don't get "religious" until my age.

I'm more interested in getting SPIRITUAL. Just following the dictates of one faith isn't nearly enough for me. I've explored all the world's faiths and philosophies. I now make every day my Sabbath; my New Year; and my Yom Kippur. I atone many times a day. I've got far too much on my plate to leave it to a weekly or yearly routine.

I know that I owe that little boy in my elementary school an apology. I know so because it became my fate to become like him. And I owe that little girl a thank you. I, too, feel like a gift from GOD on occasion who's come down to Earth to be of assistance. I'm glad to be me, but only so long as I keep improving.

Jonathan, my 88-year-old gay-Jewish American friend has no "David" inside him to speak of. He has no one to love in the Biblical sense of awakening because he sees himself as a southern gentleman who's stuck in the past. Granted, he's also an artist who sees himself as another Pablo Picasso who's going to change the world of art. But the southern gentleman and Spaniard in him are stuck in an early 20th Century extension of the Spanish-American War.

Jonathan's been tortured with depression all his life. He's in a religious struggle between New World Protestantism and Old-World Catholicism. That's such a shame, given that he's Jewish.

His father was like a 19<sup>th</sup> Century English gentleman who I'm calling Prince Albert. And his mother was like Queen Victoria. He's their son, an Edward VII, who's reign was brief and unmemorable.

In Jonathan's head, he's a southern gentleman, having been raised in Shreveport, LA. But in his heart, he's a Spanish artist whose work he thinks will change the world.

Jonathan aspires to be like Prince Albert, but he can't because he *hates* his mother. He aspires to be another Pablo Picasso, but Picasso *hated* all women, and Jonathan can't allow himself to do that. He's just too good a person.

When Jonathan's depressed, he recreates "Guernica," a 1937 oil painting by Picasso that depicts the horrors of the *bombing* of a Basque town by Fascist forces during the Spanish Civil War.

Jonathan *hates* his mother and dismisses his father for having been emotionally absent. It was only on rare occasions that his father showed any comradery with his son.

At one point, Jonathan converted to Catholicism, surely to hurt his parents... Perhaps that's why he's fighting European wars inside himself. (I can hardly keep up with the Jewish/Muslim wars raging today. I can't be held responsible for the fracture in Christianity that created three faiths in one hundreds of years ago: Catholicism, Protestantism and the Russian Orthodox Church.)

I really don't know what's going on inside anyone. I'm grateful for what I know about myself. I'm in a "struggle with GOD" {Isra EL}. If Jonathan is in a struggle with Jesus, I can't do anything about that. That's above my pay grade.

When I think of all the people I've hurt along the way to manifesting my fate rather than my destiny, I have to admit that this world looks as forlorn as it does, in part, because of me. Therefore, I'm indebted to our TEACHER IN HELPING HEAL the world despite of me.

I now admit that I owe GOD more than I could possibly describe. My education in the SCHOOL of life has put an enormous pressure on this SCHOOL and on my classmates. For anyone to admire a gay-Jew today isn't easy in Israel; in those countries surrounding Israel; or anywhere else, for that matter.

Here's an email I wrote Jonathan this morning:

"I read an article today about "neurodivergent" behavior. Apparently, 1 in 5 people have thinking disorders that make their thinking different than most people's. I would include you and me among such people. I don't consider Will neurodivergent. And I'm sure he doesn't either. But I've heard that we're all on the spectrum. (Some just don't know it.)"

"I bring this topic up because of what I told you last Thursday about your thinking patterns. Now that you can see yourself as like the son of Prince Albert (Edward VII) in a fight with a Pablo Picasso over who *hates* your mother more, perhaps you can agree that the way you think is quite different from most people. But this is what defined your life and how you've lived it."

"Picasso gave us Cubism, the idea that everything can be viewed from multiple perspectives. But you've had a hard time seeing that your father, a Prince Albert, was devoted to his queen, a Victoria, although that left no room for you in their relationship."

"From yet another perspective, you were always a princess, darling... Now that your queen (mother) is dead, are you going to reach up inside to take her crown and become a queen, too? Or are you going to languish in your royal ascension?"

"As I said when we were last together, you don't have any 'real' problems, Jonathan. Yes, you find yourself severely depressed yet again. But that's an internal issue. Externally, your life is quite ordered and stable. If you'd read the news, you'd see that most people who suffer in this world are suffering with external, not internal, problems."

"It's time you meld your thoughts (head) and feelings (heart). It's time you ask Edward and Pablo to sit down and make peace. It's quite reasonable to have logical thoughts that take you

one way and rational feelings that go another. Once you can agree and approve of both in your soul, I think you'll become a far more peaceful person."

"Good luck! I don't get 10% of nothin'! So, I can't allow myself to be overly worried about your internal relationships. You're a dear friend, Jonathan. But too much involvement in your personal problems will overwhelm me. I've got my own inner issues to deal with. I'm neurodivergent as well."

"Until you can get between your thoughts and feelings to stop the war raging inside you, you really can't call yourself a peace-loving person. Peace in Hebrew is 'shalom.' It comes from the verb 'lishalem,' which also means 'to make whole.'"

"The hypocrisy of maintaining an attitude before others as a loving person is slowly going to reduce you to laughing through your tears at what you've done to yourself. Your story, figuratively speaking, is odd, weird, peculiar, offbeat, eccentric, unorthodox and funny. I'd love for you to embrace it as such."

There are five metaphors for the meaning of life.

1. When we're optimistic, life is a SCHOOL, and GOD IS our TEACHER. We were ENROLLED at birth, and we'll GRADUATE when we die. Our parents were our first tutors, and our siblings were our first classmates. But now, in adulthood, everyone becomes a pupil doing their best to learn as much as they can. If you remember that other people's GRADES aren't going to go on your report card, you won't become arrogant or defiant.
2. When we're sad or sick, life is a HOSPITAL, and GOD IS a DOCTOR. We were ADMITTED for care at birth, and we'll be DISCHARGED when we die. Everyone is like a nurse, orderly and patient. Some just don't see themselves as all three. Therefore, many conclude that this HOSPITAL is an insane asylum being run by the patients. Remember that when you become cynical, sarcastic or sardonic about the way it is.
3. When we're pessimistic, life is a PRISON. GOD IS a WARDEN. We were SENTENCED at birth, and we'll be RELEASE when we die. Everyone is like a guard and an inmate. Everyone is trying to figure out what they did wrong, and what they can do to get lucky while keeping the others in check. Remember that when you're lonely, depressed or feeling like a victim, or GOD FORBID, a martyr.
4. When we're out and about enjoy life, it's all a GAME people play, a sport we're trying to win at. GOD IS our COACH. The rewards are money, property and prestige. Those who are good at playing the game believe that the COACH LIKES them. They see themselves as competent, skilled and an asset to their team. But they hold no allegiance to any of the players. In the SCHOOL metaphor, everyone is our classmate. In the GAME metaphor, there always has to be an opponent. Remember that when you're feeling like a loser.
5. In the Jewish metaphor found in Torah, life is a GARDEN and GOD IS our GARDENER. We're all trees of knowledge of good and *evil*. Our head (Adam) corresponds to our thoughts. Our feelings (Eve) correspond to our feelings. Our penis corresponds to the serpent in our tree. "It" represents our urges (wants for things that begins at birth and desires for people that begins at puberty). Out of the mouth of our serpent is emitted a soupy combination of our two fruits. It's our job to figuratively separate that juice into good and *evil*, thereby creating a conscience which will guide us to grow up through the rock of our being into the light toward our GARDENER in the sky.

The word “pardes” in Hebrew means “orchard.” Over millennia, the pronunciation of that word has changed to “paradise.” Life is an ORCHARD of rich and varied experiences. Remember that when you feel *betrayed* by the serpent in your tree or worm in your apple.

Christianity believes in a place after life called Heaven. Islam believes in a place after life called Paradise. Judaism has no dogma about what happens to anyone after life. That’s GOD’S REALM. That’s where the TEACHER, DOCTOR, WARDEN, COACH and GARDENER RESIDE.

This is why there is no name for GOD in Judaism. We know that people are innately attracted to one or more metaphors for GOD. Therefore, they tend to get stuck in their conclusions about the nature of reality.

For this reason, some people don’t trust the Jews. We always seem to come up with actions that surprise people. What a pity some others don’t question their own limitations. Bette Midler (Jewish) alluded to this in her book, View From A Broad where she said that the doorways in the pyramids weren’t high because the Israelites who built the pyramids were short. From that you can infer that the doorways in the Coliseum in Rome were subsequently much higher than those in the pyramids. As the Jews grow taller, so do the doorways we build.

*Mental illness* is something I’m intimately familiar with. I was first diagnosed *paranoid schizophrenic* at the age of 24. That diagnosis was later changed to *manic-depressive*. Over time, I could see how *co-dependent* I was with my mother. I saw that I was *passive-aggressive* with my father. I was *obsessive/compulsive* with my boyfriends. And I was *neurotic* with my colleagues at work.

With even more time, I could see that I suffered issues of *ADHD*, *autism*, *dyslexia* and other learning *disabilities* that impeded my happiness. But I only saw those issues when I tried to help myself, rather than *blame* others.

Today, I call myself RELIGIOUSLY under the weather. But the weather I’m under lies within me, not around me. When Paul Simon said, “I get all the news I need from the weather report,” I resonated with what I interpreted that to be an internal view of himself.

Below is what *schizophrenia* looked like to me. As you can see, there’s a focus on boxes, some of which have letters inside them:

F				s				e				D				v	e	n			e			s		
		o	,				r				T	E		S					u		h	t				
f	o					u		n				I	s		c					n			t		a	
		w		n		i		n			c	O			e			e	d		i	n				
l			e		t		A		d			E	d		c	a		e	d			o			h	E
p	r			o		I	t			n		t	H				l	L			e	n		a	r	E
		e			e	d		e			A	l	.													

Below is what *manic depression* looked like to me. As you can see, there’s more of a focus on the formation of words in the boxes. But there’s as yet no clue to what the boxes stand for or what that could mean to me personally.

F		u			s		o		e			n	d				v	e	n			e	a		s		
		o	,				r				T	e		S					o	u		h	t				
f	o						u			n			i	s		c		n			n			t		a	

		w		n			i	o	n	,		c	o			e			e	d		i	n					
l			e		t			a		d			e	d			c	a		e	d			o			h	E
p	r			o		I	t			n			t	h					l	l			e	n		a	r	E
		e			e	d		e			A	l	.															

Being *neurotic* looked like the picture below for me. I knew what I was supposed to know, but I didn't know why I didn't know what I didn't know. The concept of learning had become daunting. I still didn't know what the boxes stood for or how to create more of them.

F	o	u			s	c	o		e			n	d		S		v	e	n			e	a	r	s		
		o	,		o		r		f		T		e		S		b		o	u		h	t				
f	o		t			u	p		n			h	i	s		c		n		i	n			t		a	
	e	w		n	a		i	o	n	,		c	o		C	e			e	d		i	n				
l	i		e		t			a	n	d			e	d		c	a		e	d		t	o			h	E
p	r		p	o		i	t			n		t	h		T			l	l			e	n		a	r	E
		e	a		e	d		e	q		A	l	.														

Once I realized I was *co-dependent* with my mother; *passive-aggressive* toward my father; and *obsessive/compulsive* about finding a boyfriend, I began to get a sense of the big picture. I could see that I had learning abilities and *disabilities*. I was smart in some ways, but suffered from *ADHD*, *autism* and *dyslexia* in my own unique way. I still took turning the page for granted, when that's a powerful lesson in life that I hadn't mastered. It was then that my world began to become more interesting, more like a game or a sport:

F	o	u			s	c	o		e			n	d		S		v	e	n		y	e	a	r	s		
	g	o	,		o		r		f		T		e	r	S		b		o	u		h	t				
f	o		t			u	p		n			h	i	s		c		n	t	i	n			t		a	
	e	w		n	a		i	o	n	,		c	o		C	e		v	e	d		i	n				
l	i		e		t	y		a	n	d			e	d		c	a		e	d		t	o		t	h	e
p	r		p	o		i	t			n		t	h		T			l	l			e	n		a	r	e
c		e	a		e	d		e	q		a	l	.														

Suddenly I had no doubt about what I was doing. But I still didn't know how I was doing it. I realized that GOD IS LEADING me on a journey that's completely subjective internally, while objective externally.

I could guess the rest of the letters that were missing in the boxes. I was even able to anticipate what might come next, but I still didn't know how to become any more powerful than I was at that moment.

I could see everything happening around me, but I couldn't see nearly enough of what was happening inside of me. Just turning a page in a book was a clue. But I wasn't getting the clues.

Today I know the truth:

F	o	u	r		s	c	o	r	e		a	n	d		s	e	v	e	n		y	e	a	r	s		
a	g	o	,		o	u	r		f	a	t	h	e	r	s		b	r	o	u	g	h	t				
f	o	r	t	h		u	p	o	n		t	h	i	s		c	o	n	t	i	n	e	n	t		a	





Everyone is a part of the SPIRITUAL SYSTEM. But unless you understand how your religious background affects your thinking, you may not overcome your character defects sufficiently to see the TRUTH as lessons COMING to each of us from GOD.

We're all an "I" in an "it." Our body is our vehicle. We're what we've come to describe as a "SPIRIT" in a body. Just turning a page in a book is a monumental achievement that not everyone can do. We should be HUMBLed just by having been GIVEN hands, unless we take our abilities for granted. Not everyone has hands. If we take our body and our good health for granted, we're going to be embarrassed from time to time in having to admit that we have more to learn about how GOD IS GRADING us.

We, Jews, are the world's masters of guilt. I already gave you the three levels of guilt that we all have to deal with all our life:

1. Embarrassment of our body, which leads to modesty.
2. Shame of our character, which leads to humility.
3. Humiliation before the LORD, which leads to chesed {loyalty}.

But that's only what we've been led to believe. Psychopaths who don't feel guilty when they treat themselves badly and sociopaths who don't feel bad when they treat others badly, are too shrewd to get caught up in the race for modesty, humility and loyalty to GOD.

They know that their totally immodest in bed, arrogant in their quest for money and indecent in GOD'S EYES. They look around at how others behave, and they ask themselves, "Why shouldn't I? If GOD DOESN'T PUNISH them, why should I be afraid of behaving as they do?"

Life is a SCHOOL in which we're always learning, whether we like our lessons, or not. Life is a HOSPITAL in which we're always healing, whether we're healing physically, mentally or SPIRITUALLY. Life is a prison in which we're always seeking a way to face our mistakes with atonement, whether we want to admit it, or not. Life is a game we're play with mosaics given to us by those who know more than us. And life is a SPIRITUAL experience in which each of us is a living metaphor, a seed PLANTED by a GARDENER in a RELIGIOUS GARDEN.

But life often appears to be more like an insane asylum than anything else. And the Jews are often accused of being the craziest patients, some of whom have the audacity to claim to be doctors. I certainly have my own experiences of *insanity*. *Mental illness* is very painful. It causes great suffering. But I'm not crazy in every way...

Jews are prone to *hate* themselves just as much as anyone else. Even my parents who were *Holocaust* survivors knew a depth of self-hate that *Hitler* uprooted in Germany with *antisemitism*.

Today Islam is continuing their exploration of self-hate by projecting it onto Jews, just as *Hitler* encouraged the Germans to do. With GOD'S HELP, we'll all convince Muslim *terrorists* that their loyalty isn't to GOD, just as the Jews and Christians who worked together did to teach the Nazi Christians more than they'd previously known about their love of Jesus.

Granted, the *hatred* of some of the Orthodox Jews for **monsters** like me isn't attractive. But that, too, is a projection of their own self-hate. They may be using *homophobia* to bond with some *homophobic* Christians. They may even be using it to bond with some Muslims. But none of them can hide behind their scripture any longer. The gig is up.

We in the LGBT+ community have been described by the religious world as **monsters**. We've had to find ways to protect ourselves from such accusations. Some of us have turned ourselves into **vampires** {schnorrers: beggars who suck the blood out of others}. Some have turned themselves into **ghosts** who live a life of invisibility. Some have become **ghouls** who are

*gluttonous, greedy and lustful*. And some have even changed into **zombies** who are *covetous* of everything GOD HASN'T ALLOWED them to possess.

But if you look carefully at these character defects, you'll see that they're very human frailties. When you're treated like an outsider in your own family, let alone in society, you find ways to compensate for your feelings of alienation. Teaching people to see themselves as human beings, not **monsters**, is something we, **monsters**, are particularly good at.

I've dedicated this book to the Orthodox Jews, but let's be realistic. Most Orthodox Jews don't read secular books, not even books dedicated to them. I'm hoping secular Christians and Jews will read this book. I'm praying that secular Muslims will, too. But in my heart of hearts, I most want gays and those suffering from *mental illness* to read this work.

My father died of a heart condition at the age of 84 with three of his four children at his bedside during his last week of life. My mother died at the age of 98, alone on a dementia ward at the Jewish Home in L.A. He died of heart disease (a broken heart). She died with dementia. (She lost her mind.)

My father's third wife, Mary {Miriam}, also died at about the same age as my mother, also with severe dementia. But I think of my mother and step-mother as saints. They were patient, hard-working women who put up with a lot from their husbands. Neither of them had finished the equivalent of junior high school. But they were very wise women. Given how little education they had, they negotiated the world at that time with amazing grace and aplomb.

My father looked down on Blacks, gays and women. Lou, my step-father, looked down on Jews and the obese. My father was a Republican. Lou was a Democrat. I maintain that we're all students enrolled in the SCHOOL of life. Just pointing fingers at one another isn't the answer. There are manmade laws that have been enshrined in our courts in America that come to us through millennia of trial-and-error in coming to terms with GOD'S LAWS.

I visited my father's grave a year after his demise. But I have no idea what became of my mother's remains. Was she buried or cremated? I don't know because my sister and I aren't on speaking terms. I'll tell you more about that later.

Just beware! Don't conclude that those who are supposed to be close to you because of words like "family" "partner" or "close friend" may leave you feeling *betrayed*. *Diabolical* behavior is a very serious and real lesson in the SCHOOL of life.

*Hatred* leads to *vengeance*. But "*Vengeance* is MINE, SAITH the LORD." [Deuteronomy 32:35 and Romans 12:17-19]. If it's only our CREATOR who has the composure TO VINDICATE HIMSELF JUSTLY, then life truly is a SCHOOL in which feelings are paramount to our survival.

People *hate* themselves and then project that *hatred* out onto others in four ways:

1. *Antisemitism/Antizionism*
2. *Racism*
3. *Homophobia*
4. *Misogyny*

I've put *misogyny* last because it goes all the way back to the first story of Genesis, Adam and Eve. People mistakenly interpreted Adam and Eve as the first human beings instead of the personification of our thoughts and feelings. We all lost respect for our feelings when Eve *betrayed* Adam. This disrespect was compounded in the next story, Cain and Abel. Cain *killed* his brother

because he was *jealous* of GOD'S LOVE for him. This is the next level of awakening of the thoughts in our head that resent GOD for PREFERRING TO JUDGE us by our feelings (Abel).

This was Torah's way of describing suppression of our emotions as an internal defiance that leads us to *betray* ourself. This is why suicide is seen as the ultimate self-*betrayal*. In the story of Cain and Abel, Abel's feelings didn't die. They just called out to GOD from the ground for justice.

Eve is no longer *blamed* just for bringing death into the world. She's *blamed* for all sins. Even women are *misogynists*. Some claim that today's greatest sin is trying to turn a straight man's son gay. They erroneously believe that every Eve is trying to make men lust for other men. Some fathers think that without their influence over their male progeny, their wife will destroy their sons' masculinity. A RELIGIOUS man would never *blame* GOD for having CREATED some boys gay. And he certainly wouldn't *blame* himself. He doesn't feel that way about penises. No straight man does. Therefore, it must be his wife's fault, the mother of his gay son. And it must be the fault of gay men for lusting over them.

This is the basis of *misogyny* mixed with *homophobia* today. And many of the men in the world with slanted eyes or dark skin don't believe in the inferiority of women or gay men because of what Eve did. Therefore, they must be enemies of GOD, as well... This is why *racism* persists, too. The religious *fanatics* believe that all those who don't come out of the White Judeo-Christian religious traditions aren't man enough to understand the importance of *racism*, *homophobia* and *misogyny* in keeping our hateful "traditions" alive.

In this way, the naiveté of Adam in defying GOD by listening to Eve turned into the *vindictive* reprisal of the next generation of males: Cain who *murdered* his brother Abel. Cain was envious of GOD'S APPROVAL of Abel's sacrifice. And since Cain couldn't *kill* GOD, he did the next best thing. He *killed* his brother instead.

In truth, because Cain thought of himself as too great to *blame* GOD, he *blamed* Abel. He turned Abel into a scapegoat. And then you wonder why the Jews have a history of having been *enslaved* four times: Egypt, Babylonia, Rome and Germany. As a man thinketh...

The *conniving* of Eve by including Adam in her defiant deed turned their son Cain into a perpetrator who sought to *victimize* Abel. If Cain could have accepted GOD'S PREFERENCE for Abel in this one way, Cain could have experienced his disappointment and loss and moved on. But that's not easy for men to do. They'd rather *blame* others than themselves. They'd rather generalize than make sweeping assumptions.

It's only when you play out these roles in your head (Adam) and heart (Eve) that you can internalize these stories. And when you play them out again in your head (Cain) and heart (Abel), you realize that you've been programmed with a religious operating system that has to be played out completely for you to go from the Hebrew scripture, through the Christian and Muslim scriptures. Man's tree of knowledge must grow much larger than it now stands.

Psychologically, Torah lives because it describes a process that's occurring in every human being then and now. Torah is the recipe of what not to do and what to do depending on how developed your conscience is. But instead of appreciating it as such as most Jews do, *antisemitism* and *antizionism* consumes some Jews, Christians and Muslims alike. They *blame* some of the Jews for behaving like Cain and not Abel instead of *blaming* themselves. They induce rather than deduce.

"I Call Your Name"

I call your name (Abel)  
But you're not there

Was I (Cain) to *blame*  
For being unfair?  
Don't you know I can't sleep at night  
Since you've been gone?  
I never weep at night  
I can't go on

Don't you know I can't take it?  
I don't know who can  
I'm not gonna make it  
I'm not that kind of man

Don't you know I can't sleep at night?  
But just the same  
I (Cain) never weep at night  
I call your name (Abel)

[Sung by Mamas and the Pappas.

Cass Elliot (Jewish) whispered the words "John, John" in tribute to John Lennon.

This song was a Pre-Beatles Lennon original

that was first given to Billy J. Kramer of The Dakotas in June 1963.]

Guilt is easy to see in others. It's harder to hear our brother's blood crying out to GOD because of something we've done to him. The Christians learned this lesson in the last Century after what they did that led up to the *Holocaust*. The Muslims are now learning this lesson from what they're doing to Israel and Jews everywhere.

American Jews may not be able to appreciate what the Israelis are doing for them. Many of them complain about the autonomy they've lost. They don't realize it's a necessary sacrifice in achieving greater freedom.

Four-fifths of Jews in America vote Democratic. Only one-fifth, the Orthodox Jews, can explain what's happening today as lessons from GOD for all of humanity.

It's easy to see *antisemitism/antizionism*, *racism*, *homophobia* and *misogyny* in others. But it's hard to see it in ourself. It's easier if we admit that GOD FIGURATIVELY CREATED everyone Jewish, Black, gay and female. This is how we trick ourself into achieving empathy for those who are different from us.

You may not literally look like anyone else on the outside, but if you could turn the lights up inside, you'd be surprised to discover how similarly you were CARVED out of clay {adama} like everyone else.

It's easy to see that some students in this SCHOOL resent those students who are REWARDED by the TEACHER in material ways. But what about those who are REWARDED in immaterial ways? This resentment began as *antisemitism/antizionism* among the early Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians Greeks, Romans and other Middle Eastern indigenists who later became Muslims. But resentments today have expanded as "anti-colonial" sentiments worldwide.

Jews come in tribes and sub-tribes. Christians and Muslims come in colonies. If you want to *blame* anyone for colonialism, this is where you need to begin. We Jews don't colonize in our effort to promote love and loyalty. We promote wisdom through tribalism.

We don't promote love or loyalty as rewards to be HANDED out after death. We don't believe in the unseen HAND of GOD. We believe in what we see. And what we see is that wisdom, love and loyalty to life are REWARDED to those who pursue it. Victims and martyrs are creations of the mind, not GOD.

It's not until everyone in the Abraham faiths sees their head as Jewish, their heart as Christian, and their soul as Muslim that the religious wars will end. We all have the potential to become a modern citizen of the world. But we're going to need to fertilize the roots of our own tree of knowledge if we want to produce fruits any sweeter than what's hanging down from our branches right now.

*Racism* comes directly out of Torah where GOD DOESN'T DENOUNCE *slavery*. If you can't see yourself as a Black woman who's been through a herstory of hell/hell on Earth, you haven't been getting the MEMOS. What Muslims are doing to women and children in Africa is a form of Islamic colonization. It's *deplorable*.

*Racism* started for me with the teddy bear my father gave me as a child. I loved Teddy. But he "died." I don't remember when Teddy died. I just remember that I didn't feel the same way about him one day. It must have been something in me (Abel) that died that I projected onto Teddy.

My mother gave me all my other stuffed animals. I don't remember bringing any of them to bed with me at night except Teddy. But during the day I loved them all.

Today my friends are like the stuffed animals my mother gave me. Will is like Teddy given to me by my father. But Will was GIVEN to me by my FATHER, not my father. I guess that's what they mean when they say that it was a match MADE in HEAVEN.

The greatest tragedy of my life isn't the *mental illness* I suffered that led me to attempt suicide three times. It's that I never felt sorry for what I did to my feelings for me. I've spent a lifetime apologizing for my self-indifference. I've had to learn how to sympathize with me over my feelings of loss. I lost my "love" for me. I can, at best, "like" me.

I love Will, but he only likes me. That's also my loss. Granted, in my heart I've promised myself to love, honor and occasionally obey him for better or worse, in sickness and in health until death, when we part. But he only honors me. That's still better than Larry who dishonored me, but it's still not enough. I want to be loved. It looks like I'm going to have to learn how to do that to and for myself.

When I was insane, I slit open Teddy's belly to see what had made that beeping sound inside him. It was a mechanical contraption, but it had been broken for years. Then I looked at his frayed paws and matted fur and I was *disgusted*. So, I cut off his head and went to bed. In the morning, I saw what I'd done and threw out all the pieces. That was the end of Teddy.

*Racism* is like that. It's a frustration with something you can't fix about yourself that you project onto those you perceive as like stuffed animals. When I look back at what I did to Teddy, I'm so thankful to my father for having given him to me. I used Teddy just the way my father would have wanted me to, to break my projections. I'm sure, as a survivor of the worst expression of racism in the history of humanity, he would have been very proud of me.

I forgot to mention that Teddy was made by Margarete Steiff, the most famous teddy bear brand globally. Begun by a female tailor, it's been in business since 1880. My father was very proud to have given me a teddy bear from that German company. And I'm very proud that I've gotten through my fear of people of other races thanks to my father's gift to me when I was a toddler. I no longer see human beings I don't agree with as members of other species, stuffed animals or enemies who need to be *enslaved* and then *eradicated*.

*Homophobia* also originates in Torah where GOD VEHEMENTLY CONDEMNS men sleeping with men. To explain *homophobia*, I'm going to have to resort to science. I'm very angry at science for telling me something about men and women that's just plain wrong. I know that we depend on science for answers. But when they give us the wrong answer, it should infuriate us all. I know the scientific community is made up of human beings who are learning, just as we are. But I expect them to get it right the first time, even if that's just not realistic.

We all got an X or Y chromosome from our father and an X chromosome from our mother. Men are half female (X + Y). Women are twice as feminine as men (X + X).

It is *abominable* when men behave as though they're (Y + Y). It's hyper-masculine. It's macho. It's obnoxious. It's unrealistic. We shouldn't do it.

But the X we all get from our mother isn't the same as the X women get from our father. Science should have known that and given the X we all get from our mother a different symbol. I've turned that X into a Z. I call this the "Z factor". Z is a better name for the chromosome we all have in common that we get from our mother. Z is the universal unifying factor that GOD GAVE everyone.

If you recognize the woman within you (Z), you can unify yourself with you, and all others. And that's true whether you're male (Y) or female (X). Self-marriage (Z) will lead us all to marriage equality.

(Z + X) is what self-marriage looks like for a woman. (Z + Y) is what self-marriage looks like for a man. This must be achieved within yourself before you're ready to admit that marriage equality is a part of GOD'S PLAN. You might even say that your Z factor unifies you with your navel, the scar you have on your belly that unites you with all other human beings.

What you look like on the outside has nothing to do with your desire to marrying yourself. Once you understand this, *vanity* changes you for the better. You suddenly like yourself with all your heart. Conceit also changes you for the better. You suddenly like yourself with all your soul. Then, all the thoughts in your head suddenly become lessons from the TEACHER that you're wrestling with in your effort to get them through your stiff neck, so you can deal with them using the admiration of yourself in your heart and loyalty in your breastplate.

In our effort to unify ourselves from within, GOD HAS GIVEN us three other inner forces to help us. These forces are located in our navel, genitals and anus. Our navel is the chakra {Hinduism: focal point} of our relationship to our mother (Z).

Our genitals are the site of the unification with our wants for things and desires for people, so we can honor ourselves by not becoming *gluttonous* for food, *greedy* for things or *lustful* of others.

And our anus represents the mystery of a door that opens in two directions. This produces the paradoxes within us which lead us to an understanding of the paradoxes around us. For this reason, I call myself not just a self-ordained rabbi. I'm a self-ordained Jew-ru.

These three forces correspond to Hinduism (navel), Buddhism (genitals) and Taoism (anus). When you can see that the Far Eastern scriptures were GIVEN by GOD as well, you can then unify yourself. You can become a bridge between the East and West. You can help to unify the world by unifying your inner world.

In this way, our body becomes our adama (earth). And the Earth becomes our precious home until we go HOME.

The whole issue of what to do with trans people goes away. Their desire to marry themselves is personal. Their desire to change what they look like on the outside is personal. It doesn't concern us. Leave them alone. Once they become adults, they're on their own to do as they please.

Those who support marriage equality are already (Z + X) or (Z + Y). They already understand the universal link that unites all people, even if they don't describe it genetically this way.

You received a navel by having been born of woman. Therefore, you should be able to acknowledge that you have a Z factor. You have a mysterious connection to your mother that unites you with us all while separating you from us all. This was PLANNED by GOD to be this way for each of us. This isn't something we've invented. \*

If you're single, I don't think GOD COULD CARE LESS who you have sex with, so long as it's with another consenting adult who isn't married. But if you make sex only about getting your desires met, expect Torah to work against you.

There's a word in Hebrew that has come down to us as "closet." That word is "aron." It's the word used in Torah for the ark Noah was TOLD to build. It's basket Moses' mother put him in and then sent him down the Nile. And it's the tabernacle the Israelites carried GOD in from Egypt to Israel.

If you never get off the ark (aron), you'll never get out of Genesis and into Exodus, where Moses was put in a basket (aron) by his mother to save his life.

Then, you'll never develop a tabernacle (aron) relationship with your body. And then, you'll never be able to come out of the closet (aron) that Harvey Milk instructed his gay brothers to do. This will leave you with distorted ideas about the meaning of marriage. This will leave you frustrated, angry and bitter over the marriage within you that you failed to achieve.

You don't have to love yourself to marry you. But you do have to like yourself enough to spend your life with you. As someone who suffered from *mental illness*, I didn't know this about my relationship with myself.

I have 11 friends. I don't think I could enjoy any more friends than that. I thought I wanted to be friends with everyone. I've since discovered that 11 friends are just about all I can handle. I say this because my opinion of friendship has changed over time.

Today my friends are like the stuffed animals I had when I was a child. I care for my friends more than other people. I've had to distance myself from others as stuffed animals who are less valuable than mine. Acquaintances are more important to me than strangers. But ultimately, everyone who isn't my friend is too needy for me. Their feelings now feel so powerful that I have to wall myself up inside or I become overly concerned about their problems. I am, after all, a student in this SCHOOL. I'm not the TEACHER'S ASSISTANT (The Archangel Gabriel). It was the Archangel Gabriel who told Mary she was going to have GOD'S BABY. And it was Gabriel who told Muhammad to inscribe his words in his heart.

When I was young, I was a very friendly person. I'm even friendlier today. But today I've wisely turned that wall inside me into a fence. I look out through the holes in my fence at others. And I remember that they're on one side of it, and I'm on the other. I'm here to learn, not to teach.

This fence that separates me from others isn't like a concentration camp electric fence. This is the next higher level of separation between me and the world. America liberated the Jews and gays from the concentration camps. But I've had to go down from my head into my heart to liberate myself from me by tearing down the wall in my heart and replacing it with a fence. Now I can feel empathetic without feeling guilty for not helping. Now I can decide the best course of action without worrying about how that will make some people feel.

Jonathan is a good friend. But Jonathan is also one very sick **monster**. Here's what I said to him today in an email:

"I care about you, and you know that. And you care about yourself. You know that, too. But you need new ways to do so. You suffer from *autism*, Jonathan, same as me. It wasn't diagnosed because nobody had a word for it in your day. I'm offering you ways to personify your inner issues. Play along with me. Talk about Edward (your head) and Pablo (your heart), and what those two are doing to you. You can do it. You have complete command of the English language. It's your mother tongue. You may resist doing what I suggest you do, but your reasons are irrational. You're simple afraid to try something new. And until you do, you're going to stay right where you are SPIRITUALLY."

What a day yesterday was! I'm in Lake Tahoe with Will and our gay-Jewish-German friend Ephraim who's visiting from Berlin. I met Ephraim through Michael, my *gay-atheist* friend who I met at Starbucks many years ago. Michael, whose name means "like GOD" in Hebrew, is married to Jim<sub>2</sub>. They've been together for 35 years. But they're both players. They see life as a sport and ejaculation as the reward for winning.

[Don't confuse Mike and Michael. Mike recently moved from San Antonio to Minneapolis. He works at home in high tech. Michael lives with his husband, Jim<sub>2</sub> in Sacramento where they have a house with a pool. They also have an apartment in San Francisco. Michael is a retired high school English teacher. Jim<sub>2</sub> was a scientist who worked for PG&E.]

Ephraim is a *sex addict*, too. He comes once a year to San Francisco, stays in Michael's apartment in the city, but spends all of his "quality time" at a bath house in Berkeley.

(I had my own struggle with *sex addiction*. I discovered that sex can become self-destructive in men who claim to longer be acting like boys. I began to feel hypocritical presenting myself as an ethically clean person in relationship to others while feeling morally (internally) dirty. But this was a personal issue. I definitely don't want the government deciding whether my sex life is clean or dirty. *Bigamy* is dirty. People who are married to more than one person are breaking the law, and the government has every right to prosecute them for that. Other than that, there are very few aspects of sex that should concern the government. And that includes in Israel, in my opinion.

Ephraim's mother was Jewish because her mother was Jewish. But he wasn't raised in a religious household. Ephraim had an epiphany about his relationship to Judaism. So, he went to the Orthodox rabbis in Berlin, where they concluded he'd have to convert to Judaism because he was just too German to be allowed into our faith the way he was.

Michael, who just turned 79, is turning into a grumpy old man. He's had bladder cancer four times. He needs to give himself shots in the penis to get an erection when he's out with the boys. Jim<sub>2</sub>, his husband, is a retired nuclear engineer with PG&E.

[Don't confuse Jim<sub>1</sub> with Jim<sub>2</sub>. Jim<sub>1</sub> was Larry's previous boyfriend who seduced Larry away from me. Neither Jim is central to my story. But names are important, and I'm not about to change anyone's name just to make things easier for you. I need to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth - as I see it. To do so I need to be honest (head), sincere (heart) and authentic (soul). This is what makes it possible for me to say that I'm genuine.]

Jim<sub>2</sub> spends most of his time sitting around their pool in Sac playing video games or in Palm Springs looking for sex toys (boys) to play with. Jim<sub>2</sub> is a blond with skin as thick as a lizard's because of a lifetime of sunbathing. GOD ONLY KNOWS when the skin cancer will erupt.



Jim<sub>2</sub> fainted at the gym recently. The doctor put him on a heart monitor because two of his brothers died the same way. When Will and I picked Ephraim up from their place in Sac to take Ephraim to Tahoe, I immediately ask Jim<sub>2</sub> about his condition. He said the heart monitor kept slipping off from perspiration while sunning himself. So, he couldn't tell me what the outcome of the test was.

GOD, I'm glad I'm not growing old like any of those three. I had a rich and varied sex life. But I always wanted to settle down with one man. In my mind, I married every guy I had sex with and then divorced him after I came. I've never had casual sex because I don't think sex is a casual experience. Sex has always been very meaningful and emotional for me. [That's my Z factor speaking.]

It's now 2:00 am. I should have seen that taking Ephraim to Lake Tahoe for a week without ever having traveled with him before was going to be a "learning experience." What a day yesterday, our first day in Tahoe, was! Will and Ephraim fought like cats and dogs. (I'm exaggerating.) I settled Ephraim down. I know Will can take care of himself.

Ephraim waltzed in from Europe and wanted to "discuss" politics! (Fools venture where angels dare not treat.) Will's nerve couldn't be pulled more tightly before the upcoming election between Harris and Trump. Just what Will needed; a gay-German-Jew plucking him like a violin to find out what tune he's playing politically!)

I'm like Ephraim in that my *mental illness* makes it difficult for me to think about what other people might be feeling. This makes me somewhat calloused to how I interface with others. But there's a difference between being calloused and being oblivious. I can see when I'm calloused if it's pointed out to me. I find it difficult to believe that I'm oblivious. But GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, IS TEACHING me just how oblivious to the depths of the emotional regard I need to learn to convey my communicative skills successfully.

Michael had indicated to me that he's been a bit peeved with Ephraim even before he arrived. (The truth is that Michael is peeved with everyone.) But Ephraim is a Jewish handful, even for me. Ephraim and I are on the same side of the fence, looking out at the world. But Ephraim has no clue how his angst affects others. I met many *Holocaust* survivors, but none of them ever mentioned that the Jews they'd been locked up with were difficult to deal with. They didn't only suffer from the *Nazi* mistreatment of them. They had to grin and bear each other.

Here's the text message I sent Michael after recommending the new gay film to him, "Holiday Exchange".

"I think I'll pass on the nude gay film you recommend. I don't need to add anyone else's *trauma* to what I'm already going through."

"Will set up 'Holiday Exchange' for Ephraim to watch our first night here. I'm glad Ephraim got to watch it. It's a gay version of "The Holiday" which came out in 2006, one of my favorite movies until this new version. I'm glad Will and I got to watch it a second time."

"I found out from Will that the actor who plays the author is actually the son of Lebanese parents. He grew up in Calgary, CN. Fascinating guy! I think he's in our sub-tribe (gay). His character falls in love with an English lawyer who's positively divine. It's like a love affair between the Prince of Wales and a prince of Arabia. Perfect for the holiday season. I tell you, Michael, they're making gay films today that are simply amazing!"

I didn't want Michael to feel too bad that I'm not interested in gay nudity. I've told him how good my sex life is with Will. But Michael thinks that if sex is that good with one man, it would be ten times better with nine more. There's no getting through to him, Jim<sub>2</sub> or Ephraim about that. They're oblivious to the joys of monogamy.

Will came into the gay world late in adulthood. So, he missed all the "joy" of growing up with the *traumas* that come with free love... He enjoys our monogamous relationship as much as I do. But he's naïve when it comes to what life-long polygamy can do to people SPIRITUALLY.

I can't tell you what Larry (my ex-boyfriend) put me through when he decided to scratch his name off our "marriage" contract. After 12 years together, he admitted he was shtuping his ex-boyfriend, Jim<sub>1</sub>, on the side. That turned out to be the first nail in the coffin of our "blissful" union... During the next two years, I couldn't help but pound down one more nail after another.

After we split up, Larry lived with AIDS another seven years. But I'd already nailed his coffin shut, figuratively speaking, long before he expired.

If you break the 7<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT (*adultery*), you'll watch as you adulterate every word that comes out of your mouth. Larry didn't realize that not keeping his word to me was what was SPIRITUALLY *killing* him. AIDS only took him on the physical plane of reality. He should have left me long before he *cheated* on me. That's how I now wish it had turned out.

Well, here I am in Tahoe thinking about what I've put myself through with Ephraim and Will for a week. And yet, all I can think about at the moment is Jonathan. He's like someone trapped deep underground. Going to rescue him forces me to face my RELIGIOUS claustrophobia, my fear of tunnels. I'm afraid of getting pinned down and trapped under miles of rock. It's illogical. It's irrational. It's unreasonable. But my fear is subjectively real.

The doctors just put Jonathan on Zoloft, but he's going through a terrible depression again. It happens every time he gets on a psych med. But this time he's said he's going to stick with it come hell or high water. He knows he doesn't have the mental acuity to get out of his head, through his stiff neck, and then through his heart into his soul. We've discussed the matter. He knows he needs medical help to do so. But it's really hard on him emotionally. He is, after all, 88 years old. He's dealing with skeletons in his closet that no young gay man today could possibly imagine. I've got to do what I can to help him, even though I'm 72, and have my own set of clattering bones in my "aron" to deal with.

I do have to say that one thing happened yesterday that gives me hope. We took Ephraim to a Mexican restaurant we like. But they were closed because of a pipe leak. There was a guy sitting outside on his phone by an open trench with the new pipe in it.

Normally, I'd kick 'em when they're down. (I've been putting a stumbling block before the blind for years. Will has been trying to tell me this, but my eardrums had been too thick-skinned to hear him. I guess being oblivious is a state we all suffer with.) I like to tell people that I wear hearing aids because all my life I didn't listen, and now GOD IS TELLING me that because of I was deaf to HIS PLEAS for too long, HE'S HAD TO TAKE AWAY some of my hearing as punishment. I know this is a poetic answer to a physical disability. But it's quite accurate subjectively, in my opinion.)

After what I went through yesterday with Will tormented by Ephraim, I took one look at that kid sitting in front of the ditch on his phone, and my heart went out to him. I told him that I was sorry for their loss, and I hoped we'd be able to come back later in the week for a burrito. (We can teach old dogs new tricks!)

During OFFICE HOURS with the TEACHER tonight before I got up at 2:00 am to write, I told GOD how proud I am of myself for finally being able to take the lesson about stumbling blocks before the blind [Leviticus 19:14] to heart. It took a lifetime, but I've finally passed my class on empathy. But nobody had told me that I'd have to achieve empathy for my loved ones to become empathetic towards strangers.

If you recall, I'd told Jonathan that he needs to personify the thoughts in his head and feelings in his heart so we can talk about them. He asked me what that would look like, which saddened me and angered me at the same time. That's what I call frustration. But this man doesn't just frustrate me, He exasperates me!

Jonathan was an English teacher by trade and a portrait artist as a hobby. He grew up in Shreveport, LA in the 30's as the gay-Jewish son of New York Jews who were professional artists. His parents didn't identify with the Jewish community in New York, so they took off on a SPIRITUAL adventure to the South. They were as poor as church mice. It wasn't easy making a living as artists in the 30's in the South. From what he's told me, they put all their efforts into assimilating into Southern hospitality to attract clients who wanted their portrait painted.

If you ask me, Jonathan is really a southern gentleman, a relic of the past. So, I didn't want to scare him about all the Black skeleton's in a closet like that. I suggested he think of his parents as Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, an English gentleman and a lady.

According to Jonathan, his mother was a real bitch. But as we all know, every son-of-a-bitch still puts his mother on a pedestal from time to time. This turned their son, Edward VII (heir to their thrown) into the man in Jonathan's head. Then I described Jonathan's heart as like Pablo Picasso, the 20<sup>th</sup> Century Spaniard who *hated* every woman who ever entered his life.

I wanted to personify the tension between Jonathan's head and heart as an Englishman and a Spaniard in order to talk about SPIRITUAL issues Jonathan can't access on his own. I wanted him to see his thoughts about his mother as for a prim and proper Englishwoman and his feelings of *disgust* of her as like those of a Spanish artistic genius.

Jonathan never explored his desire to have sex with men. Therefore, he became sex starved growing up. Now he's *addicted* to gay porn. That's his drug of choice. Ten years ago, I told him to do portrait sketches of nude men and offer to "help them out" if they happened to get an erection. It worked beautifully. He discovered that appealing to young men's *vanity* by drawing them nude also drew them out sexually. I've never met anyone his age with such a vibrant sex life. And his sketches are magnificent. They're like cartoons in that they're whimsical and playful. We've got three of them on the walls in our bedroom.

Michael (79) and Ephraim (63) have gotten more than their fair share of nookie their whole life. Michael and Jim<sub>2</sub> stopped having sex together after about five years. Ephraim has one sex story after another. Together they sound like Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann." Every one of his love affairs ended tragically. But he loves to belt out his operatic tale of sexual tragedy like Callas herself. He's a diva! He practically chews the set when telling you about how they all done him wrong...

I wrote an email to Jonathan, saying:

"I discovered from Ephraim that he went through one man after another. He's a *traumatized* gay-Jew, just like me and you. But he doesn't realize how indiscriminate sex has been like one knife in his heart after another. You, at least, are going through your sweet sixteen faze of sexuality in your eighties. You've now got enough wits about you to handle your sex life without letting your ego get the best of you."

[That's actually a *lie*. I was just flattering Jonathan. Will and I had to kick out two "roommates" Jonathan allowed to move in with him because they'd taken advantage of his generosity. He fell in love with them, and then he couldn't protect himself when they abused him.]

"So glad you've come to realize that "Edward" doesn't have your best interests at heart. Sure, he knows how to fit into American society just like a gentleman in the South. Every son of an English gentleman and son-of-a-bitch knows how to do that! Edward is great at manipulating others, thus making it easy for him to fit in with Christian hypocrites in this country."

"But your father (Albert) really loved your mother (Queen Victoria). And you can't love her like he did. In fact, you *hate* her. She still scares you. You're still her little princess, even though the queen's been dead and buried for more than a hundred years. She haunts you from the grave."

"You (Edward) are constantly getting into fights with Pablo over women. And you know how that temperamental artist is. He's a passionate Spaniard. That Episcopal bastard (Edward) knows just how to irritate that Catholic Spanish *misogynist* (Pablo). And that's how the two of you create European wars inside yourself."

Frankly, Jonathan, I *hate* cubism. Who needs a million perspectives on good and *evil*. Pablo is *evil*, I tell you. He *hates* all women. He *hates* all queens, while Edward keeps telling himself, "Noblesse oblige."

"I say that your Adam's apple is a sign of thoughts about yourself that have gotten stuck in your throat. I'm just trying to help you swallow the truth about yourself. You're a self-hating gay-Jew."

This vacation to Tahoe with Will and Ephraim hasn't been easy. Deep down inside, I know that Ephraim annoys me because he's so Jewish. I know my irritation boils down to internalized *antisemitism*. But neither of us are *antizionists*. We both love Israel. But he's the kind of Jew who wears his heart on his sleeve. But then he's constantly got to tell you that his sleeves are short and he's freezing...

He makes everyone feel guilty about his discomforts in life. It's *maddening*! I'm so glad Will has whipped me into shape. (I mean that figuratively...) Will doesn't let me get away with crap like that. If I get annoying, he says, "Go to your room. That's the clue that I'm behaving like a dog and being told to get in my bed. He's got me well trained."

I still can't believe I got banned on TikTok on October 6<sup>th</sup>, 2024 for being too truthful. I said that the Middle Eastern *terrorists* are *termites*. We have no choice but to *bomb* the houses in Gaza they've *infested*. Perhaps I should have used the word "*exterminate*" or "*fumigate*" instead of "*bomb*." But I got sick and tired of listening to TikTok contributors having to use words like "grape" for "*rape*" and "unalive" for "*kill*" just to get past the censors. I wanted to state my case directly.

Suddenly, the *antizionist extremists* on the far left of the political spectrum (*cockroaches*) and the *antisemitic extremists* on the far right (*Carpenter ants*) united with the Muslim *terrorists* (*termites*). And within minutes they got this loud-mouth Jew off their platform...

I see the House of David as like trees of knowledge of good and *evil*, and the Muslim *terrorists* as like *termites*. The Israelis are surrounded by houses that are *infested* with *vermin*. They're *antisemites/antizionists*. There's no distinction between the two.

I know it dehumanizes *terrorists* by calling them *insects*. But I maintain that those who've insisted since the creation of the State of Israel in 1948 that Israel must be destroyed, and all Jews must go back where they came from are incapable of behaving like human beings. Many Israelis are the descendants of Jews who were expelled from Muslim countries. The history of the

treatment of Jews in Christian and Muslim countries is *abominable*. Yet over 20% of the people living in Israel are Muslims who hold Israeli citizenship, have voting rights and equal rights.

The Orthodox Jews are struggling to make this known to the world, but the world won't listen. The fact is that most of the Israelis approve of the performance of the Haredim {Orthodox Jews} in government. And many of the American Jews on the left don't get that.

I know it sounds terrible to call *terrorists termites*. But there are various species of termites, such as *Hamas*, *Hezbollah*, the Iranian *Guard*, *ISIS* and the Muslim *Brotherhood*. But only the Israelis can keep track of all of them. I've discussed the matter of dehumanizing the enemy with GOD. And this is what I've concluded:

We Jews *loath killing*. We have a history of avoiding *killing* at all costs; unlike Christians and Muslims whose bloody history is undeniable.

I remember when Son of Sam (David Berkowitz, the serial killer) was caught in the late 70's, and it turned out he was Jewish. I felt a bang of guilt go through the Jewish community. For our name to be blackened by a *murderer* truly horrified many. Senseless *killing* is not what we do, and it's certainly not what we promote. That's why I couch the *killing* of Gazans in a metaphor to justify it before GOD.

When Israel left Gaza in 2005, we expected the Gazans to build a country of their own. Instead, they built tunnels like *termites* to infiltrate Israel. The horrors we've heard about on October 7<sup>th</sup> can't be justified. If that's what Islam stands for, then it's a cult, not a religion.

The Israelis send down leaflets to warn the Gazans before they *bomb* their homes. Many flee. But the position of *Hamas* is that every Palestinian is a *termite*. Therefore, women and children die needlessly. It's tragic because it's avoidable. All the Gazans have to do is apologize and return the hostages. Israel will then *kill* all of the *Hamas terrorists* who don't surrender, and the war will be over.

Something similar is happening in Lebanon. *Hezbollah* (more *termites*), thinks they have the right to *infest* Israel, as well. So, Israel now has had to deal with *termite* on two borders. But the *extremists* on the far left of the political spectrum accuse Israel of *extermination* policies of innocent people. Welcome to war, people! If you don't like being *killed*, don't start wars with Jews.

Both of these *infestations* originate in Iran. Everyone knows that this is the nest where the *termites* emanate from. Ask any Sunni in Saudi Arabia. Even Jordan is afraid of *termites*. Egypt won't even open their border with Gaza, for fear of *contamination*.

GOD BLESS America. But we've got our own problem with *Carpenter ants* on the far right who are *antisemitic Nazis* and *cockroaches* on the left who are *antizionists*. The *Carpenter ants* want to rid America of all Jews, while turning America into a Christian nation. The *cockroaches* want to end Israel and send all the Jews back into the Diaspora.

When this election is over, we're going to have to think about how to deal with those in our country who wish to destroy democracy in their effort to end religious freedom for the Jews worldwide. This is why this election takes on such importance that Russia, China and Iran have a stake in how it turns out.

It's not about the economy, stupid. It's about getting rid of the renegade Jews (Jacobs) who disturb the status quo by going against the rules, traditions and conventions.

Trump says he plans to deport millions of illegal migrant workers, but he hasn't yet talked about *exterminating* anyone. This still differentiates the *Carpenter ants* from the *termites*. But the *cockroaches* are almost as dangerous.

These are the *plagues* that GOD IS SENDING us today. Some people are just not willing to couch it in religious terms. But today is a Passover like no other.

The first Passover required ten *plagues* to set the Israelites free. They were, in today's slightly more elevated vernacular:

1. The Nile turning into a river of *blood*: This corresponds to the blood shed of Jews over the course of the past 70 years in protecting our homeland from *terrorists*. The lifeline of Egypt is becoming saturated with Jewish blood.
2. *Frogs* emerge from the Nile and *infest* Egypt: This corresponds to the *gluttons* who put food over food for thought. These are experts today on fine dining who care more about how life tastes than what they derive nutritiously out of life.
3. *Lice* emerge from the ground: This corresponds to today's "monetary wizards" who proclaim that it's all about the economy, stupid. For them, the price of goods separates good from *evil*.
4. *Flies infest* Egypt: These are the petty *thieves* who break into cars and *steal* products off of shelves in stores. They're salespeople who convince you to buy stuff you don't need. Today, this *plague* is *blamed* on the working class as an excuse to oppress everyone, when there are far greater *thieves stealing* us all blind.
5. Mass *death* of livestock: These are small businesses that are forced out of business or are swallowed up by corporations. This is a form *cheating* and *stealing*.
6. *Boils* infect the Egyptians and their livestock: This is an environment of negativity and rude behavior today that condones brutal honesty over tact and delicacy in handling sensitive matters.
7. Thunderstorms of *hail* and *fire*: Climate chaos, floods and fires, are *plaguing* the world in ever increasing and more dangerous rates.
8. *Locust* swarms: Today we're having to deal with a selfishness never seen before. It's almost as if people can sense that the world is dying. All they care about is their own wellbeing in the moment.
9. Three days of total *darkness*: The darkness of today lies in the inner world of man. People can't see what they've turned into.
10. *Death of the firstborn* Egyptian: This corresponds to the death of the reputation of the 1%. These *pharaohs* who've lorded over us since the first Passover are finally perceiving that their money is choking them to death SPIRITUALLY. They know they're going to die out. And they know that their progeny won't be safe anywhere on Earth, literally or figuratively.

Since October 7<sup>th</sup> 2023, some secular Jews in America have felt disappointed with the response of the Democratic Party and their Democratic friends. People they thought were their friends and allies are now speaking about Israel as the aggressor. This has turned those Democrats into what some see as *cockroaches* on the left who are undermining the values of everything the Democratic Party has stood for: the *eradication* of *racism*, *homophobia* and *misogyny*. The help of the Jews in doing so has been undermined by antizionists.

The *extremist* Republicans look like *Carpenter ants* to most Democrats. The Republican support for the 1% (rich over poor) has been supported by the Evangelical Church in America. The *Carpenter ants* see Trump as a religious symbol. The more he promises, the more the *Carpenter ants* believe that this is a sign of the Second Coming that the world's elite are generating. But with it comes a resurgence of *Naziism*.

As usual, GOD PUTS the Jews in the middle. We see *antisemites* to the right of us and *antizionists* to the left. You can understand why I'm worried about this election. I think everyone with a conscience should be. I just don't think anyone's thinking about it quite the way I am.

I have to say that the Orthodox Jews aren't exactly winning any points with proud gay-Jews like me. There's now a war raging between Tel Aviv (secular Jews) and Jerusalem (Orthodox Jews). I speak to my dear friends in Tel Aviv, but they can't see why I insist that the civil war in Israel is really over marriage equality.

The wars in Gaza and Lebanon must continue, not only to fumigate those houses, but because Israelis on both sides are accusing each other of being in league with *cockroaches* (*extremist Democrats*) or *Carpenter ants* (*extremist Republicans*). The only thing they can still agree on is that the *termites* (Muslim *terrorists*) must be *exterminated*. If we don't *kill* them, they'll *kill* all of us. They have no intention of ever seeking peace. They wish to turn the world into an Islamic caliphate.

Now I understand Kafka's story called "The Metamorphosis." It's about a man who wakes up to discover he's a *bug*. That's a derogatory description of a Jew by a Jew. But since I'm using derogatory descriptions of *extremist Republicans* as *Carpenter ants*, *extremist Democrats* as *cockroaches* and *extremist Muslims* as *termites*, I think I have the right to describe Jews as *bugs*, too. If Kafka could have done it a hundred years ago, it shouldn't be too outrageously politically incorrect for me, a gay-Jew, to do it, too.

Let's get real. Noah's ark wasn't just filled with mammals. The problems we've got today have reached Biblical proportions. We used to think of undesirables as reptilian in their nature. But that's not accurate anymore.

I think dehumanizing human beings as like *insects* is exactly what's called for. You may call me out as a **monster**, but that's my opinion of people who are unwilling to work with Jews. We have as much right to equal treatment under the law as anyone else. Those who insist on destroying us will have to be *exterminated*. There's simply no choice. We've tried for decades to make peace with Muslim *extremists*. But they continue to persist in their *diabolical* pursuits. They must be *irradicated*.

The lamb of GOD is symbolically eaten at the Mass. But eating worms and snakes is a figurative way of describing oral sex. Man's sexual nature is omnivorous. It includes all of GOD'S NATURE. And gay men are the only men who'd rather eat the snake of a *termite* than *kill* a *termite*... This is a problem PRESENTED by GOD that's bigger than problems with *bugs*...

The only way we're going to solve this is with wisdom (Judaism), love (Christianity) and loyalty (Islam) to life. The Abrahamic faiths must unite in their pursuit of peace. If anyone thinks that love is the answer, they're right. But it's only part of the answer. The problem has a sexual component, too. And to those who think that loyalty to one GOD {ADONAI, Jesus, ALLAH} will work, I say they're absolutely right. But we don't have 500 years to solve today's problems. Somebody's got to call it as it is.

All I can do is what I can do. I have to "do me." But I'm learning to do me better by the day, not by the decade. With lessons from my classmates by day and OFFICE HOURS with the TEACHER by night, I've succeeded in writing 32 books that nobody has read. And now I've gotten banned from TikTok and lost 732 videos on how to become a SPIRITUAL, rather than a RELIGIOUS, person.

That said, I can understand why my father was disappointed in me. He must have felt like Jacob. He didn't see the Joseph emerge in his two sons. Neither of us rose to the level of a Joseph {add or supplement} in his eyes. Neither of us made a name for ourself out in the world. We both recreated our father's sense of failure. My dream of becoming a famous dancer/writer didn't come true. I was left with a small ball of reality to mold like clay. I wasn't allowed the marble GIVEN to geniuses.

Nevertheless, I think this book, #33, might succeed where none of my previous endeavors have. And the reason for this is because I'm always improving. I'm not a self-hating virus, smaller than even a bug. I'm not out to hurt anyone. I actually admire some of the ways GOD MADE me. And I love my mother even more since she's passed on than I appreciated her when she was alive. She and I now share something so deep that I can only describe it as microscopic. Therein lies my sense of hope.

Hope comes from the rainbow in Torah. The rainbow is made up of seven colors that stand for seven emotions:

- |           |   |
|-----------|---|
| 1. red    | rage  |
| 2. orange | angst   |
| 3. yellow | fear  |
| 4. green  | jealousy of others' containers and envy of their contents |
| 5. blue   | sorrow  |
| 6. indigo | mystery   |
| 7. violet | ecstasy   |

After that comes ULTRA-violet, GOD CONSCIOUSNESS. But that's invisible. Nobody can see whether anyone truly believes in GOD or not. They can only see how words reflect feelings. Words figuratively elicit colors. If you're RELIGIOUSLY colorblind, you're RELIGIOUSLY autistic.

The rainbow is very helpful if you're seeking hope. But you've got to discover for yourself how a rainbow can shine in a place as dark as your heart and soul. Think of the rainbow GIVEN by GOD as the bridge between the two.

That should be helpful to those who are young and inexperienced, but willing to listen and learn. It should be helpful to a Noah {comfort} type who needs to learn about what he's carrying in the hull of his "aron" {ark}. There's a lot of *vermin* down there.

Jacob gave his beloved son Joseph a coat of many colors. My father didn't give me the feeling that I'd received such a coat from him. He didn't teach me the emotional meaning of the colors of the rainbow. When my parents divorced, it left me feeling naked emotionally.

When you reach the level of maturity of someone with both worldly and other-worldly experience, you discover that you have to make your way through your ark (aron) with all the animals inside it. You have to get out of the basket (aron) your baby has been languishing in. You have to carry your GOD in the tabernacle (body) you've been GIVEN. And you've got to come out of the closet (aron) in your own inimitable way.

Those of us who've come out of our closet sexually aren't just gay. Many straight people have come out of a closet all their own. Coming out of the closet is a metaphor for seeking more than a monogamous relationship with another person of the same gender. It's about a marriage of ideas



that produces missions like those of Moses, Jesus and Muhammad. Such a person is in a marriage with GOD that unites their head, heart and soul to the GOD within them and the GOD throughout.

On TikTok, there's this one gay-Muslim from Yemen who grew up in Sweden. He's very pro-Israel. (And he's really cute, too.) He's come out of a closet unique to him. And he's done it at an age when people can enjoy looking at him while listening to him. Nobody can say that anymore about me...

Pete Buttigieg is a gay-Christian who's married to a man, and they're raising two children. Those who see Pete and his husband, Chasten, as defiling GOD'S PLAN by ruining the lives of their children are standing before the story of Abraham in Genesis, looking down from their tower of power, spewing nonsense. They're babbling. Those hypocritical religious *nuts* are still in an infantile, childish or juvenile relationship with their parents. They can't yet see how they're projecting their *disgust* and *distain* of themselves onto others.

I'm a fruit. They're *nuts*. Fruits have a very thin skin. Nuts are surrounded by a hard shell.

If the Russians want to learn how to enjoy the fruits of their labors, they're going to have to go back to Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker." This ballet of his is all about the secret to a successful society, one in which the dancers learn respect themselves through encounters with others. This is the meaning of "Bolshoi" {grand} that the Russians haven't yet mastered.

I'm a conductor (Z), not just a dancer (Y). To discover what I've got that the Russians are missing that will unite them with their Christian brothers in Europe and around the world, the Russians ought to listen more carefully to their gay composer, Tchaikovsky, and his Piano Concerto #1 "The Gay Anthem." This will inspire them to rise to the surface of their ocean of emotions to show the world how to take flight with Muslims up into the sky. Now, they're all just drowning in arrogance and misery.

But the secular citizens of our country who denounce Israel as a colonial state that wishes to oppress "poor" Palestinians who only want a home of their own, are equally misguided. Killing Jews won't get anyone what they're hoping for.

I couldn't be happier because I'm not RELIGIOUSLY as *autistic* as I was when I was young and stupid (in a stupor). My life has unfolded another way. I couldn't be more grateful to GOD that I'm not *paranoid schizophrenic* anymore. Nor am I *sex addicted*. I'm also not poisoning the thoughts in my head with *drugs* and *alcohol* to keep me from thinking about death as a hallowed goal in life.

Being a **monster** in my eyes means being awakened to death in a way that straight people can't yet understand. The Ph.D. program in the SCHOOL of life is my own personal death cult. It's my culture war with myself. It's the set of predominating attitudes and behaviors that characterize the meaning of my life.

We all know we're going to die, but those of us who've achieved the highest level of awakening are working furiously to submit our answers for our final exam before it's too late. We love SCHOOL. We love learning. But we want to enjoy our graduation with family and friends in peace. We don't want that to turn into a morose event. That's the New World attitude about life that we, as Americans, have exported to the rest of the planet. That's why hope and peace must originate from San Francisco, not Jerusalem, Rome or Mecca. But that won't happen so long as the *cockroaches* infest our city by the bay.

The AIDS epidemic was tragic in that those who died didn't know what they were dying for. They were martyrs to a CAUSE that the *cockroaches*, *Carpenter ants* and *termites* will never

understand. I saw so many beautiful men get expelled from SCHOOL without understanding how great their GRADES were in many of their classes. They couldn't appreciate the legacy they were leaving. Even Larry was a tremendously gifted student of life. It's just a shame he didn't pay more attention to what the talking serpent in his tree was telling him.

I'm glad to have survived the AIDS epidemic and COVID pandemic. I'm glad to have survived three attempts at *killing* myself before that! I'm glad that watching my parents die in horrible ways didn't numb me to the magnificent mystery of death.

I "like" GOD! I used to have nothing good to say to HIM or about HIM. But then I learned to talk to myself. That led me to start wondering who else was inside me to talk to. I certainly didn't like the idea of talking to my father and mother in my imagination. I didn't want it to leak out to them what I was thinking. So, I used Torah to turn to the concept of GOD RESIDING in my soul, and me on a journey to get there.

I'm really not all that impressed with Jewish wisdom, Christian love or Muslim loyalty as they're being expressed today. I'm far more impressed with Arjuna's discussions with Krishna in the Bhagavat Gita. Arjuna was a warrior who didn't want to fight anymore. Krishna was in his carriage (body) with him telling him that he had no choice. He had to fight! But Krishna explained to Arjuna that what had begun as a fight around him would now become a fight within. That attracted me to Hinduism. What I discovered was the chakra called the navel (Z).

The Buddha's lessons on desire were exactly what I needed when it came to understanding the talking serpent in my tree. My *gluttony* for food, *greed* for things and *lust* for men would have gone unchecked if not for the self-discipline I learned from Siddhartha Gautama.

GOD DISCIPLINES me, whether I like it, or not. But I needed to learn to discipline myself as well. I love Buddhism because it's the path to GOD without GOD. What greater GOD IS there than the one who GIVES us a path to HIM that we can't see or hear?

This corresponds to the nose. The nose knows. Every Buddhist knows something that can't be perceived with any other of the senses. If you follow your nose, you'll follow a fragrant scent to GOD. You won't need your eyes or ears to prove that you're on the right path. Surely, this is what Helen Keller did. Our nose is a reminder of our genitals. Therefore, blowing our nose has sexual connotations that we want to express quietly in public.

But Lao-Tzu will always be my favorite teacher. He taught me to see my two worlds, the world within and the world around me. I'd still be lost in the masquerade if not for him. I don't like his student, Confucius, at all. He took everything he learned from his master and turned it into external rules and regs that the Chinese government have since used to oppress their people under the guise of communism. Thank GOD, GOD SENT a Jew to China, Karl Marx, to wake up the masses in ways to help themselves. But communism went too far. Taoism corresponds to the paradox of yin and yang).

Just look at what misery Russia has made of themselves. They still want to prove that they're Christians who don't yearn to reunite with Protestantism and Catholicism. They still defy the teachings of Jesus because they're envious of what we've done to humanize Christianity in the Americas and Western Europe. Communism *killed* something inside of them. And it's doing the same to the Chinese. Blame all the Jews for that, too...

The war in Ukraine has come after the war in Northern Ireland. The Irish war was the last in the fight to unify Protestantism and Catholicism in Europe. Now Western Europe is fighting to

unite Protestantism and Catholicism with the Russian Orthodox Church. Why can't this happen peacefully? What's the problem Christian men have with their penis? They all need to be figuratively circumcised by Jesus. (Both men and women will tell you that a circumcised penis feels the same inside of them.)

It was the combination of my studies of Eastern and Western religion that helped me get where I am today. It's not that difficult to understand what Moses said about not putting a stumbling block before the blind, unless you're blind and you're putting a stumbling block before yourself.

Jesus said the same thing another way. "Why do you see the speck that is in your brother's eye, but do not notice the log that is in your own eye? Or how can you say to your brother, 'Let me take the speck out of your eye,' when there is the log in your own eye? You hypocrite! First take the log out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to take the speck out of your brother's eye." [Matthew 7:3-5]

It also says in Torah not to curse the deaf. But what if you can't hear yourself think?

What if you find yourself enrolled in the SCHOOL of life with graduation coming closer, and you discover that you don't like the TEACHER?

Loving GOD is a waste of valuable time. Try liking HIM! Try liking everything that comes to you in the world around you because it's a lesson about what's happening in the world within you that needs realignment!

Try going to Israel! And if you start screaming inside that you want to get out of the one country that's made by, and for, Jews, as I did, then try to create a land of milk (love) and honey (wisdom) within yourself. Try that before you armchair quarterback the struggle Israel has had surrounded by *termites* for 70 years!

Love and wisdom go together like a horse and carriage. Love and wisdom go together like a successful marriage. If you're against people getting married because their genitals don't resemble those of Adam and Eve, you're taking Torah too literally.

The word "dafka" in Hebrew means "contrary." I had to go through antagonistic, disagreeable, rebellious, obstinate, stubborn, willful and even *perverse* to understand the full meaning of dafka. Thank GOD I was awkward and not awful. Thank GOD I'm just a little defiant Jacob. I like to think of myself as able to think for myself because I use my head; feel for others because I've got a heart; and believe in GOD because I'm soulful. But I can be just as dafka as anyone else.

Ephraim is really dafka in the sense of bold and audacious. He's an Abraham in the flesh. He comes waltzing into America a few weeks before the most important election in the history of our country to "discuss" the matter with us as though we don't have deep enough feelings about how things are going to turn out. No American would waltz into Germany today and say, "Let's talk about *Hitler* in relationship to your grandparents and discuss how you're doing today." Only a gay-German-Jew with intimacy issues would do that. He's so out of touch with his own reality that he has no idea what's happening around him. He's oblivious. No wonder Will was appalled and furious!

Ephraim had no father growing up either. He received no coat of many colors from his Jacob. He isn't a Joseph who can empathize with others' feelings. He's a dreamer. He's looking for his own paradise on Earth. Like me, he's RELIGIOUSLY *autistic*, but in another way. He and I have had to make our way out in the world without the guidance of a father or an emotional coat of

many colors that will envelop our heart in a PROMISE from GOD. Hope is a difficult concept for both of us.

Ephraim has a sister who, apparently, nobody can stand. (She didn't choose to convert to Judaism.) She's had cancer three times, and still doesn't ask herself what's eating her up inside. He was also once married to a non-Jewish German woman and is still very close to his ex-wife. He's one of those gay men who went down the road of heterosexuality, only to discover it was a dead end for him. He came back to our "primrose lane" (I say that sarcastically) and has remained on it ever since. But it's left him a bit twisted inside, if you ask me.

For one thing, he thinks everyone is sexually interested in him. He thought the handyman who came to fix his bedroom curtain in our hotel suite in Tahoe showed sexual interest in him. I was there. That Latino, straight dude didn't have any interest in Ephraim! When the guy came back the second time with his tools, he brought another guy with him because he sensed that Ephraim had come on to him. The second guy left after I assured the two of them that I had Ephraim "leashed."

I can't keep up with *sex addicts*. They don't know when to leave what's happening between their ears from slipping out of their mind with body language, or worse, in words. What they're thinking says much more about how desperate they are to love themselves than about what's realistically going on around them.

Ephraim doesn't "like" himself, but he's so desperate to "love" himself that he's projected his self-love onto handsome men. That's not free love when you're a man in your sixties. That's self-*delusion*. But I've got a serpent in my own tree. I know exactly how *beguiling* it can be.

Ephraim is an Abraham. His ex-wife is his Sarai {quarrelsome}. And his sister is his Sarah {Jewish princess}. Sarai-Sarah. Sarai-Sarah. These are the two feminine faces of this Abraham. GOD GAVE him one woman (Sarai: his ex-wife) who's like a beloved sister to him. But he uses her as his beard, to give others the impression that he's straight. In this way, he gets through the Egypt around him where the barbarians would *kill* him if he didn't appear to be as straight as they are. He's always trying to pass. He can't let the feminine side of himself out in public.

The old song, "Que Sera, Sera" {What will be, will be} comes to mind. "Que Serai, Sarah."

Ephraim's sister, however, is his Sarah. She's the Karen no one can stand. She's the woman in his life who torments him mercilessly. Ephraim's sister is married with two daughters. But Ephraim isn't happy being with her husband or his nieces. Their family life is a mess. They don't see each other often because of the emotional turmoil it brings up.

He prefers to spend time with his ex-wife. He sees her five times a week. She'll always be like a sister to him (Sarah), while his sister will always be like a nagging wife (Sarai). How ironic is that?

Because he unconsciously *hates* GOD for having MADE him this way, Ephraim turns every man he's attracted to into a son (Isaac) he thinks he needs to sacrifice to GOD.

This is what Ephraim did with Will in their discussion of politics. But Will saw through Ephraim's attempt to tie him up with intellectual dribble. Will walked ahead of us yesterday because he was fuming. Then he composed himself and was polite to Ephraim the rest of the day.

I had to tell "Abe" to shut up. Leave my boyfriend alone. Of course, I did it politely by telling Ephraim how curious he is about politics in America, and how a Christian, like Will, can't understand the depth of a Jew's concern for how politics in America will affect Israel.

On the other hand, Ephraim's sexual relationships with men tie them up with a religious notion that neither of them is aware of. He plays Abraham. They play Isaac. And I'm sure they're both surprised when their *sado-masochistic* reenactment of these two Patriarchs in Torah blows up in

their face. If only this weren't a description of human nature. But it is. At least gay men limit their cruelty to the bedroom. What straight men do to women and children is the greater *abomination*.

My father used to say, "Ve shtate dos far Yidden?" {Yiddish: How will this affect the Jews?} Today Black people, Latinx, Native Americans, the LGBT+ community, women and people all around the world are saying the same thing. Yiddish had to be resurrected by GOD in every language on Earth. "How will this affect the Jews" has come to include, "How will this affect me, too."

Ephraim bought what I said about Christians. He's not just *vain* (heart). He's *conceited* (head). He isn't just in love his feelings. He's in love with his thoughts. He thinks his body and blood, container and contents, are GOD'S GIFT to the world. He doesn't believe in Jesus. He doesn't even believe Jesus. But he sure knows how to copy Jesus' relationship to the LORD as perfection personified in himself.

But he's not alone. I now see this behavior in myself. In fact, I see it in everyone. He's the person I'm gossiping about. But the lesson is universal.

Ephraim is an Abraham who's sacrificed many an Isaac (boyfriend) in his life. His sex life has been one big "animal" sacrifice, even though we have no Temple anymore on Mt. Moriah. But I'm not going to be the angel of the LORD who comes down to stop him. I'm not going to be the fool who ventures where that "angel" treads...

No wonder GOD HAD TO TAKE the Temple away from the ancient Jews (twice!). They kept literally giving GOD animal sacrifices while figuratively sacrificing their spouses and children. I can see how it finally got too much for HIM. We don't need another Temple cult. We need Jews who can take our story to heart as the driving force of HIS STORY.

I stopped Ephraim from sacrificing my boyfriend on the altar of politics yesterday. But I can't stop him from continuing to sacrifice one gay guy after another on the altar of sexuality. He's going to have to figure that out for himself. I'm not going down into that dungeon.

Getting past the story of Abraham requires sensuality, not sexuality. It requires going to our TEACHER and telling HIM what you're doing wrong and begging HIM TO THROW the book at you. GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, WILL THEN SEND you dreams and outer world experiences to teach you the lessons HE WANTS you to learn. That's how faith works in mysteriously magnificent ways.

The day after Ephraim arrived from Germany, I invited him over for coffee. He offered to bring a banana. Who does that? Were we three supposed to cut his banana into three pieces and share it? Or was he speaking figuratively about the gay-German banana he carries with him between his legs wherever he goes?

I don't know. And I don't want to find out. My boyfriend and I are in a happy monogamous relationship. We aren't interested in his banana, not literally. Figuratively, he's an amazingly charming and intelligent human being. He's also sophisticated and worldly.

I just don't want to have to play angel of the LORD to stop Ephraim from sacrificing my boyfriend (Isaac) to GOD. Thank GOD, Will can take care of himself.

Thank GOD, I'm like a Jacob and not like an Abraham or anyone's Isaac. Thank GOD, I can see through the people in my life as characters in Torah, and me as one of them making my way to the end of Deuteronomy, and beyond.

I sent a text to Mike (my best friend who recently moved from San Antonio, TX to Minneapolis, MN). I told him about yesterday, and then we talked more about the upcoming election.

He said, "I'm so glad that you're able to continuously improve and see through other's *insanity*. It's an adventure indeed. I'm very much looking forward to Election Day. I took the entire day off and am voting in person that day to be part of the ceremony!"

Me: "What a great idea! I mailed my ballot in and got a confirmation from the city of San Francisco. Will wants to deposit his in an election box. But you're going to make an event out of it. That's great! I do have to say that I'm more than hopeful Harris will win. I'm desperate for that to happen. I just can't imagine what will happen to this country if Trump is elected. Israel is in a civil war while at war with her neighbors. I don't want another Civil War on American soil."

Mike: "I hope you get a ton of relief come election night with an announcement that will relieve the majority of this country. Then, maybe, we can begin to heal as a nation."

Me: "Thank you for your heartfelt reply. You're such a great friend. Will is my boyfriend, but you're my best friend."

Mike: "Thank you! You are undoubtedly my best friend as well!"

This is what makes the world go round. The Z factor is the power gay men have that's changing the world. Some Republicans used to think gay men caused the tornadoes in the Midwest. Now they've advanced their suspicions to believing that the Democrats are creating hurricanes in Florida while the Jews are using space lasers from Venezuela to start the fires in California. [Conspiracy theories are gifts from GOD that separate the loonies from the tuneful...]

When I was a child in the 50's, I had a thought about my life being an animated cartoon. I could see a piece of celluloid film in my mind, and it terrified me. From time to time, I imagined my external experiences as film clips playing out a reality that reinforced that suspicion.

But today I can gratefully say that I see myself as a full-length colorful gay rom-com. I'm the star of my own movie. Will is my co-star. And all the supporting cast make my life a memorable production being RECORDED by GOD for posterity. I only hope it has a happy ending.

Our friend, Ken, texted me in response to a political video I sent around yesterday. Ken is a doctor. He was born in Taiwan. His parents moved to Madagascar where he lived until the age of 8. Then they came to the States, where they settled in Kansas City, KS.

We met Ken through Patrick, our Singaporean friend. Patrick's family comes from a remote region of China. He was raised Christian. Patrick speaks several dialects of Chinese. His English is superb. But he's also studied French, Spanish and Japanese. He loves studying languages, just as I did.

When Patrick and Ken are together, they speak English because Ken is really Midwest in mentality. His connection to his roots was severed in childhood. He's all American. He went to a medical school on the East coast where most of his classmates had come from ivy league schools. He couldn't stand it. He's not a snob. He's really down to earth and kind.

Ken texted me saying that he can't understand why anyone would vote for Trump. This is what I told him:

"Trump isn't a **vampire** like you and me. He's just an everyday human being who wants to suck the money, not the life force (semen) out of everyday people..."

"The SPIRITUALLY rich like you and me annoy him. He doesn't want to develop his SPIRIT. Experiencing their SPIRIT gives human beings hope. It gives them a sense of GOD from within."

But those who are like Trump don't want it. They just want more stuff. And they believe GOD IS on Trump's side. They think he'll give them the stuff they yearn for."

"People like that want to be empty when they die. They want to be able to look back on their body and say to GOD, "How DARE YOU JUDGE me! CAN'T YOU SEE that there's nothing left inside of me? I gave it all away. I sacrificed myself for YOU!"

"Trump is no fool. He's like a Timex watch. He takes a licking and keeps on ticking. He's a mechanical marvel, not a person. GOD IS DOING a fine job of REVEALING to us what's going on inside of him. But that's a movement I don't admire. I can't imagine what this country will be like if he wins."

What I didn't tell Ken is that Trump is acting like he has the balls Biden lacks to *bomb* Iran's nuclear sites. Trump knows that the Russians *hate* the *extremist* Muslims and are *jealous* of what the Protestants and Catholics have amassed by working together since the end of the Second World War. Trump claims to have the guts to end the *Hell* Israel is being put through.

But I doubt it. He's one of the 1%. He's only interested in keeping the status quo, which means keeping the racism, homophobia and misogyny alive so that the "Israelite" masses don't unite and revolt against the *slavedrivers* and the *pharaohs* who pay them.

The problem for Trump is always money. He's *addicted* to *embezzling*. He's a *rat*, {a member of the 1%} like all the rest of them. Therefore, he surrounds himself with *thieves*. Trump and his trumpets aren't any braver than the Democrats when it comes to ending Israel's problems. He isn't any more "devoted" to the Jews than anyone else.

I can't see a world united by the 1%. Expect to see more wars instigated by them. They're the world's royalty of today that need to be brought down with stronger democracies. The Book of Numbers describes the world's first democracy. If anyone thinks they can succeed in having and holding a democracy without the Jews, they're *demented*.

It's 5:30 in the morning. What I call OFFICE HOURS with the TEACHER began years ago as a seminary class in my imagination where I was ORDAINED a rabbi. But then that morphed into OFFICE HOURS I have these days with the TEACHER where I ask HIM questions, and HE GIVES me answers in a personal CODE that no one else can.

In earlier days, my OFFICE HOURS were more like a hospital visit in which the DOCTOR DRAINED my blood each night and REPLACED it with HIS SPIRIT. By day, I let others suck my SPIRIT, creating a transfusion with their own. Then by night, GOD WOULD give me another of HIS TRANSFUSIONS.

Christians say that they're full of the SPIRIT of the LORD. I suppose I could say that, too, if I wanted to identify as a Christian – but I don't.

I'm far more comfortable identifying as an outlaw of man's law and an in-law with the LORD. I'm far more comfortable identifying as a **vampire** CREATED by GOD to suck the SPIRIT out of mankind, so HE CAN REPLACE it with fresh SPIRIT of HIS OWN. I'm not as timid as I used to be, but I'm just as *crazy*...

Right now, it's Jonathan who I'm concerned about. I need to email him. His one-word answers to my email last night about Edward, son of Albert, and Pablo Picasso didn't go as expected. Tonight, I'm taking a different approach. Here's what I've written him:

"It's 5:30 in the morning. I just completed OFFICE HOURS with the TEACHER, and I wanted to contact you immediately since I'm concerned about the depression you're in again. First of all, allow me to say that I really admire your strength in committing to the psych meds and following

through on them, even though your body is fighting to maintain control over you. Nobody wants to admit that medication is doing something for them that they can't do for themselves."

"The panic attacks you've been having have become too powerful and frequent for you to allow them to continue unaddressed. You're doing exactly what you need to be doing right now. And I'm proud of you for going through this despite the side effects."

"I know that Edward (your thoughts) and Pablo (your feelings) are wrestling one another in a fight to the finish over who's going to get to control you. I also know that you secretly want to be both the son of a 19<sup>th</sup> Century English gentleman who resembles your father (Prince Albert) and a 20<sup>th</sup> Century world-famous artist like Pablo Picasso."

"And you can be both! You don't have to choose between them any more than a Jew needs to choose between Cain and Abel. You don't have to be assigned a special place on Earth separate from all other men like Cain. And you don't have to die and have your blood cry out from the ground to GOD for justice like Abel."

"There's a third way. You've come to trust me. I can help you get out of your head and heart and into your soul. Our meetings every Thursday have become very powerful for me, too. I miss you. I look forward to getting together next Thursday after we come back from Tahoe."

"So, here's the deal: Think of me as a **vampire** who's hungry for your blood. You're an old man who I've come to love in my own, special way. Your blood is like fine wine to me. You're aged in a way that no one else in my life compares to. You're cognac, ne, Armagnac!"

"I'm a sober *alcoholic* who's been figuratively sucking the blood out of people since I gave up liquid spirits 40 years ago. It wasn't until I met you that I realized just how sweet and sour an old gay-Jew could be. It wasn't until tonight that the TEACHER TOLD me what to tell you."

"Edward (your head) is so kind. He's so much like your father (Prince Albert), who wanted you to become a southern gentleman so you could assimilate into 'polite society' in America. Your father loved your mother as much as the 19<sup>th</sup> Century queen of England (Victoria) enjoyed the love of her beloved consort, Albert. You admire that in your father. But you can't love your mother the way he did. In fact, you're still envious of her for getting all your father's love."

"All her life, you and your mother fought over the love your father gave her, not you. You were *jealous* of your prince. You wanted to be like him because you thought you had a duty to love your mother. But you never really wanted what he wanted (your mother). You still want what he personified, a man who could love a woman in a way that you can't because you're gay."

"When you look at how your mother treated you, you can see how much you still fear her and all aggressive women. You can see how fear slowly turns into fright, panic, terror and, ultimately horror. You can see how fear inevitably turns into *hate*."

"Pablo (your heart) is quite different from Edward (your head). Pablo loves your sister. You loved your sister. She was the woman in your life who you loved fearlessly. The two of you felt like orphans because your mother couldn't give either of you two her love."

"Your father loved your mother, and you loved your sister. Sadly, you and your sister only had each other to love. You two were like Hansel and Gretel, lost in a forest where you sought refuge in the house of a witch (your mother). Your sister died never having unlocked the secrets in her head and heart. This was a tragedy you don't want to befall you."

"You now find yourself with forces within that you haven't been able to grasp until now. It's you who hasn't seen you. You still can't say that you fully see yourself, know yourself, love yourself and like yourself. You've been wrestling with yourself all your life."

"We all have fantasies. But we all have grim fairy tales as well. You've been lost in just such a nightmare. It's time for you to wake up."



“It’s not about your parents. Your first tutors created the *antisemitism, racism, homophobia* and *misogyny* that you’ve fought against all your life. There was no Israel when you were little. *Antizionism* didn’t come into existence until 1948. Before that, some Muslims were only *antisemitic*. Today, most of them are *antizionists*, too. This is the next phase of SPIRITUAL education the whole world is going through. This is the one lesson from our TEACHER that everyone has to face in their heart.”

“You’ve honored your parents sufficiently, Jonathan. You can stop now. You personified their virtues and avoided their vices. Now you just need to monitor your effort in having done so.”

“You come from a third place in inner space. You’re a soulful gay-Jew, although you know that soulfulness isn’t just about being gay or Jewish. You can look back on your head and heart to see what you’ve allowed your thoughts and feelings to do to you. But your conscience is now able to admit that you can’t solve the mystery of being you alone. You need the help of all good people everywhere.”

“For now, just know that the blood of most men pales by comparison to yours. I just love you, man!”

“When I come over, I figuratively suck you dry. I leave you c RELIGIOUSLY empty. And then GOD REFILLS you with HIS SPIRIT, although you don’t consciously know it. You’re delicious, Jonathan, sweet (loving) and sour (angry) with a dash of saltiness (wisdom).”

“I know you love sex with the young men you attract to your lair. I know sex has become the most important part of your life since you overcame all that religious guilt that was infused into you when you were a kid in the 30’s. But you’ve been freed from that since your mid-seventies. You love the freedom you now have to make love with handsome, young men, especially at this precious time in your life.”

“I understand the craving you have for the life in the semen of young men. They’re very tempting because they’re filled with a magical elixir you know little about.”

“I’m a monogamist. I only want sex with Will. But that doesn’t mean that I’m dead inside. I’m still a gay-Jewish **vampire** who loves to figuratively suck the life out of men, whether what’s in their life-substance (semen) is sweet (loving), sour (angry), bitter (disappointed), salty (wise) or umami (meaty). I, too, love the taste of everything male.”

“As someone who’s been clean and sober for 40 years, I’m able to enjoy SPIRITS figuratively. If you’ve read the Hebrew Testament, you know the story of Samson. I have Samson’s SPIRITUAL strength. My body hair is a symbol of my dreams. Shaving is a way of shaping my dreams to effect outer reality. Losing my hair has become a sign that some of my dreams will never come true. The one thing that makes me stronger than Samson is that I don’t confuse my dreams with fantasies.”

“You’re a Daniel, Jonathan. You’re in a lion’s den, but you don’t even know it. Israel is described in our scripture as the lion, the king of the jungle. You’re locked in a den (man-cave) with Israel, where you’re not afraid of being mauled. And that’s because you unconsciously know that you have no reason to fear our people. You’re not an *antisemite/antizionist*. Those who are terrified of us have good reason to be.”

“You can’t survive without figurative interpretations of your nature, Jonathan. You need people in your life to mirror who you are and what you’re going through. You can’t always see all of yourself. You can’t always admire all of yourself. You can’t always love yourself through and through. We all need to be shown reflections of who we are inside. We need many others to love us for us until we can like ourself. Only then can come to like GOD and HIS ROLE in this SCHOOL setting.”

“The intimacy we share I compare to blood. We’re blood brothers, Jonathan. I figuratively drink your blood to be able to tell you how you taste. But you can’t drink mine. Nor can you drink your own. You have an aversion to blood.”

Mike’s father, the Baptist preacher, smokes like a chimney. They had to seal off a room in their home for him to smoke in. It’s not a man cave. It’s a fireplace whose walls are streaked with smoke. The guy’s in his early sixties and recently had a stroke. Then he went blind for a few days. I just got this text from Mike this morning:

“If it’s not one thing it’s another with my parents. My dad is at the ER because he’s having a lot of blood in his stool. Mom said ER doesn’t like what they see. To be continued...”

Me: “I see what’s happening to your father as a dilapidated house that’s crumbling. He was always shabby, gloomy, rickety and rotten. He just couldn’t see what he looked like, himself. It’s no wonder he’s falling apart rather than getting the chance to grow old gracefully. He’s a shack; a hovel. As he gets any sicker, he’s going to turn into a lean-to.”

Mike Sr. reminds me of Jacob {on the heels of his brother Esau}. Mike’s mother reminds me of Leah {weary}, Jacob’s first wife. Mike Sr. never achieved a relationship within himself that mirrored more than Jacob and Leah in Torah. Yet he swears Jesus is GOD, and HE LOVES him unconditionally. Who am I to say. I look at how people behave, not what they believe.

Mike Sr. isn’t an *antisemite* or *antizionist*. He’s just a bitter man who *cheats* on his wife with other women. (His daughter found electronic evidence of that.) He *hates* Black people and gays with a passion. He certainly has no respect for women, beginning with the woman within him (Leah) who he rejects as having been forced upon him.

He reminds me of Gaza, a house that’s been *infested* with *vermin*. He can’t appreciate Torah as a revelation GIVEN to him personally. Cease firing at himself? Never! He’s going to blow his brains out with more strokes; blind himself to the truth with more vision problems; and stab himself in the gut until he’s literally full of his own crap.

The Palestinians, like Republicans, may only understand what they’ve been told about the Jews by their religious leaders. The last thing they will want to do now is to explore Torah for personal enlightenment.

Most Democrats, like secular Jews, only understand what they’ve learned about life from experience. They have no way to associate it with Torah.

Life is a SCHOOL. And the lessons are only getting harder for everyone. I’m not the kind of Jew who’s going to climb anybody’s roof to play a melancholic musical tune on a violin to wet the eyes of all those in the village below. That’s just not me. I’m living in 2024, not 1824, or GOD FORBID, 1924 when Europe was being introduced to *fascism*.

Will just loved, “Interview with a **Vampire**,” the gay series. He and Ephraim are watching it every night here in Tahoe. That’s what motivated me to write to Jonathan about the taste of his blood. Ephraim is mesmerized by the cruelty. If only Ephraim could see how cruelly he treats himself. He sucks his own blood, and then complains about the taste of it to those around him. He exasperates me!

I told him that all the main characters in the story are **monsters**. Even the journalist has a sexual history with one of the **monsters**. Anne Rice makes you want to stick around to see how **monsters**

interfacing cruelly with **monsters** drives them all mad. I think it's funny, but predictable. But it also makes me sad. Not even **monsters** should have to suffer that much...

I don't have anything against Palestinians. But some of them are just not behaving like human beings. We need everyone to behave like a human being or peace will not be attainable. This isn't a problem caused by **monsters**. This is a problem caused by humans.

Marriage equality is my shtick. I'm a yenta {Jewish matchmaker, busybody type}. I want to see marriage equality become legalized worldwide. Is that too much to ask for? Israel will never be a light unto the nations until it takes our lit candle to light this one of their own.

In my effort to make that happen, I'm now going to do something that Will is constantly telling me not to do. I'm going to mansplain what women are doing these days. And I give myself the license to do so because I once had to go through what they're going through now.

We live in a male-dominated world (Y). That's just a fact of life. It's a man's world, whether we like it or not. To change that, we need to understand the Z side we all share. As a **monster**, I unconsciously identified as a Z. I was much more comfortable in the women's world. At home I was Z. Out in the world I pretended to be Y. That's called passing. Every **monster**, whether a **vampire, ghoul, ghost** or **zombie** unconsciously knows this about life on planet Earth.

What women have done is recognize that they've been caught in a man-trap. They tried talking to men to convince them to release them from the trap. The Equal Rights Amendment was that discussion that went nowhere. They tried reasoning with men not to set any more traps.

What women now need to do is wrestle their mother to get her out of the man-trap. There's nothing more for them to learn from their father (X). The world is going Z whether men (Y) like it or not.

That might be very painful for women. (It certainly was for Rina with our mother.) But it's absolutely necessary. This whole election is over whether a woman can do a man's job. And I think that's a no-brainer. Here's why:

Women are X by definition. When they wrestle their mother from within, they become aware of the Z side of themselves. That's how they discover the mystery of their nature that supersedes their gender (X). I did the same. My mother held the secret to my nature. I'd been a freak who'd tried to look more Y inside, until I discovered the Z in me.

But now that I understand my Z factor, I can allow myself to be as feminine as is comfortable for me. I can give up the victim mentality that men are so prone to. I can be more of a peacemaker (Z) than a perpetrator (Y) or victim (X).

Granted, this inner movement must be minor and subtle, or it'll hurt people. That's not our goal. My personal goal is now to recognize the s/hero within who's learning day-by-day from the TEACHER how to protect me from myself.

I now have more compassion and understanding for the struggle others are going through inside. I'm a Dorothy who's encountered the cowardly lion within me who yearns to become a hero unto himself.

That lion is Israel. I'm not afraid of Israel any more than Daniel was afraid of being in a den with a lion. The roar, claws and fangs of the Jews have been GIVEN to us to learn about GOD'S MIGHTY PLACE in our life here on Earth. We have no need to conjecture about life after life.

Once I can protect me from myself, I can expose the victim role I've been playing. I can use my conscience as my guide. I can even kick myself in the butt when necessary to get me to do a little more than I did before.

Masochists (X) don't make it in this world. But *sadists* (Y) can't stop themselves from hurting others. I know this for a fact because life is a SCHOOL and my experience with my former partner, Larry, proved this to me.

I thought Larry and I were husbands. I thought of us as married, even though it wasn't yet possible for **monsters** to legally marry in those days. So, when I discovered that he'd been having sex with Jim<sub>1</sub>, his former partner, I saw him as a "*bigamist*." He was still "married" to Jim<sub>1</sub> in his heart! When they broke up, Larry met and "married" me on the rebound. But it was never over for them. If it had been, he wouldn't have gone back to Jim<sub>1</sub> for sex when he was consumed with AIDS.

Because **monsters** couldn't legally marry in those days, **vampires**, **ghouls**, **ghosts** and **zombies** had to figuratively "marry" and "divorce" just to overcome their guilt in not being able to legally commit to one person. I heard that premarital sex is forbidden in some Muslim countries today, so young people literally marry and divorce in a day. I certainly understand the religious hypocrisy they're subjected to.

When marriage equality becomes legal worldwide, people, not just **monsters**, will be better able to separate what's going on inside of them from what's going on around them.

I became a third wheel in my "marriage" to Larry. I left Larry when I realized he'd used me to play house. He'd been a "married" **monster** pretending to be single. I realized I was in a man-trap. I'd been a *masochist* (X) who'd been involved with a *sadist* (Y). And the only way I could get away from him after 14 years was to wrestle my mother (Z) internally. That brought me the moral epiphany that got me out of his trap.

I think of that as my SPIRITUAL circumcision. It felt like my mother figuratively cut off a foreskin that was still invisibly concealing the head of my penis from me.

It's about time Muslims women figuratively circumcise themselves and stop doing it literally. This religious act of removing their clitorises is a man trap. It's a way for Muslim men to do the same thing to them that Christian men are trying to do to women through anti-abortion tactics. The women who prefer it this way unconsciously *hate* themselves. They're no different than self-hating Jews.

It was the October 7<sup>th</sup> War that opened my eyes to the *termite* problem in Gaza. When I heard that some of the Gazans are pushing gay men off rooftops, I realized that the Gazans aren't **monsters**. I don't want to give **monsters** a bad name. They're just human beings who aren't behaving like human beings. America has to help the **monsters**, the Jews, and the Palestinians. They don't seem to be able to help themselves help one another.

This upcoming election is vital because we need to convince the masses that an African -Hindu- American woman who's figuratively gotten herself out of the man trap is enough of an individual (Z) to do the most important job in the world.

Kamala Harris is woman (Z + X) married to a Jew (Z + Y) who divorced his previous wife amicably. He's been the Second Gentleman of the United States. Now he's applying for the job of First Gentleman. He must be a nice guy.

GOD WERKS in mysterious ways. But they aren't impossible to understand if you're awake before you get up out of bed in the morning. Good people advance because they're good. Bad people advance because they're shrewd. Doug Emhoff is very good and has advanced very far. I can't wait for him to become the First Gentleman.

Larry was shrewd (X + Y). I was good (Z + Y). Larry had full-blown AIDS when I decided to leave him. But he wanted me to leave him so he could be with Jim<sub>1</sub>. I did everything I could at the

time to get him the medical attention he needed before I left. He'd been caught up in a cult that believed that cancer could be cured magically. I fought like a dog to get him to an oncologist. That doctor told him he'd be dead within two months if he didn't get surgery immediately for his lymphoma.

He finally realized his medical guide was a quack and gave in to the medical model. They took pictures of his growths at UCSF Medical Center because they'd never seen anyone with such advanced cancer except for natives in the bush in Africa. He was an anomaly in the civilized world.

Once I realized that I'd "married" a **monster** who was still "married" to another **monster**, I saw the man trap I'd fallen into and left Larry. I woke up and set myself free. He was a *bigamist*, even though none of the three of us were literally married.

Jim<sub>1</sub> died of AIDS soon after Larry went in the hospital. Larry lived seven more years thanks to me. I'm not bragging. I'm just stating a fact. Larry later met someone else. They seemed to be happy. But I wasn't invited to Larry's funeral. I was considered the **monstrous** ex-boyfriend who ditched him when he was in a life-threatening situation.

Love has been an amazing lesson in my life. But I haven't been able to put love behind me, even though it broke my heart.

I love Will, but he only likes me. Will is in a like-affair with me, not a love affair. We've both gotten out of the man-trap. But I yearn for him to love me, and that doesn't look like it'll happen.

I still like GOD for having brought Will into my life. I'm so much happier than I ever was before. I'm just worried that Will won't take proper care of himself and will die on me. I can't imagine my life with him.

Just got a text message from Mike:

"I wish I had your temperament. I stayed up way too late worrying over my mother more than anything. The stress is gonna kill her one day. Had my own office hours and lots came up. We can talk about that some time. Meanwhile I just learned that we almost lost my dad last night. Apparently, he was bleeding out from a tear in his colon. Had to have emergency surgery to close it up. He's in ICU now."

Me: "I've been telling you for years that you're too nice. You love your mother. And it's *killing* you to see her in such pain. Even though you know she made her bed with your father and has sworn to GOD that she's going to sleep in it until the day she dies, it's you who's now suffering more than her."

"This is your cross to bear, Bubby, not hers. This is what love has done to you. Toughen up. You're not a human being. You're a **monster**. GOD MADE you gay. And yet you insist on behaving like a human being. I've been telling you for years that you're just too good."

"Like an animal in a trap, you finally realized that your relationship with Andrew was self-hating. I know you aren't interested in monogamy, but you don't have to pretend to be human... Now that you've left Texas and are living in the blue state that will hopefully give us the next Vice President of our country - you're ready to accept yourself as you truly are."

"Your *crazy* Baptist parents are behind you. Your dad has one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel. This is the best life-lesson your mother could have asked for. But you've got to let her go through it on her own."

"My father once said something really meaningful when I was suffering terribly with *mental illness*. He said, 'I'd love to pish and kak for you. But I can't.'"

Last night Will and I had a fight in front of Ephraim. During OFFICE HOURS afterwards, I realized what I'm doing wrong. Will is an *atheist*. Will doesn't want to talk about the TEACHER, our individual curriculum and homework or the final exam. He's so *autistic* that he just wants to be alone with me enjoying the external world. He doesn't want to think about GOD WATCHING us.

I can't heal him of his RELIGIOUS *insanity*. That's the TEACHER'S JOB, not mine. I can only be true to myself. But that means treating him compassionately, as though I'm dealing with someone who's *mentally challenged*. I can't push him. I have to let him develop into himself in his own way. The TEACHER CREATED him this way. Far be it for me to disapprove of him as he is. He hasn't broken the 6<sup>th</sup> through 9<sup>th</sup> COMANDMENTS. He hasn't *killed, cheated, stolen* or *lied*. And if he *covets* external things instead of inner riches, that's his business. He's not hurting anyone.

Will is my chauffeur, chef, travel agent, housekeeper, handyman, I.T. administrator, hairdresser, partner and therapist. He's like my master, and I'm like his dog. But he's not my husband, and I guess he never will be. I'm an unmarried man living in sin. My previous boyfriend was a figurative *bigamist*. And this one is a devoted boyfriend.

But I'll never marry. It wasn't in the cards for me. My journey hasn't turned out the way I expected. But, looking back, who was I to anticipate anything? I couldn't be more BLESSED about the way it is, given who I was and how I hurt myself before I knew better.

Because my parents were *Holocaust* survivors, *mental illness*, *addiction*, *codependency*, *obsessive* and *compulsive* problems, and *delusions* of grandeur have carved me like a pumpkin at Halloween. They were deeply *damaged* human beings. I'm an odd, little **monster** who's never going to sport a wedding band.

Will wants me to shut up about SPIRITUALITY and GOD when we're with Ephraim. He only wants to talk about news, weather and sports. He wasn't MADE the same way I was.

Will is an amazing boyfriend who can't do enough for me. He loves to be helpful. I couldn't have been GIVEN a better playmate. But he's a SPIRITUAL infant in some ways, just like so many others. And he may never grow up in this one way.

Fortunately, the truth does set me free. We're in a monogamous relationship, which is paramount to me. Larry was a *cheater*. I don't like people who *cheat*. Larry broke the 7<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT. And, in my opinion, it cost him his life. It certainly cost us our "marriage."

Will is happy when he's on his iPhone, TV and computer. He also loves all the appliances we have in the kitchen for him to cook with. But I need something he can't give me. And it's not fair for me to project that loneliness onto him. That's something GOD IS GIVING me DIRECTLY. I don't want to give HIM the impression that that's not enough.

Will and I will work it out. Maybe it's a good thing that Ephraim is around. It's good for Ephraim to witness what a real relationship between two men looks like who are devoted to one another.

"Ephraim" in Torah was one of Joseph's two sons. "Manasseh" was the other. None of the tribes of Israel were named after Joseph. We're all "Josefs," from the verb "le-osseef" which means to "add" or "supplement." We all contribute to the wellbeing of others one way or another.

Today, everyone knows that there's only one GOD and that nobody is going to be here forever. We all want to be able to look back on our life and say that we left this world a little better as the result of having been alive.

Here in America, *slavery* was the man-trap that the African-Americans had to get themselves out of. Women are doing the same today to avoid anti-abortion laws. And I'm sure the trans community is in a man trap of their own.

As a Jew, I have to say that I'm very proud to be a student in SPIRITUAL COLLEGE in the UNIVERSITY of life. We've been contributing to the appreciation of life on Earth for 3,400 years. What's happening today are just new lessons from the TEACHER. Most of us do our work and come to class each day prepared to learn more. This is how we've gotten so many seats at the front of the classroom.

Granted, the Orthodox Jewish community doesn't consider me to be a human being. And they are, of course, right... I can see that now. I'm a **monster**... But I do enjoy the study of Torah, nevertheless. It's teaching me the difference between arrogance and intimacy. I've already learned the difference between autonomy versus freedom (head), liberty (heart) and emancipation (soul).

It was such a shame that I was thrown out of an Orthodox Jewish study group because I'm gay. I told the rabbi what Benjamin Franklin told our American ancestors, "If we don't hang together, we'll surely hang separately." He didn't appreciate my comment. But that was about 25 years ago. Perhaps today it looks different. Perhaps rabbis can see that they're projecting self-hatred when they *hate* Blacks, gays and women.

My studies of Torah have freed my mind. My studies of the New Testament have liberated my heart. And the seven books I wrote about the Quran have emancipated my soul.

I like to think that the Jews are like snakes and worms that live underground. We're surrounded by soil. Christians are, of course, like fish. Jesus told his first followers, who were fishermen, that he would teach them how to catch men. And the Muslims are like birds who fly through the air. Such are the manifestations of SPIRIT.

Jesus' disciples lived and worked at the Sea of Galilee. That huge lake pours down from the mountains into the Jordan River that empties into the Dead Sea.

The fish in the Galilee swim freely until they get old and weak. Then they're trapped by the current and carried down the Jordan. This is the same for every individual in later life.

I'm now an old man. My past lies upstream in a sea of memories. I'm making my way toward my Dead Sea experience, where nothing can live. Such is the geographic description of death as an Israel within a Jew.

John the Baptist baptized Jesus in the Jordan River. Jesus took that experience as a PROMISE from GOD that through him everyone could be netted and brought out of the Jordan without ending up in the Dead Sea. Through Jesus, they could enter an eternal Promised Land, thereby avoiding death after death. This is their contract with GOD through water rather than by becoming blood brothers with GOD as Jews do through circumcision.

Personally, I don't believe it. But that's because I'm not that afraid of death anymore. I live in an inner land of milk (love) and honey (wisdom). I've already come out of my head, through my stiff neck and into my heart. I've even made my way out of my broken heart into my soul.

The metaphor used by Jesus is too simplistic for me. I don't believe in two outcomes: Heaven or *Hell*. I don't believe in a THUMB UP or a THUMB DOWN from GOD when I die.

Maybe that's because my father slapped me for sucking my thumb. But the dogma that if I don't believe in Jesus, I'm going to *Hell*, simply sounds absurd to me. What has his GRADES got to do with mine? It's my education I'm concerned about, not his. I'm not even concerned about

Moses' GRADES, let alone Muhammad's. Each student in this SCHOOL is a Joseph in my eyes, adding a little bit more to what we already know.

I don't think your GRADES are going on my report card, either. GOD JUDGES every human being as well as those who don't behave like human beings. HE EVEN JUDGES **monsters** like me. You don't have to concern yourself with my GRADES.

I'm not writing books on SPIRITUALITY to save anyone from their fate or guide them toward their destiny. I can't possibly know what that might be. Only the TEACHER KNOWS what's in store for everyone in the way of future curriculum. But that curriculum will depend on how we do on our tests. Everyone needs to take up those GRADES that have already been RECORDED in HIS ROLL BOOK with the TEACHER. Don't ask me what anyone's life is going to look like in the future.

Thanks to experience, I've learned to move underground like a worm, under water like a fish and fly through the sky like a dove. Frankly, I prefer flying. I've earned my wings. But I can go wherever others go by any means they do. I'm not a RELIGIOUS cripple.

I'm just a little *autistic*. I get disoriented from time to time. I have difficulty knowing where I am in the moment. But I have no problem crawling, swimming or flying to get from here to THERE.

I went back to bed this morning. That's what retired **monsters** can do. I'm so glad to be out of the *rat* race. Nothing is more valuable to me than time to write. And now, all my time is mine. I live on an eternal Shabbat. Every day is my time to rest in peace.

I sneezed when I got into bed, and Will turned over and asked me if I'm OK. I told him yes. But I added that I spoke to the TEACHER during the night, and said, "You and I are good. HE TOLD me what I needed to know about you that you can't tell me. You can tell me how you feel, but you can't tell me what to do. Only the TEACHER CAN TELL me what to do." Will agreed. We kissed and made up.

Jim<sub>2</sub>, Michael's partner, is interested in math and science. Michael and I were both English teachers. We love having a partner who knows about things in this world other than words. Jim<sub>2</sub> knows about numbers. Will knows about people, places and things.

Granted, Michael knows a lot about people, places and things, too. He's an extrovert who loves life. But he knows nothing about numbers. So, he's fascinated by Jim<sub>2</sub>. I know nothing about external reality. I'm an introvert who's only interested in GOD and SPIRITUAL matters. So, I'm fascinated by Will.

Life has turned me from a *masochist* (X) and *sadist* (Y) into a peacemaker (Z). I had to wrestle with my deceased mother to find inner peace. I had to embrace my navel as the remnant of our umbilical cord. I'll always be connected to my mother in a way that my father couldn't fathom.

Michael comes out of the Protestant tradition and has married a man (Jim<sub>2</sub>) who comes out of the Catholic tradition. I'm a Jew living with a Catholic (Will) who declares he's become an *atheist*. When Will came to San Francisco, he was mysteriously drawn to Most Holy Redeemer, the Catholic church in the Castro (gay community) where over 60% of the parishioners are gay. He converted and was the secretary of the church for 12 years.

He not only graduated their RELIGIOUS school, so to speak. He became an employee of it. So, he was surrounded by cradle Catholics for a dozen years. That gave him a level of intimacy with Catholicism and their tradition that goes back two millennia. That, they don't teach you about in their conversion classes.



Looking back, I doubt I could have succeeded with Will as a partner if he hadn't been Catholic. I don't need Protestant work ethics explained to me. I had a Jewish boyfriend who made enough money for us to live comfortably for the rest of our life. As an English teacher who had a total of 27 jobs in life, I didn't need to learn any more about my work ethic. I needed to get the hell out of the work world so I could write. Larry made that possible for me. GOD BLESS him for that!

After three nights, Ephraim had to witness a fight between Will and me. It was an opportunity for him to see how a secure gay couple behave. Will and I make up quickly after fights. We're thankful to have one another, appreciative of ourselves, and I'm grateful to GOD.

Protestants in the north of Germany and the Catholics in the south may not be at each other's throats anymore, but that's thanks to *Hitler*. He united them. *Hitler* did so by turning the gays and Jews into scapegoats. It cost Germany a lot to unite themselves religiously. But they finally succeeded, albeit at a cost to their reputation worldwide.

Today, Ukraine is the scapegoat created by Russia. Someday the Russian Orthodox Church will help the Russians unite with European Protestants and Catholics. Putin's GRADES look *abominable*.

Here in America the Protestants and Catholics have tried to unite with anti-abortion and anti-trans issues. But it isn't working. Turning women and the LGBT+ community into their scapegoats has only brought out the *antisemites* and *antizionists* in their ranks. Americans are a religious people. But they won't let the Church divide them when it comes to the Jews. America lost half a million men to stop *Naziism* in Europe. Saving the Jews is the greatest act of heroism America has ever achieved. The second greatest heroic act was saving African-Americans from the cruelty of having taken Torah literally. We're never going back.

I feel like I stand with one foot on the shores of Egypt and the other on the Sinai peninsula watching the Red Sea part again and again. The Democrats identify with Moses parting the waters and leading the Israelites in Egypt going East. The Republicans identify with Moses parting the waters and leading the Israelites back to Egypt going West.

The 1% are the descendants of the *pharaohs* of ancient Egypt who insist that their workforce must remain under their control. They're *rats* (members of the 1%) who bribe politicians with inside trading secrets, gifts and positions of power.

The Orthodox Jews are well aware that honey (wisdom) makes the world go round. The secular Jews are well aware that money makes the world go round.

GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, IS MOVING the nation back and forth, East and West, left and right on the political spectrum. Hopefully today's American Israelites and *pharaohs* are developing their conscience in the process. That's what counts.

I'm no *Hitler*. I have no agenda to unify Christians in America. As I've already told you, my goal is marriage equality worldwide. I don't care as much about the fate of human beings as I care about the wellbeing of **monsters** (the LGBT+ community). Whether **monsters** live amongst Jews, Christians or Muslims, I expect them to be treated equally.

I don't care as much about the opinions of *atheists* or true believers, either. Will found GOD at Most Holy Redeemer, but GOD SLIPPED through his fingers. Now he's an *atheist*.

Michael and Jim2 have always been *atheists*. Their warm relation with the Jewish community has only been with secular Jews. They don't understand religious Americans. The accuse religious communities of discriminating against Blacks, gays and women. Religious Americans accuse secular Americans of not supporting Israel or history. I think they're both right.

Now that Orthodox Jews run Israel, I can't tell you what horrible things Michael and Jim<sup>2</sup> have said about Bibi Netanyahu, the Prime Minister of Israel, and his government. Suddenly, many on the left have become *antizionists* and pro-Palestinian. This has created the schism between the political parties that defines American politics as I see it today.

Christianity turned one Jew into the son of GOD and then, for millennia, treated the rest of the Jews like followers of Satan. The Jews spent 2,000 years in Europe convincing the Christians that we aren't *evil*. *Evil* lies in those who don't have a conscience guiding their actions.

The same thing has since happened in Islam. They, too, believe in *Satan*. For 1,400 years, Muslims have been taught by their clergy that all Jews are *evil* and will go to *Hell*. So, tell me, is Satan the same as *Satan*? Is Christian Heaven the same as Muslim Heaven? I don't buy any of it. Give me the religious sanity of the Jews who don't believe in any of that nonsense.

GOD HAS ALWAYS PUT us in the middle of conflicting civilizations to help them achieve peace. That's what we're known for. If you don't believe me, I recommend a best-selling book to you called, Jews, GOD and History, (1962) by Max I. Dimont (Jew), the Finnish (or Lithuanian) born American historian who exalted the endurance of the Jews.

From my sexual exploits with threesomes, I learned that two **vampires** always get a thrill out of draining the "blood" (semen) of the third. Thankfully, we **vampires** only do this in bed. Out in the man's (Y) world, we see how humans suck the life out of one another in other ways. This is something we Jews have had to deal with for 1,400 years, since GOD BROUGHT the third Abrahamic faith (Islam) into being.

People just haven't yet learned enough about life on Earth to understand the lessons the TEACHER HAS BEEN TEACHING the **monsters** that the rest of the class hasn't gotten to yet. The Jews are the "pickle" in the middle. That couldn't be more obvious than today with some American Jews siding with the *cockroaches* on the left and others with the *Carpenter ants* on the right. In Israel, they have to be more concerned about the *termites*. But that message doesn't seem to have made it across the Atlantic.

When I was a teenager, I visited my father and Mary in New York every summer. He would point out all the Jews on TV, which made me a little uncomfortable. My mother didn't do that. In California, Jews strive to assimilate. They don't try to stand out. But because my dearest friend growing up was Mottle, a concentration camp survivor and *alcoholic* who had known my father in Lithuanian, I developed an unusual perspective about my people.

Mottle was cynical and bitter, but he wasn't sarcastic. He'd lost his wife and two daughters in the camps. He'd remarried an American Jew who ended up supporting him because he turned into an *alcoholic* who couldn't do more to help himself. But he was the most fascinating man I've ever met. He disrespected me lovingly. He criticized me fondly. And he complimented me enviously.

When I met Will, I explored Catholic scholarship in those I met at church. I learned how the Jesuits advanced learning worldwide but were especially successful in this country where secularism made it possible for all people to get an education and study scripture with a new view of the importance of knowledge.

Jewish exceptionalism isn't foreign to me. Nor does it make me uncomfortable anymore. A Jewish tide raises all boats. But we gay-Jews are in a boat of our own. We look across the pier at gay-Christians and gay-Muslims. And we see something we've all got that those in the other boats

are missing. It's not that we don't respect our religious heritages. It's that we observe them through a more modern lens. The wars in the Middle East, Europe and Africa are crusades (religious wars). And we're today's "pickles" in the middle.

The relationships between the male characters in Torah have been examined as nauseum. But my experience has shown me that women can, and do, take on the roles of the male characters in Torah, and men, the female roles. Once you've gotten out of the man trap (X) to produce your Z factor, you can relate to any and all of the Biblical characters. It's really a question of what GOD HAS DONE TO LEAD you to the relationships you're in.

In my opinion, some people are ambivalent about the trans community because they're afraid to look more deeply into the WORD of GOD for clues to their own identity. I can fully appreciate the problem with trans people in sports. But I can't understand it in bathrooms.

[Imagine bathrooms of the future where the stalls have walls from the floor to the ceiling. In each stall, there's a toilet and urinal. The sinks and mirrors are public for all to use. We have the equivalent at Tunnel Top Park in San Francisco. The stalls just don't yet have urinals.]

Did you know that Torah is called the WORD of GOD because it was, at one time, all one word. Torah requires more than 100 sheep to produce enough parchment to write one scroll of Torah. This was prohibitively expensive before the invention of paper. Therefore, the words of Torah were once handwritten without any spaces between them, thus creating one WORD.

About 500 years before Jesus, the curious Greeks wanted to know more about those strange people in the Mediterranean who only believed in one GOD. They tempted rabbis to translate Torah into ancient Greek, telling them about the amazing technology they'd gotten from the ancient Egyptians: papyrus.

The thought of writing Torah with spaces between the words in Greek meant that it could also be formatted as such in Hebrew. In fact, the rabbis began to dream about punctuation at the end of sentences, the indentation of paragraphs, chapters and even separating Torah into separate books. That meant that it would no longer require a genius to read or refer to passages from Torah. It could be accessed by everyone!

Not only was the translation of Torah a success in ancient Greece, becoming a best seller in its day. Torah was then written on papyrus and read aloud on Mondays, market day in Israel in its new format for all the ancient Jews to argue over. By about 200 years before Jesus, the government of Israel even insisted that all Jewish women become literate so they could discuss Torah intelligently.

Therefore, Jewish women are, historically speaking, the most literate women in the world. England didn't pass literacy laws for women until the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. In many Muslim countries, women are still forbidden to go to school to get more than an elementary education.

At one time, the Catholic Church forbade its followers from reading the Bible. They insisted that the Catholic hierarchy tell the masses what the Bible said and what it meant.

Today, we agree that every human being is like a tree of knowledge that fruits with a moral understanding of the difference between good and *evil*. The taller the tree, the deeper the roots. If your religious institution forbids you from using the Internet or reading other scriptures, you know that they're nothing more than religious *pyromaniacs* who start RELIGIOUS FOREST fires every time they're *threatened* with more modern interpretations of the truth. Much of the religious world today is made up mostly of bonsais, if you ask me. I'm not afraid of them. They're morally (internally) petty and ethically (externally) small.

The nice thing about Torah is that it anticipated the creation of the conscience. In the dream Jacob had after he'd run away from home and was alone and scared in the desert, he saw angels ascending and descending from a ladder. This described his thoughts that descend to his breastplate, and his beliefs that rose into his head. This is what it means to analyze our actions honorably using these two inner forces GIVEN to us by GOD.

In the story of the BURNING BUSH, Moses, the tallest tree of knowledge with the deepest roots at that time, had an encounter with a BUSH that BURNED without being extinguished. From that BUSH, he heard GOD SPEAK to him.

A BURNING BUSH signifies a conscience that's been ILLUMINATED with GOD CONSCIOUSNESS. This is much greater than what Jacob dreamed of. Moses, the author, described Moses, the main character of his story, as having internalized the roles of all the characters in Genesis before he introduced himself onto the scene in the Book of Exodus.

On the one hand, this is *crazy*. Marrying Cain and Abel can only happen in a fateful relationship between your head and heart. Marrying your twin brother (Jacob and Esau) can only happen through familial clashes that become psychologically *traumatic*. And marrying your step-brother (Ishmael and Isaac) can only happen sociologically in ways that change the whole world.

By that point in his autobiography, Moses' main character should have known better than to *kill* a man. Justifying *murder* is paramount when you're oppressed. This is the Palestinian argument. It comes right out of Torah.

It took Moses 40 years, from the age of 40 to 80, for his conscience to grow hot enough to ignite sufficiently to discuss his sins with GOD as though standing before a BURNING BUSH.

You're a tree of knowledge that knows more about the forces within you than the ancient Jews. You know that your feelings were once *beguiled* by your wants and desires. You know what a struggle it is to avoid *gluttony*, *greed* and *lust*. And you know the consequences of losing that struggle from time to time.

You're so sophisticated, experienced and modern a tree of knowledge that you know there's a BURNING BUSH inside you that can't be extinguished. That's not something you'll ever literally see in nature. But a woman (Eve) coming out of a man (Adam) is equally preposterous when taken literally. Without figurative interpretations of Torah, its message makes no sense.

Moses, the author, had a great sense of humor. But for us to develop a sense of humor sufficiently brilliant to appreciate the literary gems Moses mined, cut and polished – we have to be able to compare and contrast our two worlds with an open mind.

Ishmael was the bastard son of Abram. Isaac was the rightful heir to Abraham's inheritance, not Ishmael. We see this question challenged again and again by Muslims. But this is the evidence that Israel is our rightful Jewish homeland. And they're using our scripture against us. We're the descendants of our Patriarchs: Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Yet, the Muslims claim that Ishmael {man of GOD} is Abram's legitimate son through Hagar (forlorn), Sarah's housekeeper. Therefore, they say we have no right to live in the Middle East. They say that's all their land.

The man of the house who has sex with the hired help isn't a lurid story that's happening only today. It's a "shande" {Yiddish: a scandal} that's been going on since the beginning of time. Yet this disgrace doesn't seem to stop Muslims from professing it.

Muslims have been telling Christians that Jesus, a Jew, didn't grow up in Nazareth. They claim there was no Jewish state ever. They claim Christians have no right to live in the Middle East

either. What Muslims consider a Palestinian issue, is really an issue of truth verses fiction, empathy verses cruelty, and GOD verses man.

But what if Ishmael was Isaac's half-sister, not his half-brother? What if she was Ishamael. What if she was a woman of GOD, not a man of GOD? How many Muslims would fight for the rights of their half-sister who was born out of wedlock? How many would defend her right to a land grant?

The tension between these modern Ishmaels and Isaacs mirrors my relationship with my half-sister, Ilana {little tree}.

I was very close to Ilana when I was a child. Because she was 14 years older than me, she was more than a big sister. She was like a second mother to me. She was like *Pharaoh's* daughter who drew Moses out of the Nile. She raised me with a second woman's perspective. My mother and my step-sister were like my two eyes.

Ilana figuratively took the role of the descendants of Ishmael. She was Ishamael, the bastard child who huddled alone in a Catholic orphanage during the War in Lithuania where she was treated *abominably*. She died in the war, but only figuratively. The same *trauma* shaped Henry and Ellen. The three of them were RELIGIOUSLY CRIPPLED by GOD. That's what it means to be an orphan.

The Prophet Muhammad was also an orphan. There should be no one better to speak up for the rights of the Ishmael's and Ishamael's of the world than a Muslim. But where are their voices? The orphans of the world are no different than those who are CRIPPLED by GOD in other ways.

I took the role of the descendants of Isaac. I was the blessed one born on another continent to a different mother. I shared the same father with my older siblings, but we lived very different lives because our curriculum in the SCHOOL of life had been very different.

Ilana helped Rina (my full sister) *cheat* me out of our mother's inheritance. Rina elicited the help of Chuck (Ilana's husband) to force our mother to write a new trust once Lou (Mom's husband) was dead, making it possible for Rina to get paid for helping our elderly mother.

I can understand Rina's position, too, though. Rina felt that she had to do all the work in taking care of our mother in old age without proper compensation. Additionally, Rina's husband wasn't a good provider. I think she coveted the money I received from Larry when we broke up. Ilana and Chuck felt sorry for Rina. They wanted to help her get the reward they felt she was due.

But Rina didn't have that much work to do. Our mother lived in the Jewish Home in L.A. Apart from doing her laundry once a week, Rina's role was only a supportive one. But that became harder and harder as our mother lost more of her mind. Rina *hated* our mother. Ilana did, too. They both resented her for the same reason. Our mother represented the Z factor that neither of them could access without respecting her.

Rina should have divided the inheritance fairly. But she got greedy. She didn't divide the money in a way that was fair to her as well as to us all.

Rina {song of GOD} thought she was a Jacob. She saw me as an Esau. She saw me (Esau) and our mother (Isaac) as withholding an inheritance from her (Jacob) that she thought she deserved. She tricked our mother who was as old, feeble and blind as Isaac into blessing her and giving her all her money.

Although Rina and I aren't twins - I'm two years older than her - Rina was furious with our mother and Lou when they made me the executor of their estate.

Jacob *stole* Esau's inheritance out from under him because Jacob didn't agree that Esau should get everything just because he was the twin who came out first.

Rina thought her argument was as valid as Jacob's. But she refused to share any of the inheritance with Grace, Stanley (Lou's children) and me.

Although our mom went into the Jewish Home soon after she was widowed, Rina manipulated the records to make it look like she'd invested countless hours helping our mom. When our mom died, Rina walked away with everything. She didn't even bother to ask me how many hours I'd racked up. (I never would have kept track of such a thing. I found the whole premise *disgusting*.)

[Interesting bit of extra information: Our mother's name was "Bella Roos." Rina's scheme to get rich quick was a "bella ruse" (a beautiful deception).]

Rina felt I'd pulled the wool over our mother's eyes in becoming the executor of her and Lou's estate. She saw me as pretending to be Jacob. [Because Esau was hairy, Jacob put wool on his arm, so that when he spoke to his father and Isaac touched him, Isaac confused Jacob with Esau.]

On the one hand, Rina saw herself as righteously indignant as Jacob for being *denied* what she felt was her due. On the other hand, she (Esau) saw me as Jacob scheming to *cheat* her out of her rightful inheritance.

I can't convince Rina - nor do I want to - that she's morally (internally) and ethically (externally) *infirm*. I can't help her see that each time we met while our mother was still alive was like the time Jacob and Esau met in older age. Jacob was terrified that Esau was going to *kill* him because of what he'd done.

We're both playing the roles of Jacob and Esau. I'm like Esau in that my inheritance was *stolen*. I was furious with Rina (Jacob). But when I realized she walks with a moral limp because she's been wrestling an angel of the LORD all her life, I took pity on her. I could see that her conscience wasn't developed enough to guide her.

I didn't fight Rina in court because I didn't want to shame her in front of a judge. I know that our JUDGE SEES all. What I'm doing here in this one-month diary from October to November of 2024 is using her to teach a lesson. I'm not interested in teaching her anything. She's lost the privilege of having a wise and loving brother help guide her through life.

But wait, there's more!... Rina had my name taken off the contact list at the Jewish Home. It was when I accidentally discovered that my mother had fallen and broken her arm during one of my daily updates with the staff after my mother couldn't speak that I then complained to the management that I hadn't been informed. I was told that I wasn't on the contact list. Rina had removed my name. That was her way of figuratively rewriting history. That was her way of figuratively *killing* me off.

Of course, the Jewish Home immediately rectified that by adding me as the second person to be notified in the event of an emergency. But you can see how *diabolically* Rina behaved. This is a sign of her guilt.

Guilt is a sign that a person is consumed with *revenge*. And GOD WILL ALWAYS RECTIFY our attempts to get *revenge* against those we're *jealous* and *envious* of.

The story of Jacob and his family is a lesson for one and all, not just the Jews. If you don't get through this lesson and make amends for what you've done to hurt your family members, your growth as a tree of knowledge will be ARRESTED. Your understanding of *evil* will remain external. You'll forever see yourself as a victim in a world of perpetrators who just want what you have.

It took 2,000 years to teach the Christians that they *covet* our relationship with the LORD. It's taken 1,400 years teach the Muslims that they *covet* the land HE GAVE us too.

If you think the Crusades are over, you're out of touch with HIS STORY. It's now two against one, Jews and Christians against Muslims. The Palestinian chant of "From the river to the sea" is

more than offensive. It's *blasphemous*. GOD WILL SETTLE this matter. Israel has every right to rid the Middle East of all *termites threatening* trees of knowledge of good and *evil*, male and female, young and old. We have a duty to civilization and humanity to stop Muslim *extremism* everywhere.

GOD IS our TEACHER. So, I'm going to let GOD HANDLE the matter with Rina. I don't want to dishonor our mother by fighting over her money. Besides, GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, HAS GIVEN me enough money. What I need more than money is honey (wisdom). Rina is only interested in gelt {Yiddish: money}. Someday she'll realize what she's missed out on.

This problem in my family is summed up with the psychological description of "sibling *rivalry*," something Torah describes in Genesis in the stories of Cain and Abel, Ishmael and Isaac, Esau and Jacob, and Joseph with his ten step-brothers. This problem is resolved by GOD with the 10<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT against *coveting* in Exodus. It doesn't matter that sibling *rivalry* was described as a male/male issue in the beginning. Today, it's just as real in male/female and female/female issues.

The foundation of morality was set in place in the beginning with the story of Adam and Eve, the original married couple in everyone. There's a talking serpent or worm in everyone's tree of knowledge. And what you know about good and *evil* depends on what you've learned from your experiences.

If we can expand our understanding of Torah to include male/female issues that give birth to generations of new experiences, we can educate people to avoid sins like the ones committed by my sisters and brother-in-law.

Those who insist on clinging to the gender of the characters in Torah become *antisemites/antizionists, racists, homophobes* and *misogynists*. They insist on rigid interpretations of the roles of men and women as set down for all civilizations in Torah. That includes for Palestinians. They excuse their own greed by convincing themselves that they're behaving like our Patriarchs.

Going below their belt to look at what their genitals are figuratively telling them offends *antisemites* and *antizionists*. They'll tell you that GOD DOESN'T WANT us to go this far in our interpretation of The Five Books of Moses.

To understand the importance of marriage equality, you must first appreciate the marriages and offspring of the characters in Torah as universal lessons for us all. When the man and woman in you figuratively produce your inner child in the psychological sense, you elevate yourself to the next higher level of awakening to GOD CONSCIOUSNESS. This is what Torah is really all about.

This doesn't require you to identify as male or female. It requires you to identify as someone so curious to know, love and express your loyalty to yourself that your self-intimacy magically raises you in your own eyes before GOD in the way that good parents feel raised with pride by their children.

This is the essence of the immaculate conception brought into the discussion by Christianity between GOD and Miriam<sub>1</sub> that PRODUCED Jesus. This is the essence of the dialogue between The Prophet Muhammad and the Archangel Gabriel {masculinity of GOD} that produced the Quran.

I'm the poster child of the mother/son relationship. You may even see yourself that way, too.

But some are so afraid of this level of intimacy with themselves and their mother that they project their terror onto those who masturbate or have sex with those of their gender. They claim that only

the son of GOD (Jesus) could have been CREATED in this way. Or they claim that the Prophet Muhammad was superhuman.

But it's their fear of growing more intimate with themselves through the navel that marks their connection to everyone that turns them into raging *antizionists* on the left or *antisemites* on the right. It's then that people refuse to look at the real issue (love) and start calling one another *racists*, *homophobes* and *misogynists*.

Producing an inner child requires two inner parents. This is something that psychology doesn't yet address. The marriages in Torah are a blueprint for this amazing ascent to GOD CONSCIOUSNESS.

Here are the figurative marriages in Torah that will awaken you to GOD:

	Male	Meaning	Female	Meaning
1.	Adam	Man	Adama	Earth
2.	Adam	Man	Chava {Eve}	Life
3.	Cain	Spear	Abel	Breath/Vanity
4.	Noah	Comfort	Ark	"Aron"
5.	Tower of Babel	Gate of GOD	Our inner world	Urges: wants/desires
6.	Lot	Veil	Lot's wife	Salt: wisdom
7.	Abram	Exalted father	Sarai	Quarrelsome
8.	Abram	Exalted father	Hagar	Forlorn
9.	Abraham	Father of a multitude	Sarah	Princess
10.	Ishmael	Man of GOD	Isaac	Laughter
11.	Isaac	Laughter	Rebecca	To tie firmly
12.	Jacob	On the heel	Esau	Hairy
13.	Jacob	On the heel	Leah	Weary
14.	Jacob	On the heel	Rachel	Ewe
15.	Joseph	To add (+)	Aseneth	(a high-born aristocrat)
16.	Ephraim	Doubly fruitful	Manasseh	Forgetful
17.	Amram (Moses' father)	To live long	Jochebed (Moses' mother)	YHVH is glory
18.	Moses	To draw out	Aaron	High mountain
19.	Moses	To draw out	Zipporah	Bird
20.	Nadav	Generous	Avichu	Whose father is
21.	Moses	To draw out	Joshua <sub>1</sub>	Savior

1. For every Adam (Y) there is an adama (Z). This mate isn't his mother. It's the earth beneath his feet. We've *raped* the adama (earth) within us. This is the ultimate *crime* against humanity. This is why the planet looks as though it's about to die.
2. Eve isn't the first wife of Adam. The first wife of Adam will always be adama {earth}. Eve {life} is something that everyone discovers with the beating of their heart. But internally, we're all made of clay (Z). [Genesis 2:7]
3. The offspring of an Adam {man} and an Eve {life} produced Cain (Y) {spear} and Abel (Z) {breath or *vanity*}. This mirrors an inner marriage that produces two inner children, the next generation of voices within us. We *deny* the clashes between our head (thoughts) and heart (feelings) by projecting them out onto others with *hatred*. We oppress others instead



- of disciplining ourself. Repairing this inner marriage becomes the job of mental health professionals. We all need their help, not just people like me with a history of *mental illness*.
4. A Noah {comfort} represents the next child in our inner succession, the marriage between our SPIRIT and our body. We let the animal instincts off the ark (“aron”) within us through animalistic sex with others to teach us to appreciate our nature as it’s reflected in Mother Nature.
  5. The next level of awaking is the orgy of delights in colluding with others to build a tower to our own power that usurps GOD’S POWER over us. This is like an arranged marriage with the world that we all submit to. This marriage of urges in our genitals with feelings in our heart, that become unified in our head with a will to live, produces creativity externally and productivity internally. This becomes a babel {gate to GOD}. But because we don’t understand what’s happening inside of us, we babble about the meaning of it all.
  6. Lot {veil} held a *perverted* (concealed) relationship with his wife that they both *denied*. She perceived it semi-consciously but said nothing. The pillar of salt she was turned into by GOD describes inner truth not acted upon. Lot’s incestuous relationship with their daughters describes *perverted* outcomes that are unholy. We all go through this marriage within ourself by becoming *perverts* of morality who externalize our beliefs without first having internalized them. We behave hypocritically. Therefore, our inner children end up raping us. This is done figuratively nowadays through *betrayal*, *theft* and disrespect of our parents. [Will says that parents should honor their children instead of making children honor their parents.]
  7. The story of Abram {exalted father} and Sarai {quarrelsome} initiates the appreciation of self-improvement as a sensuous encounter with ourself that doesn’t produce an inner child. [Sexuality is an X/Y experience with another person. Sensuality is a Z experience with yourself that you might be withholding from others. Like Abram, who was intimidated by the ancient Egyptians, we repress our anger with fear to avoid conflict altogether. Abram and Sarai remained in a brother/sister relationship, thus allowing him to hide behind her for protection. Moving into a more sensuous relationship with your spouse will require you to first do the same within yourself. This is a coming out process that occurs slowly in most people.
  8. Abram {exalted father} and Hagar {forlorn} produced Ishmael {man of GOD}. But their union lay outside the barren bounds of the relationship of Abram and Sarai. Therefore, it created tension. That Biblical tension is still with us today in the Middle East where the descendants of Ishmael and Isaac are fighting their ancestral parents’ legacies. This is a necessary level of self-awakening because of the importance in learning about sorrow. Without sorrow for yourself, empathy for others will never develop.
  9. Neither Abram nor Sarai advanced SPIRITUALLY until GOD ALLOWED them to have a child. This PERMISSION is described in Torah as the name changes to Abraham {father of a multitude} and Sarah {princess}. Their union produced Isaac {laughter}. But the laughter Sarah experienced by her unexpected birth wasn’t enjoyed by their son. He (Isaac) became *traumatized* when his father (Abraham) tried to sacrifice him to GOD.
  10. The marriage between Ishmael and Isaac doesn’t have to be literally between step-brothers. It can be a figurative union within yourself between the man of GOD within you and the aspect of yourself that personifies laughter. This is an inner union that can then become the foundation for the reunification of religions.

11. Isaac's marriage to a Rebecca {to tie firmly} represents the marriage of the *damaged* side of ourself to the side that's dedicated to our recovery. Inside every *alcoholic* in A.A. and *drug addict* in N.A. there's an Isaac and Rebecca struggling for unification. Finding a partner who understands you awakens you to a more profound understanding of yourself.
12. The success of the union between an Isaac and a Rebecca produces twins, Esau {hairy} and Jacob {on the heel}. Esau personifies the masculine mind (Y or X) that identifies with their father. Jacob represents the feminine heart (Z) that identifies with their mother. This male union is fraught with tension. This mirrors the psychological tension in families. As you come to appreciate the struggle between the twins within you, you can make peace with your relations.
13. The Jacob was first wedded to a Leah {weary}. Theirs was a loveless marriage that produced outcomes that held struggles marked by *jealousy* of others' bodies and *envy* of their inner riches. Their ten sons represent the fated path of those who believe in The Ten COMMANDMENTS, but don't follow them.
14. Jacob's second marriage to Rachel {ewe} holds the path to moral cleanliness and happiness. Their son, Joseph {to add}, was a dreamer with a plan to better the world. He became successful, powerful and productive. But let's face it. Joseph was a little *nuts*. Dreaming is a mystical quality that we need to understand as a way for GOD TO ACCESS our SPIRITUAL development on a daily basis. This produces the sense of a TEACHER within.
15. Joseph's {to add} marriage to Aseneth {a high-born aristocrat} represents a level of awakening to the unification of all GOD'S TRIBES. We can adopt an aspect of ourself that's foreign and different.
16. Their sons, Ephraim {doubly fruitful} and Manasseh {forgetful} were adopted into our tribe by Jacob, whose name GOD HAD CHANGED to Israel {wrestle with GOD}. Ephraim, the younger, was blessed by his grandfather (Jacob) above his older brother, Manasseh. Ephraim would produce a multitude of nations. America is the descendant of Ephraim. Russia is the descendant of Manasseh. The marriage of these two aspects of the self will end with peace on Earth. Brother will eventually come to love brother.
17. After what feels like 400 years (multiple inner generations) of effort in bettering yourself from within, you become like Amran and Jochebed who produced a Moses within you under very trying times in your external world. Only a man like Moses is ready for a journey (mission) in life.
18. The marriage between Moses and his brother, Aaron, is foreshadowed by GOD when he tells Moses that Aaron will be glad to see him. [Exodus 4] Later, when fighting their enemies, Aaron holds up Moses' arms. [Exodus 17] This is the sign of true brotherhood. This is what Will does for me when *mental illness* drains me. This is the mission men can go on together with GOD that brings unity and love to others.
19. Moses' marriage to Ziporrah produced a son named Gershom {a stranger there}. We're all strangers somewhere. We all feel that we're a part of a mission that we have to find our personal way to participate in. Becoming a child of a Moses is like becoming a disciple to a wise teacher. This I now do for myself by making my conscience my own guide.
20. Nadav (Generous) and Avichu (Whose father is) are the sons of Aaron, the High Priest. They offer GOD strange fire and are immediately killed. I think of Nadav as the *masochist* within me and Avichu as the *sadist* within who's like my father. Marrying these two creates the understanding of the motivation to discipline and reward myself justly.

21. Joshua<sub>1</sub> was the only Israelite who survived the journey from Egypt to Israel. The relationship between Moses and Joshua<sub>1</sub> became the primary relationship in all of Torah. None of us can depend on ourself, alone. We must feel that there's an aspect of our nature that can accomplish miracles we can't achieve. This becomes especially evident with age. We need to feel that we're able to pass our efforts over to another part of us that can complete the task we've becoming too old (*autistic*) to accomplish.

The mystical relationship between Joshua<sub>1</sub> of Torah and Joshua<sub>2</sub> {Jesus} of the New Testament is the essence of the marriage between the Jews and Christians as brothers of the same FATHER. Jesus was the son of Miriam<sub>2</sub> and Joseph<sub>2</sub>. The virtues of every Christian woman as like Miriam<sub>2</sub> and every Christian man as like Joseph<sub>2</sub> recreates this bond between our faiths that Christians believe will bring about the Second Coming. My relationship with Will (Jew and Catholic) personifies this outcome.

The issue of men marrying men and brothers marrying brothers shouldn't be hard to understand from a figurative perspective. The marriage of Cain and Abel is the marriage between our thoughts and feelings. The marriage of Ishmael and Isaac is the marriage of our Jewish faith with our Islamic brothers. The marriage of Esau and Jacob is the marriage within us that produces the humility to tolerate, accept and even admire our family members. The marriage of Ephraim and Manasseh produces the unification of our Jewish tribes throughout the nations. The marriage of Moses with Aaron produces a mission of the self, guided by GOD CONSCIOUSNESS. And the marriage of Nadav and Avichu produces the harsh and gentle hand each of us needs to reward and punish ourself justly.

The marriage of Moses with Joshua<sub>1</sub> produces a lineage of hope. And the marriage of Joshua<sub>1</sub> and Joshua<sub>2</sub> produces peace on Earth through our Judeo-Christian efforts that hold a shared BLESSING like no other.

Marriage equality everywhere on Earth is a prerequisite for the marriage of ideas in scripture that will produce the outcome Jews, Christians and Muslims all yearn for. Everyone will receive what they deserve in accordance with their struggle within for unification with themselves before GOD. Healing from *homophobia* is as necessary as healing from *racism* and *misogyny*. And it goes without saying that healing from *antisemitism/antizionism* is mandatory, as well. Only then can we see the struggle between the *sadist* and *masochist* within us that impedes our progress until we marry their efforts into one.

As I stated early, I felt that I died when I reached the age of 19. I came out of the closet in Israel. I felt reborn as a gay-Jew among my gay-Jewish brothers in Israel. But today I see that there's more rebirthing I must do to help unify Ishmael and Isaac (Islam and Judaism). I have to go further within to achieve greater results throughout. I'm a Jewish mystic. I can describe the changes happening in the world. But, like everyone, I have to advance internally to produce results externally. And I have to ask myself whether I may be a closet Republican...

The table above is the blueprint for every aspect of the civilizing process that will rise and fall within you. This is how each and every one of us individually ascends to GOD'S REALM during our lifetime. What comes after that is anyone's guess. But I'm not fond of guessing. I prefer to do things by the book.

When *extremist* Muslims perceive their SPIRITUAL relationship to Jews and Christians, they'll stop their *distain* of a Jewish and Christian land existing in the Middle East. They'll

exchange Gaza for the West Bank, and in the southern portion of Lebanon, they'll create a Christian state that will border Israel to the north.

I've already *bombed* the nuclear sites in the Iran in my inner world. I've already removed the security *threats* I created that kept the *sadist* in me in control over the *masochist* in me. I've already produced an inner world that's far more peace loving than the world around me. And as someone who was once diagnosed as "paranoid schizophrenic," I can tell you that I healed myself in a way that I consider miraculous. I have every reason to believe in GOD because I've used HIS TEACHINGS to produce miracles in me for me. More than that I cannot do.

Torah is the greatest poem the world has ever known. Torah lives because life is poetic internally and prosaic externally. Torah can be understood from both perspectives. Rabbis are students of GOD'S POETRY in emotion. Moses, the author, was INSPIRED by GOD to produce the recipe for the civilizing system that initiates the reason for all three of the Abrahamic faiths. Priests, pastors, parsons, ministers, imams and clerics must become students of Torah above all. Just dismissing Judaism as old and out of touch with reality is like dismissing your parents for the same reason.

As humanity becomes so RELIGIOUSLY educated that they go from prosaic to poetic, external to internal evidence for our being will encourage greater peace for one and all. Marriage equality and equal rights will become universal rights because people will understand their Z factor and how to marry themselves for better or worse, in sickness and in health, until death when they separate from their body once, and for all.

Self-intimacy is achieved differently once you become a Moses unto yourself on a mission. You become a Stranger in a Strange Land. [Science-fiction classic by Robert A. Heinlein (1961). The title comes from Exodus 2:22 which honors Gershom, Moses' son.] Everyone's inner child grows up feeling alien and alone in this world. Therefore, we seek a guide and mentor who truly understands us. This is what Mike has found in me.

A Joshua<sub>1/2</sub> (savior) unto yourself is created in your soul through your relationship to GOD alone. The GOD within you UNITES with the GOD around you to PRODUCE an individuality that's never before been seen on Earth. Individuality matters.

This is what Christianity has tried to describe in the miracle of GOD CREATING Jesus {Yoshua<sub>2</sub>}. This was expressed as the journey of Miriam<sub>2</sub> and Joseph<sub>2</sub>. But this isn't a path unique to those two characters in The New Testament. Anyone can birth their own savior.

The Jewish concept of a messiah who hasn't yet arrived and the Christian concept of the Messiah who came and is going to return is a paradoxical problem that can be deciphered through a subjective understanding of yourself in taking all scriptures to heart.

Every Jacob who's had a dream of angels ascending and descending will develop a conscience. He'll marry the Rachel within him, the female sheep {ewe} that will, many generations later, become his savior {Joshua<sub>1/2</sub>} in his inner world. This is the lamb of GOD that Jesus offers to Christians. This is the man (Jacob) who first uses his brother (Esau) to advance, but then is BLESSED by GOD as an Israel unto himself.

Abram named his first-born son Ishmael {man of GOD}. Today, every man can be a man of GOD and every woman, an Ishamael {woman of GOD}. But going from a man or woman of GOD to a savior unto yourself requires self-improvement. And that must include giving up *antisemitism/antizionism, racism, homophobia and misogyny*.

Dina {divine judgment and righteousness}, the daughter of Leah {weary}, personifies the judge within us. Dina was *raped*. Every *rape* of justice is an affront to all those with a conscience. All ten of her brothers came to her defense in Torah to avenge the *despicable* act inflicted on their sister.

October 7, 2023, was a repeat of the *rape* of Dina by the Palestinians in Gaza. The world cannot know how deeply we, Jews, are offended by this *despicable* act committed against our tribe.

Some people have a predisposition to accuse the Jews of “asking for it.” These are the same people who *blame* victims of *rape*. This is a veiled excuse for punishing those you disapprove of with a judgment of your own.

All of Islam must repent for this *heinous* act, just as all of Christianity has had to repent for the *Holocaust* they created. There will be no peace on Earth until justice has been served.

In order to produce an intimacy within yourself with yourself that’s so great that it gives birth to one inner child after another through the many generations of Genesis in the psychological sense of the WORD, the feminine side of you (Z) must achieve a glorious relationship with YHVH, Jesus and ALLAH. This is what gay men are unconsciously striving for. This is our agenda. This moves us out of the traditional boundaries held by straight males and females.

Until every Muslim understands how The Old and New Testaments were the building blocks used to create the Quran, they’ll remain oblivious to the deepest levels of GOD’S WORDS. They’ll die defeated and bitter. Paradise will elude them here on Earth and (in my opinion) in the “WORLD” to come.

What I’m fighting for along the way to marriage equality worldwide is freedom (head), liberty (heart) and emancipation (soul) for everyone, so that we can come together to reveal the magnificence of the Quran as brothers and sisters in GOD’S SCHOOL here on Earth.

It’s almost 6:00 am. I sent Mike a text message this morning. I’m waiting for a reply. He’s two hours ahead of me in Minnesota. Here’s what I said:

“How did you sleep last night? Were you able to catch up on all the sleep you lost the night before? Even if you’re not yet ready to talk, I know that you’re always ready to read. So here goes:”

“I don’t think you understand that the enormous effort the good women of this country have gone through to raise themselves up by their bootstraps to better us all. You now live in a blue state. But your Republican mother has done nothing to better Texas. Yet, it appears that she’s about to get a SPIRITUAL assignment from the TEACHER when your father dies. I don’t think you should be afraid for her. Her father gave her an X chromosome that attracted her to your father’s Y. She’s been faithful to him all her life. But her father, your maternal grandfather, and your father are now dying. Your mother will soon find herself trapped in a man’s world (Y) that her father and your father created as Republican Baptists in a red state.”

“She’ll have to figuratively wrestle her mother, your maternal grandmother, to get out of that trap, thereby turning the X in her into a Z. This will set her free, just as it’s done for all Democratic women in America. This will allow her to continue with her education in this SCHOOL through independent study, something she will have finally earned for herself.”

“Thank GOD your father was only your father and not your husband!... Thank GOD you only had to deal with Andrew (a Latino boyfriend) who tried to *steal* your dignity out from under you. Andrew behaved like your father. You chose to sleep with a *sadist* who revealed your *masochistic*

tendencies. You're like your mother. But you were 'lucky.' You ended it with him while you're still young. You can now go much further than either of your parents to reach your SPIRITUAL goals."

"The TEACHER'S LESSONS are valuable when looked at in the rearview mirror. But they can be horribly real and painful when they're coming at you as you look out the windshield. I don't think you have to worry about your mother. I think she's going to get just what she deserves, just as you have."

Mike: "Thank you Barry. I'm exhausted today because I stupidly stayed up way too late last night. But it's Friday and I can sleep in tomorrow!"

Me: "Your mother deserves an opportunity to leave this world having left something behind for women (Z). You knew and loved her mother. Your grandmother accepted you and admired you despite you being gay. This is a level of love that your mother hasn't yet reached. It looks like your mother is now going to have to wrestle her mother to discover what a magnificent mother she had. My sister suffers the same fate. As you know, my sister never saw the beauty our mother brought into this world."

Mike: "Yes exactly! My mother has been very overwhelmed by both of them being very sick. Thank you for the kind words about her."

Mike is weary {Leah}. He's still a Jacob struggling with an inner wife he never wanted and doesn't respect. I can hear it in his voice. He knows that life is a tabletop mountain. He knows that you spend the first 39 years going straight up the mountain with nothing to look at before you but solid rock. He knows that every man looks back on the valley of his birth and sees it getting smaller and smaller as he ascends higher and higher.

When he hit 40 last year, I told Mike that he'd reached the top of the SPIRITUAL mountain. He's now going to spend the next 30 years going across it, looking down from all sides to get a view of this world from the dizzying height GOD HAS GIVEN him. He's going to do the inner work to earn his Rachel (ewe).

At 70, he's going to go down the SPIRITUAL mountain, as I have. And he'll want to put one foot carefully in front of the other as he makes his way down to the valley of death [Psalm 23] on the other side.

Mike now sees that his father, who's 62, isn't going to make it much further. He's an ignorant and *hateful* Baptist preacher who's going to graduate the SCHOOL of life with only an elementary education. Mike Sr. may not be an *antisemite/antizionist*, but he's a *racist, homophobe* and *misogynist*.

I met the man when I was in San Antonio. I was invited over to Mike's parents' home for lunch. I'll bet I was the first Jew who ever sat at their table. And I'll bet I was the first gay man other than his son who he ever allowed in his house.

Mike just sent me a picture of himself in San Francisco in his twenties before he went prematurely gray.

Me: "Ha! So young and cute! So innocent and naive. Well, all that's behind you, old man. You've earned every gray hair on your head. Just hold onto them as long as you can."

Getting through Genesis can take a lifetime. Many don't succeed. They die somewhere along the way. They never become a Moses unto themselves. They never understand their journey with GOD to a promised land that they'll never literally reach.

To make it out of Berasheet {Genesis} to Shemot {Exodus}, you must first start with the meanings of these words. “Berasheet” is the first word of Torah. It’s literally translated as “in the beginning.”

But it has a figurative meaning that’s much more revealing and important. The word “rash” means “root” in Hebrew. If you listen to this word rather than look at it in Hebrew, you aren’t overwhelmed by Hebrew grammar {dikduk}. You hear the figurative meaning of the first word of Torah as “at the root of it all.”

At the root of it all, we’re all trees PLANTED in a GARDEN. At the root of it all, we all go from a “pardes” {ORCHARD} that we think we’re in during the innocence and naivety of childhood (a paradise) to what we later realize is more like a deep, dark FOREST.

The story of Hansel and Gretel is only one tale about the struggle with our mother (witch/X) who tries to eat us alive. Getting out of her house made of delectable treats and out of the FOREST altogether is a struggle for every man and woman (Z) who seeks the meaning of their own being.

The Bar or Bat Mitzvah is the passage of life at puberty (13 for boys and 12 for girls) when a boy physically becomes a man and a girl, a woman. RELIGIOUSLY, that’s described as our parents getting out from between us and GOD, so that we face HIM directly.

But there’s a second Bar/Bat Mitzvah at 83, based on the Jewish concept of the average lifespan being about 70. This is when we realize that our parents are deceased and we’re now totally alone with GOD. Our parents tried to protect us from HIM long after our first Bar/Bat Mitzvah. But now we’re like an orphan, all alone in the world. Now we know that we’re truly standing alone before HIM. This is what it means that it’s all going downhill in old age, but your final outcome will be your destiny and not your fate.

We can’t walk on water. We can’t fly. We’re doing our best just to walk upright with dignity rather than crawl toward the end.

Dorothy in “The Wizard of Oz” is the personification of the woman (Z) in everyone (X or Y). Dorothy goes on a journey of redemption to discover her soul. The scarecrow is the personification of her search for wisdom.

But while in a forest, Dorothy and the scarecrow save the life of a man who’s made entirely of mettle. He’s so defended against pain and suffering that he’s rusted in place by circumstances out of his control. He can’t move to help himself. His search for love has crippled him.

Later in the forest, the three of them make the acquaintance of a cowardly lion, who seeks courage. And with Dorothy’s dog Toto (the Buddhist who understands the journey through wants and desires but can’t speak about it), they battle the forces of *evil*. Evil is personified as our parents, a father (wizard/Y) who’s a hypocrite and a mother (wicked witch of the West/X) who wants our ruby slippers (the secret to going HOME).

At the root of it all, Dorothy just wants to go HOME. But the yellow brick (fearful endured) road is different for each one of us. We must make our way out of our Genesis to our Exodus by first deciphering the meaning of the metaphor of a tree of knowledge of good and *evil* for us, personally.

Only by going through the name changes in Genesis can we come to understand the meaning of Shemot {Names}. In Genesis we’re all the names. We unify ourselves through all the marriages of those characters to become a more powerful SPIRITUAL servant of our LORD.

Most people don’t take advantage of this opportunity because they’re *beguiled* by the serpent in their tree or worm in their apple. They see themselves as either male or female instead of both. They look only at the peel of the apple. They refuse to bite down into the meat to get to the core.

If you don't arrive at the seed in you (Z), you'll never know what kind of tree you really are. Your relationship to your mother will remain unexamined.

It's only when you've reached a level of education in the SCHOOL of life at which you graduate the elementary and secondary lessons to arrive at the UNIVERSITY setting where GOD IS no longer just a TEACHER, DOCTOR, WARDEN or GARDENER – that HE BECOMES your PROFESSOR. Then, you give your love to HIM because learning about HIS ROLE in your life becomes more important than anything else. You stop professing and start confessing.

That's when you become a Moses unto yourself, and your life becomes a mosaic that you learn to piece (peace) together.

In the Book of Exodus, Moses asks GOD HIS NAME. You'd think this book would be called "Shem" {NAME}, not "Shemot" {Names}.

But now you know that your own name doesn't fully describe you. You hold multiple names for yourself inside. In the outer world, there are myriad NAMES for GOD. The four most popular NAMES for HIM are Krishna, ADONAI, Jesus and ALLAH.

What I love about Taoism is that its originator, Lao-Tzu, gave us more than yin (X) and yang (Y). He brought us paradox, the outcome of comparing and contrasting the world within us to the world around us.

Because of the paradoxes of life, men choose to fight one another rather than study one another. The wars between believers have been endless. And the animosity against the believers in ADONAI (my LORD) has become tedious and intolerable. These wars are never going to end so long as men (Y) run the world.

We need wo/men (Z) to run the world. I can't say it any plainer than that. If you still don't know what that means, I think you should shut this book and throw it at a wall or off a building. It's useless to you. You're not ready for what I'm saying.

The metaphors of Moses, the two symbols of Jesus and the 114 similes of the Prophet Muhammad are the only ways to achieve peace on Earth. But if you don't start with the metaphors of Moses that describe GOD'S WISDOM, you'll never appreciate the symbols of Jesus that describe HIS LOVE and the similes for GOD given by Muhammad that describe HIS LOYALTY.

These three scriptures lie within you. Tanach {The Old Testament} lies in your head. The New Testament (especially the red words of Jesus) lies in your heart. And the Quran lies in your soul. I don't care if you're Jewish, Christian or Muslim. I don't care if you're gay or straight. I don't even care if you're male (Y) or female (X).

What I'm telling you is the whole TRUTH, and nothing but the TRUTH. Marriage equality is the only goal worth striving for because it begins within. Marriage equality encapsulates the goals of all the world's faiths and philosophies.

Think of Hinduism as the path to your navel. Think of Hindus as contemplating their navel. They contemplate the meaning of wo/man (Z). They contemplate the meaning of connection to their mother. They contemplate the meaning of being firmly tied {Rebecca} to themselves, not just to Krishna.

Think of Buddhism as the path to your penis or clitoris. Think of Buddhists as meditating on the meaning of two fruits, one good (wants) and the other better (desires). Think of *evil* as wants that lead to *gluttony* and *greed* and desires that lead to *lust*.

Think of what the Palestinians did on October 7<sup>th</sup> as the raping of all those who seek knowledge of the forces of goodness within them. As brothers, think of all Muslims who condone what the Gazans did as the *rape* of their brother. This is SPIRITUAL *sodomy*. This is an *abomination* so great that it defies the depth of the words we've been GIVEN by GOD.



The greed of the Palestinians knows no bounds. This the Orthodox Jews understand in a way that no other religious community can speak of. I may be a gay-Jew who's misunderstood by the Orthodox Jews because I believe I'm a gift from GOD, not an *abomination*. But I think I speak for them in saying that Dina {divine judgment and righteousness} will be ADMINISTERED by GOD.

Moses won't get anyone into their own PROMISED LAND. His work was completed 3,400 years ago. But today, each of us is like a Jew (Adam and adama) unto himself.

Each of us is a land where our blood cries out from the ground of our being to GOD for justice (Abel).

But each of us is also an Ishmael/Ishamael {a man or woman of GOD} who deserves a PROMISE of fulfillment, a struggle with GOD. This is what it means to have been enrolled in a private SCHOOL with one TEACHER.

You can become an Isaac who deserves to be lauded, not sacrificed by your father for GOD'S SAKE.

You can become a Jacob who deserves a lamb of GOD, whether that lamb is a ewe or a ram.

You can become a Joseph who deserves a chance to follow your dreams, so you can strive to become famous everywhere on Earth. But remember. You'll always be a bit *crazy*. Therefore, judge others charitably. There, but for the GRACE of GOD, go I.

But you can't come into our PROMISED LAND if you have anger issues that leave you *hating* anyone. The land of Israel (wrestling GOD) requires something creamier than milk. It requires love. And it requires something sweeter than honey. It requires wisdom.

You can only get your head out of your ass if you open your eyes to all the darkness within you.

We're all dark inside. And we stink. It's cramped and lonely in there. It's no wonder we're so angry (red). It's no wonder we're so sad (blue). Coming to know oneself is harder than it looks.

GOD HASN'T MADE it easy for any of us. We're each of us a mystery in the MAKING. So, we must begin as an Adam (A) in search of adama (Z – grounding).

Just because your parents weren't superheroes doesn't mean that you can't become a superhero. But you must go through generations of rebirths to do so.  $[(Z + Y) + (Z + X) = \text{superhero}]$

Superman was a fictitious character created by two Jews in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. He represented the male who was all male (Y + Y). But you now know that a superhero is half female (Z + Y) or (Z + X). All superheroes have to wrestle their mother (X) to become true to themselves (Z).

This isn't done literally with circumcision of the penis or clitoris. This isn't done literally by arguing with your mother. *Mental challenges* won't figuratively remove the appendage (X) that's got you trapped in a man's world. This is a foreskin or hymen you've figuratively got that you must remove yourself with GOD'S HELP.

When I was at my worst, suffering from what they labeled "*paranoid schizophrenia*" I had a reoccurring vision of an ape that had gotten its right foot caught underground where it was grasping a banana. I spent a lifetime trying to analyze that image. Perhaps now it isn't hard for you to understand.

I was a primitive man, a great ape, not a child of GOD. The ground beneath my feet was my adama. The trap my right foot was in was the trap of thinking of myself as all male (Y) and only male. The banana was my penis and the penises of the men I was attracted to. I didn't want to give up my hold on my desires.

Allow me to stop for a moment here to tell you the story of Sam, a blind woman I met at the Lighthouse for the Blind in San Francisco in the 1990's. I volunteered at the Lighthouse because I was afraid of going blind and thought that if I saw the courage of the blind, it would give me the courage to face my own fears. I was born with very poor vision, but my parents didn't realize it. It was only when I had my vision tested at school in kindergarten that they realized I needed glasses.

My glasses turned out to be like Coke bottles; they were so thick. But I could suddenly see a world that I'd never imagined existed before. I'd been blind, but then I could see. This was the amazing grace the medical world gave me. But it was only a shadow of the amazing GRACE I've since been GIVEN.

The bowling league I ran for blind seniors for four years when Larry and I were together was where I met Sam who'd been blind from birth. I think I must have waited a couple of years before I got up the nerve to ask her a personal question, which she graciously agreed to answer.

I asked Sam what "yellow" means to her. She told me, "Yellow is warm like the sun. But what yellow has to do with bananas I have no idea."

That was a clue to the banana I'd seen in my vision while I was in Bellevue Mental Hospital. That answer was a gift from GOD through Sam that was a mosaic I needed to piece together more of my puzzle.

That led me to the seven colors of the rainbow in my heart that GOD HAD GIVEN me to discover what it feels like to feel. I really hadn't known my feelings. That's what had driven me *crazy*. Once the meaning of feeling rose out of my unconscious to consciousness, I could contemplate the figurative meaning of yellow. I could feel fear by myself, for myself, and of myself before GOD.

This was why anger (red); anxiousness (orange); fear (yellow); *covetousness* (green) and grief (blue) led me to indigo (the mystery of GOD'S INTENTIONS for me as HIS PUPIL in this SCHOOL) and finally to violet (an ecstasy that goes beyond orgasm – a rapture in just having been CREATED).

This is secret in the PROMISE GOD GAVE the world in every rainbow. GOD NEVER GOT angry at anyone. HE DIDN'T LITERALLY FLOOD the world because HIS FEELINGS WERE hurt. That was just a ruse to HELP us understand our own feelings.

What GOD WAS SAYING was that HE'D NEVER AGAIN FLOOD us with the hormones of puberty. That was a lesson we'd only have to go through once. That was a PROMISE that would lead us to discover the magnificence of a force in our heart that could open us to an experience of life so great that we'd make our way to an even greater PLACE. Call that place "PARADISE." Call it your "soul" or "nirvana" if you wish to go there without GOD.

It doesn't matter what you call it. What matters is that you strive to get THERE.

Moses had anger (red) issues. First, he cried like a baby (blue) because he was in a basket bopping up and down in a river. That mirrored what Noah had been through. But with Moses, it wasn't puberty he had to go through. It wasn't a PROMISE from GOD in the conventional, adolescent sense.

Moses felt existentially alone. He felt separated from his mother and father who were the descendants of Israelite *slaves*. That pain and suffering went back 400 years in Mitzrayim {ancient Egypt}.

The Israelites hadn't just been *slaves* in ancient Egypt. They'd been *slaves* to a system that was so narrow that it can only be compared today to a fetus in the womb of its mother. ["mitzarim" means "narrow places."]

The fight for the life of the unborn (right to life) is a respect for the Children of Israel. It's a plea for every woman to recognize the SPIRITUAL importance of giving birth as a re-creation of the formation of the Jewish people.

That said, a woman has a right to control her own life and the life inside her. Her lessons with our TEACHER in the SCHOOL of life cannot be dictated by *Carpenter ants* who have no understanding of the profundity of Torah. Like *termites*, their goal is death without the pursuit of wisdom. Their goal is reunification with GOD by cutting corners. They want to get the hell out of SCHOOL by any means necessary.

Don't tell me I don't know what suicidal thinking looks like. I tried to *kill* myself three times. I know *crazy* better than anyone...

Moses *killed a slavedriver* who was beating up an Israelite. Then Moses had to leave all his wealth and position behind. He became a fugitive out in the world. He lived like that for 40 years! This produced an even angrier man. Think of Moses as blood red inside.

Moses never got out of his head, through his stiff neck and into his heart. He could only see the Israelites as stiff necked. Moses, the main character, didn't see his own stubbornness. Only Moses, the author, could see it in his main character.

The job of getting the Israelites out of the narrow place around them and within them had to be GIVEN to another man: Yoshua<sub>1</sub> (savior). Yoshua<sub>1</sub> became the forerunner to Yoshua<sub>2</sub> {Jesus}. The rest is HIS STORY (history).

They say you shouldn't change horses in midstream. Yet this is exactly what the Democrats did last July when Biden decided to bow out of the race. He set up a woman to take his place. He set up a wonder woman (Z + X); a woman who'd converted everything about herself into what would be needed to defeat the forces of anger (red). Kamala Harris is (Z + X). I admire her. She's a great lady.

This election is about red (anger) verses blue (sorrow). We're about two weeks from the outcome, and Americans are as weary as Leah. Israelis are as incensed as Dina. And Muslims are, as always, as forlorn as Hagar. How will GOD VOTE TO TEACH us the next lesson in awakening?

I'm a sort of soothsayer. But I'm not the sort of person who can predict the future. I predict the present. I tell it like it is, not like it will be. But if you use my milk and honey correctly, you'll be able to do the same. It won't matter where you are or who you interface with. What will matter is how you are and how you interface with yourself before you act with all others. Put your "honey" where you mouth is.

I don't know whether anger (red states) or sorrow (blue states) will win. I can't predict that a blue wave will drown the Republicans like GOD DROWNED the charioteers in the crossing of the Red Sea. I only know that I hope and pray that the Democrats will win because the state of being blue (sad) is closer to the state of ecstasy (violet).

The Five Books of Moses were once all one WORD. But the ancient rabbis divided it up for us. Berasheet {in the beginning/at the root of it all} is Genesis. Shemot {Names} is Exodus.

Once you can identify with all the names in Genesis, you'll be ALLOWED to understand the meaning of GOD'S NAMES:

1. ADONAI means "my LORD." (The GOD within each of us.)
2. HASHEM means "the NAME." (It can be exchanged with the names Jesus and ALLAH.)
3. ELOHIM means "all GOD'S EXTERNAL NAMES" (The GOD around us.)

Moses presented GOD with the question, “Who shall I say SENT me? They have their own gods in Egypt.” [Exodus 3:13-15]

The answer to that question isn’t easy to explain. The answer GOD GAVE Moses was YHVH {I-HE-E ASHER E-HE-E}. This literally translates as “WILL BE RICHES WILL BE.” But the rabbis don’t spell it out because they consider this to be the NAME of GOD. They consider it too sacred to be able to be summed up in one WORD. They spell it YHVH.

All of Torah was once one WORD. Therefore, GOD’S NAME (YHVH) can’t be expressed in a single word. That’s why the Orthodox Jews employ an acronym.

Calling GOD “Jehovah” is stretching it. It’s like calling the Internal Revenue Service “Iris.” “I.R.S.” isn’t an “iris.” I.R.S. is an acronym.

Additionally, Moses was a *murderer*. For GOD TO GIVE Moses HIS NAME would have been unwise. What HE WAS IMPLYING when HE SAID, “I-HE-E ASHER E-HE-E” was that Moses was a *murderer*. GOD DIDN’T trust him. If Moses would do as HE SAID, by the results of his actions, he’d receive riches in accordance with his obedience to HIS RULE.

In the Book of Shemot, GOD GAVE us The Ten COMMANDMENTS as guidelines to obeying HIM. I have more to say about this later. Suffice it for now to confess to you that I don’t like the word “obedience.” I never did. (But, then again, I was a *murderer* who tried to *kill* a gay-Jew three times.).

The third Book of Torah is “Leviticus” in Greek. In Hebrew it’s “Vayikra” {They were CALLED}. Being CALLED by GOD is a personal experience. As you well know, “Many are CALLED, but few are CHOSEN.”

The reason they’re not CHOSEN is because they haven’t shrunk the distance between the world within them and the world around them. GOD IS in both our worlds. But if we don’t work on our character defects, the distance between us and GOD (The GOD within and the GOD around us) becomes greater and greater over time.

This is why it’s such a SPIRITUAL tragedy that Mike’s father (the Baptist preacher) is dying such a slow and painful death. You’d think a man of GOD WOULD BE BLESSED with an easy death. But graduation from this SCHOOL can be horrifying and painful if you haven’t done your homework.

As I’ve already stated, the relationship between the characters in Genesis is the recipe for self-improvement if you use all the characters, not just those of your gender or marriages between those of opposite genders.

The laws of Leviticus CALL us to modernize our interpretation of Torah. We’ve already done this as a society by outlawing *slavery*, not *stoning* children and discarding other minor laws that don’t make sense in today’s world, such as mixing linen and cotton.

Leviticus 18 and 20 are prohibitions against homosexuality. They’re now on the butcher block, too. They, too, will be cut out of Torah when men understand their Z factor. Then they’ll agree that self-marriage leads to marriage equality in civilized societies. Sadly, for this reason, Israel cannot yet be considered a fully civilized society at this time in history.

The next book is called “Numbers.” In Hebrew, it’s called “Bamidbar.” {in the desert}. Each of us is an Israel that we’re making our way to by going through an inner desert. The 40-year journey of the Israelites corresponds to the first 40 years of life. It’s an uphill struggle in youth. But after the age of 40 things level out until 70. Then it’s all downhill from there.

In the Book of Numbers, the Israelites create a representative government and tax code. Aaron {mountain of strength}, Moses' brother, who had helped the Israelites forge the golden calf, suffers the death of his sons, Nadav {generous} and Avihu {he is my father}. They offered GOD "strange fire" {esh zarah} and were instantly *killed*.

The strangest of all fires is ice. It *burns* in a way that only resembles fire. The word "zarah" means "prostitute." A prostitute (whether male or female) offers sex without love. This substitute for love is needed by those who don't know the meaning of love. They often then become victims of SPIRITUAL frostbite. This is why it's so important to understand that playing with fire, especially strange fire, can leave you *burned* in a way that's difficult to describe.

The metaphor of life as a desert until middle age is easier to appreciate in middle age. There's a thirst (*lust*) the young have that should get quenched in early adulthood. There's a thirst for material rewards (greed) that should get quenched by middle age. But by 70, you should be experiencing a thirst for SPIRITUAL nourishment. That thirst should leave you parched until the end. Death should come like an arrival at a well.

My name in English, Barry, corresponds to two words in Hebrew: "bari" and "be'eri" "Bari" means healthy. "Be'eri" means "water well."

The fifth and last book of Torah is "Deuteronomy." In Hebrew, it's "Dvarim." "Dvarim means "things." The things you appreciate at the beginning of your life are far different from the things you appreciate by the end.

This becomes even more apparent when you realize that the translation of "The Ten COMMANDMENTS" {ha-asarat HA-DAVRIM} is "The Ten THINGS."

The THINGS GIVEN to us through Moses when he climbed Mt. Sinai are the most concrete and sacred THINGS you can own in life. All your quests for material possession are reflections of your pilgrimage in search of these ten THINGS.

When you break any one of these THINGS, you break a bit of your relationship with GOD. You distance yourself from HIM, either internally or externally, or both.

My *distain* of Donald Trump is not only his *racism*, *homophobia* and *misogyny*. It's that he's broken the 7<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENTS. He's an *adulterer*, *thief* and *liar*.

I can't tell you what will happen to you if you break your word to your spouse by having sex on the side (7<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT: *adultery*). I can't tell you what will happen to you if you don't pay all your taxes (8<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT: *stealing*). I can't tell you what will happen to you if you *lie*. You may become President of the United States!... Who knows?

Life is a SCHOOL in which we should advance from one GRADE to another. But because we're in a one-room schoolhouse, we never know what GRADE we're in or what GRADE anyone else is in.

Men (Y) have a tendency of separating their classmates into categories using (1) skin tone (*racism*), (2) sexual identity (*homophobia*), (3) gender (*misogyny*), (4) money and/or religion (*antisemitism/antizionism*). These are ridiculous criteria for determining who knows what.

1. Just because your skin tone is dark doesn't mean that you're unwise. Knowledge and wisdom aren't the same thing. Knowledge comes with an external education. Wisdom comes with an internal education. What could your skin tone possibly tell another person about what you've achieved in the way of wisdom?
2. Sexual relations with members of the same gender don't tell you anything about your ability to love. Plenty of milk figuratively pours out of the nipples (heart and soul) of men.

You wouldn't judge a man's passion for life by the amount of "milk" that pours out of his penis... What has semen got to do with understanding the beauty of the miracle of life? Any idiot can make a baby.

3. Denouncing women as inferior or separate but equal is another recipe for disaster. The "Z" factor that unites women also unites men. If you don't learn how to live in a woman's world (Z), there's a tendency to become destructive in the man's world (X/Y). We need to discover the Z factor in us to see what we share in common.
4. And lastly, there's money. There's a tendency to think that those with the most money (the 1%) are the wisest, most loving and loyal to GOD. This is absurd. Don't *confound* the riches around them with their riches within.

Just because you're Jewish and a member of the oldest class of students in this SCHOOL doesn't mean you sufficiently value all ten of the THINGS (subjects) in your SPIRITUAL curriculum. That's every student's individual struggle.

By the end of Torah, Moses is ready to die. Moses, the author, has made it clear through implication that Moses, his main character, is still stuck at the red (angry) level of the rainbow. He may have learned a lot about life, but he didn't learn enough about himself.

We all know that it's much easier to psychoanalyze others than ourself. This is why gossip is frowned upon. But if we'd gossip about others while asking ourselves how we're similar to them (Z) rather than different (X or Y), gossip would be far more useful.

In some ways I'm a Jacob wrestling a stranger. In some ways I'm a Jacob wrestling my brother Esau (Rina). In some ways I'm a Jacob wrestling my father who figuratively *stoned* me when he slapped me across the face while I was sleeping. And in some ways, I'm a Jacob wrestling my FATHER to make sense of why I'm here at all.

But deep down inside I'm drawing ever closer to my mother (Z). I'm learning to contemplate my navel (Z). I'm becoming more and more aware that what separates my inner world from my outer world is my relationship to her, even though she's deceased. None of my siblings hold my relationship with our mother. Her love for me, and mine for her, creates a wall between the world and me. I call that my inner wailing wall.

When I was in Israel the last time (2011) I prayed at The Wailing Wall. Suddenly, one of the boulders suddenly turned into the entrance to a tunnel that went under Mt. Moriah to The Foundation Rock in the Al-Aqsa Mosque where Abraham tried to sacrifice Isaac and where Muhammad rose to HEAVEN to speak to Moses, Jesus and GOD. All my books are about my journey down that tunnel. All my opinions are based on what The Foundation Rock looks like from the underside.

Interestingly, I was born by Caesarian. The tunnel GIVEN to me, personally, by GOD became apparent that day at The Wailing Wall. Most people make their way out of their inner world into the world we share through the tunnel given to them by their mother. GOD GAVE me a different tunnel to come through.

Torah isn't for children. That's why the first story (Adam and Eve) is about ejaculation. If you're male and haven't yet experienced your first ejaculation, you're not ready to study Torah. The world within a boy changes instantly after he's experienced orgasm. If you don't recognize and respect this cutoff point between a boy and a man, you can't understand the meaning of *perversion*.

But if you can't understand the difference between a RELIGIOUS child (X or Y) and the mothers who unite us all (Z), you can't understand GOD. That's a far greater ascension than going from a boy to a man.

How many priests have had sex with nuns, boys and girls? The Catholic Church is paying through the nose because they don't know the deepest meaning to the Creation Story. Because they don't understand that there's a talking serpent in every tree or worm in every apple, they don't understand that Satan is a figment of their imagination. The same is true for the imams and clerics in Islam. *Satan* is just a figment of their sick imagination.

GOD ISN'T struggling against *evil*. Human beings are struggling within themselves. The concept of Heaven and *Hell* is for children who haven't yet reached SPIRITUAL puberty. They aren't awakened to the magnificence of Torah. Without Torah, Christians can't understand the depth of the words of Jesus. Nor can Muslims understand the profundity of the words of Muhammad.

My FATHER GAVE me my father. My struggle with my father didn't mean that I was obliged to obey my father. I'm obliged to learn what that struggle means to me, and to respond accordingly, knowing that my FATHER IS WATCHING and JUDGING my choices.

But because my FATHER ALSO GAVE me my mother, I seek peace, harmony, beauty and love. Because love has left me bruised and aching inside, I now wrestle each night in memory of my mother to understand my FATHER.

Because my parents divorced when I was seven and I was raised by my mother, my mother was also my father. Did that cause me to become gay? Ridiculous! GOD CREATED me gay. My parents had nothing to do with it. GOD GAVE me a unique struggle with HIM. There's nothing you can learn from my struggle that will apply to everyone. You're lucky if anything I tell you about my struggle applies to you!

Having had a mother who was also a father was a tremendous advantage when it came to identifying with Sarai and Sarah. I could see that I was quarrelsome. And I could see that I behaved at times like a Jewish princess. I was difficult to be around.

Having had a mother who was both Jewish through her mother and Catholic through her father was an advantage when it came to identifying with Sarai and Sarah. Now I can also identify as forlorn {Hagar} You don't have to be a Muslim to feel like an oppressed women (Z) in a world of men (Y) and women (X) who treat you badly.

But my mother was also *autistic* in a way that we can all see that Germans are stereotypically a bit twisted. Their *obsession* with order doesn't border insanity. It's way overboard. This is an effort to understand the Passover Seder {order}. This is something my mother never understood about her nationality, culture and the RELIGIOUS bequest she saddled me with.

You don't have to be a male Muslim to identify as a man of GOD {Ishmael}. A female Muslim can be an Ishmael whose mother {Hagar} loves her. Muslims hold no monopoly over GOD CONSCIOUSNESS.

When you come out of your head and into your heart, the characters of Torah become personal. They become fluid and meaningful because you can identify with any or all of them emotionally. This is what brings Torah to life.

Your head is logical. It offers answers that are "0" or "1". But your heart is rational. Your heart can hold opposing emotions with ease. This is why so many people find it difficult to explain how they became soulful.

I'm not sure if I even know all the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. I'm functionally illiterate in Hebrew. I learned it on the streets of Tel Aviv, not in an ulpan ( {Hebrew language school} ). But what difference does it make how well I speak Hebrew if I can understand Torah from my head, heart and soul?

Taking Torah literally (head) is only one of three ways of appreciating the autobiography of Moses. Taking Torah emotionally (heart) opens you up to an appreciation of the magnificence of Moses' creativity in a whole other way.

But taking Torah soulfully opens you up to GOD, not just Moses. It separates you from religion while unifying you with humanity. This has made it possible for me to overcome my *antisemitism/antizionism, racism, homophobia* and *misogyny*. These character defects don't only exist in some. They exist in us all.

What I'm stuck with today are *obsessions* over classifications, categorizations and moral rankings that my mother unconsciously bonded me with. This is my pursuit of my Z factor that continues to awaken me.

Since October 7<sup>th</sup>, the world has learned that there's no difference between *antisemitism* and *antizionism*. GOD GAVE Israel to the Jews. If you try to destroy our country, you're trying to destroy us as a people and each one of us as an Israel unto ourself. That includes gay-Jews, too.

GOD MADE me a White, Jewish gay male. That's given me the challenge to tolerate, accept and admire people who are different than me. I'm not an *antisemite/antizionist*, but I still find it challenging to be with some of my people. I've had to learn to love my religion as a vehicle to loving aam Israel {the heart and soul of every Jew's struggle with GOD}.

I'm not a *racist*. But I've had to use my race to learn to love all the races of humanity. They were all CREATED by GOD. All races end at the same finish line (death).

I'm not a *homophobe*. I'm not going to apologize to GOD for how straight or gay men behave toward me. I have my own sweet memories of making love that were like dreams that came to life. And I pursued a few grim fairy "tails" that I'm ashamed to talk about...

Some behave like *cockroaches*. Some behave like *Carpenter ants*. And some behave like *termites*. I'm going to call it as I see it. I think they're all sexually and RELIGIOUSLY twisted inside.

I'm not a *misogynist*. But I'll never forget the time my mother and I were talking by phone, and she called me a son-of-a-bitch. I told her, "Yes! That's exactly what I am, the son of a bitch!" [She later told me that after she slammed down the phone, she started to laugh. That's a Sarah for you. I'll always be the miracle that magically came into her life.]

I now know that my Z factor unites me with all people. It's a clue from GOD that seeking peace is the only way to get GOD TO LIKE me. But to do so requires a SPIRITUAL education. It requires an understanding of Torah from three places in inner space: my head (Judaism), heart (Christianity) and soul (Islam). And to do that well, I think it's best to include a study of my own navel (Hinduism); genitals (Buddhism) and anus (Taoism).

With these six paths (chakras) explored from within, I'm ready to exit my body through prayer. I'm ready for OFFICE HOURS with the TEACHER every night.

It's 4:30 in the morning. Here is the text message I just sent Mike:

"My father wasn't my FATHER. My father wasn't my dad. My father was my daddy, but not for very long. My father wasn't my pop; we're not Italian. My father was more like my old man.



And even though my old man is dead and yours is dying, my old man is still with me in my head, heart and soul.”

“My boyfriend isn’t my father. He isn’t my daddy. Although he was once Catholic, he isn’t my pop. And I’m not his old man. Words matter because they model the ways in which we relate to people, places and things.”

“Will is like the dad I never had. When Will was a boy, he and his dad did things together. They did things as a family. That’s something that leaves me feeling lonely. I’m so glad GOD BROUGHT someone into my life who’s like a dad to me.”

“But Will is an *atheist*. He believes he’s his own god, the creator of all that he goes through. I know that’s just *conceit*. I know he knows better. But I’m not his teacher. His TEACHER WILL GIVE him the lessons he needs to overcome his *egotistic* self-regard. It’s a common occurrence, especially in men because we all have penis problems.”

“Ephraim is like the child Will and I didn’t have... Ephraim complains that he’s cold at night. He complains when the food doesn’t taste good enough for his European sensibilities. He complains that nobody loves him. Will figured out a way for Ephraim to get to watch the “Interview with the Vampire” series. But now Ephraim is worried about not being able to finish season two before he goes home...”

“Will has become Ephraim’s dad, too... Now Will is saddled with two youngsters to keep happy... Will drives us everywhere we go in Tahoe. He cooks dinner every night for us. He provides entertainment in the form of TV. And because he’s a natural teacher about the world around us, he explains the geography and topography of Tahoe to us. He solves technical issues Ephraim is having with his phone. And he explains business practices in America to Ephraim.”

“And Ephraim listens enthusiastically. (I couldn’t care less...) I’m the son who’s interested in inner “THINGS.” Ephraim is more interested in outer things.”

“Will is the dad who’s been saddled with a kid (me) with special needs. But Will doesn’t have the skills to give me what I need. I’m not the kind of kid he was growing up, so he doesn’t always know what to do for me. What I need are SPIRITUAL answers. What he can give me are external world answers than lead to great comfort. That’s why he’s like a dad to me, Mike.”

“Ephraim is still a kid although he’s 63. Will is like a dad to him, but Will just turned 60. How crazy is that?”

[You can identify as any of the characters in Torah, regardless of your age, gender, race, sexuality or religion. Anyone who tells you differently is playing god.]

I hadn’t finished kvetching {Yiddish: complaining} to Mike:

“Yesterday I suggested that Ephraim contact Michael and offer to take us all (Michael, Jim<sub>2</sub>, Will and me) out to lunch on our way back on Sunday when we pass through Sacramento. I offered to give Ephraim \$50 to cover Will and my lunch.”

“I suggested that Ephraim couch the offer as his desire to thank Michael for having introduced him to Will and me. He and Will didn’t think that was a good idea, so Ephraim didn’t do it. He just casually offered to take Michael and Jim<sub>2</sub> out to lunch on Sunday without a reason.”

“Michael replied that they’re busy, but if we want to stop by, we were welcome to do so. In other words, we could use their home as a pit stop on our way back to San Francisco, but they couldn’t share more time with us than that.”

“Ephraim and I took it as a rejection. Will tried to conceal it with a pragmatic interpretation. He believed that Michael simply had other things to do. Ephraim worried because I saw through Michael’s reply to what I saw as a deeper truth.”

“I hinted to Ephraim that Michael can’t take him as easily as he used to. I added that Michael can’t take anyone anymore. He’s become a kvetch in his old age. (But when it comes to kvetching, I still think Ephraim is king. I’ve become more difficult to be with in older age, too, so I can see why I conclude that Michael now needs more space from everyone.”

“Michael recently lost tens of thousands of dollars to a Columbian who seduced him into investing in crypto currency. The guy pretended to be sexually attracted to Michael, and Michael’s penis overwhelmed his head and heart.”

“So, Michael is bruised. But Ephraim doesn’t see how his boyish ways have becoming annoying in a man over 60. After having been with Ephraim for a week, I can not only see how annoying he is. I can see how annoying my own constant wants must be to Will.”

“We Jews are hard for everyone to be around. *Antisemitism* is real, even if Jews in America don’t want to admit it because it’s based on 3,400 years of lessons from the TEACHER that have MADE us the way we are. But allowing negative feelings about individual Jews to turn into *antizionism* isn’t the way to win the human race.”

[This deeply concerns me about Harris winning the election. But there’s nothing I can do but watch, wait and pray to GOD Trump loses.]

I continued texting Mike:

“I know there’s no excuse for being annoying. I know I can be just as annoying as Ephraim in my own way. So, I tell Will that there’s got to be a special place in Heaven for an angel like him. And then he smiles (or rolls his eyes). He knows it’s true...”

“It’s hard to be a **monster** in a world full of human beings. It’s even harder to be a **monster** among Jews. **Monsters** are needy creatures. Granted, I’m like my father in that I’m doing my best to serve the needs of my special guy (Will). Will serves my needs in wonderful ways. He just can’t stand me talking about SPIRITUALITY. He’s absolutely not interested in Torah.”

“But that doesn’t mean he’s an *antizionist*. It just means that I have to learn how to couch my ideas in secular terminology that he can relate to.”

“I think I understand a little better now why Christians feel that America has destroyed Christmas with the expression, “Happy Holidays.” I’ll bet Orthodox Jews are annoyed with secular Jews who celebrate Hanukkah with a blue Hanukkah bush as though that Jewish holiday is Christmas lite.”

“Hanukkah isn’t just the holiday when we defeated the ancient Greeks about 200 B.C.E. pushing them out of Israel. It’s the holiday in which we celebrate the Jewish children then who loved learning Torah, even though the ancient Greeks had forbidden the ancient Israelis from doing so. The children took out their books to study anyway. But when the Greek soldiers would come near, they’d hide them and play with four-sided spinning tops {Hebrew: *sevivonim*; Yiddish: *dreidels*} to look like other kids. And when the soldiers would leave, the kids would go back to their lessons.” There’s an acronym written on the four sides of the dreidel (NGHP). “Ness gadol haya po.” {A great miracle occurred here.}

“The miracle of Hanukkah isn’t that one candle burned for eight days. It’s that when you ignite a child with learning, the child becomes devoted to the pursuit of knowledge all their life.”

“Will is ignited with knowledge of the outside world, like you, Mike. Ephraim is, too. But Ephraim is still a needy child who constantly cries out, “I want; I want; I want.” He wants good food. He wants things that give him comfort. And he wants great sex with as many men as he can get.”

“I have no problem with his urges. They’re really none of my business. But I can see how Michael feels about Ephraim being greedy for Michael to help him achieve his comforts. Michael

has been serving Ephraim's needs in San Francisco for many years. Granted, Michael used to travel with Ephraim in Europe, too. There, the tables were turned. Michael was the kid, and Ephraim was the dad. And when they went out to the gay bars or baths, it was fun for both of them."

"But age changes everything, Mike. You'll discover that as you get older. Michael had bladder cancer four times in older age. He's always had issues getting an erection. And now he needs to give himself a shot in the penis to get a hard on."

"I have a feeling that Michael isn't able to keep up with the "kid" in Ephraim anymore. And the "kid" doesn't realize that he's becoming a burden. Ephraim may be blue about losing the attention Michael used to give him. Ephraim believes in GOD, but he's become *gluttonous*, *greedy* and *lustful*. His urges are distancing him from GOD and those around him. This is what the serpent in our tree does to every man who doesn't learn to control it."

"When coming from are conscience, we have to look at our thoughts, feelings and urges separately. The more we can weigh our thoughts against our feelings on the scale in our soul, the more we can determine whether our urges are like a thumb on the scale we're using to *cheat* with."

And with that I ended my "homily" to Mike this morning...

The GOD around us (ELOHIM) IS the same as the GOD within us (ADONAI). The GOD around us is many. The GOD within is unique to each of us alone.

"Shama Israel,  
ADONAI ELOHENU,  
ADONAI ECHAD."

{Hear, oh Israel:  
the LORD, our GOD,  
the LORD IS one.}

Being a RELIGIOUS Jew who also happens to be gay is no different than being a RELIGIOUS Christian who also happens to be Korean. There are two words for GOD GIVEN in Torah, ELOHIM (GODS) and ADONAI (my LORD). Moses takes us on his adventure from the GODS around us to the GOD within us. The names for GOD in the external world contradict one another. But the GOD within us is faithful to us from start to finish. What difference does it make if your RELIGION believes in one name for GOD as the Muslims do, two names for GOD as the Jews do or three names for GOD as the Christians do? It's about how you behave, not what you believe.

I say the same thing when I say that life is a SCHOOL, and GOD IS our TEACHER. I believe that everything boils down to carrots and sticks, rewards and punishments. Those students who know this feel rewarded. They may not think of their circumstances as comfortable. But they know in their heart (they feel) that they're rewarded. These are the people who become poetic. They leave the prosaic behind. They become soulful. The GOD within them and the GOD around them become one and the same.

I have OFFICE HOURS with the TEACHER every night. But I figuratively raise my hand in class each day when I have a question. For those of you who are interested in what "OFFICE HOURS" are like, allow me to explain:

Another way of stating the Shema is that the GOD within me CONTROLS my memory of my mother. My mother was a pacifist. She always took the side of those who tried to avoid war. But her bleeding-heart liberal attitude against war was both helping and hindering humanity.

I've had to learn that ADONAI {the GOD within me} IS FORCING me to face the truth about my mother. HE'S FORCING me to face the fact that my Z factor seeks peace on Earth, which, sometimes, can only be achieved with war. This is the essence of a bitter (disappointing) irony.

I loved my mother. But she was wrong about a few things. She was *autistic*, just as we all are. There was plenty of Swiss cheese in her. But there were also many holes...

My *mental illness* is caused by wrestling with ADONAI, who IS FORCING me to face my mother, not my father. My father clearly understood that *evil* must be destroyed. My mother couldn't understand that.

My struggle today is in knowing when to lean right toward my father and when to lean left toward my mother. This is what the upcoming election is about. I want to learn left. I'm going to vote left. But I understand the other side of the argument as well.

The struggle today within the Jewish people is a struggle each of us is having with our mother, not our father. There can be no resolution to this struggle because we'll never get all the Jews on board any issue.

Therefore, there must always be one Jew who represents our cause. You can call him Netanyahu. You can call him Jesus. You can call him ELOHIM, the GOD of us all. It doesn't matter what name you call the unifying factor that will save the world from *Armageddon*. What matters is that GOD IS TEACHING each of us to overcome our *antisemitism/antizionism, racism, homophobia* and *misogyny*.

Imagine you're blind, deaf and dumb (mute). And you don't know what a record is. If I told you that you're a record player and a record is a way of bringing music into your life, you wouldn't understand. The best I could say is that a record is a licorice pizza. Your tongue would tell you what your eyes and ears couldn't perceive. Office hours with the TEACHER is my way of understanding the game of life. ("That deaf, dumb and blind kid sure can play a mean pin ball." ["Tommy": the rock opera from "The Who" was mostly composed by guitarist Pete Townshend. It tells the story of a boy who became a SPIRITUAL leader and messiah.]

I don't have unfinished business with my father because he just didn't have much of an influence in my life. I learned what I didn't learn from him from the first story in Torah. Now, I have unfinished business with my mother. Making peace with her will lead to peace on Earth and peace within. It will unite ADONAI {my LORD} with the ADONAI of some others. That's much more important to me! That's why this book is dedicated to the Orthodox Jewish community who understand the depth of the acronym "YHVVH".

My father saw that I was *greedy* in my late thirties and reprimanded me for it. I'd asked him for money to start a business, but he ridiculed me for not being able to make it on my own. [He'd *stolen* his older children's inheritance out from under them to make a fortune, but he didn't want to fund my business enterprise to help me make a name for myself.] Instead of thanking him (violet) for helping me realize that at my age I had to do it myself, I was resentful (red). Only now can I go to ADONAI to apologize for that.

I can't take my guilt to ELOHIM for two reasons:

1. My father is dead. ELOHIM ISN'T GOING TO BRING him back for me to apologize to my father directly.

2. If I did go to ELOHIM, it would be a sign that I'm looking for an external reward in exchange for my apology.

ADONAI, the GOD within, is the only one I can go to about my character defects that I now have a developed enough conscience to see. This is a private matter between HIM (ADONAI) and me. I don't deserve any material reward for cleaning up my act. And I don't want to give GOD (ELOHIM) the impression that I do.

This was something that weighs on me in my inner world. Having a peaceful relationship with ADONAI is more important to me than anything in my outer world. But if my outer world were to change - if, for example, Will got deathly sick - I'd go to ELOHIM for INTERVENTION.

If I didn't get it, and, GOD FORBID, Will died, I'd feel PUNISHED by GOD. I'd feel that I'd been HIT with one of HIS STICKS. I hope that over time, I'd be able to look back, as I can now do with my father, Larry, Rina and Deborah, to see the part I played in how things worked out for me.

I'm always going to need both ADONAI, the GOD within me who's like my mother, and ELOHIM, the GOD around me who's like my father.

The GOD around me may be male {ELOHIM}. But I'm not insecure about my relationship to HIM. I don't feel guilty about my relationships with men. And nobody can make me. Their fear of male/male love is what's destroying the planet and making people leave their houses of prayer in *disgust* and *disbelief*.

The GOD within me is female {ADONAI}. This is why I tell you to wrestle your mother, not your father. We should know by now that wrestling our father is like wrestling the stranger that left Jacob with a limp.

I think the Republicans, who are like my father, are going to lose this election because Americans know better. The Democrats represent our struggle with our mother. This is where I'm at. I think most Americans are with me on this.

This is also why The Ten COMMANDMENTS aren't ORDERS anymore. They aren't something we're here only to learn to obey in the outer world. They're ways in which we're learning about THINGS that are more important than things.

ELOHIM, the GOD around us has PREPARED us with sticks in the courts and in law enforcement for those who break COMMANDMENTS 6-9 [*murder, cheating, stealing and lying*]. ADONAI, the GOD within, IS PREPARING us by TEACHING us to honor our mother by not *coveting* (COMMANDMENT #10).

If I'm wrong about the outcome of the election, it will be because my mother was a pacifist. The Americans were pacifists in the 1930's. They had to be convinced that the *threat* of *Naziism* rising in Europe was one they were CALLED by GOD to fight. The same is happening today. If I'm wrong, Trump must *bomb* Iran or force them to recognize Israel. That's our only hope. Until that's dealt with, our struggle in this country with *racism, homophobia* and *misogyny* will just have to go on the back burner. And you can be sure that meanwhile, the 1% will continue to steal us blind.

When looked at in this way, the 1% are friends of Israel. *Rats* eat up *termites, cockroaches* and *Carpenter ants*. The *rats* were the *pharaohs* of ancient Egypt that are still at the top of the food chain today. The *slavedrivers* are the rich who work for them. And the rest of us, the poor and middle classes, are the Israelites who have nowhere left to go. If we don't get the *rats* to help us, we're all going to be the victims of *vermin* in the *insect* world.

I call my best friend, Mike, not Mikey. Michael knows Mike and calls him Mikey. But Michael was sexually attracted to Mike, which made Mike feel uncomfortable. That was years ago. But Mike has avoided Michael since.

For Michael, knowledge was his preferred way to separate himself from others. That's what I don't like about teachers. That's the narrow thinking they share with people in the business world who separate themselves from others with money.

Using knowledge or money to raise yourself above others is arrogant. And you can bet that the TEACHER WILL GIVE you a lesson on that until you've learned your lesson. Michael's recent loss of many thousands of dollars in a crypto-currency scheme and bouts with cancer are sticks that he isn't taking to heart. All he sees is that people are taking advantage of him now that he's old and infirm.

We all know that the strong prey upon the weak unless we stop them.

Trump has *threatened* to rid the government of experts and replace them with his cronies. But we need experts on food and drugs in the FDA. We need experts in meteorology in the U.S. Weather Service. The same is true for all government institutions. Trump will use his strong men in government and business to prey upon the weak. This is what the 1% always do. They're *pharaohs* who see us as their workforce. They're *rats* who *infest* the house first, then making it susceptible to *flies* (*thieves*), *cockroaches* (*antizionists*), *Carpenter ants* (*antisemites*) and *termites* (*terrorists*).

I suggested Ephraim thank Michael for introducing him to Will and me by taking us all out to lunch because that would have showed Michael that Ephraim is different from those who are *stealing* from him. For Ephraim to have shown Michael that he appreciates something Michael has done for him that's immaterial might have given Michael hope that his reason for being here on Earth is greater than just serving others' material interests.

Ephraim chose not to do it the way I suggested. Now Ephraim is worried (orange) that he won't have a place to stay in San Francisco next year. Instead of being concerned (orange) about Michael's wellbeing, Ephraim is sad (blue) about Michael getting too old to host him.

Will is a hot head (red). He's constantly crying out for Putin to push the button. It's a joke. But for someone like me who attempted suicide three times, it's not funny. I'm afraid (yellow) that Will is going to get sick and die on me because of his temper. He's in good health, but he only has one lung. It's paramount that he ages with good mental health. I saw many Catholics at Most Holy Redeemer figuratively blow their brains out with strokes, break their heart with heart attacks; and eat themselves up inside with cancer.

I'm concerned (orange) about losing my boyfriend. I'm afraid (yellow). I've talked to him about it. But Will isn't interested in discussing medical matters from a SPIRITUAL perspective. He can't relate to me as his SPIRITUAL advisor. He doesn't buy into any of this.

Being realistic about relationships is a question of being logical (using your head); rational (using your heart); and reasonable (using your soul). Being realistic is far more difficult than it looks.

Understanding the limits of every relationship is key. At this time, I only wish to lower the temperature (red). When Harris wins, Will will be much calmer. Trump has put enormous pressure on America and the world. I imagine that many people are upset (red) without even knowing why. COVID only ratcheted up the pressure.

Biden was an amazing healer. But he's an old-fashioned Catholic who many Jews disagree with. Last night Israel attacked Iran's military sites. But Biden insisted that Israel not end the nuclear *threat* Iran poses. Israel can't do that anyway without America's help. So, the Orthodox

Jews were forced to follow the dictates of our benign, old Catholic leader. I'm sure that was an affront to their pride. Those of us who wave the pride flag (rainbow) aren't imbeciles. We can see what's happening to straight men who bend each other's "noses" out of shape.

Trump and his "Trumpets" seem to think that they can just surround *Jericho* {place of fragrance}, blow their horns, and the walls will simply come tumbling down. I don't see that happening.

First of all, that battle was fought by Joshua<sub>1</sub> {Savior<sub>1</sub>, not Savior<sub>2</sub>.} If the Christians think they can *confound* Joshua<sub>1</sub> and Joshua<sub>2</sub> (Jesus), I don't think they know enough about the power of Judaism or GOD'S PLAN for man.

Secondly, they don't know the difference between using their eyes, ears and nose. This is why they won't be able to believe their eyes if they lose the election by a small margin a few days from now. Unless it's a landslide victory for the Republicans, the Republicans will contest the election six ways to Sunday, and still lose in the courts the way it happened in 2020.

GOD GAVE us a seven-day moral calendar that begins on Sunday and ends on Saturday. Islam celebrates the sixth day, Friday, the day GOD CREATED man (Adam). But the Christians celebrate the day GOD DECIDED TO CREATE the world (Sunday). And most of them don't even know it.

Jews celebrate the day GOD RESTED (Saturday).

GOD (ELOHIM) DOESN'T REST. But GOD (ADONAI) RESTS the day we die. So, we're figuratively only GIVEN seven days of life and then the GOD within us RESTS (We die).

If you don't appreciate the Christian contribution of thanking the FATHER, SON and HOLY SPIRIT (GOD) for having CREATED the universe on the first day (Sunday); the Muslim contribution of thanking ALLAH for having CREATED humanity on the sixth day (Friday); and the Jewish contribution of thanking ADONAI (GOD) for LEADING us from start to finish from within toward the seventh day (Saturday) – then you don't know enough about the SPIRITUAL meaning of time and space.

But I digress. I was telling you why Trump's "Trumpets" aren't going to bring down *Jericho*, the fragrant place we call America.

GOD LEADS some with their eyes, some with their ears and some with their nose. Vayikra {Leviticus} means "they were CALLED." The reason many are called, and few are CHOSEN is either because they didn't hear the call; they didn't obey the call; or they heard the call, but thought it wasn't for them personally.

That CALL has been echoed by rabbis, priests, pastors, parsons, ministers, imams and clerics. They've told us (**monsters**) in no uncertain terms that we're *perverts* who are an affront to GOD. They all say HE HATES us because they claim to have heard the CALL from GOD to take their scripture literally.

But they can't get along with one another. They're hypocrites who call us *perverts*. They're either already *killing* us, or they're planning to make us go back to being second-class citizens without the rights they afford themselves.

We don't just use our eyes and ears. We use our nose. [The nose is a euphemism for the penis or clitoris. It's what stands out as a man moves forward, regardless of whether his penis is in erection, or relaxed. The ancient Greeks used to chop off the noses on their statues before they'd go to war as a way of conveying their wish to castrate their enemies.]

Our nose knows. For us, the path to GOD is like a cloudy, warm summer night. There are no stars that can be seen in the sky. There's no moon. There are no city lights. We're figuratively alone in a MEADOW with ominous trees surrounding us on all sides. It's pitch black. We can't see a

thing. We can't hear a thing. If we get startled by something coming out of the FOREST towards us, we're terrified of what it might be. That's realistic! It's not an exaggeration.

For us, the path to our CREATOR is like jasmine on just such a night. We follow the fragrance using only our nose. We can't believe in the GOD of the Abrahamic faiths. Their names for HIM contradict one another. Yet they've all declared that we're HIS ENEMY.

Therefore, we know it's unlikely that Trump's "Trumpets" are going to tear down the walls of *Jericho*. We believe in what we smell, not what we see or hear. Only we **monsters** have gotten the MEMO. But we got it through our nose. That's why it's been so difficult for us to describe our gay agenda.

You're probably going to scorn what I've just described to you. I don't expect you to believe in something you have to use your imagination to perceive rather than your eyes and ears... [That's why it says in Torah that GOD CREATED man in HIS IMAGINATION)]

What dripping hypocrites some people are. I dedicated this book to the Orthodox Jews because I know that without their support of me and my support of them, the world is going to go to *Hell* in a handbasket (aron).

But I'm trying to be patient with everyone. I'm trying to teach those SPIRITUAL children who want to learn. I'm trying to light their candle. I'm trying to celebrate Hanukkah every day of the year along with Jewish New Year (the birth of Adam) and Yom Kippur (the day of atonement to GOD for how I misunderstood my mother's intentions).

The story of Noah and the ark teaches us that each of us has been GIVEN an ark ("aron"). And each of us is responsible for the animals in it.

In the next story in Genesis, the Tower of Babel {gate of GOD}, there's a gate that lies within us. All the stories about St. Peter at the gate are about man's penis problems. On one side of this gate are the cynical who doubt GOD. On the other are the enthusiastic who want to achieve HIS POWER. Everybody has a good enough imagination to understand that after GOD FLOODED the world and then GAVE us the rainbow, nobody was able to believe HIM anymore. Who can believe a GOD who MAKES mistakes?

We all become cynical the more we grow from a seed to a sprout, to a shoot, to a sapling into a full-grown tree of knowledge.

But what if GOD DIDN'T MAKE a mistake? What if HE JUST SAID it was a mistake to make us reflect more on our own mistakes? What if HE'D TOLD Adam and Eve not to eat from the tree of knowledge KNOWING full well that they'd eventually be tempted to do so?

What if Noah had been a pregnant woman rather than a man? What would have been in the hull of her boat would have been a baby, not a sample representation of all the animals in nature.

Everyone behaves like an animal from time to time by letting their animals off their boat during sex with others who are animalistic, too. And that's fine if you're single. But when you're ready to marry, you're expected to make a promise of fidelity to your partner. And you're expected to keep your word for a lifetime, not just until the sex gets boring and your eyes start to wander. Those who break their word, as Larry did, produce great heartache for themselves and their partner.

I'm not suggesting that divorce isn't sometimes necessary. I'm only stating that the 7<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT should not be taken lightly. It lies between *murder* (#6) and *stealing* (#8). It's no joke!

But because we're only human, some people (especially men) behave badly from time to time, if, for no other reason, just to find out what happens when you break the rules. They badger, bat



their eyes, laugh like a hyena, behave bullishly, parrot others, hound people, etc. Or worse, they *infest* others' houses like *cockroaches*, *Carpenter ants* and *termites*.

It's not GOD who MAKES mistakes. It's us by acting like animals rather than human beings.

One of the mistakes everybody makes is constructing a tower {Babel} to get above the clouds to GOD'S REALM to usurp HIS POWER to make it their own. Those who yearn for this assure themselves that then they won't have to depend on PROMISES from GOD. They can become a god unto themselves.

Some Republicans claim that the Democrats are creating hurricanes to batter the South, while the gays are creating tornadoes to do the same to the Midwest. They also believe that the Jews are using technology in the form of space lasers to set the West on fire. Is the year 2024 or 1024?

Some Republicans believe that we've built towers to "their" Heaven that have given us powers we shouldn't have. They're against science, technology; secular knowledge; and words that can be used with figurative meanings. The only pun they embrace is the "SON" and the "sun." More than that one religious play on words (which only exists in English), they can't handle.

The tower of Babel is a euphemism for man's erections. Orgasm is man's gate to "Heaven." A man builds a tower to his own power every time he's aroused. This is his rocket ship, his vehicle to GOD'S ABODE. This is how every man communicates with GOD ALMIGHTY for a brief moment when earthly delights lead him to a moment of heavenly delight.

The tower of Babel level of awakening should be about achieving emotional orgasms that produce more than comfort {Noah}. It should be an opportunity to give comfort to others through passionate involvement in helping them succeed in the external world. It should be about building a tower to power through a career that helps everyone. It should be a compassionate way to help the world get rich enough for everyone to enjoy a pleasant, secure life.

But we see that the 1% use their towers of power to oppress the masses. They scheme to control the world rather than help the world. They're not yet Abrahamic. They've only come as far as the fourth story of Genesis. Therefore, they're bent on manipulating the Abrahamic to get their way. This is a truth about reality that affects Jews, Christians and Muslims alike. We should be working together to strengthen democracies around the world.

Elan Musk represents a man with a huge, permanent erection. He's more like a wild stallion than a person. He doesn't personify wisdom or love. Nor is he loyal to GOD. Neither is Trump or Putin. These are men who aren't yet SPIRITUALLY educated enough to make their way into the stories of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. They only know how to make money, *steal* money and oppress those with honey.

The 1% are *rats* who've infested everyone's abode. They're like the Bubonic *plague* in Europe. They bring death with them wherever they go. "The love of money is the root of all evil." [1 Timothy 6:10] Those who choose external wealth over internal wealth will die SPIRITUAL paupers, not matter how rich they think they are RELIGIOUSLY. It's time for the 1% to get with the PROGRAM.

Ephraim may have been named after one of the sons of Joseph, but he's just a kid of 63 who's having a hard time growing up. He's immature. He wants mommy and daddy to give him everything his urges call for. Will and I have been doing that for him here in Tahoe. But I now see that he can't differentiate between daddy and DADDY. His idea of GOD is unevolved.

Michael is too old to play daddy to Ephraim any longer. This makes Ephraim frustrated with him. Ephraim doesn't understand what happens to every man with penis problems over time.

Michael is a grumpy, old *atheist*. Life makes no sense to him. The only thing that excites him is mealtime. He's developed such a big belly that he looks pregnant. And poetically, he is. But he's stuck with a pregnant pause. He can't come down from his tower-to-sexual-power to explore the Abrahamic experience of being here with GOD now.

Ephraim believes in GOD. Ephraim knows that life is a SCHOOL. Ephraim knows he's going to graduate someday. He has no illusions about Heaven and *Hell* because he's Jewish.

Ephraim's problem is that he can't make his way from a polygamist to a monogamist. Joseph was the first monogamist in Torah. All those before him had many wives. Ephraim hasn't moved that far into Genesis. And he's certainly no Moses yet on a mission.

Michael knows he's going to die, but Michael doesn't know what that means SPIRITUALLY. Death is going to be a shock for Michael. I suspect it will be a rude awakening...

Ephraim feels guilty every time he realizes that he's still a boy at heart. Michael, on the other hand, gets mad when his immaturity is exposed. Michael doesn't like the idea of being WATCHED CONSTANTLY.

As a gay-Jew who believes in GOD, loves Israel, goes to Tel Aviv for sex and speaks Hebrew haltingly – Ephraim is afraid of GOD. He doesn't like GOD. But he respects Israel. He's not an *antisemite/antizionist*.

Michael sees religion as manmade. He doesn't see man as GOD MADE. But at least Michael has a foundation for his skyscraper that isn't *racist*, *homophobic* or *misogynistic*. Michael is just a horny little *antisemitic/antizionist monster* who *hates* Netanyahu and all that he stands for. Michael's doing the best he can to enjoy his life without having too many worries about what it's all about. He's like **Casper**. He's a friendly **ghost**.

Elan Musk, on the other hand, is a *rat* (member of the 1%) who has no idea that he's hurting, not helping. Donald Trump is a *rat*, too. The difference is that one of them is South African and one is American. The Murdochs are Australian *rats* who are living in England. Although Vladimir Putin is the worst of the 1%, I'm sure he'd welcome them all in with open arms. GOD SAVE us from the externally richest. The poor and middle classes need to get internally richer to protect ourselves from getting stuck in the 1% *rat* race.

And GOD! SAVE us from the *termites* amongst us as well! I just want to live out my life with my beloved **monsters** in San Francisco. San Francisco is my *Jericho*, my fragrant place. Here everyone's nose knows.

I think all questions in Torah should be punctuated as they do in Spanish with an upside-down question mark at the beginning and a question mark at the end (¿?). This will alert you to the need to view questions from two directions.

The first question asked in Torah is, “¿Did GOD REALLY SAY, ‘You must not eat from any tree in the garden?’” [Genesis 3:1] This is the voice of doubt that was iterated by the serpent. It figuratively comes from our talking penis every time it raises its head. It throws doubt on truth in its attempt to get what it wants.

This is how propaganda works. The unsuspecting fall into distrust just by having questions asked of them. [If the Republicans win, it'll be because of the doubts they've sown. The 1% controls the media. Therefore, they control the questions asked.]

The unstated question posed in Torah is whether ADONAI or ELOHIM TOLD Adam and Eve that they mustn't eat from any tree in the garden. The answer is that ELOHIM TOLD Adam he mustn't eat from the tree of knowledge. We don't know how Eve found out about that. ADONAI DIDN'T EXIST until Moses had his confrontation with GOD at the BURNING BUSH.

Until we've developed a conscience sufficiently powerful to appreciate that there's a GOD within (ADONAI) us, all we can learn about is ELOHIM, the GOD around us all.

To understand the different between ELOHIM and ADONAI, you must complete your inner work in Genesis and become a Moses unto yourself facing ADONAI at your BURNING BUSH every day of your life.

Eve's answer to the serpent's cleverly composed question was, "We may eat fruit from the trees in the garden, but GOD DID SAY, 'You must not eat fruit from the tree that is in the middle of the garden, and you must not touch it, or you will die.'" [Genesis 3:2]

What Eve got wrong is that we know GOD SHOWED Adam two trees in the middle of the garden, the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. HE TOLD Adam not to eat from the tree of knowledge. HE DIDN'T TELL him he couldn't touch it. [Genesis 2:15]

The narrator then tells us, "When the woman saw that the fruit of the tree was good for food and pleasing to the eye, and also desirable for gaining wisdom, she took some and ate it. She also gave some to her husband, who was with her, and he ate it. Then the eyes of both of them were opened, and they realized they were naked; so, they sewed fig leaves together and made coverings for themselves." [Genesis 3:6-7]

I don't think this is an accurate description of what they first learned about themselves that they hadn't known before. I think they realized they were "nude," not "naked." In fact, I'll go as far as to say that they suddenly realized they were more than physically nude and emotionally naked. They realized they were transparent before GOD. That's what so profoundly affected them that they covered themselves with leaves to conceal their nudity; hid behind trees to conceal their emotional nakedness; and had to be forced by GOD to admit the true depth of their exposure in having defied him.

The expression "to know someone in the biblical sense of the word" refers to the verb "la-da-at" in Hebrew which is different from the verb "la-akir." To have met someone and know them is "la-kir." To know someone in the biblical sense is "la-da-at." This kind of knowledge is greater than sleeping with someone and knowing them physically. It's greater than knowing where a person's emotional mines are located so you don't accidentally cause them to explode. This is a level of knowledge that's described in the Creation Story of Genesis that may not have been expressed to you until now.

We all know the embarrassment of being nude, the shame of having our character defects revealed and the humiliation of believing that we're transparent in a way before our CREATOR that some people don't experience until they're on their deathbed.

We overcome these three aspects of guilt with modesty, humility and "grace" (chesed: loyalty to GOD).

The child moves through embarrassment with instruction in how to avoid nudity with modesty. The adolescent moves through shame with instruction in how to avoid emotional nakedness with humility. And the adult moves through humiliation with instruction in how to avoid RELIGIOUS exposure with loyalty to GOD.

In these ways each of us is a tree of knowledge of good and *evil* that grows taller in one direction and grows deeper roots in the other. This is referred to in Yiddish (old German) as a "mensch." We really don't have a word for it in English. It means a person with integrity and honor, someone with character, rectitude, dignity, a sense of what's right and decorous.

Once we reread Torah, we can see the progression from ELOHIM to ADONAI. We can see how each of us goes through the process in internalizing guilt. If you only refrain from *evil* because

of external outcomes, you're not an evolved person. The awakening to the GOD within us through the interface with our conscience leads to a BURNING BUSH experience with the GOD around us.

Adam and Eve weren't FORBIDDEN from eating from the tree of life until after they were CONFRONTED by GOD for having eaten from the tree of knowledge. Then they were BANISHED from the GARDEN of Eden {delights}.

BANISHMENT corresponds to disassociation from the metaphor of each of us being a tree of knowledge. Eden corresponds to our soul, an immaterial place within each of us where we can return to GOD'S GRACE through a figurative understanding of our moral (internal) and ethical (external) commitment to move through guilt to wisdom, love and loyalty to life.

Life is a learning experience that will come to an end. What comes next, nobody knows. Don't believe any religious institutions that try to convince you that their dogma is the whole TRUTH and nothing but the TRUTH. None of the Abrahamic faiths are infallible. Make your journey personal.

The Creation story is a metaphor for the formation of the human condition. What we experience in the real (outer) world will always reflect what's going on inside of us. This brings up yin (X) and yang (Y) of Taoism, the two aspects of the whole that we must all contend with.

It's only when we understand the universal importance of "Z" (the feminine side of us that's left a physical scar on our belly) that we can reconcile the unification process that brings each of us to the peace table from a different tradition and a slightly different direction.

Combining all the world traditions will reunite us with the tree of life. This is the secret to redemption, not believing only in Jesus or just in the words of the Prophet Muhammad.

Woman (Z) holds the secret to man (Y). But only the men who aren't physically *beguiled* by sex are capable of seeing this. Like moths to a flame, men seem to get *burned* time and again by the serpent in their tree.

Thank GOD I'm so attracted to my boyfriend that I don't want any other man. My talking penis and his are great companions. Every time the two of them get together for a "chat," it's like they haven't seen each other for years. What a heartfelt reunion!

Mike is my best friend. We laugh and joke about the world around us and the world within. But we'd never get physically intimate. S/he's my sister! S/he's like my princess, and I'm like her queen. It's a totally different relationship.

Ephraim is more like his Biblical parents (Joseph and Aseneth). He supplements everything he does through service and a SPIRIT of generosity (Joseph). And he's high-born and aristocratic (Aseneth).

When Ephraim realized that GOD WAS CALLING him, he went to the rabbis in Berlin, Germany, where they told him he'd have to convert to Judaism, even though his mother and grandmother were Jewish. Ephraim was incensed but obeyed their wishes. I suggested that perhaps having been given the name Ephraim, the rabbis wanted to be certain that he was SPIRITUALLY Jewish since the sons of Joseph didn't have a Jewish mother but were "adopted" by Israel (Jacob) on his deathbed.

Tonight is the last night of our seven-day vacation. Tomorrow, we drive back to San Francisco. I've learned so much being with this *crazy*, European gay-Jew for a week. Ephraim is *vain*. He's *conceited*. And he complains about almost everything.

But I love him. He reminds me of the Jewish ladies in the restaurant. The waiter comes up to them at the end of the meal and asks, "Was anything OK, ladies?"

If Ephraim is any indication how Americans feel, Trump is going to win. Americans aren't interested in why things are bad. The Democrats are too realistic to make promises they may not be able to keep. They prefer to run on their record. The Republicans aren't constrained by their promises.

Food is something that worries Ephraim. He wants to eat healthily. But his dietary concerns, like everything else in his life, he makes into issues for others. Tonight, we went to a restaurant for dinner. (Will had made marvelous dinners every night this week.) I suggested that Ephraim and I treat Will for dinner in appreciation of all that Will's done for us this week. Neither Ephraim nor I could have made this vacation as enchanting as it's been. Will was the magician who pulled rabbits out of his hat all day, every day. Although Ephraim was appreciative, I didn't feel it was sufficient.

Will chose a Thai restaurant, but Ephraim expressed concern over MSG. Will assured him that wasn't a problem anymore, but Ephraim is too anxious by nature to believe anyone about anything.

The place was full and had a nice décor. I asked Will to choose something I'd like for me. He knows my taste. Ephraim struggled with the menu. He didn't seem to know much about curries and couldn't find beer on the menu. He likes to have a beer with his lunch and dinner. So, Will helped him sort all that out.

As I sat there watching, an amusing thought came over me that Will was like Ephraim's dad, and I was like his mom. Dad was very patient with our son. Dad was thrilled to go out for dinner with the family. Every aspect of helping the two of us seemed to please him.

But I (Mom) sat across from the two of them having to listen to our kid complain. I concluded that despite everything I taught him, he's turned into a hot mess. I don't know what, as parents, we're supposed to do about it now. He is, after all, 63. It seems a little late for us to have any lasting influence over him anymore...

Will's father died suddenly of bladder cancer at the age of 62. His father had been devoted to Will, especially since Will was so sick as a child. Growing up in a small town (Eureka, CA), Will's dad took his wife and kids camping every summer. (Will has a younger brother.) When the kids were older, their dad took them all fishing in Washington State in the San Juan islands. I got the impression that they lived a "Leave It To Beaver" life with Will as Wally and his younger brother as the Beaver. After Will grew up and left home, he and his parents became avid golf buddies. The three of them joined a club and would meet for a round of golf every week.

Over the course of a week at Tahoe, Will and I seem to have become the surrogate parents to an aging gay-Jew from Germany who turns out to be a handful (Beaver)! He certainly likes "Dad," more than "Mom." I keep calling him out on his behavior. But "Dad" just takes him as he is...

Ephraim has a sister, but their mother had gotten pregnant from two different men. Both left her when they found out she was having their baby. She couldn't manage two children on her own, so she had to put Ephraim in foster care for a few years.

Like Ephraim, I had no father growing up. Our mothers were, coincidentally, both German. So, we share that, along with our religion and sexual identity. Will inherited his dad's virtue of loving kids. But Ephraim and I have terrible memories of childhood.

Will serves my needs as both my husband and my dad. It's a joy to finally experience American family life with him after my *Holocaust* surviving parents were so difficult for me to understand. My homelife remained oddly European, even after my parents divorced. Growing up, TV was where I learned what home life in America was supposed to look like. Maybe that's why "Modern Family" became so dear to my heart. It helped me heal a little more.

That night in the restaurant, I had to smile as I watched Ward help Beaver decide what to have, while I (June) watched critically what was happening. We're a family of Cleavers... After Will

ordered for the two of us, the waitress looked over at Ephraim. But I quickly interjected, telling her to take a deep breath. I even suggested she sit down before she took his order...

For a German-Jew who had no father growing up, Ephraim has had an American experience of family this week that he won't soon forget. Will and I are what family in America looks like today. Sometimes, you can't tell who's the kid and who's the mom or dad... But it's a 1950's sitcom either way...

Me to Mike in a text message: "News flash: If you chose Andrew because he was like your father, then you must be like your mother..."

Mike: "Haha. I've always been like my German mother in a thousand ways. I've known that most of my life. My overly good, sensitive heart comes from her."

Me: "I wouldn't worry about her. Her father is probably a religious *sadist* like her husband. She's a religious *masochist* who wanted a man she could call "Daddy." Now that her father and husband have one foot in the grave and the other one on a banana peel, I think she's going to be GIVEN the opportunity to look more closely at how she bends to the will of the religious men in her life. Women nowadays have millions of new, healthy ways to get out of the man trap. I hope you don't make it harder on her by telling her what to do."

Mike: "Yes. Thank you. I understand. I'm meeting a new guy tonight for dinner and a bookstore, and maybe my place afterwards. He's a 33-year-old South Korean who grew up in Minneapolis."

Me: "Cool! Hope you have fun. Be sure he isn't a religious *sadist*, or you may become infatuated with him like you were with Andrew... You know how both America and Korea have been divided. In America, the religious *sadists* are in the South. The *sadists* in Korea are all in the North. And Seoul lies only a few miles from the border."

Mike: "He's a very shy introverted guy who has never been in a relationship. He's an architectural designer. Says he doesn't have any gay friends here. Most likely not close to being a *sadist*."

Me: "Whew! Looks like you've dodged a bullet. Sounds like he's going to fall in love with you... If life is a SCHOOL and each person who comes into our life is a good book, then this is going to be interesting. I hope you write a book report on this good book that the author of it will appreciate."

Every one of us is like a skyscraper. Our parents or guardians RELIGIOUSLY dug into us when we were kids just as construction workers dig down into the ground to create the foundation of a building. To construct a human being, you must begin by going down before you go up. If the foundation isn't made secure, you get a leaning tower of Pisa (Italy) or a Millenium Tower (San Francisco). "House built on a weak foundation will not stand, oh no. Story's told through all creation, will not stand." ["Hosanna" {"save now" or "praise"} sung by Harry Belafonte in 1956.]

Some people swear their parents are saints; they can do no wrong. Some say they were devils/*devils* who could do no right. And some see their parents as construction workers who dutifully built their foundation for them before they added one story above the other. Every child looks back on their upbringing to decide for themselves whether their skyscraper is standing tall or leaning.

Most people's foundations aren't secure enough, if you ask me. They need SPIRITUAL reinforcement. But that usually has to come from the outside later in life. This is why our

classmates in the SCHOOL of life are so important to our SPIRITUAL education and why I find it necessary to spend my life in close communication with the TEACHER.

Everyone's foundation is surrounded by adama {earth}. This is what Moses omitted to mention. This is what needed to be stated first. He must have thought that was self-understood. The marriage of every Adam (A) begins with his relationship to adama (Z). His relationship to life {Chava: Eve} comes after that.

When we look at our relationship to the Earth, we can see that we're all in jeopardy. Our foundation to our environment is deeply askew. This is everyone's problem, not just a problem for the business class or politicians.

This is also a problem that Israel must solve because not only the foundation of every Jew is askew, and by extension, the foundation of every Israel. Every land of milk (love) and honey (wisdom) is askew, too. The whole world is wonky. And we aren't going to fix anything unless we all work together with the TEACHER.

Until all human beings see themselves as Israelis (struggles with GOD), there will be no peace on Earth. Until every individual sees him or herself as like a skyscraper made up of many stories held in place by a firm foundation, lives will come crashing down like Towers of Babel one upon another.

Reality is the ground floor of every skyscraper. What you see from each floor above that is a condescending perspective caused by *vanity* and *conceit*. The higher the skyscraper, the less others trust the perspective the person has on life. Americans are anti-intellectual. They love to excel in science and technology. But modesty, humility and grace are equally important to them. This also worries me about the outcome of the election. I'm afraid Americans may choose religious fools (Republicans) over "humble" *atheists* (Democrats).

When the Creation Story is misunderstood as an external experience that literally happened in a garden somewhere here on Earth, the rest of Torah becomes impossible to take to heart.

Moses gave us his life story couched in metaphor! But it was so brilliantly composed like a song with melody (love) and lyrics (wisdom) that it must have been INSPIRED by GOD.

The misunderstanding of his magnificent main metaphor led to later misunderstands of Jesus' symbols and Muhammad's similes. There was no fallen *angel* who resisted GOD and was relegated to a dark place, far from Heaven, where he schemes to this day with his cohorts to usurp GOD and HIS KINGDOM.

The place where Satan/*Satan* lives is in the foundation of your building. He's a voice inside you that's trying to tell you about the mistakes your parents made decades ago that have caused all the cracks in your walls. Marbles are rolling around on your floors because you're bent out of shape and sinking. Don't *kill* the messenger. Neither Satan/*Satan* nor I am responsible for your poor SPIRITUAL construction.

It's not your parents' problem anymore, either. This is a problem GIVEN to you by GOD to fix. But if you don't know the basics about SPIRITUAL construction, you're going to make a mess of it.

If you believe that Adam and Eve were brought together in a marriage between a man (Y) and a woman (X), you're right. That's a description of the union between your parents that created you. But you're not your parents. You're a marriage of the thoughts in your head (Adam) and feelings in your heart (Eve). And if you two divorce, as I did with *mental illness*, you'll suffer greatly.

Those two inner forces (thoughts and feelings) were susceptible to a third inner voice in childhood: your wants. But when you reached puberty, those wants turned into desires. And that's

when all hell broke loose inside of you. That's when you unconsciously may have concluded that you were more like the leaning tower of Piza than the Empire State Building.

*Terrorists* tore down the World Trade Center because they saw that those skyscrapers looked like the parents of all the other skyscrapers in New York City. That's why we become so enraged and protective at what some people would do to good people like us. That's why we started a war in Afghanistan that we couldn't extricate ourselves from for 20 years. Thanks to Biden, we realized that we couldn't *eradicate* those *termites* and build the Muslims there a whole new house.

9/11 marked the attack on every American's SPIRITUAL parents. 10/7 marked the attack on every Israeli's SPIRITUAL sister. If you think Afghanistan looks bad today, Gaza will look far worse before it gets better unless we come up with a fresh plan.

Protecting Dina {divine judgment and righteousness} comes from Torah. Muslims must realize what Islamic *terrorists* have done and make amends before GOD and man for their *evil* deeds. Islam cannot turn the whole world into a Muslim caliphate. But Christianity cannot turn the whole world into a Christian kingdom, either.

A new plan is needed for Lebanon as well. It must be divided into Christian and Islamic states. It's time for Iran to get the MEMO. There's only one GOD. HE'S everyone's TEACHER. We're all students in HIS SCHOOL.

We're all here to learn how to make peace from the inside out. But we can't make peace so long as there are *antisemites* on the right of the political spectrum and *antizionists* on the left. The way to change that is to *eradicate* the *racism*, *homophobia* and *misogyny* within us. That will strengthen the conscience of every human being, which will then strengthen world respect for Jews: gay and straight, Black and White, male and female, in Israel and everywhere else.

The Muslims must trade some of their land for peace with the Jews and Christians. Gaza must be traded for the West Bank to create a Palestinian state. And Lebanon must be divided into Christian and Muslim states with the Christian state bordering Israel. In this way, the Abrahamic faiths will make peace between Ishmael and Isaac before the same GOD who CREATED us all.

If Iran doesn't want to join us, the next President of the United States will just have to *bomb* their nuclear and military sites. That will *kill* very few Iranians. If the *termites* running Iran still refuse to recognize Israel and the sale of Muslim land to the Jews and Christians, then we'll just have to "fumigate."

Each of us is constructed like a skyscraper. Each of us needs a firm foundation.

Each of us was PLANTED here like a seed buried in the ground (adama). Each of us is an Adam (A) in a union with adama (Z).

Without language, we're lost. The Tower of Babel destroys the hope in world peace when we start babbling in adolescence about our desires, which are so different from our wants. But we can reunite the world by honoring GOD'S PLAN for a world through the unification of the world's major scriptures as metaphors GIVEN by GOD to us internally.

Each of us was once a seed (newborn) that broke out of its shell (mother). We grew up through the rock of reality (childhood) into the light (adulthood) in search of GOD'S KINGDOM here on Earth. We were a sprout (child) that grew leaves (modesty). We became a sapling (adolescent) when we flowered (reached orgasm) for the first time. And we've continued to grow up by fruiting (believing in GOD) in an ORCHARD of wondrous experiences over our lifetime.

There's no need to fear FORESTS. We're all becoming responsible stewards of the land within us and the land around us. We can get everyone out of the FOREST and into a figurative MEADOW of their own. We all have trouble sometimes because we can't see the FOREST for the



trees. You're a tree. Some can see you. You're in a FOREST. Some can save you. We all have an important part to play.

GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, LOVE and LOYALTY to life WANTS TO TEACH us the profundity of HIS INTENTIONS. But there are so few pupils who really want to learn and so many bozos at the back of the room making it miserable for those of us who've chosen to sit close to the board and far from the bored.

The TEACHER CONTACTS me each night in my dreams. I reflect on them before I get out of bed in the morning. I come to class each day having done my homework in improving myself from the day before. And then I go to class with my boyfriend, our friends and the strangers we encounter. Everyone's a good book. Those who tear out pages of others' books can be stopped if they're educated SPIRITUALLY about what they're doing. This is what prison should be for.

Don't judge a book by the cover. Respect books, even those you're not interested in reading because they're of a sexual nature. Sex doesn't *kill*. Violence mixed with ignorance *kills*.

In class each day, I ask question of the TEACHER while engaged with the other students. Talking to GOD during the course of the day is something everyone should do. But that can only happen if you're aware that what's happening around you is a lesson for you personally that you should be taking to heart.

News, weather and sports always come down to how things will affect you, personally. Everything relates to your destiny or fate if you're in class, and not out on the quad shootin' the breeze.

"In the beginning" the INSEMINATION of the Earth with human life was modestly avoided by Moses. The pleasure GOD GOT in CREATING human life isn't for us to question. That happened on the 6<sup>th</sup> day, the Friday Muslims celebrate. But on the 7<sup>th</sup> day, GOD RESTED. Thank GOD, HE DIDN'T LIGHT a cigarette after infusing us with life... Such a *disgusting* habit...! (I know. I smoked two packs a day for years!)

On the 8<sup>th</sup> day of life, every Jewish boy signs on to our contract with GOD (ELOHIM). We lose a little ink (blood) in the process, but it's worth it. After that, it's all about his parents creating a foundation for a skyscraper that will rise up higher than the Tower of Babel that GOD HAD TO DESTROY. We don't want people babbling nonsense about sex or rock-n-roll. We want people to speak clearly about what they're here to do and how we can work together to help everyone achieve their dreams and avoid their nightmares.

Although it's difficult to convince the Orthodox Jews that the creation story is a metaphor, I believe it can be done. Once they understand how Torah teaches us how to control the forces of the world within us through the development of a personal relationship with ADONAI (YHVH), there won't be a force on Earth that we won't be able to master. Time and space will be like putty in our hands.

It isn't easy becoming like GOD, as the serpent instructed Eve to do. Every Adam and Eve will have to produce the next dor {generation}: Cain {spear} and Abel {breath}. After that comes a Noah and then a tower of Babel that GOD WILL UNDERMINE if its foundation is weak. Only then will every Abram (exalted father) on Earth find his Sarai (quarrelsome) inner partner; his Hagar (forlorn) inner playmate; and his Sarah (princess). It's a PROCESS.

My parents came to this country and named me after a television news reporter whose name was Barry. “Barry” is Irish for “spear.” My Hebrew name is Baruch {BLESSED}. I think of my first name as the aspect of me that represents the Israelites.

My middle name, Emanuel, doesn’t mean “GOD with us.” It means “us with GOD.” Jesus was also called “Emanuel.” Everyone wants to be with GOD. We instinctively know that GOD ISN’T with us. We have to follow HIM. We can’t tell HIM to follow us.

I think of my middle name as the aspect of me that represents the Levites, the servants of the temple. My body is my temple. The GOD within me is Emanuel.

My last name, Zeve, is a ray of light. But a “zeve” is different from a “keren” in Hebrew. A “karen” is the ray of light you see coming down from between the clouds. A “zeve” is a ray of inner light.

I think of my last name as the aspect of me that represents the Kohanim, the priests. And I think of *mental illness* as the struggle I’ve had with GOD to unify my three names into one Jew. That struggle is ongoing. I don’t consider myself normal. But I’m always learning how to manage my condition better.

If you don’t know the meaning of your own name, you don’t yet know enough about yourself. If you think you’ve already mastered self-intimacy because you hold secrets from others, you’re sitting at the top of an iceberg looking down on an ocean of emotions that you haven’t yet dived down into. There’s more to you than meets the eye. You’ll need to develop an inner eye before you float further toward your equatorial center and melt.

Fox, and all the other media outlets have sane-washed Trump because they’re all owned by the 1%. What wasn’t stated in this election is that Americans are deeply religious and care about the future of Israel. Like immigration, religion in America is broken. But marriage equality can fix religion. It’s time for Democrats and Republicans to start working together as students in GOD’S SCHOOL. Neither is all right or all wrong. Don’t listen to the *cockroaches* or *Carpenter ants*. Stay near the center of the political spectrum.

Nobody wants the 1% feeding us the questions they approve of anymore. Our worry about the cost of eggs and gasoline is distracting us from the ways in which we’re being *cheated* by the Fortune 500 companies, especially the oil and drug companies. And using abortion as a way to wedge men against women - South against North - *sadists* against *masochists* - goes against telling the truth.

The Orthodox Jews are correct in having determined that a human being doesn’t become a person in GOD’S EYES until they’re born and see the light of day. What’s going on inside a woman before she gives birth is a personal unification with GOD in the creation of life. If women don’t appreciate that SPIRITUAL PROCESS, it’s not for men to punish them for it. Those women are suffering enough. They need to be helped, not hindered.

The Orthodox Jews have also determined that every Jewish man is a Jacob. GOD CHANGED Jacob’s name to Israel. Every male Jew was once the personification of Israel. But today every Jew, male and female, wrestles GOD. Therefore, today every Jew, regardless of their race, sexual orientation or gender is the personification of Israel.

If Christians and Muslims want to wrestle GOD, too, they’re going to have to support wisdom before love, and love before loyalty. This is the way in which GOD MADE each of us. The head is the highest chakra of the body, unless you’ve got yours up your ass...

If you’ve met Jews you don’t like, welcome to the club... I find it difficult to be among my people, too. Too many Jews are more *obsessed* with external issues like money, not realizing that

our TEACHER REWARDS us from the inside out for all that we accomplish. Inner wealth can't be measured in dollars. It can only be measured in sense (cents).

I'm back at home in San Francisco. We dropped Ephraim off at Michael's apartment. I've had my first night's sleep in my own bed. It's 8:30 in the morning on Monday, October 28<sup>th</sup>. It wasn't easy being with a gay-German-Jew for a week. When it comes to dishing out sainthoods, save one for me!... I see myself as an angel disclosed, not disguised. I don't mind telling people what I do right because I don't mind telling them what I do wrong.

I sent Ephraim a WhatsApp text this morning:

Me: "Good morning, "my dear." (Ephraim ends every sentence with "my dear.") Hope you slept well. (He complained every night in Tahoe that I got up in the middle of the night and made noise.) I didn't get up until 6:00 am today! I've already written a few pages of my latest book and had breakfast. Tschüss!"

Ephraim: "Good morning, my dear. I just woke up. I slept 10 hours!"

Me: "I'm not surprised. Everyone who spends time in my company leaves exhausted! Will has a terrible headache today. America was all set to invade Normandy, but s/he had a headache, so we'll save saving Europe another day... [Sex is like war. But gay men stop the analogy with orgasm. We don't want to *kill* our brothers. We only want to dominate and control them in bed. We figuratively colonize. Straight men do so literally.]

Every time Will is the least bit under the weather, I worry that he's dying. I'm like Jacob. He's like my favorite son, Joseph. When Jacob's ten sons with Leah decided to *kill* Joseph, but then sold him into *slavery* instead, they brought back the coat of many colors their father had given him dripping in pigs blood to prove that Joseph was dead.

It's very worrisome when you care deeply for another person. The thought of losing them becomes more painful than your own death could ever be. This is what love does to you.

Will had one lung removed when he was six. It was deformed and malfunctioning. He caught pneumonia easily in childhood and would spend a week twice each year in an oxygen tent in the hospital to deal with his asthma and allergies. So, it's little wonder I'm so concerned about his health.

He, on the other hand, was told by his mother not to make the whole family suffer whenever he's sick. So, he always keeps his aches and pains to himself.

I love him for not making me worry. Ephraim complained about every little thing that annoyed him all week. I'm not used to being around someone like that. Will has spoiled me. I can't imagine my life without Will. But he hasn't gone to the doctor once in all the 14 years we've been together. I'm afraid of him martyring himself (and me!).

In Torah, when, in old age, Jacob discovered that Joseph was alive and well and living in ancient Egypt, Jacob must have felt that a miracle had been BESTOWED on him personally. On his deathbed, Jacob revealed his blessings on his sons. You can read through his mixed blessings for his other sons as he described Joseph as "the Shepherd, the Rock of Israel." [Genesis 49]

I can see naming your son after one of the sons of Joseph (Ephraim or Manasseh). But the sons of Leah received mixed blessings from their father, Jacob, because of their *jealousy* (container) and *envy* (contents) of Joseph. All Jews suffer suffering with the name of Leah's fourth son, Judah. [We Jews are named after "Judah" whose name comes from the verb "thankful." Judah made two horrible mistakes in life. But he was thankful that GOD ALLOWED him to repent.]

It's not enough to be thankful. Granted, it's important to be thankful to others. But you must also appreciate (raise in value) yourself. Only then can you be grateful to GOD. Just being thankful to GOD isn't enough. In fact, it's insulting. That's far too casual a relationship with our CREATOR.

Jeff Bezos has refused to allow the Washington Post to endorse Kamala Harris. I later found out that Trump met up with the upper echelon of Blue Origin, the American aerospace manufacturer and launch service provider founded by Bezos, days before. Elan Musk is now working with Putin. I swear the 1% are doing everything they can to destroy democracy. They're *pharaohs* who see us as their Israelite *slaves*. All they care about is power over us. We're just a workforce to them. We're not people CREATED by GOD.

It took one Moses and ten *plagues* to free the Israelites then. It's going to take millions of Moseses to free billions of Israelites today. It's no wonder we're suffering from more *plagues* today: *rats, flies, cockroaches, Carpenter ants and termites*.

The 12 tribes of Israel are roughly named after the 12 sons of Jacob whose name GOD CHANGED to Israel. But when the Israelites got to Israel, the tribes of Reuben, Gad, and the half-tribe of Manasseh had already staked out their claim. They chose to settle east of the Jordan River. They didn't want to live in the land GOD PROMISED us, although they agreed to fight for it, just as Jews in the Diaspora do today. [Numbers 32:1]

Today's "Trumpets" are the personification of the musical instruments carried by the Israelites who, under the leadership of Joshua<sup>1</sup>, tore down the walls of *Jericho* with their blasts. They're recreating a battle that has been won many times before. History repeats itself because it's HIS STORY. Those who don't see that think that their scripture is the only one that counts.

Moses brought the Israelites across the Red Sea with a miracle from GOD. That's what Kamala Harris and the Democratic Party have recreated. She's promising to bring many more *slaves* out of the Egypt of economic oppression. What Trump is doing resembles what Joshua did by building a dam upstream on the Jordan River. The Republicans see Trump as a miracle worker who's going to turn America from Canaan into another holy land, this time under Joshua<sup>2</sup> (Jesus). This election is going to be interesting, to say the least.

Israel is real. It was recreated after 2,000 years of GOD HAVING FORCED us to wander in the desert (world) to redeem our name. Israel will never again be conquered. But the forces of goodness in America must discover how they're assisting everyone's struggle with GOD, not just the Jews. This is why a secular education is not enough. People need to understand that religion was CREATED by GOD, not man. Just siding with *atheists* isn't wise. They're not well enough educated in cynicism to know what they're doing to themselves.

Israel should exchange the West Bank for Gaza; one holy land for one holey land. Give the settlers in the West Bank beachfront property and farms in Gaza. And give a piece of Israel to the Palestinians in exchange for recognition of Israel. But if that happens without marriage equality in both countries, it'll all fall apart. Overcoming *racism, homophobia* and *misogyny* are wrapped up in the concept of marriage equality.

I'd like to be a fly on the wall when Kamala Harris and Claudia Sheinbaum, the new Jewish President of Mexico, discuss men generally, and drug lords specifically. I'd love for them to agree

to send all the drug *criminals* in both our countries to China in exchange for those Chinese who've been locked up there for being politically undesirable. How's that for a deterrent against *crime*?

Drug lords are *flies*. They don't belong indoors. Wealthy *thieves* aspire to become *rats* (members of the 1%). They don't belong indoors either.

*Rats, flies, cockroaches, Carpenter ants* and *termites* belong out in nature. They have no place being considered a part of human nature. They're bastards of Mother Nature. *Drug dealers, thieves, antizionists, antisemites* and Muslim *terrorist* all belong in Iran, Russia, China or North Korea. Let's make a deal to trade them for good men and women in prisons there. That will rid us of the *rat infestation* we're *plagued* with, too.

Beelzebub is another name for Satan/*Satan*. It's a bastardization of Hebrew: baal-zevuv {lord over flies). The concept is a dripping sarcasm on the very idea of an angel powerful enough to defy GOD. At most, GOD WOULD HAVE MADE him a lord over flies. I consider drug dealers *flies*. All *bugs* leave me with a creepy feeling. They're the RELIGIOUSLY tiniest of *vermin*. Add *flies* (drug dealers) to the list of *cockroaches* (antizionists), *Carpenter ants* (antisemites) and *termites* (Muslim *terrorists*) that need to be *irradiated*.

Note that the *rats (thieves)* are eating all the *bugs* that make life miserable for the rest of us. We need the *rats* to keep down the *insect* populations. We can't do it. We're afraid of insufficiency, lack, deficiencies, absences, shortages, scarcity and paucity. The *rats* are not. This separates us from them. We need them.

What we don't need are the plague of *cockroaches* (antizionists), *Carpenter ants* (antisemites) and *termites* (Muslim *terrorists*) we've have today. What were only *locust* (strangers) in the past are now much more sophisticated types today. But we're more sophisticated, too. We should be able to tell the difference between strangers who will help us and strangers who will hurt us.

You can probably already see that a Moses is no longer a Joseph. A Joseph is no longer a Jacob. A Jacob is no longer an Isaac. An Isaac is no longer an Abraham or Abram. As you look down the tree of life from your lofty nest high in the branches, you should see yourself as like a bird. You should see that at the root of it all, we're all a lot more than just the combination of an Adam (Y) and Eve (X).

When you look at Torah as a cookbook, you begin to see it as a recipe for a meal fit for a KING. If you don't – if you take it literally – it comes a recipe for disaster.

So, now let's talk about your parents as the Amram and Jochebed in your life. Let's look at you as someone who's writing your autobiography. And your penis or clitoris is your pen.

You're nobody's savior but your own. You're just a man or woman CHOSEN by GOD to go on a mission. And nobody, but you, knows what that mission is. You probably don't yet even know.

My mission is marriage equality. The word "aron" is the mysterious Hebrew word that defines my struggle with GOD. For you it may be the word, "amen."

"Amen" comes from the verb "la-amin." It loosely translates as "I believe."

I had a neighbor named "Amin." I've been living in this condo building for the past 20 years, since it was sold as a tenancy in common. Amin bought his apartment a few years go.

Amin is a Muslim. I thought his name was the Arabic word for "amen." It turned out his family is from Iran. His name is Arabic, but it means, "devoted, honest, straightforward, trustworthy, believable, loyal, faithful and obedient."

*Amin* has since bought a house up the street, but he still owns his apartment and rents it out. But when he was still living here, I had a flood. It was caused by a handyman I called because of a blockage in my sink. The guy didn't know what he was doing and tried to push through the blockage with water pressure. It backfired. It wasn't a bad flood. It didn't do any serious *damage*.

But I had to call a professional plumber, who discovered that a portion of pipe had been replaced with galvanized steel piping that had corroded badly, causing a blockage between my apartment and the apartment above mine.

It cost the building about \$1,500 to replace that piece of pipe. But *Amin* didn't believe me when I told him the problem wasn't in my apartment alone. He thought I was *cheating* the building and should have paid for the work myself. I later showed the pipe the plumber left us to another neighbor in our building, a retired cop and building contractor. He was a witness that I hadn't *cheated* anyone. But *Amin* never bothered to talk to the plumber or look at the evidence.

*Amin* has since made amends for having tried to tarnish my reputation. He didn't do so directly. But GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, brought rats into our causeway. They got in through a vine growing up between our building and the house next door. *Amin* came over with a tree saw, cut through the vine and removed it. In doing so, he proved to me that he's devoted, honest, straightforward, trustworthy, believable, loyal, faithful and obedient by helping his former neighbors when we were in a pinch. GOD WERKS in mysterious ways, Iran!

Imagine you're a Moses who *killed* a *slavedriver*. But imagine the *slavedriver* was you. You forced yourself to work under inhumane conditions for a *pharaoh* who couldn't care less about your wellbeing. A part of you sees yourself as a prince in the eyes of *pharaoh*. But another part of you sees yourself as a *slave* to a system that's grossly unfair.

Imagine you ran away from yourself at the age of 40 in *denial* of your inner *trauma*, and you only looked back 40 years later, at the age of 80. It was only then that you had a BURNING BUSH experience. Only then did a BUSH suddenly appear inside you that was on fire. It spoke to you. It told you to go back and face the Egypt you'd run away from. This BUSH is your conscience. It's a sign from GOD.

Imagine you then told the *pharaoh* inside you to let yourself go! And imagine that that your *pharaoh* was ambivalent to your pleas. Imagine that it wasn't until your most precious, firstborn inner son died a tragic death (as happened to *Pharaoh* in Torah) that you realized you had to let the 600,000 Jewish voices within go free. You couldn't stand seeing them suffer any longer.

You can't protect the most precious person in your life from GOD. I don't care how much money you have. I don't care how good you think you are. Therefore, werk with GOD to help everyone, not just your cronies. You'll pay a horrible price if you don't treat the needy wisely.

I just happened to get a text from Mike:

"Everyone I know is voting early here. So, I joined them today in doing in-person-early voting!"

Me: "Congratulations! What a wonderful experience! You acted on your thoughts, feelings and beliefs to help our country heal. You said to yourself, 'Let my people go!' You did the best you could do, given that the 1% (*pharaohs*) want to do everything in their power to keep you toiling for them like a *slave*. You're recreating the Exodus in a new day and age. You're a Moses unto yourself, setting yourself free, thereby helping us all do the same."

Mike: “Woohoo! Thank you! Feels great. Feeling more at home every day here in Minneapolis. I also had an amazing time last night with Nick the Korean-American. We will be seeing each other often it sounds like.”

Me: “Good for you both!”

The West Bank needs to be turned into a SPIRITUAL school, not a military outpost. Israel needs to be turned into think tank. The Muslims need to heal themselves from within with GOD’S HELP. And the Jews in the Diaspora need to continue to help heal the planet with scientific and technological progress. Israel won’t survive if the planet can’t sustain human life.

The Palestinians have a lot to learn about the relationship between *antisemitism* and *antizionism*. Just look at the Islamic world they live in within themselves. It’s filled with *racism*, *homophobia* and *misogyny*. The racism in Africa by Muslim *terrorists* is appalling. The *homophobia* of Muslims worldwide is *disgusting*. And the practice in some places of hiding Muslim women’s faces behind veils is *demeaning*.

The answers to Muslim *prejudices* lie in Torah and the red words of Jesus. Muslims won’t find enough respect for human beings in the Quran. Loyalty to GOD requires wisdom and love. There’s no way around it. A few years ago, I wrote a 7-volume, 4,200-page series on the 114 similes for GOD found in the Quran. I recommend it to those who think about loyalty as a GIFT from GOD.

If well-educated Muslims want to help Jews and Christians on finding a substitute for oil to solve the world’s energy problems, so much the better! The Middle East needs to find another source of revenue. May I suggest solar energy that can be contained and shipped abroad in batteries or over wires.

If Palestinians would devote themselves to correcting the RELIGIOUS mistakes made by all Muslims, the West Bank would become a Muslim holy land on a part of the land GIVEN by GOD to the Jews. It would become a SACRED SPIRITUAL school outside Jerusalem. It would become an extension of the Al-Aqsa Mosque on the Temple Mount that would enhance what GOD HAS ALREADY CREATED by teaching the world what the underside of The Foundation Rock looks like.

Now let’s talk about the injustice being done to the Black community in Israel who came from America years ago, but who aren’t allowed citizenship because they aren’t Jews, even though they live in Israel and speak Hebrew fluently.

Imagine you’re a Black person in a place where you’re counted as 3/5<sup>th</sup> of a Jew, not 3/5<sup>th</sup> of a Christian. The Three-fifths Compromise in America was an agreement reached by Christians in 1787 that measured Blacks against Whites. Today’s struggle for Black Christians in Israel must be handled tactfully. Those whose mother isn’t Jewish, aren’t Jews. But accommodations must be made with civil rights for all. This is an issue that will need to be addressed when marriage equality in Israel becomes a BURNING BUSH issue.

Israel is a light unto those nations still in the dark. But Israel is no light unto San Francisco. Here we literally beamed the rainbow out into the night sky on the last day of Pride, 2024. Our understanding of the rainbow that glows in the dark heart of man is a PROMISE from GOD that our rainbow flag will fly above the flag of Israel until Israel achieves marriage equality for its citizens. Only then will the light of the Jews shine higher than the light of San Francisco.

San Francisco was created thanks to the Gold Rush. Israel was created thanks to a rush for a mettle greater than gold. But there’s no reason why we can’t have both.

My BURNING BUSH was ignited one night as I was driving home. I was living in Los Angeles at the time. I must have been in my late 20's or early 30's. There was a light drizzle, so I had the windshield wipers on. But then I noticed that no one else had their wipers on. The rain must have stopped.

It was at that moment that I felt guilty for doing something that no one else was still doing. I'd "been" guilty many times before. But I'd never "felt" guilt consciously before. That was the first time I felt that unpleasant feeling. And with the feeling of guilt came the question, "What would my father do?"

I know that sounds silly, but that's what I heard a voice inside me say. At first, I was concerned that my father would be ashamed of me for having my windshield wipers on if there was no rain and nobody else had theirs on. So, I turned mine off.

My BURNING BUSH was only ignited that night. It took a long time for that fire to grow to what you're reading from me say today.

I was so perplexed by my life when I was young that I tried to *kill* myself three times. I was a *murderer* like Moses, but three times over. My path to clarity took a lifetime to see and report back to you.

Today I'm no longer worried about what my father thinks of me. He didn't appreciate much of anything I did in life when he was alive. He was too self-absorbed and too *damaged*. He just wanted me to become a businessman to achieve monetarily what he couldn't do on his own. I'd love to own a successful business, but it always comes down to having a business model without a product. I'm like the sitcom, "Seinfeld." I have no premise. I could open franchises across the country where people could use my company as a tax write-off. But I've got nothing to sell. "Today's special! Two of nothing for one!..." (I'm not going to make a fool of myself by trying to make my deceased father proud.)

Instead of worrying what my deceased father now thinks of me, I now worry about my deceased mother's opinion of me instead. This is my Z factor. This inspires me to bring peace into the world from the inside out. In this way, GOD CAN REMAIN my FATHER. And my mother can remain my inspiration for striving to reunite with HIM.

I got clean and sober in 1984 at the age of 31. Soon after, I discovered bumps growing on my knuckles. Long story short, I have Dupuytren's contracture, a hand disease that grows worse over time. Those bumps have grown into chords in the palms of my hand that interfere with my manual dexterity.

I now see that as a visual expression of The Ten COMMANDMENTS on my hands. My eighth digit, the middle finger of my right hand is permanently bent because of an operation on the Dupuytren's that went wrong. That digit signifies my association with *stealing* (the 8<sup>th</sup> COMMANDMENT). Because I'd *stolen* my reputation out from under me, GOD HAS MADE me face what I did to myself for life. (But I like to tell people that I gave so many people the finger that GOD HAD TO HAMMER it DOWN...)

GOD GAVE each of us ten material things (fingers) that represent ten immaterial THINGS. The first five are located on my left (non-dominant) hand. These are ways in which I express my faith in GOD: ``

1. GOD TOOK me out of an Egypt within me.
2. I have no other gods before HIM.
3. I don't utter GOD'S NAME with *vain* pursuits.



4. I keep every day holy because every day is the Sabbath for me.
5. I honor my father and mother. I don't love them.

The second tablet of COMMANDMENTS are represented by my right (dominant) hand. These are ways in which I express my relationship to me:

6. I don't *kill* myself, not literally or figuratively.
7. I don't *adulterate* my word by being unreliable.
8. I don't *steal* my reputation out from under me.
9. I don't *lie* or live in *denial*.
10. I don't *covet* my container or my contents.

These are the immaterial THINGS ("dvarim" COMMANDMENTS) I brought down from the mountain of life that are precious to me. But when I see how others are behaving, I sometimes become so angry at them that I want to break the COMMANDMENTS GIVEN to me.

I have a visual reminder of what I've done to myself when I look at my hands. Each medical treatment on my hands is another trek up the mountain to attempt to achieve a clean set of palms (tablets) and fingers (THINGS). I've gone up and down this mountain many times.

Joshua<sub>1</sub> (my inner savior) meets me every time I come back down to report on the many Israelites within me who can't do what I'm doing without me. Every time I leave, they build another golden calf that they dance around in my absence.

I first forged my golden calf out of *drugs, alcohol, anonymous sex, codependency, obsessions and compulsions*. I've always danced around *food*, too, of course.

My mother was horrified when my sister and I came back from a trip to New York to visit our father when I was 10 and Rina was 8. We must have gained a lot of weight because our mother put us on a strict diet for quite some time. Lunch at school consisted of a peanut butter sandwich without jelly and an apple. I kid you not!

I dislike dieting, but I have to. My mother associated fat with lack of self-control. I weigh about the same as I have all my life. But I must have gained and lost at least 500 pounds over my lifetime. Self-control has left its mark on me another way.

I do judge books by their covers. But I also judge them by their weight. I like to read a good, thick book. But it's got to keep my interest.

Just got this text from Mike that he uploaded somewhere on the Internet:

"I was planning on waiting until Election Day but as more and more people I personally knew were voting early, I decided to get in on the action! This is the most important election this country has ever faced in my lifetime of 41 years. If we don't use Trump to eliminate the *rats* among us, it'll be a sad time for the future of democracy and freedom; something Trump's followers love to talk about but don't actually believe in."

"What about the freedom for a woman to choose what to do with her own body? What about the freedom of a man to identify as a woman or a woman as a man? What about the freedom of voting rights? What about the freedom of migrants who escape their country for asylum? What about the freedom of and from religion?"

Me: "Well said. We can only hope that Americans have awakened and see the light."

America is a BURNING BUSH at this time. Our country's on fire. The war in Gaza, and now Lebanon, has awakened something in good people on both sides. But the political spectrum is a circle, not a line. And at the extremes, there are *flies*, *cockroaches*, *Carpenter ants* and *termites*. And they're all having to deal with propaganda disseminated by *rats*. Secular Americans have no idea what's happening from a SPIRITUAL perspective. Who knows how this will turn out.

Americans are in love with dogs, cats and golden calves. The whole world knows it. We're described as children. But we're not. We're modern Israelites, struggling with GOD to appreciate HIS PLACE in our life. That makes me proud to be American.

I'm not ashamed of having danced around many golden calves. I'm a little embarrassed by having had sex with so many gorgeous "colts..." (I'm not into bears, otters or cubs.) But there's nothing I can do about that now. At least I didn't have sex with animals literally!

Nobody ever told me what to think about during sex. Nobody suggested that moving toward orgasm is like moving toward GOD. The closer you get, the more meaningful your thoughts become. I didn't realize that. So, I didn't pay attention to the thoughts going around in my head, only to the sensations created by my penis (my desires). Yet it's my thoughts that illuminate my feelings, and my feelings that illuminate my beliefs. My delight with Will is the result of all our trips to "Heaven" together that have drawn us closer. The serpent was right. We can become like GOD. What it failed to mention was that we just can't become GOD.

I now believe that every temptation in my life is a lesson to me from the TEACHER. They're not lessons for my classmates. They're lessons for me alone. If my classmates wish to indulge themselves in golden calves, I only hope that those in positions of authority handle it better than Moses did when he came down from Mt. Sinai. That day, more than 3,000 Israelites were *killed* by the soldiers he sent out to teach the Israelites a lesson.

As a Moses unto myself, I'm not interested in teaching anyone a lesson. But I was impressed with what Moses did in commanding the Israelites to melt down the golden calf and take back their gold. Then he told them to swallow it. [Exodus 32:20]

I think that was a brilliant solution. Because the Israelites wanted to be bright, beautiful, brilliant, valuable, malleable and precious – Moses insisted they do so from within. That's what I've done, albeit figuratively. I was the golden calf in my life. But now my inner wealth moves out through my limbs like a SPIRITUAL elixir as I dance every morning in my garage. I dance to me, before me. And I shine with an inner glee at how I feel about myself.

All this I do in GOD'S PRESENCE. I don't do it to spite others. I do it for GOD alone. This is the way I obey the 2<sup>nd</sup> COMMANDMENT. I have no other gods before HIM. The gods I still dance around all come after HIM. In this way, I become more self-disciplined all the time.

Israel is the external mirror by which I reflect on myself from a moral perspective. Like Joshua<sup>2</sup> (Jesus), I use Israel as my guide. Jesus chose Jewish fisherman as disciples. He told them he'd teach them how to catch men. Through Jesus, each Christian is baptized in water and drawn out of the Jordan River into an eternal Promised Land, thereby avoiding the Dead Sea where they see all others going. This is their contract with GOD rather than becoming blood brothers as Jews do with GOD through circumcision.

[Muslims are hypocrites if they don't recognize that they're SPIRITUAL blood brothers with the Jews through circumcision. But becoming blood sisters through circumcision of Muslim women is an *abomination*. It must end immediately! No Muslim woman will achieve the Z factor if she's been sexually mutilated with her mother's approval. That's just institutionalized self-hate on the part of Muslim women.]

I'm not worried about the question of eternal life or eternal death. I just don't have enough sins left that I haven't atoned for to bother about. Sure, many have tried to make me feel more guilty than I deem necessary. But that always makes me laugh. They make me feel like Sarai when she was told she was going to have a baby. When I literally become pregnant, I'll consider their warnings. Thankfully, I've birthed many inner children into this world. So, I'm going to consider the way I do things masculine and feminine enough for me. If the Archangel Gabriel {masculinity of GOD} has guided me this far in having written a SPIRITUAL interpretation of the Quran, I think I'm masculine enough in GOD'S EYES, too.

My conscience is my guide. And I don't let anyone make their conscience my guide for me. I don't let any serpent or worm try to make me doubt myself to get me to believe them or believe in their dogma. I'm just too jaded to fall for that crap.

I'm 72, eight years younger than Moses when he had the BURNING BUSH experience that turned his life around. I'm far further ahead than that. And I'm not going to let anyone convince me otherwise.

I told Will that I'm going to continue writing this diary until Tuesday, November 5<sup>th</sup>, Election Day. I'll do some editing after that, but soon after, I'm going to send what I've written to publishers.

Frankly, I don't need the money, and I don't give a damn what people want to hear. I've got just enough money for one lifetime, and I'm sick of pretending to be someone I'm not. "Money talks, but it don't sing and dance. And it don't walk." ["Forever in Blue Jeans" a song by Neil Diamond (Jewish), 1979.]

The Palestinians and Orthodox Jews on the West Bank need to trade places. The Jews get the beachfront property. The Gazans need to learn how to live together with their Palestinian neighbors. It'll be good for both of them. They'll both deserve what they'll be getting.

I'm not a Solomon. I don't believe in slicing babies in half. I'm not interested in leaving Torah for the rest of Tanach (The Hebrew Testament). It just doesn't interest me as much.

Granted, I've visualized myself as a Jonah, {dove}, a little bird swallowed up by a whale. The word used in Tanach for "whale" is "dag gadol," which means "big fish." This is a pun on the words "da-ag gadol," which means "big worries." Jonah jumped out of his boat {ark: "aron"} into a sea of big worries.

In that sense, everyone is COMMANDED by GOD to go one way but goes another. As a teenager who felt COMPELLED to build an ark to save the animal instincts within me, I was also dafka {defiant}. We're all prophets who get consumed with the worries of life during and after puberty. We all go the wrong way in our effort to maintain autonomy rather than succumb to freedom. Yet we all end up where GOD WANTED us to go, despite our *insubordination*.

Like Jonah, I, too, later made my way to Ninevah to proselytize to the people. My 32 previous books were just that. I, too, discovered that the people already had what I tried to give them.

I, too, was angry when I couldn't convert anyone. I became fed up with the world. "Screw 'em," I told myself. As my first sponsor in A.A. used to say, "Leave 'em in the gutter where Jesus flung 'em."

Like Jonah, I left that world to seek answers on my own. Like Jonah, I lost all the shade from the tree I was standing under during the noonday sun (SPIRITUAL adulthood). It wasn't until late afternoon (middle age) that I began to see my shadow begin to lengthen. It wasn't until twilight (early old age) that I realized my day was coming to a close.

It's nighttime now. I'm enjoying the last few hours of my life, as viewed from the perspective of the gift of one day. I'm not worried anymore about that EYE in the sky STARING DOWN at me anymore. That's for younger souls to sweat over.

The stupidity I went through in my youth was greater than anyone else's I ever met. Of course, I'm not comparing myself to straight people, only to **monsters**. But among my own kind, I'm the greatest **ghoul** I've ever had the privilege of haunting.

Today, I now consider myself to be the world's greatest expert on *insanity*. As a humble member of the *autistic*, I know I'm out of my mind. I made my way out of my head, through my stiff neck into my broken heart, and from there across a rainbow of hope to my soul. But when I went further down from there to my navel (Z) to look at the border they call the "waist," I finally saw how much time I'd "wasted."

In trying to appease sensations that no one else could satisfy, I tried to suck my own penis to ingest my own life-giving force. But that still wasn't enough. My head eventually ended up my ass. There, it was so dark that I couldn't see where I'd ended up. I only knew that something stank about the way I was doing things.

The nose knows! Every time I blow my nose now, I'm reminded that my eyes and ears never need to be emptied. Only my nose does. Now, I spend valuable time each day cleaning out my nose. But it just fills up again and again...

Oh well. This is my cross to bear. I shouldn't complain. I live in the greatest city on Earth. San Francisco lies at the top of a hill on the tabletop mountain. You don't get any closer to HEAVEN than this.

Our city is where the United Nations began. I think the United Nations should be returned to San Francisco. U.N.R.W.A. is a joke. The whole United Nations, as it is now, is a joke. Israel is right to have called the Secretary General persona non grata in the Jewish State. Every other state should do the same.

If the Palestinians want to learn how to create a holy nation of their own, they should start in San Francisco. Here, Harvey Milk created a legacy for the world that rises to Biblical proportions. The world needs to come out of its closet and ask itself tougher questions.

Human beings, whether Jewish, Christian or Muslim, have a lot of atoning to GOD to do. In checking out life in San Francisco, they'll see what a city looks like that respects people of other races, sexual identities and genders. Then I recommend going to Germany to see how the Germans have atoned for their sins. Let the Germans draw those out of the waters of *denial* (the Nile) who think there is no GOD...

Carry GOD in your tabernacle (body). It's humbling to be an inclusive individual who wishes to help create peace with everyone. We're all like Levites, tending to the GOD within our tabernacle without knowing it.

I finally pulled my head out of my ass. I finally faced the rock (anus) that conceals the opening into my own cave. "Open says-a me!" I now tell myself each day. And that rock magically opens to let me out. I know something about the paradox of GOD HAVING GIVEN me a door that opens two ways. You want tales of a thousand nights? I've got stories that will make you laugh till you cry...

What the Prophet Muhammad wrote was amazing. But what Muslims have done with it is pathetic. Thank GOD, they're being ARRESTED here on Earth instead of being WELCOMED into Paradise. Let them help weed and water our parades. Let them learn the exquisite joy of picking fruit in our ORCHARD. I did it literally when I worked on a kibbutz when I was 17. It didn't *kill* me. But it wasn't for me, either. I'm no farmer.

I was given another job in a sunflower seed packing plant that was run by a French Jew because I spoke a little French. He needed someone to help him empty the kibbutz garbage cans. He drove the tractor. I held onto the back between the tractor and the agala {wagon} and then dumped the contents of the cans into the wagon. I was known on Kibbutz Ein Hashofet as Monsieur La Poubelle. {Mr. Garbage Can} [Start at the bottom. There's nowhere to go from there but up.]

After the War, my father went to Switzerland to withdraw all the money his family had saved. He'd memorized the account numbers. He considered it all his in the same way that Rina thought our mother's money should be all hers.

Our father *stole* Henry, Ilana and Ellen's inheritance out from under them to make them a fortune – and lost it all. And then he just shrugged his shoulders and walked away from his *crime*. He didn't have a developed enough conscience to realize what he'd done. He never apologized to his children for what he'd done. Promises meant nothing to him.

Democrats run on their record. Republicans run on their promises. GOD HELP us if the American people don't make an effort to remember both!

I happen to think GOD IS merciful. But I'm still spitting bullets over how my family treated me, especially after I was instrumental in each of them getting over \$100,000 from selling the land they inherited in Israel.

But GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, HAS a PLAN that goes beyond the plans of man. I have faith in HIM because I like the way HE OPERATES. It's mysteriously attractive.

Isaac was the personification of laughter. When Sarah was told that she was going to finally have a son, she was 90 and Abraham was 100. She laughed at the absurdity of the promise. But who would have thought that Isaac would become the personification of a joke? If Jacob had merely asked for an inheritance, he thought Isaac would have laughed at him. Jacob believed he had to *connive* to get what he deserved.

My father was an Isaac, too. He'd been *traumatized* by his father. But he did the best he could, even though his favorite son, my older half-brother Henry (Esau), ended up *hating* our father for having squandered Henry's inheritance. I, his second son (Jacob) accepted our father's material gifts as my due. But I never felt appreciative about anything he gave me. I pretended to be grateful, but beneath my thanks there was a feeling of resentment. I, too, thought he was fool.

Yet, our father loved to laugh. He loved to express his *vindication* that the *Nazis* never got him. He just couldn't laugh at himself. He was the one person he couldn't find funny.

That's a shame. I happen to think I'm hilarious. I look back at what it took for me to get my head out of my ass, and I laugh hysterically. I never met anyone who looked so ridiculous as me pushing against my butt cheeks to pull my head out into the light.

I guess you can't expect people to laugh at themselves if they can't see what you can. You can't expect people to hear things you can hear. If they end up having to pinch their nose not to have to smell what you can smell about them, that's not your problem.

There's no way to tell people where they're at. They wouldn't believe you anyway. I had to arrive at where I'm at to know what I know.

I can't say I'm a patient person. But I do know this. Nobody else's GRADES will be going on my report card. That's about as much as I can tell you that you need to know if you've completed K-12 of SPIRITUAL SCHOOL and are looking toward going to COLLEGE.

My mother was thrown out of school in Germany for being Jewish. She didn't even know she was Jewish until a couple of weeks before she was told not to come back. Her parents hadn't

wanted to confuse her with a religious upbringing, so they omitted to tell her she was a Jew by Jewish law. Because she was also a Catholic by Christian law, her father thought she'd be safe.

My mother always said that *Hitler* made a Jew out of her. If not for him, she might never have chosen her mother's identity. I hope GOD PREPARED just the right place to show *Hitler* HIS APPRECIATION... And I wish the same for all the *antisemites/antizionists* who don't repent today.

The nice thing about being in the Ph.D. program in the SCHOOL of life is that I don't have to worry about the kids in SPIRITUAL primary or secondary SCHOOL anymore. I don't even have to worry about those in the B.A., B.S. and master's degree programs.

I'm doing independent study with the TEACHER. On October 6<sup>th</sup>, I was permanently banned on TikTok after having uploaded 732 3-minute videos which I called my TikTok class on SPIRITUALITY. I have copies of my little film essays on iCloud. I'll upload them one day onto my website.

Last month, I had to ask myself why the TEACHER WOULD LET something like that happen to one as wonderful as me?... It took me about a week to realize that it was time for me to go back to writing books. Writing 3-minute essays are easy. Writing books is hard work.

Or at least I should say that it used to be hard work. It's Monday, October 28<sup>th</sup> today, a week before the election. I've completed most of this book in only three weeks.

But poor Will. He's wound as tight as the E string on a violin before this election. He's resonating at such a high frequency that it's almost beyond the ability of the human ear to hear his anguish. He's really upset and worried about who's going to win. This is what happens to really good people. I can't fault him for being so good.

I certainly can't assure him that GOD HAS VOTED for Harris. He's an *atheist*. Most Holy Redeemer made him into a good Catholic. But he developed his conscience until he left the Church an *atheist*. What a shame! But I've heard the same thing can happen in synagogues and mosques.

Last night, we watched the two episodes of "Be My Guest," with Ina Gartner that we missed while in Tahoe. She's an amazing Jewish woman, a nuclear scientist and a self-taught chef. What I most delight about her is that she slips questions into her conversations with her guests that taste like chocolate to me. Her questions are so sweet and creamy. She seems so interested in other people. I call her GOD'S LITTLE PREPOSITIONAL PHRASE. She's "in a GARDEN, not just Ina Garten." And it shows.

My mother's name was equally interesting. She began as Berta {German: bright} Herter {German: herdsman}, something of a rhyme. She married my father (Sol) and became Bella Zeve (Italian: beautiful/Hebrew: inner ray of light). And when she married Lou, she became Bella Roos (Belarus), a beautiful deception!

My mother was the personification of a living *lie*. She was born on the blade of a religious knife, half Jewish on her mother's side, half Christian on her father's. She was born in 1921 in Munich, Germany, just after the First World War and Germany's second attempt to take over the world.

She personified the mystery of every woman in that the paradoxes of her life had to be lived out to be understood. She didn't believe in GOD. But she said that she knew something about the "universe" that she couldn't put into words.

My mother was as forthright as Eve, but just as RELIGIOUSLY naïve. When ASKED by GOD if she, too, had eaten from the tree of knowledge, Eve had time to prepare her reply. She'd seen how badly GOD'S QUESTIONING of Adam had gone. He said, "That woman YOU GAVE me –

she gave me some of the fruit, and I ate it.” Adam *blamed* GOD and woman for his own error of judgment.

Therefore, Eve knew that her options were limited. She told HIM, “The serpent *deceived* me, and I ate.” She told the truth, but she told it in a way that every man since should look deeper into the meaning of the Creation Story to find his own personal truth.

At the root of the Creation Story lies our urges (penis or clitoris) which *deceive* our feelings (heart) which then *beguiles* our mind (Adam). This is what gets us into trouble with our conscience (soul), which forces us to go to GOD on our own to ask for HELP.

This is how our experiences eventually lead us toward faith. And faith leads us toward atonement. There will always be those who seek only to achieve faith in themselves. And that’s fine. I just couldn’t stop there. I needed answers to questions I couldn’t give myself. I needed a personal relationship with the LORD (ADONAI), not just with GOD (ELOHIM).

My mother didn’t need what I needed. She only needed a good relationship with her children and a loving mate. She got both. Sadly, she had to watch as her husband died of Alzheimer’s having no clue who she was by the end. And her children became bitter enemies who wouldn’t speak to each other even when in her company. I don’t think the “universe” will be the best place to go when you face your final exam in the SCHOOL of life. I suggest you look a little deeper for personal evidence of a TEACHER.

The Democratic Party is for people with a “To Do” list. The Republican Party is for people with a “Screw you” list. This is why I know that GOD WON’T ABANDON the Democrats, even if many of them are *atheists*. The stakes are too high.

The Orthodox Jews are siding with the Republicans. But can you *blame* them, even though some of the Republicans are rabid *racists*, *homophobes* and *misogynists*? After 70+ years of refusing to reach out for peace, the Muslims have nothing left to beg for now but a ceasefire. If they think they still deserve a piece of our land, they’re now going to have to make concessions that will teach them the meaning of one GOD, a lesson the Jews went through during the Babylonian (Iraqi) Exile in 700 B.C.E.

The ancient Israelis cried bitter tears at the fountains of Babylon because they thought they’d left GOD back in Jerusalem. Ezra {help} took one quarter of the ancient Jewish population back to Israel once Darius (the king of Persia who defeated the Babylonians) liberated them. But the other three-quarters remained in Iraq for 2,500 years, until they were all thrown out in two weeks by the Muslims.

Trading Gaza for the West Bank will force all Muslims to admit that they’re giving us a piece of Muslim land in exchange for a piece of ours. This is the pound of flesh that Shakespeare *blamed* Shylock, the Jew, for exacting on the Christians. Now GOD IS EXACTING that price on both sides.

This solution will end the *antizionism* that’s at the root of the *antisemitism* worldwide. This will prove to those in the Islamic world that GOD HAS HUMILIATED them for dancing around the golden calves their imams and clerics forged for them.

Once Muslims admit that the same GOD they believe in GAVE the Jews our land in the Middle East, they’ll have to recognize the limitations GOD IMPOSES on everyone. They’ll have to admit that we’re all in a struggle with our FATHER. And that will force them to recognize the Christians’ right to some of their land, too.

Lebanon is being destroyed by *Hezbollah* because Muslims refuse to admit that the Christians in their country deserve a land of their own, too. If the southern end of Lebanon is given to the

Christians, that will create a safe border for Israel in the north at the same time that it teaches the Muslims that the same GOD they believe in CREATED Jesus.

There's no way the United Nations is ever going to achieve peace in the Middle East. The problem has become so monstrously large that only **monsters** are now able to solve it. But GOD THOUGHT of that, too. Men who love men are saner than men who don't. And those men who can't love men like we do, are just going to have to depend on us for help in achieving peace on Earth.

The Republicans are in a similar situation with GOD. Their FATHER, SON and HOLY SPIRIT are no more powerful than ADONAI and ALLAH. There's only one GOD {ELOHIM}, I keep telling everyone! You'd think they think the world is flat, and I just told them that it's round...

The 1% also need to be forced to admit that they've *confounded* THINGS {dvarim} with things. They've *confounded* the material world with the immaterial world. They've been in a race for more and more material possessions. But they can't hold onto The Ten THINGS that mean the most to the Jews. It's not their money that the 1% are afraid will slip through their fingers. It's their FINGERS (COMMANDMENTS) that are slipping through their fingers.

Life is a SCHOOL, Elan Musk. And you're going to graduate someday. How are you going to feel on your deathbed? There is a TEACHER in this SCHOOL. And your GRADES really do count! I'd say it's time for you to make your way to the front of the classroom. But you can't get there with money. It's time for you to do a little homework like the rest of us. I suggest you spend your remaining time on Earth becoming more productive (like fruit on a tree) and less creative with business ventures. Your external enterprises aren't impressive anymore.

GOD'S KINGDOM is a democracy. England has a king, and England is a democracy. It shouldn't be that hard to imagine HEAVEN as being like that. And if you're a Muslim who cares about Arabic as a holy language, it's about time you studied a little Hebrew. A "pardes" {ORCHARD} during life will hopefully grow into a PARADISE after life. The Quran didn't mention that, but I think it's something you should know about every tree of knowledge that aspires to become a tree of eternal life.

Joseph was a dreamer. You could say that my inner parents grew to become like Jacob and Rachel. And I, my inner child, grew to become like Joseph. But dreamers are a little *crazy*. If you can't embrace the ways you're *nuts*, you're the produce from a tree of knowledge that *denies* you're a fruit.

After ten years of going to church with Will, I think I learned something about the Mass that needs to be mentioned. I experienced GOD differently at church than I did in synagogues. I've also prayed in mosques, and my experience of GOD was even more unexpected there.

All of us who believe in GOD are *crazy*. That doesn't mean that *atheists* aren't *crazy*. It just means that their brand of *insanity* is different from ours.

Praying in synagogues, churches and mosques led me to believe that my experience of GOD is subjective, not objective. It's personal, not public. It's inspiring, not rote. But that doesn't mean that there's more than one GOD. I'm not that *crazy*!

I'm not interested in praying with anyone anymore. I pray alone with GOD in my own way. Perhaps some consider me a **monster** for doing so, but I don't care. I don't need validation from others to receive VALIDATION from GOD. I've graduated those classes.

But I've also graduated my class on Joseph. In doing so, I've raised my esteem of my parents to that of an Amran and a Jochebed. I've become a Moses unto myself who's piecing my puzzle together to create my own mosaic.



The higher I go, the more I honor my biological parents by bringing them along in memory. This is what it means to me to grow old SPIRITUALLY. I still can't say that I love my parents. They were very imperfect human beings, and I am, after all, a **monster**, and they were not... But I've honored them and will continue to do so.

When the Israelites went on their Exodus from ancient Egypt, Moses was already 80 years old. It took them 40 years to go a distance that can be covered on foot in 40 days. By the end of that journey, Moses was 120, and all the Israelites had died along the way, save one: Joshua<sub>1</sub>. I've become a savior<sub>1</sub> unto myself. I don't need another Savior<sub>2</sub> (Jesus). I prefer to use other names for GOD.

Joshua<sub>1</sub> was a child when the Israelites left ancient Egypt. We don't know anything about his parents. But Joshua lived till the age of 110.

Like Joshua<sub>1</sub>, I've been a faithful servant to my inner Moses. It says in our scripture, "He who waits on his master shall be honored." [Proverbs 27]. This has been construed as a reference to Joshua<sub>1</sub>. So is the first part of the same verse, "Who so keeps the fig-tree shall eat the fruit thereof."

I've literally eaten the juice of my own fruits (semen). What man hasn't? But I've also figuratively done so. I know that life courses through my veins. I think the same is true for every man.

Am I a **monster** for having figuratively turned into a cannibal who's eaten (dare I say feasted) on my own flesh (semen)? I guess I am... I guess I always will be. This truth once felt like my fate, but now it feels like my destiny.

Joseph was a dreamer. When I look back at the World War my parents had to live through, it looks like a nightmare. What were people thinking? Were they asleep at the wheel? All that pain and suffering just to recreate the State of Israel after 2,000 years? It should have been done sooner. It should have been done peacefully. And because *Hitler* had scapegoated the gays as well, it should have been done with marriage equality in 1948.

But man was in a dream then that he had to wake up from slowly. He needed to go through what he went through to awaken a bit more than his father and father's father before him. He's still in a dream, and he still needs to wake up. He always will. Such is life as a student in a SCHOOL. Such is life in an insane asylum where the patients don't realize that they're *crazy*.

Like Moses, I talk to GOD face to face. But because I've still got my head up my ass from time to time, I can't see HIS FACE. I can only speak to him in that smelly cave within me. The cave Muhammad wrote the Quran in was real. But we've all moved on. Nobody wants to live in caves anymore. We're not Neanderthals. We all consider ourselves civilized human beings.

Larry ran a two-person market research firm in San Francisco when I met him at GSMR (Gay Men's Spiritual Retreat) in Occidental, CA on February 16<sup>th</sup>, 1990. We fell in love, and I moved to San Francisco to live with him. Our relationship had a magical effect on his business. In no time, he had over 50 employees.

But it all blew up when his managers *stole* from him. With my help, we recreated the company as a virtual company which we called, "Blarry House." (Barry and Larry) It did so well that soon Larry didn't want to run it anymore. So, we hired Ann (not her real name), one of our recruiter/managers, to become the general manager.

When Larry and I split up, I got the business. But I was a numbers guy. I had a terrible time running the business side of my business. I depended on Ann completely. But when she and I had a fight and she *threatened* to quit, I came up with a brilliant solution. I sold her 50% of the business

for \$1. Then she couldn't leave me. And ten years later, when the business began to fail and couldn't support two owners, I sold her my share for another \$1.

We've been friends now for about 25 years. Ann is obese. She survived COVID, but now has long COVID. She's been bedridden on oxygen for about three years.

The reason I'm bringing her up is because of her childhood *trauma*. Her father began raping her when she was in late childhood. She wasn't able to fight back until years later. At the age of 15, she told her mother what he was doing to her, and her mother negotiated with her father to get him to leave them in exchange for not calling the police. If he'd gone to jail, they would have lost his income. So, her mother got her father to give her mother the house, one of the cars, and alimony for the rest of her life.

Ann only recently told me about this negotiation. I told her that her mother had had a responsibility to negotiate on her behalf as well, since she was just a teenager. All her mother had done was settle the score in a way that benefited her. Ann did get child support until she was 18, but she was entitled to that anyway. Her mother should have negotiated Ann's college education, and she didn't.

She has a brother who didn't protect her from their father, either. That reminded me that when we were little, our mother dated a man who took Rina and me to the drive-in when our mother had to work late. He sat in the back with Rina and exposed himself to her, making her touch his penis. I found out about it the next morning when Rina was hysterically crying to our mother about it. I felt guilty at the time. I must have been about 9 and Rina was 7. I think that's a normal reaction for any brother. I was just too young at the time to know how to handle it until now.

Ann and I spoke about sexual misconduct yesterday in conjunction with her very strong feelings that Trump should go to jail for what he did on January 6<sup>th</sup>, as well as his other *crimes* against democracy and humanity.

I agreed with her. But I brought up a lesson from Torah that she just loved.

After Moses implored GOD'S HELP and HE PARTED the Red Sea, the Israelites escaped to the other side. But *Pharaoh's* army could not. The waters came crashing down upon them.

On the other side, the Israelites were ecstatic about the outcome. Miriam<sub>1</sub>, Moses' sister, wrote a song of celebration {The Song of the Sea} which the Israelites all sang. [Exodus 15:1-18] Moses, however, felt otherwise. He thought they shouldn't celebrate the fate of their enemies.

This personifies the difference between the head, which is logical, and the heart, which is rational.

Will thinks like Moses. He says he wouldn't be unhappy if Trump ended up in jail, but he isn't willing to celebrate his fate. Ann and I feel like Miriam<sub>1</sub>. We'd be overjoyed if that happened.

When Ann discovered that her feelings of *revenge* against her father were justified in Torah, she was very pleased. I told her that her wish that her father would go through unending pain that didn't lead to death, only to eternal suffering, was warranted. I told her that she really needed to have wished more than death upon him. And I can certainly understand her feelings in agreeing with me.

Now you may cringe at what I've just said. And I'm pleased if you do. Having a conscience and making it your guide "is real" (Israel). Cringing is part of what happens when you have a conscience. Your moral position doesn't live only on your skin. It doesn't just go down into your flesh. It goes right to the bone.

This is why the Republicans will have to retaliate against the Iranians with the help of the Jews. We can't allow *termites* to infiltrate every nation. What they've done to the Muslim nations is

*deplorable*. But we can't allow them to do the same to the Jewish state and Christian states. Even Russia will have to unite with us around this cause.

Another way of saying this is that the ladder going up from your soul to your head is easy to climb. But the same rungs become very hard to negotiate when you're going down from your head to your soul. This is because your heart will curse you for every step you take down the ladder in your head toward your soul, rather than toward your heart.

Some people protect themselves from this descent with a huge layer of fat. Some do it with *drugs* and *alcohol*. Some do it with *anonymous sex*. And some do it with *gambling* or by becoming *accident prone*. Anger is another way to hold a resentment for a lifetime.

There are many ways for your heart to hurt you if you don't know how to take Jacob's dream personally. Generally, people who haven't developed their conscience as their guide are described as "silly" or "stupid." Silly means having or exhibiting a lack of good judgment or common sense; foolish. People who are silly lack seriousness or responsibility; they're frivolous.

When people become excessively silly, they become semiconscious; dazed. This is a precursor to "stupid," which means "in a stupor, unconscious, obtuse, oblivious."

The more I developed my conscience as my guide, the more my intelligence increased. But because my parents didn't know about the association between intelligence and a sound belief system, the more emotional I became. This made me vulnerable to the temptations of satisfying my wants and desires.

For me, the descent to my soul felt like a descent into Hell/*Hell*. That's what *mental illness* was like for me. Every step down that ladder drove me *crazier*. I fought against developing my conscience with all my head, with all my heart and with all my might.

But GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, KNEW where HE WAS LEADING me. I had to learn to believe for myself and in myself. I had to see what my inner world looked like from my breastplate, not just my head.

The *mental illness* and subsequent journey to sanity that I've been through has left me in awe of GOD and a little amused. I feel like a Mona Lisa with folded hands and a slight smile on my face. Behind me, in the background, is a depiction of the landscape of my mind. What you see is only the surface of what's there. I'm a mystery that's unfolding for me day-by-day.

Moses is always on my mind. Miriam<sub>1</sub> is always in my heart.

And as you know, GOD CHOSE Miriam<sub>2</sub> (Mary) to be the mother of Joshua<sub>2</sub> (Jesus). Miriam<sub>1</sub>'s "Song of the Sea" turned into The New Testament. The path down from our head to our heart was concretized by Christianity.

As you also may know, Joseph<sub>2</sub> (Miriam<sub>2</sub>'s husband) wasn't Joshua<sub>2</sub>'s (Jesus') father. He was his step-father. Christians believe that Joshua<sub>2</sub> is the "SON" of the FATHER. It makes more sense when you put it down on paper than when you say it out loud.

Another way of describing the Z factor is the journey from a Miriam<sub>1</sub> to a Miriam<sub>2</sub>. Any wo/man can do it.

After the election, the fight will be on whether we judge Trump from our head, heart or breastplate. Personally, I hope he'll be given the choice of going to prison or going to Russia and never coming back. But we shall see what he does if he wins office again.

When I got home yesterday, Ann sent me this text:

“Mom couldn’t negotiate anything. I’m the one who had to do all the negotiating with father. That’s the difference between my mother who was raised as a princess and coddled all her life as the youngest and prettiest with two big brothers, and my father who grew up in an absolute torture chamber. It was much easier for me to confront my dad and negotiate with him than it would have been for her.”

This tremendously understanding, forgiving and SPIRITUALLY generous attitude toward Ann’s mother and father is precisely what I want to talk to Jonathan about tomorrow when I see him. This comes from the Z factor.

Ann obviously forgives her parents. Both of them are dead. So, it’s not about them anymore. It’s about Ann’s relationship to the father and mother of her inner child. Her inner father lies in her head. Her inner mother lies in her heart. And her inner child lies in her soul. Me,” “myself” and “I” are the three pronouns she’s learning to reconcile in her own inimitable way.

It is all about pronouns. If you don’t allow those who’ve projected their struggle with pronouns onto their genitals to compassionately make peace with themselves, within themselves, you’ll create much more pain and suffering than necessary.

Look at your own pronoun issues. You’ve got enough werk to do just doing your own homework in becoming a better person day-by-day. Don’t tell anyone they’re *crazy* because they struggle with the mystery of improving “me, myself and I.”

I’m like Jacob. But it took Jacob a lifetime to figure out that he was *co-dependent* on his brother, Esau. Those twins came out of their mother’s womb one after the other. But Jacob held onto his brother’s heel to get out. It took him until the day after the night he wrestled an “angel” of the LORD to discover that he had to earn his own heel to pull himself out of his own SPIRITUAL womb.

That’s what it means RELIGIOUSLY to walk with a limp. Because Jacob had been disabled, Esau didn’t *kill* Jacob but took pity on him. The same thing happens today when you visit family you haven’t seen in a very long time, and you notice how old they’ve gotten.

When I see Jonathan tomorrow, I’m going to tell him, “Go for it Jonathan {YHWH HAS GIVEN}. Find your inner David {beloved, famed, loved}.”

“You don’t have to worry anymore about your mother’s opinion of you. Cut the corner. Seek the David within you. Love yourself to your heart’s content, just as David loved Jonathan.”

“Love is your answer. Love will heal you. Go for love. This will bring you peace of mind.”

The “here and then” is far different from the “here and now.” “Then” refers to the past and the future. But if I wish to be here now, I have to know the difference between “now” and “then.”

Many people are stuck in the past and the future. They slip easily from one to the other. They’re like a pendulum that passes quickly through the center as it rocks from side to side. To come to rest at the center requires facing the moment. It requires slowing down enough to appreciate where they really yearn to be: here/now.

I texted Patrick and Ken about meeting Ephraim this weekend. All three of them are single. Will and I come across as a married couple. Ken sent me a pic of a costume for Halloween that’s coming up tomorrow. It said on the cover: “Introvert Costume: Adult size costume: You don’t need one. You’re staying home alone.”

Both Ken and Patrick are in their 50’s. Ephraim is in his early 60’s. Ephraim says he’s still looking for Mr. Right. I know that most young, gay men personify the book, I’m looking for Mr. Right, but I’ll settle for Mr. Right Away: AIDS, true love, the perils of safe sex, and other

SPIRITUAL concerns of the gay male. [Gregory Flood]. But when a gay man reaches his fifties without a partner, the introvert costume becomes tailormade for him.

Larry and I were only a few months apart in age. We broke up when we were both 50. Over the next seven years, I started writing as more than a pastime. I wore the introvert costume. It fit perfectly.

Patrick replied to Ken's pic with, "I need it!"

I said, "I've had a conversion from an introvert to an extrovert."

I've got my fingers' crossed that Ephraim will learn something about single life in San Francisco that will motivate him to settle down at long last. But I feel similarly about Patrick and Ken.

We live in a day and age when "A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle." But the yenta {matchmaker} in me wants to see everyone get happily married. If only people knew how to use Torah as a cookbook for getting hitched up for a great life.

I'm like Joseph. But I live the life of a viceroy in an Egypt of my own. Will is 12 years younger than me. He serves so many of the needs I don't have the skills to serve myself.

But there's a Biblical way to describe him, too. He's my Benjamin. [When Joseph was reunited with his half-brothers in ancient Egypt because they came there in search of food during a famine, he discovered that his parents (Jacob and Rachel) had conceived a second son: Benjamin {son on the right}.] Will is like a brother to me. My Rachel<sub>1</sub> (inner mother) may be different from his Rachel<sub>2</sub> (inner mother). My Jacob<sub>1</sub> (inner father) may be different from his Jacob<sub>2</sub> (inner father). But we're SPIRITUAL brothers, nevertheless. He's my righthand man.

Thanks to GOD HAVING BROUGHT Will into my life, I was able to continue my personal growth from a Joseph to a Moses. I was able to complete my studies of my genesis and become the main character of my own exodus. My story is about my main character. This book is a synopsis of my autobiography at the same time that it's just passages from my diary during one month of my life.

We need a world where men and women can be free to live a single life without guilt at not producing children. Children aren't produce. Adults aren't farmers. We should all want to live a SPIRITUAL life free from not having to have a family. GOD WILL GIVE us the roles of parent, whether we literally produce children, or not.

It's Monday morning, 4:00 am on November 4<sup>th</sup>, the day before the election. It feels like the whole world is holding its breath. Ann sent me an essay by Heather Cox Richardson about the election in 1854. The elite Democratic *slave* owners were trying to take over the country by using property rights to keep *slavery* alive in the West. Long story short, the Republicans, under Abraham Lincoln, saved the day, although it led to a Civil War. The 1% was stopped for the time being. But will it be stopped today for all tomorrows?

Yesterday, we took Ephraim to meet Patrick and Ken for lunch. Patrick is such a nut. He has a two-bedroom apartment a block away from us. So, I invited Ephraim to stay with him when he comes to San Francisco... Patrick got the joke, but he couldn't take it. It made him physically uncomfortable. And I know it's because he's so generous and kind that he felt obliged inside, even though he'd just met him.

Those who've been taught to be charitable find it difficult to set limits in that regard. I now know that I'm not a good enough person to avoid charity. I have good reason to go out of my way to help others as an insurance policy for all that I don't do perfectly. But I'd prefer not to have to

feel guilty for turning some people down. I'd like the government to pick up the slack. I'm doing enough by helping my friends who are in need.

Life is a SCHOOL. We all have to pay tuition. Charity is a way of lowering the cost of education for others. Raising the tuition others must pay is a way of behaving *vindictively*. It's a sign of *hate*.



The four of us walked from the Korean restaurant Patrick had chosen for us to a café for dessert. Patrick and Ephraim got along famously. During dessert, Patrick (who had a Christian upbringing) said that the Chinese and Jews are very similar. Of course, I agreed. But inside I was hurt. What chutzpah {nerve}! Nobody is a Jew, but a Jew. Nobody's been through what we've been through, but us. We tell everyone that they're just like us. But you can't magically become a Jew in your own eyes any more than you can become a Christian or Muslim without a conversion.

Ken, who gets all my jokes because of his Midwestern upbringing, admitted he'd only become a doctor to please his father. Apparently, his father had been a diplomat for the Taiwanese government. But because the kids had fallen behind on their Chinese, he and his wife sacrificed their futures in Taiwan to give the kids a better life in America.

Well apparently, they never let their kids forget it! So, when it comes to being raised in a guilt-ridden "Jewish" household, it looks like Ken wins... I told him he's so Jewish he could apply for citizenship in Israel, and probably get it!... Humor is still the best medicine.

The family life promoted in Torah has been discounted as unhealthy and unworthy of being emulated. *Bigamy* is now illegal. (Somebody tell the Mormons that it was GOD'S WILL.) *Stoning* children is now illegal. *Slavery* is illegal. So many aspects of Torah have been rejected as *immoral* by today's standards that it only makes sense to take more of Torah figuratively, not literally.


It makes better sense to look for clues to other paths in life by comparing and contrasting it to our scripture. But that's as far as it should go. We can't allow any country to go through another Civil War like America did and Israel is now doing. We must raise ourselves to the highest SPIRITUAL level possible for this day.

I'm the product of a man and a woman. I'm a triangle  pointing up combined with a triangle  pointing down. Put the two of them together and you have a symbol for every child of GOD.



I'm not a perfect combination of equilateral triangles because I'm a unique combination of the virtues of my parents. Think of me as a Star of David that gets stretched every day in a different direction.

Power in the Republican Party looks like this:  There's one man at the top and everybody's got to obey him. This is the father image.

Power in the Democratic Party looks like this:  There's one person at the bottom who serves the needs of everyone above him/her. This is the mother image.

There's also a cross within each one of us that we each need to bear. It's a combination of the thoughts (head) and beliefs (soul) in us that take us on a journey one direction, and feelings (heart) and beliefs (soul) that challenge us to seek the meaning of our life from another direction.

There's a star and crescent moon in my inner sky that I can perceive from the place where the two lines of my cross meet. This addresses GOD'S LIGHT at night. Some of that light comes

indirectly from the sun by being reflected on the moon. Some of it comes from the skylights (stars) shining down their light from GOD'S ABODE above the universe.

If you aren't willing to interpret life poetically, you're going to become hard, harsh and harried. You're going to become miserable and feel hopeless.

GOD BROUGHT gay people into this world to teach you to go beyond what you learned from your father and forefathers. Those who remain loyal only to the past aren't going to become relevant in the future. They aren't going to create a meaningful legacy.

Life is a SCHOOL. We're all expected to pay tuition with a good attitude. And we're expected to leave a legacy to future classes that will help them in ways that no one helped us.

I don't want to believe the polls. I can't believe the Presidential race is neck and neck. People didn't want to admit they were voting against Hillary Clinton, not for Trump in 2016. Now I hope they're voting for a different woman, Harris, against Trump.

The media has sane-washed Trump. But they've done the same with the war in Gaza and Lebanon. They're in the pocket of the 1% (*rats*) who think they see more from the ivory towers they've *infested* than the rest of us. Their perspective is *egotistical*, *maniacal* and *slanted*. We all build a tower to our power. But we all reside on the ground floor. We all put our pants on one leg at a time.

Will and I like to watch the home improvement shows on HGTV. He doesn't like the metaphor of life as a SCHOOL. So, he couldn't care less about improving himself, but he's an expert on others improving their domicile. I watch the shows for SPIRITUAL enlightenment. I can't do anything about the conditions people live under.

It was from HGTV that I was inspired to say on TikTok that *Hamas terrorists* are *termites* that need to be *bombed*. That's what got me permanently banned. But I doubt if I would have been merely suspended if I'd said disinfected, decontaminated, deloused, smoked out, cleansed, fumigated or sterilized.

I think the same about the Republicans who *hate* abortion rights, trans rights, migrants rights, etc. But I differentiate the *extremist* Republicans from the *extremist* Palestinians by calling the Republicans *Carpenter ants*. I consider the two of them to be modern *plagues*, and today a Passover like we've never seen before.

I was shocked when I discovered that so many Democrats on the extreme left are opposed to Israel's right to exist. I consider them *cockroaches*. I think we need to fumigate our tent, too. If you add the *flies* that traffic in drugs to the *cockroaches* (*antizionists*); *Carpenter ants* (*antisemites*) and *termites* (Muslim *terrorists*) that brings us to four *plagues* of today – you've got quite a *bug infestation*. The *rats* (1% that are *stealing* us blind) are unleashing these *plagues* upon us. Is it any wonder that everyone is tense?

Some of the *Carpenter ants* are in league with the *rats*. Most of the *termites* are in league with the *rats*. That's why Christianity and Islam can't achieve peace after 1,400 years of trying. And the Jews are in the middle being accused of being money-hungry from both sides.

GOD, in HIS INFINITE WISDOM, HAS CONVINCED the *extremist* Palestinians that they need to vote Democratic. Wow! Thanks, guys! Can't tell you what a joy and an honor it is for you have to come to our side. Why didn't you join the *Nazis* on the far right? They're eating away at our American abode just like you're doing to Israel. But no! You'd rather *plague* us on the left while *wacko* religious Republicans do the same on the right. We live in interesting times...

We, Jews, put a Mezuzah on our doors as a reminder that we're in two houses at all times. One of them is the address where we live. The other is the body we inhabit. Because GOD HAS TAKEN us on a journey around the world through the Diaspora to discover the importance of both, we must remind ourselves of the lessons we've passed in life that have brought us to America where we've never been more safe and secure, more beloved and more joyously received.

But the *termites* have caught up with the *Carpenter ants* and *cockroaches* on these shores. And the whole world is reeling at what will happen in this election. I know GOD VOTES. I just wish more people would.

I'm not a psychic. I'm not sitting on the right-hand side of anyone, least of all GOD. The world considers me a **monster**, not a human being. Every day is Halloween for **monsters** like me. Every day is a day **monsters** come out to party. But I never know what to wear. Should I go as a **vampire** today? I was a blood-sucker in childhood who drained my father and mother dry with my needs and wants. And as an *autistic* child, my needs were great.

Should I dress as a **ghoul**? You should have seen me in high school. My face looked like pizza with all the acne I had to suffer with on top of my *emotional problems* which made high school the loneliest experience of my life.

Should I go as a **ghost**? Not only did others **ghost** me all my life. I **ghosted** me, too! Even I tried to ignore me. I tried to dismiss my needs. I tried everything I could think of to pretend to be a human being, when I should have known all the time that I was not.

Maybe after this election I'll go as a **zombie**. I wanted to be a ballet dancer in my youth. I thought I could move so gracefully through life that people would want to watch me dance on stage. I thought I had something to say that the world would want to hear. I thought body language was my language. Why couldn't I see how I lurched, staggered, reeled and rolled through everything I did? If you could watch me move from within, you'd see how my stammer affects me. Like Moses, I've got a speech impediment. But mine reverberates through my whole body.

Every tomorrow is All Saints Day for me. The Catholics will honor all the saints tomorrow, but especially those who don't have a special holiday of their own. May I suggest that for once they honor all women instead? When will men of the cloth realize that women are holy? They're MADE the way they are to remind men to change!

Miriam<sub>1</sub> was the forerunner to Miriam<sub>2</sub>. Unless Jewish and Christian women come together to show Jewish and Christian men what it means to be holy in GOD'S EYES (Z), men aren't going to get it. You can't profess to follow in the path of Moses or Jesus if you treat women like second-class citizens. Men may always claim that Y is superior to X. But women must always behave in ways that model our Z factor.

Dia de Los Muertos {Day of the Dead} comes at this time of the year, too, but it comes every day for me. This holiday pays respect and remembers friends and family members who have died. That may once have included pre-Hispanic traditions that kept Aztec traditions alive, especially in Mexico. But every day is the day of the dead for me. I have to honor my deceased parents whether or not they can see and hear me.

Taoism puts more emphasis on ancestor worship than on the 16 gods and goddesses they believe in. I now see the wisdom in developing my conscience through my own lineage. But I give credit to Lao-Tzu, the wise Chinese genius for helping me do so.

I've become very fond of my inner dwelling because here I live in the now. I spent years upgrading my inner plumbing, electrical and appliances. I put in new floors and windows. I remodeled my inner kitchen and bathroom. I bought all new inner furniture, and Will has adorned me in ways that I would have never been able to do on my own.



But I'm not a holy man. I'm just another interior decorator with *delusions* of grandeur. But as GOD IS my WITNESS, I'm not going to watch as my country goes down the toilet because of an *infestation* of *flies*, *cockroaches*, *Carpenter ants* and *termites* in our abode. And I won't watch as the *rats* win, either.

I'm a tree of knowledge of good and *evil*. I'm MADE of SPIRITUAL wood. And if *vermin* think they're going to creep me out, they have no idea what it's like to be living in the home of a **monster**.

What were the Orthodox Jews supposed to do for 70+ years as they watched what was happening around them? Granted, some of the settlers have gone too far. But I say, send them to Gaza and let them turn it into a Mediterranean Las Vegas. It's not part of Israel anyway. They could make a fortune creating a playground for Europeans who want to turn their noses up to GOD'S GIFT next door.

From the river to Israel, not the sea, defines the Palestinian struggle to be free. When they overcome their *antisemitism/antizionism*, they'll be GIVEN the chance to demonstrate that they can overcome *racism*, *homophobia* and *misogyny*, too.

I'm like an old house. I'm dilapidated. I'm not going to be livable for much longer. "Bury Me in My Overalls" as Malvena Reynolds said in her song of the same name. She was the Jewish San Francisco folk singer who set the stage for Harvey Milk, the gay-Jew who gave all the **monsters** permission to come out in the first place. Here's Malvena's lyrics about how to dress for the New Age:

Bury me in my overalls,  
Don't use my gabardines,  
Bury me in my overalls  
Or in my beat-up jeans.  
Give my suit to Uncle Jake,  
He can wear it at my wake,  
And bury me in my overalls.

The undertaker will get my dough,  
The grave will get my bones,  
And what is left will have to go  
For one of those granite stones,  
But this suit cost me two weeks' pay  
So let it live another day,  
And bury me in my overalls.

The grave it is a quiet place,  
There is no labor there,  
And I will rest more easy  
In the clothes I always wear.  
This suit was made for warmer climes,  
Holidays and happy times,  
So bury me in my overalls.

I gave a hand to clear the land  
And make the cities rise,  
I helped to bring the harvest in  
And lay the railroad ties.  
I boomed about from east to west,  
It's time I had a little rest,  
So bury me in my overalls.

And when I get to HEAVEN  
Where THEY TALLY work and sin,  
THEY'LL OPEN UP those pearly gates  
And HOLLER, "Come on in!  
A workin' stiff like you, WE KNOW,  
Has had his share of hell/*hell* below,  
So come to glory in your overalls!

So now you know how a **monster** would solve the problems in the Middle East. I say that any Palestinian who makes trouble for the Jews in Israel, Lebanon, Yemen or the West Bank should be given safe passage to Russia, Iran, China or North Korea. We know how much they'd respect them there.

If you think you can get through this world without help from the Jews, you're wrong. But if the Jews think they can get through the world without help from the gay-Jews, they're wrong.

Marriage equality is the HANDWRITING on the wall. If Israel doesn't commit to GOD'S WILL in this way, it won't matter if the Democrats or Republicans win the election.

What makes the Orthodox Jews think they've got a monopoly on wisdom? What makes the Pope think he's got a monopoly on love. The world's imams and clerics certainly don't hold monopolies on loyalty to GOD. You can't even get the Sunnis and Shiites to show any loyalty to one another anymore. Israel has changed everything.

Our TEACHER IS much too smart to give any one person or tribe a monopoly over anything. Civilization and nations have come and gone, while the Jews have remained here for 3,400 years. We're in a SCHOOL, for GOD'S SAKE! We're here to learn, not to profess superiority over our classmates. And we certainly have no monopoly over goodness.

My cousin Deborah and I haven't spoken in a couple of years. We were great friends for 30 years, but it ended when Will and I went up to visit her and her wife, Jennie, in Fort Bragg, CA. I said something that Deborah didn't like, and she stopped talking to me – right there in her house! She simply ignored me, a guest in her home.

One of the lessons of Torah is that life is like a desert. It's harsh and inhospitable. One of the most important virtues of all desert people (Jews, Christians and Muslims) is supposed to be hospitality. Treating people inhospitably in your home is the height of *blasphemy*. But my *atheist* cousin needs that explained to her.

I couldn't believe it! I've never been treated that way as a guest in anyone's home before! Granted, we're both **monsters**, but I refuse to be **ghosted** while a guest in someone's home!

I'm telling you this because Deborah, who's 78, doesn't think that this lesson is going to be on her final exam. She doesn't believe in GOD. So, she doesn't think about life as though it was a SCHOOL.

While on his deathbed, I watched my father struggle to do a lifetime's worth of homework in a few days. It would have been comical if it hadn't been pathetic.

I can't convince anyone of anything. I'm only bringing up my experiences with family because most Muslims think they can get away without an apology to the Jews. Ishmael still owes Isaac an apology. The Christians got away without an apology after the Second World War. And look where we are today. It ain't gonna be that way this time.

The more I'm writing just what I feel, the more I sense that people won't want to read this sort of thing. Well, it's a good thing I'm a **monster** with money and not without it. I don't have to care what the *flies*, *cockroaches*, *Carpenter ants* and *termites* think of me! And the *rats* can't buy me off.

I know what I know about the master Carpenter himself (Jesus). And I know what good Muslims believe to be true about Muhammad. He'd be appalled if he knew what they've done in the NAME of GOD.

Rome and Mecca are supposed to glorify the LORD. Jerusalem is supposed to be HIS NAMESAKE {city of peace}. But *vermin* CREATED by GOD who claim to be human beings can't tell the difference between "peace" and "piece." They only want a piece of the action. And the *rats* (the 1%) are baiting the *bugs* with rewards for their destructive behavior.

Israel means "struggle with GOD." I'm not struggling against GOD. I'm struggling with HIM. I know how to use prepositions correctly. I know how to use pronouns, too. I may not have learned all the letters of the Hebrew alphabet because that's just been too difficult for me. I am, after all, *autistic* and probably *dyslexic*. But I'm learning the importance of the parts of speech in my own language, English, and in my mother tongue, body language.

I dance as a way of learning to speak. I speak as a way of learning to pray. And I pray to GOD TO TEACH me more about myself in ways I can understand. I'm in the Ph.D. program in the SCHOOL of life. But I'm not interested or able to learn about anything that doesn't lead me closer to me.

It's taken me a lifetime to discover what interests me and what doesn't. I love SPIRITUAL grammar. I have no interest in news, weather and sports.

Will doesn't want to talk about the news because it only upsets him. And I can't talk about sports because it bores me. So that leaves us with the weather.

You'd be amazed what bridges you can forge with another person just by talking about the weather – inner weather. Granted, the outer weather is becoming scary. But people are beginning to realize that climate chaos is a lesson from the TEACHER. It's intended to bring the whole class together to study the problem as something that concerns us all because it emanates out from within us all.

Again, I go back to "yin" {inner} and "yang" {outer}. I go back to the paradox of having been GIVEN two worlds, a world around us and a world within. I'm not alone in having been CREATED this way. This is one of many universal TRUTHS.

Another universal TRUTH is that loneliness is the most horrendously painful feeling of them all. Forget *hatred*! The feeling of being *hated* is nothing compared to feeling lonely.

All those Muslim parades, rallies, demonstrations and marches against Israel and the Jews are nothing more than a bunch of desolate people agreeing with one another that they feel horribly lonely. They want in. They want to feel included.

Like Mike, Michael, Jim<sup>2</sup> and Ephraim, Jonathan is *addicted* to avoiding loneliness and his Z factor rather than facing the existential TRUTH. The only way to achieve companionship from within is with emotional orgasms (Z), something women are familiar with that men tend to ridicule.

An emotional orgasm is achieved by confessing the mistakes you've made that have hurt you. Men tend to explain away their mistakes, or they express pride in not having done worse, rather than simply admit before another human being how badly they've treated themselves.

An emotional orgasm brings up tears for both the speaker and the listener. It's a way for every student in this SCHOOL to confess that the lessons of life have become harder.

This is a level of awakening in matters of the heart that I described to Jonathan as a "David and Jonathan" intimacy (head and heart coming together) that the Hebrew Testament describes in many ways through many means.

When I dance by myself with myself in my garage, I imagine dancing in Israel for my tribe. I've created a system of singing with my fingers to the words of the songs I play. It's as if my fingers represent all the musical instruments and all the languages of the world. And I have the ability to reproduce what I hear through my fingertips.

In this way, I become a universal instrument of communication. Each of my fingers is one of The Ten COMMANDMENTS. And I express my challenge with The Ten THINGS with great passion in front of my reflection in the mirror.

This reminds me of my mother's hands and makes me feel like a Tower of Babel that has overcome the inability of those who built the first Tower of Babel to communicate with one another. When I think of what it means to "lend a hand," I feel I've done my part in doing so.

I no longer feel sarcastically like a "Natural Woman" (Carol King). I don't feel that men aren't able to appreciate what I'm telling them. I feel that I've truly become like a woman in the natural sense. I've found the universal (Z) factor through my body that we all have the ability to achieve.

When I look at the four pillars for the foundation of every skyscraper of man, upon which we build one story upon the next, I see how misunderstandings about the profundity of Torah lead to (*antisemitism/antizionism*), *racism*, *homophobia* and *misogyny*. This isn't a non-Jewish problem. This is a universal problem that we Jews need to overcome, too.

Self-will is the problem. Self-will is the answer. We must will ourselves to face our imperfections. If not, we become a *slave* to our imperfections - *autistic*.

I was once a *misogynist*. I didn't want anyone to know how much I feared my mother for having made me feel abandoned. I wanted to abandon her to make her pay for having frightened me with her power.

I don't think any man likes aggressive women – with the exception of a male *masochist* in bed with a dominatrix. Aggression reminds us all of Eve. It reminds us of what she did to Adam. It's only when we see our feminine side as *adama* (earth) that the Adam in us can make peace with our inner life partner (Z).

I don't pray to GOD TO KEEP me safe. I pray to GOD TO EXPOSE my character defects. I want HIM TO TEACH me lessons I'll never forget. I want HIM TO TEACH me every lesson I can possibly remember.

I'm not afraid of GOD because I love learning. I'm not afraid to learn bad things about myself. I celebrate it.

It's in improving myself that I improve all of humanity. This is why I have such faith in me having done my part in helping Kamala Harris win. I truly believe efforts within me are making a difference around me.

Granted, I have doubts about all sorts of things, especially about the progress of the other students in this SCHOOL. But at the same time, I'm proud of my own work. I think GOD TAKES that into consideration.

I'm not impressed with what I'm seeing in the way of work in the gay community, to be quite honest with you. My subtribe doesn't understand the meaning of the word "aron."

1. The "aron" of Noah holds a sample representation of all the animal instincts in the world. When we're young, we're only interested in the animal aspect of others' nature. We go to bed with them to let one of our animals off our boat to be with the same animal species of our sexual partners. This creates a coupling for a short period of time, a delightful descent from red down to violet that ends in seconds. But with more orgasms and greater familiarity with the animal instincts in me, I perceived that the rainbow begins in my heart and arches over to my soul, where I've found a pot of gold at the end of it. This is the promise our gay flag gives to the world.
  - A. But some people never get the MEMO. They can't stop behaving like an animal with other animals. They're mesmerized by physical beauty alone. They can't grasp the beauty they hold inside themselves. This is what I mean by a *sex addict*.
2. The "aron" (basket) that Jochebed put Moses in is the next higher level of SPIRITUAL awakening using this Hebrew word. It corresponds to the feeling of being at one with the ancient Egyptians around you in every era. This is the feeling of unity and harmony with our external world, our language and culture. Moses assimilated with the ancient Egyptians. But that's just what we all do. We come out of our basket (cradle). We learn to crawl, walk and run. And we do it by observing how those around us do it. Becoming concerned about the sadness and *trauma* of the Israelites around you is something that happens to a Moses in his own way at his own speed.
  - A. Life is a SCHOOL, and the world's problems become our problems when we've reached the level of awakening when we appreciate the "aron" as a basket.
  - B. Those of us who are **monsters** are especially obliged to help our classmates deal with their curriculum in this SCHOOL because it's the right thing to do. If we help them, eventually, they'll help us. That stands to reason.
3. The "aron" of the Israelites that they contained GOD in on their way to Israel is the next level of awakening. This is what I witnessed at Most Holy Redeemer Church in the Castro. They didn't know that their body is like their tabernacle. They bowed down to the tabernacle at the front of the church as the place where GOD RESIDES. Unless you believe in the symbolism Jesus, the Jew, brought into the world, there's nothing but crackers in that vase. The GOD WITHIN us all "is real." Therefore, we're all in tabernacles of the LORD. There cannot be some tabernacles greater than others.
4. The "aron" that Harvey Milk described as a closet is the final level of awakening to the profundity of this word. Coming out of the closet is a self-healing journey in which those who believe in GOD are advancing in our understanding of ourselves as a gift to the world that we unwrap day-by-day by removing our character defects with GOD'S HELP. This emergence from darkness into light is like a coming out of a closet into a ROOM that's so magnificent that it cannot be described. This kind of journey isn't political. It's SPIRITUAL.

Coming out is very personal and private, even though it must be achieved in the company of others. It's a level of authenticity that requires honesty (head) and sincerity (heart) above all. Becoming authentic is achieved by weighing your head and your heart on the scale (conscience) in your soul. This may, at first, have the effect of you perceiving yourself as turning into a **monster**. But being "genuine" (honest, sincere and authentic) is what separates the men from the boys.

Your head is logical. Your heart is rational. And your soul is reasonable. It stands to reason that you're a soulful SPIRIT having a material experience. What's *unreasonable* is that the *rats* are using their money to lord over us like *pharaohs*. What's *unreasonable* is for religious *nuts* {*Carpenter ants* and *termites*} to help them. And what's bat-crap *crazy* is for the *extremists* on the far left (*cockroaches*) to inadvertently help them by wishing to *eradicate* the State of Israel.

You don't have to become famous to become infamous in GOD'S EYES. You don't need a fortune to achieve the Midas touch from within. What you need is to do everything you do fully, as though you're on stage every moment of your life with GOD WATCHING. "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." [Shakespeare] But GOD IS your only audience.

If you're shy, you don't have to become outgoing. If you're reserved, you don't have to become confident. If you're fearful, you don't have to become arrogant. There is no one way for you to come out of your closet to become who GOD WANTS you to be. Contradictions are the norm.

It's a "mystery." It's "my story." It has to remain a mystery in order for it to be exciting and interesting. You can't know how it's going to turn out. Your story isn't the story of Moses and the Israelites. It's "like" the story of Moses and the Israelites. It's a simile, not a metaphor or symbol. As such, GOD WILL DETERMINE in exactly what ways you're going to live out your association with the characters of Torah.

Judaism is constructed upon metaphors. Christianity is constructed upon symbols. And Islam is constructed upon similes. But once you realize that you've constructed a tower of Babel with language that will teach you how to communicate more effectively with all others, your tower will become a gate to GOD. It won't have to come crashing down and hurt people.

*Mental illness* was especially hard on my family because they were the ones who made me *crazy*. They were just *crazy* in other ways. I had to rebuild my tower to power from within after it crumbled all around me. That's when I could see that what comes around within, goes around throughout. Karma is no different than the HOLY SPIRIT.

Language is the greatest gift GOD GAVE us. It's what separates us from the animal kingdom. If you don't appreciate words as steppingstones to GOD CONSCIOUSNESS, you're building a tower of Babel unconsciously. You're erecting a penis that will infuse death, not life, into the world. You're behaving incestuously.

Rina (my sister) hasn't wrestled a stranger the way Jacob did in Torah. Neither has Ilana (my half-sister) or Deborah (my cousin). They don't want to admit to themselves that the stranger they're wrestling is their mother! Therefore, it's a bitter irony that they're always surrounded by the feeling of being a stranger in a terribly lonely world they can't make sense of.

The stranger within us is both our mother (Z) and our father (X or Y). Jacob wrestled his mother (Rebecca) internally while wrestling a stranger who resembled his father externally. He wrestled with the parts of himself that "tied" him to his people.

The ancient world turned that wrestling match into wars. The modern world turned it into sports. Those who are taking us forward in time today are wrestling with their SPIRITUAL awakening.

Our father (X or Y) was GIVEN to us with good reason. But there's no reason to stop there. Wrestle with your mother (Z), and I promise you you'll receive DIVINE REWARDS for your effort.

The *flies* (*thieves*), *cockroaches* (*antizionists*), *Carpenter ants* (*antisemites*) and *termites* (*terrorists*) behave the way they do because they want to honor their father and his father before him. But they do so by repeating their forefathers' vices, not virtues. The *rats* subsidize their *diabolical* deeds because they're just as *traumatized* by life.

They're all guilt-ridden. They're *vindictive*. They make war, not peace. Therefore, good people have a duty to stop those who won't stop themselves.

Iran's nuclear and military sites must be *bombed*. Obama wouldn't do it. Biden wouldn't do it. But Harris or Trump must. Some people simply don't have the balls to do what must be done.

If Iran wants to use their nuclear knowledge for peaceful intentions only, they'll have to allow the Israelis to monitor their reactors. We can't trust the International Atomic Energy Agency (AEA) any more than we can trust the U.N.

Eve was right. Adam was wrong. Eve only *blamed* the serpent. Adam *blamed* GOD and that woman that HE GAVE him. Eating from the tree of knowledge was the right thing to do. Knowing good from *evil* is imperative in this world. Every Adam must admit that his loyalty is to the adama (earth beneath his feet). Every Eve must admit that her loyalty is to women and children.

We're none of us children in a GARDEN anymore. We're not teenagers enjoying fruits in an ORCHARD. Nor are we adults lost in a FOREST.

We're all out in the open. We're exposed. We're figuratively in a MEADOW with trees bordering us on all sides. No one can hide from the TRUTH anymore. It's too late in HIS STORY (history) to go back to the way we were.

What makes Pete Buttigieg such a fascinating politician is that he knows what an emotional orgasm is. He and his husband, Chasten, are having them all the time. And their children are BLESSED to be able to see that the love of their fathers is nothing to be ashamed of. I wish for politicians like him. I wish for **monsters** to run governments the world over.

Got an email from Jonathan:

"My doctor said that I have a heart murmur that's rather severe. I need to come in for a procedure and will probably have to spend the night in the hospital. She's sending me some general information about it. She said I can go off the Zoloft, and that it's such a low dosage I don't need to taper off. She is prescribing a medicine which has to do with cholesterol and is scheduling blood work also. She is very thorough, and I trust her. She said the procedure should alleviate my anxiety and should make me feel better."

Me: "That's such good news! So, what I hear her saying is that your anxiety is biological, not mental or emotional. That's amazing! I still think the work we're doing is SPIRITUALLY valuable. But if your problem is physical, and they can deal with it in an overnight procedure, that sounds wonderful. Of course, Will and I are by your side in any way you need us."

Jonathan: "I realize that my body is not the only part that needs my attention. I'm glad I'm having the procedure, because now I realize my heartbeats are abnormal and the aorta needs to be unblocked."

Me: "You've come to a very wise conclusion, Jonathan. From a SPIRITUAL perspective I'd say that you were blocking your heart all your life. Your head wanted to be in complete control.

And this is how that mistake has manifested itself in your body. Thank GOD, the doctors can correct the problem on the physical level of reality. And thank GOD that you've reached a level of awareness where you can do the SPIRITUAL work to keep yourself from repeating this mistake."

I've moved through most of my embarrassment of my body and most of my shame of my character. I'm modest and humble enough. People can continue to try to make me feel guilty with humiliation. But I that won't work anymore. I feel graceful in the way I can use my body and gracious in the way I can express what's in my soul. I've achieved AMAZING GRACE.  
[Composed by John Newton, Published in 1779]

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.  
Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The LORD HAS PROMISED good to me,  
HIS WORD my hope secures;  
HE WILL my SHIELD and PORTION BE,  
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

The Earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But GOD, who CALLED me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing GOD'S PRAISE  
Than when we'd first begun.

The world is trying to humiliate the gays and Jews. But humiliation is that area of guilt that's GOD'S DEPARTMENT. I won't let anyone humiliate me about these two aspects of my identity.



Today is Monday, November 4<sup>th</sup>, 2024. Tomorrow is the election.

Ephraim came over tonight. Will invited him to dinner and a movie. He arrived bent out of shape. His lessons in life today had been difficult for him. He brought out a long list of problems that he needed answered. But with every answer we gave him, he had doubts. He's like a drop of water splashed onto a hot frying pan. He just bounces around until he fizzles and disappears as steam.

During dinner he politely asked Will questions about how he prepared the food, but he didn't appear to me to be really interested. Will isn't *vain*. He's *conceited*. He uses his *conceit* as a way to serve others. So, Will gave Ephraim detailed answers. But I don't believe Ephraim really cared about Will's answers.

I actually admire Will's *conceit*. I want him to feel good about his knowledge of people, places and things because they're his natural vehicle to being of service.

I admire his passion for learning about the external world, even though I'm only passionate about learning about my internal world. Will is an amazingly good person who wants to give as much as he can to people who appreciate his knowledge.

Many people are just too *damaged* to do more for themselves. They need help, whether or not they know it, whether or not they ask for it. This is why I believe charity must be taken out of the hands of the institutions of faith and managed by the government. The synagogues, churches, mosques and temples are failing to do the job of helping their followers in the external world. That's because they aren't capable of helping them in their internal world.

The *rats* (1%) refuse to devote their wealth to healing the world. Instead, they're supporting the *flies*, *cockroaches*, *Carpenter ants* and *termites* in *plaguing* us. Once it was only *locust*. My, how the world changes and remains the same!

I'm just one citizen with just one vote. But, as GOD IS my WITNESS, my vote really counts in my eyes. Those of us who've done our best to save democracy will pat ourselves on the back for a job well done when this is over. The charity cases will have to look at the mistake they've made and reconcile it with GOD who VOTED against them.

Rina made a big mistake in having my name removed from the list of people to contact in the event our mother was ill. That decision was unforgivable. I'm my mother's son. She had no right to exclude me from our mother's care and oversight. She did so out of *vengeance*. And no one has a right to act *vindictively*. I don't even know what happened to our mother's remains.

I was like a daughter to my mother when I was child. I became like a sister to her when I was an adult. And she became like my daughter when she got old and feeble. No one can tell me that I haven't played the roles of daughter, sister and mother. I'm proud of what GOD HAS TAUGHT me through my curriculum in the SCHOOL of life. I'm proud I'm able to describe the Z factor that's so beautifully shaped me. I hope that Harris wins the election and promotes more of the unification of women. I believe there's nothing more important than that at this time in history.

The bedrock of morality is GOD. The foundation for the skyscraper each of us builds, story by story, is based on four pilings that must be pounded into the ground of our being until they're completely secure:

1. Love the Jews.
2. Love Black people.

3. Love gay men and all others in the LGBT+ community.
4. Love women.

And that all boils down to how much you're willing to love your mother (Z). If you don't wrestle with her in your head, heart, soul, navel, genitals and anus, rather than with her literally, you're going to fail.

Women today are unifying their power to protect themselves from men and to protect children. But anyone can see that it's a complicated task. Being heartfelt isn't always the right answer. Sometimes you have to use your head. This is something I think Israeli women may understand better than Jewish-American women.

Remember that all Jews are human beings. Jewish men, women and children must be protected from *antisemites/antizionists* at all costs. Even those of us who are **monsters** must be guaranteed protection. A lot of people have forgotten that recently.

Christians are human beings through Jesus, whether they believe him or believe "in" him. And Muslims are human beings because they study the Quran to unify their beliefs with those of their Abrahamic brothers.

As far as we **monsters** go, don't be surprised if we have to call out the rest of you for not behaving like human beings. That's just the way we're MADE...

I'm doing everything I can to help America and Israel achieve a bright future. If things look bright here and there, things will look brighter everywhere.

Regardless of who wins the election, I'm going to need to focus on my personal safety, security and serenity. That's my Z factor in action. I don't want anyone's charity. I want their respect.

But the world is going to have to examine their fear of the Jews leading humanity into the future. There are only three Jewish stereotypes. (1) The Charlie Brown stereotype is the sad, slightly overweight Jew who's gluttonous and greedy. He can't differentiate between food and other things. He has an unsatiable urge for all things. He unconsciously covets others' contents, wishing to be more like them in terms of his virtues. (2) The Lucy stereotype is the scheming Jew who's lustful. She has an unsatiable urge for sex and control. She covets others' container. (3) And the wise old Jew, the Charles Schulz type, who's kind, insightful and wise. He wants to illuminate others to themselves, in the hopes that they'll make better decisions in the future.

I'm sorry I don't have a big dramatic end to this book. There's no emotional orgasm (Z) I've got to give at the moment. You'll just have to make do with my fingers crossed. I've carried you down and across the rainbow from your heart to your soul. You're now in the violet realm of the rainbow closest in your soul. I hope you find a pot of gold at the end of it and make your way to ULTRA-violet, GOD CONSCIOUSNESS within you and around you where you can admit that you miss your mother sometimes, too.

“These are the good old days.”  
We’re all a lot further than we think from:

The End

[“Anticipation” by Carly Simon, 1971. (Jewish father, Catholic mother.)]

You've got to sing like you do need the money  
Love like you're guaranteed to get hurt  
You've got to dance like only GOD'S WATCHIN'  
It's gotta come from the heart if you want it to werk.

## Previous Books

Available for free on my website: [BarryZeve.com](http://BarryZeve.com)

- 31-32 The Organ Grinder's Gorilla  
How I learned to love my obsessive, compulsive disorder  
Volume I  
  
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